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THE GREAT SOUTHWEST

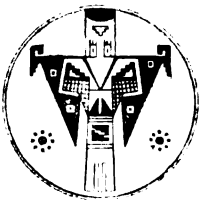


TWO PICTURES IN COLOR

BY

MAXFIELD PARRISH

"Here are the greatest deserts and
waste places in America, and
side by side with them ***
are the richest farming
lands in America"



EDWARD EDWARDS





THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXIV. MAY, 1902. No. 1.

THE GREAT SOUTHWEST.

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER.

WITH PICTURES BY MAXFIELD PARRISH.

NO part of the United States is less generally known than the Southwest, and none is better worth knowing. Of no other part of the United States is so large a proportion of the unpleasant and unattractive features known so well, and so small a proportion of the beauties, wonders, and utilities known so little. To the Eastern and Northern mind the Southwest raises a dim picture of hot desert, bare mountain, and monotonous plain sparsely grown up to cactus, sage, greasewood, or bunch-grass, and sown with the white bones of animals which have perished from hunger and thirst; a land of wild Indians, of lazy Mexicans, of rough cow-boys, of roving, half-wild cattle, of desperate mining ventures, of frequent train-robberies. This impression is based in part on the stray paragraphs from this unknown land that occasionally creep into the metropolitan newspapers, but it is chiefly founded upon the hasty observations and reports of dusty transcontinental travelers, car-weary for three or four days, the edge of their interest quite blunted with longing for the green wonders and soft sunshine of California.

What is generally known as the Southwest may be said to comprise all of the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico, the greater portion of Texas, perhaps best described as arid Texas, southern California east of the Coast Range, and the western half of Oklahoma, including the "Strip." Eastern Texas, with its plentiful rainfall, its forests, and its fine plantations of cotton and corn, is quite a different country from western Texas, and must be classed with the South. In extent of territory the Southwest is an empire more than twice as large as Germany, and greater in area than the thirteen original States of the American Union. Its population is sparse and occupied almost exclusively in cattle- and sheep-raising, mining, and irrigation-farming, with a limited amount of lumbering. All its vast territory contains only a little more than half as many inhabitants as the city of Chicago. Its largest city, on the extreme eastern edge of the arid land, is San Antonio, Texas, with a population of fifty-three thousand. All of its other cities are much smaller. It is traversed east and west by two, in Texas three, great railroads, running generally parallel, having many branches, and connected by several cross-cuts running north and south.

It is a land of amazing contrasts. It is both the oldest and the newest part of the United States—oldest in history and newest in Anglo-Saxon enterprise. Long before the Cavaliers set foot in Virginia or the first Pilgrims landed in Plymouth, even before

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HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

COW-BOYS.

St. Augustine in Florida was founded, the Spaniards had explored a considerable proportion of New Mexico and Arizona, and the settlements made soon afterward at Santa Fé and near Tucson were among the earliest on the American continent. Indeed, for many years the region was better known to white men than New England. Yet to-day there is no part of the United States so little explored, many places, especially in New Mexico and Arizona, being wholly unsurveyed. Probably the least-known spot in the country is the mysterious wilderness, nearly as large as Switzerland, which lies in the northwestern corner of Arizona beyond the Colorado River. It is bounded on the south and east by the stupendous and almost impassable chasm of the Grand Cañon, and on its other sides by difficult mountains and little-explored deserts. Here, in this long-known land, if anywhere on the continent, can be found the primeval wildness of nature.

Though the Great Southwest is now the most sparsely inhabited region of its size in the United States, it was once the most populous and wealthy, probably more populous than

it is to-day, with all its present American enterprise. Hundreds of years before the Spaniards first appeared in the New World, the valleys of Arizona and New Mexico contained a numerous population, supporting considerable cities, and irrigating extensive tracts of land with wonderful engineering skill. Frank H. Cushing, the anthropologist, who in 1882–83 wrote elaborately in THE CENTURY of the ruins of the Southwest, estimated that the irrigated valleys of Arizona were once the dwelling-place of two hundred and fifty thousand people, about twice the present population of the entire Territory. The remains of these ancient civilizations—the pueblo-dwellers, the cliff- and cave-dwellers—are found scattered everywhere throughout Arizona and New Mexico, and in such numbers that archæologists have only begun to explore them.

No part of the United States, indeed, has had a more thrilling and eventful history. While denominated a desert "not worth good blood,"—in the words of the historian,—it has been a center of contention for centuries, overwhelmed by one tide of conquest after another. From the time that the Spaniards first invaded the country, hunting for gold, down to the capture of Geronimo by American soldiers in the eighties, it has been the scene of many bloody Indian wars. It was the source of contention between the United States and Mexico in the war of 1846–48. Once a possession of Spain, and later of Mexico, the story of the struggle for independence by the Texans and for annexation by the Californians is full of fascinating interest. Its soil has developed some of the boldest and most picturesque characters in American history—Boone, Crockett, Kit Carson, Sam Houston, and many a pioneer cattleman and settler, to say nothing of the Crooks and the Lawtons of the Indian wars. The main trail of the El Dorado hunters of '49 on their way to California led through it, garnishing its history with many a story of bloodshed and hardship. No American fiction is more vital and characteristic than that which deals with the early lawless days of the miner, the buffalo-hunter, and the cow-boy; none is more richly colored, picturesque, or rudely powerful.

In its material aspects it is equally full of contrasts. Here are the greatest deserts and waste places in America, and side by side with them, often with no more than a few strands of barbed wire to mark the division-line, are the richest farming-lands in America, lands more fertile, even, than the famed corn-fields of Illinois or the fruit-orchards of Michigan. The Southwest has been denominated, with reason, the treeless land, and yet it contains to-day the largest unbroken stretches of forest in the country, there being nothing to equal the timber-lands of the Colorado plateau in northern and central Arizona. No part of the United States possesses such an extent of grass-plain, Texas being the greatest of the plain States, and yet none has grander mountains. Only three States have higher peaks than the noble Sierra Blanca of New Mexico, fourteen thousand two hundred and sixty-nine feet in altitude, and there are few more magnificent elevations than San Francisco Mountain in Arizona.

Though the region, to the hurried railroad traveler, seems barren and desolate almost beyond comparison, it is yet richer in variety, if not in luxury, of vegetation than any other part of the country. Professor Merriam found many arctic types in the flora of the upper regions of the San Francisco Mountain. Within a radius of a few hundred miles grow the pines and firs found in northern Canada, and the figs and dates of the African semi-tropics; Southern oranges and olives grow side by side with Northern wheat; the cactus and the fir are often found within sight of each other. Nowhere are there so many strange and marvelous forms of life as here—of flowers, multitudinous cacti and the palms; of animals, the Gila monster, the horned toad, the hydrophobia skunk, and many other unique species. Besides the monotonous desert, with its apparent lack of interest to the traveler, the region contains the greatest natural wonder on the continent—the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River. It also possesses unnumbered other natural phenomena and some of the grandest mountain and forest scenery. With all its lack of rain, it is watered by two of the great rivers of the continent—the Colorado and the Rio Grande.

The Southwest also presents great contrasts in climate. On the high Colorado plateau it partakes of the temperate zone, with snow and cold weather in winter and bright, hot sunshine in summer: in southern Texas and Arizona, only a few hundred miles away, the temperature, during much of the year, is that of the torrid zone; indeed, Yuma is the hottest and driest spot in the United States, the thermometer sometimes reaching 118° F. in the shade. The climate throughout nearly the whole region is the most healthful in the United States, California not excepted. The



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO.

long hours of bright, germ-killing sunshine, the dry air, which desiccates waste animal and vegetable matter before it has time to decay, the high altitude above sea-level of much of the region, the entire absence of fever-breeding swamps and marshes—all these assist in producing a climate as nearly perfect as one may hope to find this side of paradise. Indeed, it is fast becoming the great sanatorium for the invalids of the nation, especially those affected with tuberculous diseases.

In its human life it is equally prolific in diversities. In few other places in the world is there such a commingling of dissimilar human elements. I doubt if even the cities of the Orient can present such contrasts of wholly unrelated races of people, as well as so great a variety of the white race. Here, in one small town, one may find representatives of several different tribes of the aboriginal Indians, in every state of civilization and savagery, picturesquely attired in bright-colored costumes, bearing their peculiar baskets and pottery. Here, also, is the next higher stratum, the Mexicans, in great numbers, and in all mixtures of blood from the nearly pure Indian peon upward. Here are African Negroes in considerable numbers, emigrants from the Southern States, and every town has its Chinese and usually its Japanese contingent, the overflow from California. Above all these, and in greatly superior numbers, rises the white man, usually American by birth, and yet generously intermixed with many of European nationalities. In most of the older towns, such as San Antonio in Texas and Tucson in Arizona, whole neighborhoods appear more foreign than American, presenting strange contrasts between modern store-buildings, banks, and churches, and ancient weather-worn adobe houses where the Mexicans live almost as primitively as did their forefathers a century ago.

The peopling of the country makes one of the most interesting and significant stories in the history of the nation. For many years it was the unknown land, the land of possibilities and wonders, as well as of danger and death. Therefore it attracted the hardy pioneer, and here, for lack of any other frontier on the continent, the pioneer, though with the germ of westward ho! still lingering in his blood, has been compelled at last to settle down. I shall not soon forget the sorrowful desert-dweller whom I met in what seemed the ends of the earth in Arizona. His nearest neighbor was fifteen miles away, his post-office twenty-five miles, and yet he was bemoaning the fact that the country was becoming crowded. "If there were any more frontier," he said, "I 'd go to it."

It is hardy blood, that of the pioneer, good stock on which to found the development of a country. For years the West has been the lodestone for those adventurous spirits who love the outdoor and exciting life of the mining prospector, the cow-boy, the hunter —a healthy, rugged lot, virtually all pure Americans. The Rough Riders sprang from this element. But probably the most distinct single human invasion of the Southwest was made by the irreconcilables of the Confederate army after the Civil War. They could not endure the Federal domination of the reconstruction period, or else they had lost all their property, and with it their hope of rising again in their old neighborhood, and so they set westward, remaining, as immigrants usually do, in the same latitude as that from which they came. Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona all have a strong substratum of the Old South, still possessing many of the bitternesses left by the great conflict, and yet rising with the opportunities of the new land, and adding to its development peculiar pride, dignity, and often culture. Owing to its wildernesses and its contiguity to Mexico, the Southwest was also for many years the refuge of outlaws from all parts of the country—an element which, though small, was so perniciously active that it earned an undue prominence in fiction and contemporary literature, giving the country a complexion of evil which it did not deserve. This element still effervesces occasionally in a train-robbery, but its effect on the Southwest has been inconsequential.

All these earlier sources of population, however, were small compared with the great inundation of the last few years, following the extension of the railroads, the crowding of other parts of the country, and the hard times of 1893, which, causing discontent among many Easterners and Northerners, tempted them to try new fields of enterprise. There are virtually no native-born Anglo-Saxons of voting age in New Mexico and Arizona—at least, they are so few as to be a wonder and a pride. In Texas there are many, for the changes in that part of the Southwest are a step older and possibly not quite so rapid, although Texas, too, is overrun with people from every part of the country. It is safe to ask any middle-aged man what part of the East he is from. Of this later influx of population there are representatives from every part of the United States, with a



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

THE MEXICAN.

specially large number from Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas, and Missouri—the Middle West. In many cases these settlers had first immigrated to the States just beyond the Mississippi, and had there taken up farms; but uncertain rain and crop-failures drove them onward to the irrigated valleys of the region, and there they are to-day.

Up to this point the population consisted of the strongest and most enterprising American manhood, for the weaklings do not undertake the chances and hardships of pioneering. With this drift of population, however, there has appeared a large number of invalids, mostly with pulmonary complaints, from every part of America. Many of them have been promptly cured, and have engaged in business or taken up farms in the valleys or ranches on the plains. A considerable proportion of them are people of education, culture, refinement, and often of wealth. Much of the money of the region, as in southern California, has been brought in and invested by health-seekers. This class has added much to the social and religious development, and it includes some of the leading spirits in politics. As yet there has been very little immigration of Italians, Russians, or the lower class of Irish, most of whom are by preference city-dwellers. The menial labor usually performed by these classes here falls largely to Mexicans, Chinese, and Indians. The Jew, as usual, has set up his trading-places here, and, as everywhere else, he thrives.

It will be seen, therefore, that the Southwest is peopled with the very best Americans, segregated by the eternal law of evolutionary selection, with almost no substratum of the low-caste European foreigner to lower the level of civilization. Of course there is no danger from the Indians, Negroes, Mexicans, or Chinese, because there is rarely any mixing with them by marriage, as formerly. With such a start, and such a commingling of Americans from all parts of the Union, the man from Boston rubbing elbows with the Atlanta man, and Kansas working side by side with Mississippi, it would seem that the region may one day produce the standard American type. It has already manifested its capacity for type-production in the cowboy, now being rapidly merged in the new Southwesterner, a type as distinct and as uniquely American as the New England Yankee or the Virginia colonel.

It may be somewhat presumptuous at this early day to attempt a delineation of the Southwesterner, and yet one who meets him in the busy towns and irrigated valleys of the arid empire cannot but feel that he has already begun to manifest the peculiarities and the distinctions which will one day make him notable. This is not at all surprising when one considers the entirely new conditions under

which the Southwesterner is living—conditions wholly new to the Anglo-Saxon. Never before has the Anglo-Saxon attempted irrigation on a large scale, and irrigation means a complete change of many racial institutions and customs. It brings men closer together, makes communism and coöperation a necessity, curtails individual rights, accentuates community interests, makes the cultivation of land a science requiring high mental as well as high physical qualifications, largely eliminates the isolation of farm life, and by a much more dense population of the land enables every family to secure better school, church, and social advantages. Climate and altitude, a higher standard of physical health, and much free outdoor life must also have an effect on character, as they always have had in the past.

Under these new influences the outlines of the new Southwesterner are coming out like a photographic negative in the developing fluid. He is at present a man of great energy and enterprise, a result of new hope in a land of opportunities. A beguiling climate may, in time, subdue him somewhat. It probably will, although the climate of the arid Southwest is far from being enervating like the humid semi-tropics. He is hospitable, and he always will be, for the close relationships of the units in an irrigated country, on the one hand, as well as the loneliness of the great ranges, on the other, make this a necessity. He is enthusiastic, for the dry air, the altitude, and the bright sunshine tend to make him cheerful and healthy. A ready spender of money, he is also a good deal of a gambler. He despises copper coins as quite too small for his consideration, making change down to five cents, and balancing the fractions. He will sell you three oranges for a nickel, as he calls it, but if you want only one the price is the same. He loves to take chances, whether at roulette or real estate, and he loses or wins like a Mexican, with an unchanging face. These two characteristics may be toned down with growth. A new and rapidly expanding country, and especially one so brimming with possibilities, is quite likely to encourage speculation, to breed money-carelessness.

The Southwesterner is the most democratic of Americans; nowhere else is a man taken so literally for what he is worth in brain and brawn, with no question of antecedents. A farmer—that is, a rancher—is as good a man here as the city banker. The Southwesterner loves politics and the discussion of public questions. No American is broader-minded than he, for in nearly every case he came from "out East," or "up North," or "down South," so that he retains his old interests with his new. He is also constantly meeting new people from everywhere, with whom he tries his wits, and learns much at the same time. An Easterner is astonished at the wide and accurate information on national affairs possessed by people who in their old homes in the East would be content with local gossip. The Southwesterner is a great reader, not of books so much as of newspapers and periodicals; in Tucson a Carnegie library is growing up out of the very desert. Naturally enough, also, he is a great traveler. He learned how to travel when he came West, and he always plans to go back regularly to see the old home, but never to stay long, and he travels to new places with much greater facility than his compeer in the East. He is beginning to love his home. As yet not one person in a hundred that one meets in Arizona speaks of Arizona as home. In the past the settlers hoped to make a "strike," and expected to go "home" later to enjoy it. This condition is now slowly wearing away as a result of "farming." The Southwesterner has not yet developed a clearly defined political opinion of his own; he is not sure enough as to what his needs really are. Consequently, he supports the party which he served in his old home. But there are strong evidences of a tremendous political awakening in the Southwest, one of the key-notes of which will be the demand for the governmental solution of the present complex problems of irrigation and water-storage. The region is destined to be a great power in supporting the party that advocates the increase of the functions of the general government, the governmental control of monopolies, and so on.

The average Southwesterner is acutely sensitive on one score, and that is his reputation for public order and decorum. He desires it to be thoroughly understood that the Southwest is not wild, that whatever may have been the fame of the cattle and mining country of the past, the modern Southwest is the pink of propriety. As a result of the determination prompted by this sensitiveness, the Southwestern town, despite its diverse and often rough elements of population, deports itself fully as well as any town of the Middle West. A celebrating cow-boy or miner sometimes breaks loose and shoots, or a Mexican uses his knife, but without the old spirit of the game. Killing has



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

PUEBLO DWELLINGS.

grown distinctly unpopular. As for property rights, except in calves and horses, they were always safe; even to-day most of the region leaves its doors fearlessly unlocked. I was forcibly impressed with the passing of the old free West by the sight of a bad man named Red Jake, who was undergoing punishment in a little far-mountain mining town. He had indulged in the old-fashioned sport of shooting up a saloon, a pastime once highly honored. He had been promptly overpowered and dragged—dragged, mind you—before a little inoffensive justice of the peace of German descent, barber as well as judge. This eminently matter-of-fact and order-loving official dealt in no heroics, made no show of six-shooters. He set Red Jake to digging a tough mesquit stump from the street in front of the official barber-shop, and he kept him at it there in public view until the work was finished. It was really embarrassing to the expectant Easterner to find this old hero and friend of the wild-Western story in such sorry disgrace—and that with the evident approval of the entire community.

Another point of sensitiveness is the Indian. The Southwesterner wants it thoroughly understood that there is absolutely no danger of any more Indian outbreaks, despite the fears of the visitor who has not forgotten Geronimo and Apache Kid. There are Indians in plenty everywhere, but most of them are of the blanket tribes—Navajo, Moki, Pima, Papago, and similar Indians. The really wild tribes, especially the Apaches, have been hopelessly overawed, not so much by soldiers as by railroads, telegraphs, telephones, stage-routes, and the incrowding settlers. An Indian cannot make a stir toward hostility without alarming the whole white country, and an Indian who cannot use the ways of stealth is a helpless Indian. No, the day of the red danger is past.

The Southwesterner is already developing a distinct personal appearance, which in course of years will be as inimitable as that of the Yankee, the Tennessee mountaineer, or the Pike County man. He wears, most impressively, a distinctly out-of-door look, a complexion born of good outdoor wind and sunshine—not the sallow hue of the humid South, for the wind here is ash-dry and the sunshine is hot, producing a peculiar rich, healthy bronze to be seen nowhere else in the country. A white-skinned American, with this tint of brown overlaying his face and reaching into the very roots of his hair, has a most inviting appearance of health. The bright, long-continuing sunshine, the glaring desert, and the absence of green vegetation, except in the irrigated fields, have produced another effect peculiar to the Southwest: they have creased the outer corners of the Southwesterner's eyes with great numbers of fine wrinkles—good-nature wrinkles they are, too. Every rancher has this Southwestern squint, as well as most of the city-dwellers, unless they live exclusively indoors. As a result of this wrinkling, the average man appears to look out at you with level eyes, a striking directness of gaze, which more than one observer has noted as a peculiarity of the cow-boy. It gives a pleasing impression of frankness and straightforwardness.

The Southwesterner promises to be lean and tall: that is the tendency shown by the cow-boy. In dress he is at present distinctly careless. A silk hat and kid gloves are worn in the Southwest at the peril of the owner's reputation. A black derby is almost as bad. The prevailing hat is soft, of the sombrero order; not many straw hats are worn, except by the Mexicans, whose gorgeous head-gear is a source of continual amusement to strangers. The clothing, naturally, tends to the lighter, cooler colors, and there is a predominance of the flowing tie. By such signs as these one who knows the Southwest could usually lay finger on the Southwesterner in the crowds in Broadway, even to the extent of marching up to him and saying, "Well, how are things down in Texas?"

The Southwesterner almost lives out of doors. His climate makes it pleasant, often necessary, to do so. His house is frequently only the core of a huge piazza or the shell of a patio, into which the family overflows, eating, sleeping, reading, gossiping. Parts of this piazza, or patio, are often completely surrounded by fly-netting, for of all the discomforts of the Southwest, the house-flies are perhaps the worst. The housewife has a constant and desperate struggle with them the year around. There are no mosquitos, except in a few localities where the irrigator leaves stagnant pools of water; the tarantula and the scorpion are much dreaded, but are almost never seen. Fleas are plentiful; in parts of Texas it is a common saying that if one takes up a handful of sand half of it will jump away. Next to the house-fly the greatest discomfort is the dust and the dust-storm. The dry desert is never far away from the settlement, and the wind sometimes blows the dust through every crack and cranny of

the house. It is not uncommon to find a whisk-broom hanging at the front door of the house, so that the visitor may brush himself off before entering. Nearly every street or roadway in the irrigated country, unless regularly sprinkled or macadamized,—and sprinkling in a rainless country is an expensive process,—becomes ankle-deep, at times, with soft puddly dust, from which there is no escape. However, fine, hard roads are now being constructed in much of the irrigated country. The hot weather in the Southwest, bad as it sometimes is, is by no means as uncomfortable as might be imagined. In summer the mercury certainly registers a high degree of heat, a maximum of 100° to 118° in the shade, but the air is so dry that one is less sensible to the heat than he would be to a much lower temperature in a humid climate. Sunstroke never occurs; indeed, one is rarely damp with perspiration, for the dry air absorbs the moisture as rapidly as it is thrown off from the body, thereby eliminating one of the great discomforts of hot weather. That the evaporation, however, goes on constantly and rapidly is plainly manifested in the amount of water which every one drinks. However hot the days, the nights, unlike those of the humid regions, are usually cool and comfortable. The winter climate is nearly perfect.

The Southwesterner gets his living from tin cans. There surely never was such a region for canned vegetables, canned meat, canned fruit, canned soup, canned milk, canned cheese. Empty tin cans form a charmed circle about every Southwestern town and camp. Even where he can profitably and easily produce his own food, the Southwesterner seems to prefer to raise some exclusive crop, sell his product, and buy canned goods. It is amusing enough to discover that the cattle-rancher, though a thousand cows come up to water at his tanks every day or two, will yet serve condensed milk from cans that come from New Jersey, that his beef bears the mark of Kansas City, that even his poultry and eggs are imported at enormous prices from Kansas. His butter also comes canned. If it were not for the patient Chinese gardener, even the best-irrigated valleys would be without fresh vegetables. But if the Southwesterner fails in garden-making, he does delight in flowers, vines, and shade-trees. They relieve the monotony of the gray desert, and link him with his old green home in the East. He will let his fields go thirsty in time of drought before he will allow the rose-bushes and the pepper-trees in his front yard to suffer. Indeed, so industrious has he been in surrounding himself with shade and verdure that he is open to criticism for overdoing the matter, overcrowding his small grounds. An irrigated valley town in blossom is a marvel long to be remembered.

An interesting feature of the country is its splendid and significant names. If all knowledge of the Southwest, together with its history, were obliterated, leaving only a map with the names upon it, a student could paint a pretty clear picture of the physical conditions of the country and could outline its history with a fair degree of accuracy.

Dotted everywhere upon the dry desert and on the plains are such expressive and, to the desert-traveler, such attractive names as Flowing Well, Indian Tank, Desert Spring, Steam-pump, and any number of Brown's Wells and Smith's Pumps and Black's Springs. I shall not forget the picture formed in the mind's eye of one Dripping Spring toward which we had traveled across the parched, waterless, dusty desert through the length of a day of interminable sunshine and heat, with the water in the canteen low and fairly hot. Dripping Spring became, in fancy, a cool mountain nook, with green trees round about, soft wet sand to wade in or wallow in, clear cold water bubbling out of the rocks—a perfect picture of paradise as it seems on the desert. Well, at last we saw Dripping Spring. The owner well knew the psychology of the desert-traveler when he gave his place that heavenly name. A red iron tank, hoisted on poles, blistering with heat, a creaking windmill, a squat and dilapidated house in the midst of the desert, without a visible sign of water anywhere—nor, indeed, any sign of life—that was Dripping Spring. But the water did drip—from the rusty nose of an iron pipe when the cock was turned; and it was as delicious, if not as cool, as that which came from fancy's mountain nook. A whole volume might be written on these names, and I have barely scratched the subject.

The new words that have enriched the Southwesterner's speech also make a fascinating study. There are as many of them, and they are as characteristic and distinctive, as those of any other part of the country. Many of these words have come in by way of the Mexican border, and every one is fragrant with meaning and significant of the soil. Then there are a score of crisp, direct, busy English words used in a sense a little at variance from the ordinary, or lifted bodily from

slang, and telling more to the syllable than they do anywhere else.

So the Southwest is becoming a distinct entity and the Southwesterner a personage. Character is here building, with the promise of virgin power and new ideas in statecraft, in economics, in agriculture. Men are laying deep and strong the foundations for an immense future population, and preparing for the responsibilities which that population will entail. The region is weak yet, and seemingly far off, rude, unformed, but its weakness is of the sort that cannot awaken scorn; it is that of a healthy, hopeful, ambitious boy who will stir the world when he reaches his majority. That is the Southwest. May her accomplishments equal her promise.

(To be continued.)

A NOTEWORTHY LETTER OF WHITTIER'S.

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

MR. SAMUEL T. PICKARD, in his "Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier," published in 1894, says:

It has often been a matter of speculation whether passages in "The Last Eve of Summer," "A Sea Dream," "Memories," and other poems, were not the expression of a tender emotion which had been sacrificed to adverse circumstances. If there were ever any doubt that the sweet and tender poem "Memories" was inspired by a romance of the poet's youth, that doubt was dispelled by the position Whittier has given these charming verses in his collected works. It was not without thought and deliberation that in 1888 he directed this poem should be placed at the head of his "Subjective and Reminiscent" poems. He had never before publicly acknowledged how much of his heart was wrapped up in this delightful play of poetic fancy. The poem was written in 1841, and although the romance it embalms lies far back of this date, possibly there is a heart still beating which fully understands its meaning. The biographer can do no more than make this suggestion, which has the sanction of the poet's explicit word. To a friend who told him that "Memories" was her favorite poem, he said: "I love it, too; but I hardly knew whether to publish it, it was so personal and near my heart."

As this poem is really the sole expression of Whittier's early love, it may be well to repeat a few stanzas:

MEMORIES.

A BEAUTIFUL and happy girl,
With step as light as summer air,
Eyes glad with smiles, and brow of pearl,
Shadowed by many a careless curl
Of unconfined and flowing hair;
A seeming child in everything,
Save thoughtful brow and ripening charms,
As Nature wears the smile of Spring
When sinking into Summer's arms.

. . . . . .

How thrills once more the lengthening chain
Of memory, at the thought of thee!
Old hopes which long in dust have lain,
Old dreams, come thronging back again,
And boyhood lives again in me;
I feel its glow upon my cheek,
Its fullness of the heart is mine,
As when I leaned to hear thee speak,
Or raised my doubtful eye to thine.

. . . . . .

Ere this, thy quiet eye hath smiled
My picture of thy youth to see,
When, half a woman, half a child,
Thy very artlessness beguiled,
And folly's self seemed wise in thee;
I too can smile, when o'er that hour
The lights of memory backward stream,
Yet feel the while that manhood's power
Is vainer than my boyhood's dream.

Years have passed on, and left their trace,
Of graver care and deeper thought;
And unto me the calm, cold face
Of manhood, and to thee the grace
Of woman's pensive beauty brought.
More wide, perchance, for blame than praise,
The school-boy's humble name has flown;
Thine, in the green and quiet ways
Of unobtrusive goodness known.

Whittier's extreme reticence concerning this youthful affair of the heart is shown by his prolonged and eloquent silence both in his poetry and in his letters and conversation. No one ever seems to have obtained from him the real reason for his celibacy. He seems to have felt, with Browning, that while he was alive the public had no right to be admitted to certain chambers of his "House."

"For a ticket, apply to the publisher."
No: thanking the public, I must decline.
A peep through my window, if folk prefer;
But, please you, no foot over threshold of mine!

A pitying friend wrote to him about his lonely bachelor life, and had the temerity to ask for an explanation. The poet simply replied: "Circumstances—the care of an aged mother, and the duty owed to a sister in delicate health for many years—must be my excuse for living the lonely life which has called out thy pity. It is some, if a poor, consolation, to think that, after all, it might have been a great deal worse." Not one of his biographers has ever been able to establish the real facts in the case, and the latest article on Whittier that I have seen, published only a few weeks ago, leaves the question an insoluble one.

The name of the heroine of "Memories" was, so far as I know, first given in a letter to the "Springfield Republican," printed in 1895. As this letter, in spite of the important material it contained, attracted scarcely any attention, it may be well to state that the name of the girl Whittier loved was given correctly as Miss Cornelia Russ, of Hartford. The correspondent also mentions the fact that the letter which contained Whittier's proposal of marriage is still in existence. She says:

I have not myself read the letter, which is still in existence, but one who has read it, the present possessor, writes to me as follows: "The letter was short, simple and manly, as you would know. He evidently expected to call the next day and learn his fate." Another who has seen the letter writes: "It was somewhat stiff,—such a letter as a shy Quaker lad would be likely to write, for that he was, in spite of his genius. He begged her, if she felt unable to return his affection, to keep his secret, for he said: 'My respect and affection for you are so great that I could not survive the mortification if your refusal were known.'"

We shall see that this last alleged quotation is by no means correct.

In 1830 Whittier went to Hartford to edit the "New England Review." During his brief stay in that city, lasting less than two years, he became acquainted with Judge Russ, one of the ablest and most influential citizens of the town. His youngest child, Cornelia, was a strikingly beautiful girl, about seventeen years old, when the young poet met her and fell desperately in love. Why she did not reciprocate, we do not know, but it is not difficult to conjecture. About to leave Hartford, he wrote to her an offer of marriage. This letter is deeply interesting, not only because it finally settles the question of Whittier's only romance, but for another even more important reason. The youthful literary aspirant, aged twenty-four, who had published at this time only one volume of poems, which he afterward did his utmost to suppress, and with only a small local reputation, distinctly prophesies his future renown—a prophecy fulfilled beyond his furthest aspirations. Through the kindness of Mr. Charles C. Russ, a grand-nephew of Cornelia, I am now able to print this highly interesting document for the first time.

Thursday afternoon.

Miss Russ,

I could not leave town without asking an interview with you. I know that my proposal is abrupt—and I cannot but fear that it will be unwelcome. But you will pardon me. About to leave Hartford for a distant part of the country, I have ventured to make a demand, for which under any other circumstances I should be justly censurable. I feel that I have indeed no claims on your regard. But I would hope, almost against any evidence to the contrary, that you might not altogether discourage a feeling which has long been to me as a new existence. I would hope that in my absence from my own New England, whether in the sunny South or the "Far West," one heart would respond with my own—one bright eye grow brighter at the mention of a—name, which has never been, and I trust never will be, connected with dishonor,—and which, if the Ambition which now urges onward shall continue in vigorous exercise, shall yet be known widely and well—and whose influence shall be lastingly felt.—

But this is dreaming,—and it may only call forth a smile. If so—I have too high an opinion of your honorable feelings to suppose even for a

moment that you would make any use of your advantage derogatory to the character of a high-minded, and ingenuous girl——

—I leave town on Saturday. Can you allow of an interview this evening or on that of Friday? If however you cannot consistently afford me the pleasure of seeing you—I have only to resign hopes dear to me as life itself, and carry with me hereafter the curse of disappointed feeling.—

A note in answer will be waited for impatiently. At least you will not deny me this.

Yrs most truly—
J. G. WHITTIER—

The above letter was written on the last day of the old year 1831. On Saturday, January 2, "with winter in his soul beyond the world's," Whittier left Hartford forever. His disappointment he never revealed to any one, and the girl faithfully kept his secret. Though much sought after, she was never married, and died in 1842, a few months after Whittier had written the poem "Memories."

There are several interesting points to be noted in this love-letter: Whittier did not use the Quaker pronouns, his almost universal custom, thinking, perhaps, the plural was more respectful. Although a declaration of undying love, it is curious that the letter is almost all about himself, and scarcely at all about the person to whom it was written. It affords another instance of the old proverb that "faint heart never won fair lady," for the note of despair is even more evident than the pitch of passion. Its cold reserve, however, but ill conceals the overwhelming love in the man's heart, the constancy of which sixty years of solitary life were abundantly to prove.

Whittier's contemplated travels in the "Far West" were not to be. Ill health broke off his purpose, and all but a very few years of his life were spent in his "own New England."



TO MARY.

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED POEM.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

SUGGESTING less of earth than heaven
Where'er its sound is known,
The sweetest name to mortal given,
Dear Mary, is thine own.

If I, who need myself a prayer,
For thee might dare to pray,
If I, so blind myself, might dare
To point another's way;

Methinks that I would ask for thee
That heavenly favor sweet,
Like Mary once at Bethany,
To sit at Jesus' feet.

THE SOUL OF SEXTON MAGINNIS.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

SISTER MARGARET'S rosy face looked more rosy as the fresh, frosty air struck her cheeks. The convent habit—supposed by the romancers to represent a pensive soul dead to all human interests—had no manner of special detachment in her case; it fitted very well with the air of bustle that pervaded the city landscape. Every negro for miles around was shoveling snow from the pavements, and Sister Margaret, who was of an energetic turn, clasped her hands in despair within her spotless sleeves as she viewed the movements of two black "boys" of forty and sixty on the pavement of the convent. Pompey and Cæsar turned their spades with the graceful languor of wavers of fans in the summer.

"It 's me—it 's I," she said, correcting herself, for, although Sister Margaret was not a teaching sister, she was a grammatical purist—"it 's I that would like to tuck up my habit and get down amongst them. Sure, one Kerry man would do more in half an hour with his hands than all of them with their wooden spades."

There had been a ring at the convent doorbell, and Sister Margaret had, in the temporary absence of the portress, opened it; but no one was in sight.

Sister Margaret, from her position on the high steps, looked about sharply. A young girl with dancing blue eyes, a sprightly step, and high bows in her hat as blue as her eyes, went by, smiling and nodding at the good sister.

"Mary Ann Magee," she said to herself; "and it 's Mary Ann Magee here and Mary Ann Magee there, with her blue bows and her gay ways, and the foolish young men paying her attention, and her old mother working away at the wash-tub. 'T is the way with Irish mothers—they 're foolish and tender with their children. Mrs. Magee is a Tipperary woman, and Tipperary is n't Kerry. And what did *you* want?"

Sister Margaret was accustomed to tramps. The convent was by no means rich, and the prioress, Mother Juliet, had some economic notions about the treatment of the poor who could work; but nevertheless, and in spite of Sister Margaret's cool and deliberate gaze, which pierced through the excuses of men, the weary if not always worthy wanderer found the convent alms plain but bounteous.

The man who had suddenly bobbed up from under the iron steps had a gray kitten in his hand. His red, uncut hair had made its way under the battered crown of his hat. His upper garment, buttoned close to the chin, was a coat of the kind called Prince Albert, glossy, worn; and it had evidently been made for a much shorter person, and this red-haired man was very tall. His shoes were tied with rope, and his pink, frost-bitten wrists shone below the frayed sleeves of the glossy coat.

"Another drinking man, I suppose," thought Sister Margaret, discontentedly.

One look at the clear complexion, marred by several weeks' growth of sandy-colored hair, undeceived her. She knew her world well, and tramps were as much of her world as the innocent little boys who beseeched her for molasses and bread between school hours. There was an honest look in the helpless brown eyes of the man that to her experienced gaze showed that he was not of the vicious class.

"It 's some woman to manage him—poor creature!—he needs. It 's the way with half the men—their mothers don't live long enough, and the wives most of them get are without gumption at all. Well, what is it, my good man?" she asked in her professional tone.

"I am sorry to keep you waitin', sisther," said the man, with a rich brogue, "but I just jumped down to pick up this poor omadhaun of a little cat, that 's got itself almost frozen."

The sister examined the stiff ball of gray fur.

"I 'll take it. Sure, if Sister Rosalie can't bring it to life by the kitchen fire it must be dead entirely."

"Is there any work for me, sisther?"

That brogue—the brogue of her place in Kerry—went to Sister Margaret's heart. She knew that Mother Juliet's economic theories would not be softened by the fact that a tramp had a Kerry brogue, for the poor prioress, with all her learning, scarcely knew the brogue when she heard it! She was well aware, too, that the helplessness of any man would never appeal sufficiently to Mother Juliet to cause her to make work for him when the resources of the convent were taxed to pay the retainers absolutely needed for the care of the heating apparatus and other details which Sister Margaret's capable hands could not touch. Something to eat, and perhaps a note of appeal for him to some kind priest, were all Sister Margaret saw, in her mind's eye, for the pathetic Kerry man. Still, Mother Juliet had one weakness, and this was for souls. She would go far for a strayed sheep; and if this man's soul were in danger, he might be taken on to sift the ashes and to help with the boiler until his spiritual health should be restored. With fear and trembling and the sound of the old homely inflection in her ears, Sister Margaret asked the question:

"Do you go regularly to mass, my good man?"

The man hung his head, and even the wisp of hair that straggled beneath his hat seemed to grow redder. Sister Margaret's face was illuminated with a beautiful and hopeful smile.

"Tell the truth, now, as you 're an honest man," she said.

"To tell the truth as an honest man," replied the applicant, with lead on his voice, "I 've been neglectful. I 've been to mass off and on the year, but not reg'lar."

"And have you gone to your duties?" continued Sister Margaret, knowing well that her hopes for her compatriot depended largely on his having not done nearly everything he ought to have done. The man blushed and hesitated. Sister Margaret tried to assume a professional manner as portress.

"I 've not been reg'lar," he said. "If I were near the holy sisthers, and workin' for them, maybe God would give me the grace—"

"Have you been away from your duties for more than a year?" asked Sister Margaret, with apprehension.

"Oh, it 's me that 's ashamed to confess it!" said the man. "It 's me that 's ashamed, sisther, to say three years and more, come Easther."

"Thanks be to God!" said Sister Margaret, involuntarily. "You 're in mortal sin, man! Go back to the kitchen gate, and I 'll tell Mother Juliet."

Mother Juliet had just come into the old-fashioned parlor through the great mahogany doors of Henry Clay's time when Sister Margaret entered. She held Street's "Economics for Young Minds," and the chapter on "Money" was marked by a lace-edged picture of St. Stephen with a large arrow in his side. Her most important class was over, and as she had put her whole heart in it, she was tired and absent-minded. Sister Margaret loved and revered her; but, as she was a convert and not from Kerry, Sister Margaret often felt that she needed unusual management.

"Well, my dear sister?" asked the prioress, looking, in her white robe, like a very tired and well-bred statue.

"It 's a soul, reverend mother, that 's waiting nourishment and work at the back gate," said Sister Margaret—"a soul—"

"Yes, yes," said the prioress. "Well, sister, you know what to do. There are tickets for the Charitable Association on the mantelpiece in the kitchen. Although, of course, I agree with what the Holy Father says in his very latest encyclical as to almsgiving, yet I cannot help thinking that the sanest way in which to treat our fellow-creatures must be based on scientific principles. The Holy Father—"

"Ah, since I heard Father Dudley's sermon on 'The Husks of Science,' it 's little I care for it, reverend mother. There 's a poor soul at the gate, mother, that has n't been to his duty for three years, and the number of times he has missed mass I can't—"

"Dear, dear! You don't tell me so, Sister Margaret!"

"And it 's little good the tickets of the Charitable Association will do a poor man in a state of sin."

"Give him a good cup of coffee, and send him with a note to Father Dudley. He will touch the poor man's heart and lead him to confession. Sister Margaret, I notice that the window-panes in the laundry are not so clear—"

"It 's little you know of the heart of man, reverend mother," said Sister Margaret; "little you know! It 's not the higher education that will help you *there*. If you were brought up with the farming-folk in the old country, things would be different. The heart of man—"

A smile hovered about the edges of the prioress's lips. She understood the heart of

woman well enough to see dimly into Sister Margaret's plan.

"Well," she said, with the impatience of these details caused by absorption in her thoughts of her own teaching—"well, do what you can; but remember, we are poorer than even our vow of poverty requires, Sister Margaret. You, in your great kindness, forget that our resources are not what they once were. Give him something for doing the laundry windows."

"I can't forget, reverend mother," said Sister Margaret, "that there 's a soul to be saved."

"Set him to work, then," answered the prioress, growing graver at once, "and I will go," she added rather timidly, "and read something spiritual to him. There are some beautiful passages in St. Francis de Sales, and he may be an intelligent man."

"Little she knows, God help her!" thought Sister Margaret. "Sure, a good talk of old Kerry days will be better for the boy than all the spiritual reading in the world."

The prioress was relieved by the look of hesitancy on Sister Margaret's face.

"You know better, sister, how to deal with the case; but get the poor man off to Father Dudley at once, just as soon as you see him softening a little."

"It 's strange," thought the prioress, with a gentle perception of the situation, "that all Sister Margaret's distressed souls are Irish."

In a few minutes Lewis Maginnis was at work, on a ladder in the laundry, battling with that small amount of matter that seldom gets out of place in a convent. His story was plain. He had drifted from a Kerry farm to New York. It was evident that he was simple, good-natured, rather soft in temperament, and at the beck of circumstances. He had worked when he could find work for his unskilled hands; when the winter came on he had drifted again—southward this time.

In the course of a long and busy life Sister Margaret had never enjoyed herself so much as on the afternoon of her meeting with Lewis Maginnis. Here was material made for her molding hand, clay ready for the potter; here was an opportunity of furthering the progress, spiritual and material, of a soul from her part of Ireland, and of having her own way in a good cause.

Sister Rosalie, who ruled the kitchen, was urged to unusual efforts in the way of coffee and waffles by a graphic description of Lewis Maginnis's aptitude for fetching and carrying, for this serving sister had reason to regard the colored masculine aids as trifling.

Maginnis himself was delightfully docile and sufficiently respectful. In the twenty-five years of his life he had never done anything but what circumstances compelled him to do. It was cordial indeed to find circumstances impersonated by such a kindly and motherly force as Sister Margaret.

When he had finished the laundry windows, refreshed himself with unlimited waffles and coffee, and sifted the ashes, Sister Margaret sent him over to the Widow Magee's to enter there as a lodger until her inventive mind could discover some new means of employment for him.

"He has the making of a decent man in him," Sister Margaret thought, as she watched him cross the wide street. "Heaven knows how he 's to pay for his lodging at the end of the week; but God is good. It would n't be safe to send him over there with Mary Ann about, if I knew she would n't try to make a fool of him,—at least, till he has a new suit of clothes,—the creature!

Still, Sister Margaret had her doubts. She respected the Widow Magee's virtues, and she helped her in many ways, but she felt that, once out of her sight, the widow was the abject slave of her frivolous daughter with the aggressive blue bows.

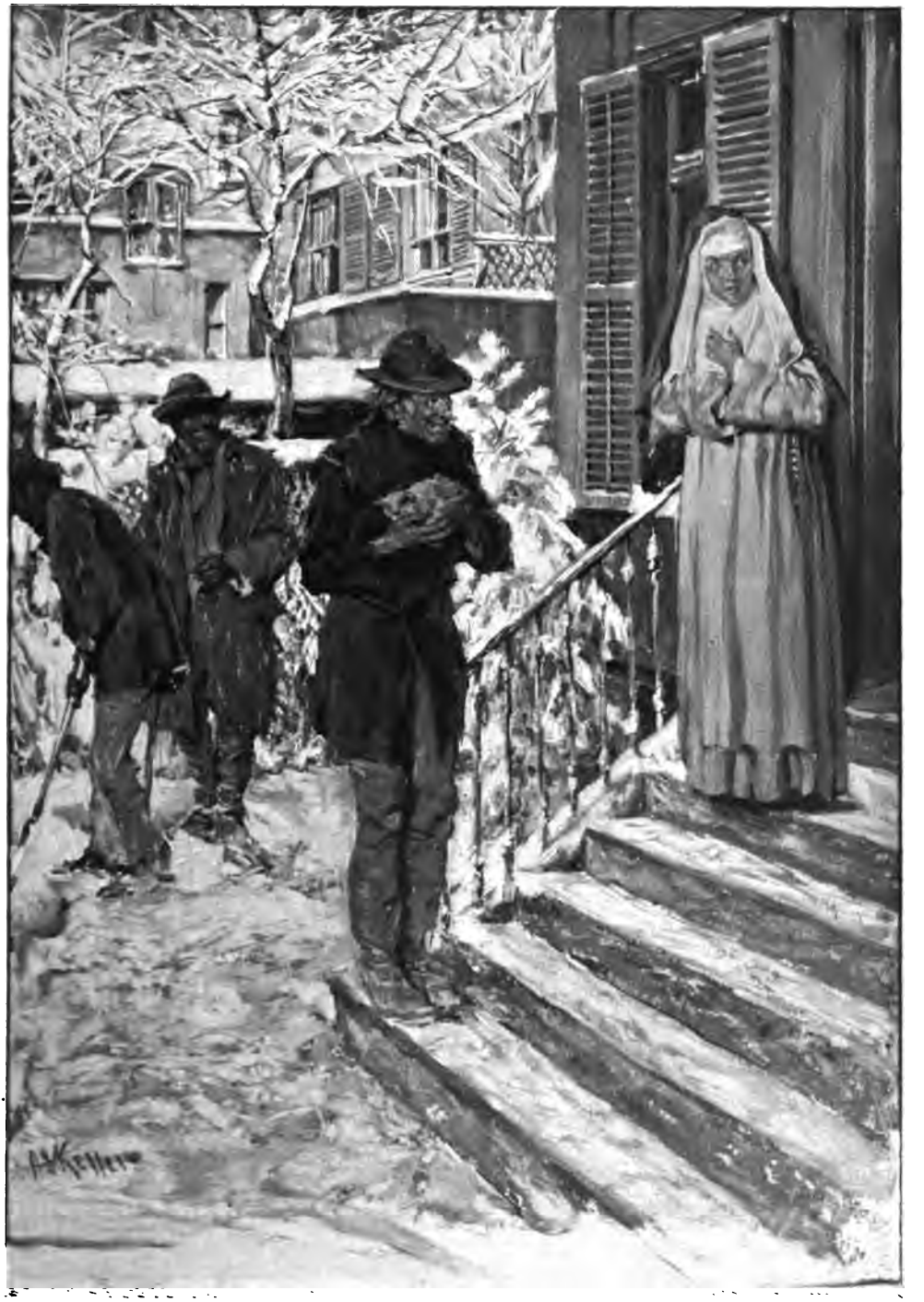
Lewis Maginnis was provided with a warm room for the present, and Sister Margaret, at the sound of one of the many bells which are as the voice of God, dismissed him from her mind. He appeared on the next morning early, very much improved by a bath and a razor, and with a hat, a little too large, which had once belonged to the late lamented Magee.

Mother Juliet, absorbed as she was, could not help observing that Maginnis seemed to be gradually replacing all the other intermittent "help." The colored "boys" disappeared, Pompey—whose soul had been saved several times, and who had spiritual relapses whenever he wanted unusual attention—going last.

"Maginnis seems to be a hard worker," Mother Juliet said one day as she examined the crystal-clear laundry windows.

"He is *that*, reverend mother," answered Sister Margaret, with a just pride; "and Father Dudley has him to serve his mass nearly every day, and sometimes he blows the organ when there 's a funeral in the chapel."

"I trust he will not neglect our work," said the prioress, in alarm.



DRAWN BY ARTHUR I. KELLER. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"THAT BROGUE—THE BROGUE OF HER PLACE IN KERRY—WENT TO SISTER MARGARET'S HEART."

"You can depend on that, reverend mother," answered Sister Margaret. "Such a conscientious worker with the ashes I never saw."

Mother Juliet looked pleased. To have a man at peace with his Creator and capable of looking after the boiler and the ashes was an unusual thing.

Sister Margaret's plans for the advancement of Lewis Maginnis were more and more successful; and Mrs. Magee, who now received a modest stipend from her lodger, seconded them warmly. Maginnis of April 30 was no longer Maginnis of February 3. A transformation had taken place. He was erect, respectably clad, alert, well shaven on Wednesdays and Sundays, and still the very symbol of docility. If Sister Margaret had been devoid of artistic feeling, she would have let the result of her work alone; but one of the retainers of the church retired from active service, and Sister Margaret at once suggested her protégé to Father Dudley.

One of the colored "boys"—Pompey—was recalled to make up the lapses in convent attendance. Mother Juliet was alarmed; there was a noticeable difference in the laundry windows.

"It 's for the good of his soul that he should be as near Father Dudley as possible, reverend mother," spoke Sister Margaret.

Mother Juliet had nothing to say to this, but she could not help hoping that Sister Margaret's next treasure would have a less sensitive soul.

Maginnis rose more and more in favor with the fathers at the church. This Sister Margaret noticed with pleasure. The artist was strong within her, and already she had forgotten the interests of the convent in the vision of Lewis Maginnis as sexton of the big church.

"A Kerry boy, too," she said to herself; "and he 'll soon be with a buttonhole bouquet in his coat, showing the sisters to their pew of a Sunday."

Pompey was at work for good,—or for bad,—and Cæsar had returned; Maginnis came only with messages from the church, or to give counsel when something went wrong with the boiler. Mother Juliet missed him, but she was silent; she had become rather tired of his soul.

On Easter Sunday Sister Margaret's dream was realized. Beaming with pride, his red hair shining above his black coat, which held a large red rosebud, stood Lewis Maginnis beside the church door, waiting for the sisters to arrive. They came, and, as Maginnis led the way to their pew, Sister Margaret felt all the justifiable pride of a sculptor whose statue has been bought by a really appreciative patron.

In the afternoon Maginnis came to the convent—by the front door, as he had at first come. He asked for Sister Margaret, and laid his glossy silk hat on the big volume of Butler's "Lives of the Saints" that graced the table.

"Well, Lewis Maginnis," said Sister Margaret, entering with Sister Rosalie. "'T is a happy man you ought to be."

"And I am, sisther—thanks be to God and you."

"It is I had little to do with it, Maginnis," said Sister Margaret, with much humility.

Maginnis blushed.

"If it was n't for you, sisther, I 'd never have met her."

There was a pause. A light flashed upon Sister Margaret.

"And so you 're going to settle down—and it 's well," said Sister Margaret, nodding as one who knows the heart of man. "There is no better woman living than Mrs. Magee. And I hope you 'll both keep that Mary Ann in order."

"It was Mrs. Magee I thought of first," said Maginnis, with simplicity, "but *she* thought I 'd better take Mary Ann, as it would steady her; and Magee in his grave only ten months would set the neighbors talking."

Sister Margaret did not speak. A vision of the high blue bows obscured the ruddy smile of Lewis Maginnis. When she spoke it was as if to a far-distant man.

She had assisted him successfully in his evolution. Spiritually, he was in a state of grace; physically, he was as the dragon-fly to the tadpole; artistically, he was what she had conceived he ought to be. He looked, as he stood in the parlor, with a rosebud in his lapel, the ideal sexton. And yet—



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

"ALL AMERICA ON AN EVEN FOOTING."

THE CAPITAL OF OUR DEMOCRACY.

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLOTTE HARDING.

HOW is one to describe the distinguishing trait of a city, and especially of an American city? It is a sufficiently difficult task in the Old World, where traits have run down from generation to generation through many centuries, and have had time to set. Even there, however, a city must be picked to pieces if one is to reach a satisfactory conclusion as to its potent characteristic, an analysis likely to lead to much confusion. There are the St. Antoine quarter, and the Faubourg St. Germain, and the Boulevard St. Michel, and the Boulevard Montmartre, and the Boulevard Bois de Boulogne, and the Avenue Malesherbes. There are Lombard street, and Park Lane, and St. John's Wood, and Chelsea. And as it is thus with the most finished of man's municipal products, how much more difficult is it to find the current of potency in the rushing tides of a city which has not yet settled down to its distinct and separate self! How can Boston, for example, be differentiated from other American cities? Has it a dominant current? In one quarter of the city it is borne in upon the wayfarer that such a current is to be found in the Harvard nobility, or, as it was recently expressed by a scion of one of the university's old families, writing of another scion, who was dead, the "nobility of Massachusetts." The perfect specimen of this nobility is as fine in character and tone as any in the world, as fine as England's best, but intensely American and a trifle self-conscious. "We have had a charming morning, sir," said a candidate for governor of the State, who was attempting to fulfil his promise to his party leaders and to win the friendship of a strong and influential man of the people who had complained of the candidate's haughty bearing—"a charming morning together, and hereafter, if I fail to recognize you when we meet in the street, I beg you to attribute my apparent lapse in courtesy to my near-sightedness, and not to my consciousness of the difference in our social positions." Naturally, when we are among such an insistent aristocracy, the whole town takes its tone from the pure blue of its, at least present, status.

One does not go down to India Wharf for the purpose of tracing its origin. However, when one does find one's way to the shipping, the leather, and the wool and cotton parts of the town, one discovers a stream as puissant and even as domineering in its way as that which becomes the social back-water in the neighborhood of the State-house. In the end we are likely to be confused between the phenomena of the wharves and Quincy market and those of Beacon street, so that we cannot definitely say, at last, whether Boston is chiefly commercial or ancestral, busy or fashionable or intellectual, whether



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

A PUBLIC RECEPTION AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

the Harvard "eleven" or the Boston "nine" stands on the pinnacle of the city's greatness. Eventually we shall conclude that neither one nor the other, neither nobility nor trade, is the sole element of Boston's atmosphere; the finer elements are mixed with commerce in such considerable proportions that the intellectual and the spiritual may also thrive; but we shall, furthermore, see that the various social strata are definitely marked and easily distinguishable. Here we have an American city, somewhat self-conscious and self-centered, like the nobility of Massachusetts, but American emphatically—the New England Boston. Of all the cities of the country, this is the one which most nearly has been built by the transplanted English race, and developed by it in the spirit of English custom and tradition. An American city it is, but it is not America. Its most glittering life is not democratic, although highly satisfactory to its participants and gratifying to the stranger.

It is more American, however, than New York, perhaps, for not so many of its people pass their days in making money that they may pass their evenings and their next days in spending it in the public gaze. It possesses an atmosphere of homes to which its people retire after business hours, and where they may sometimes be found during business hours. Most Bostonians have the domestic traits of the middle-class English—traits which have stamped themselves with much distinctness upon all that part of the country which lies outside of our cosmopolis, and even there—in the Ninth Ward especially—they may also be found in their pristine virtue.

These remarks about Boston are intended as an introduction to a short study of Washington. One can speak of the New England capital as an American city; but Washington is the city of America. One is a bit of America, with its local eccentricities and its racial virtues—a city to be proud of: the other is all America: and if the traditional book-writing foreigner wishes to study us as we are, and has not time to study us thoroughly, let him try to catch glimpses of us in Washington. There, at least, he will find the life of the country gathered into a municipal lake of no great dimensions, but fed from nearly all our national, though not always native, sources; as the streams flow into the pond they mingle with a fair degree of amiability,

although one may nevertheless discern, on the surface, proofs and indications of the variety in their origins.

Notwithstanding the fact that Washington may be called the city of America, it differs materially from every other American city. Leaving out of consideration, for the moment, the political activities of the capital and of the men who go there for the purpose of engaging in them, politics being, of course, the reason for the city's existence, Washington is busy with nothing that absorbs the minds and occupies the energies of the typical American city. It has so little commerce that that little is an unknown quantity. No one born in it, and having his way to make in the world, finds an opportunity for beginning a business career in his native city. The lazy life along the river-front is about the same to-day that it was twenty-five years ago. The same grass continues to push up between the same large cobblestones in the streets of the port of Georgetown. Even the retail shops are only recently shaking off a rusticity which, a few years ago, made Baltimore the shopping district of the more particular dames of the capital.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

"A SPORT AMONG HER KIND."

Mark the tone of the American city typified in Boston, and note the difference between it and Washington. The basis of our ordinary city life is commerce. The day is active with the work of money-getting; but with the end of it, and the return of evening, trade nearly ceases, dribbling out through the retail quarters, and the Americans go home. With most of them, happily, trade is carried on for the comforts and delights of life, although it is inevitable, in an energetic and commercial age and among an enterprising people, that many, and they are, unhappily, an increasing number, should live for the delights of trade. But, in general, at the end of the American day the office and counting-rooms are closed, the lamps are lighted, and the head of the family dozes comfortably over the evening newspaper in the presence of a delighted family, or of that portion of it which is not seeking joys outside; or he is himself enjoying his family and his friends. He is content among his own people, although he realizes the existence of a local nobility,—not American merely, simply human,—curiously composed and still more curiously recruited. Usually it and its serious absorbing play amuse him. Sometimes they are forced upon his overstrung nerves by wife and daughters. Occasionally an under-educated and wasteful son reminds him that none of his own fruitful games of chance demand so much capital as the useless enterprises of the idle. Sometimes he meets the candidate for governor, and is angry because, say what the candidate may, the plain citizen believes that consciousness of social rank makes its victim blinder than the most serious case of myopia. On the whole, however, he is much prouder of the importance he has earned than the ordinary descendant in this country can possibly be of his ancestor. The life of the real American city is summed up usually in a phrase which most honest people like to avoid, so soiled by cant is it, but which is expressive.

Outside of business the life of the American is a "home life," and in this phrase are included his social ceremonies and functions as well as his domestic intimacies and repose.

The life of our cities, which is not characteristically American, but simply human, has been well described, by one of the cleverest of American social philosophers, as simian. The local aristocracy puts up its bar, and no one can get over it except by jumping. Commerce and gainful professions, however, are the bases of the busy aristocracy as they are of our peaceful "home life," and therefore the dynamos and motors, the boilers and engines, the wires and wheels, of our prosperity and happiness, our work and our play,

our comforts and our luxuries, are pretty prominent in all our American cities.

If Washington is not like the typical American city, how, then, can it be the city of America, the one city above all others in the land where the stranger can most satisfactorily study the national traits? If its people are not bubbling over with boiling energy; if it is not shaken with the national moral fever and ague, one day burning with the heat of a "boom," and another day shaking with the chill of a panic; if most of its men are not struggling for money all day, and rushing home to slippers and rest at evening; if the wives and daughters of many of the more successful of these hunters for wealth are not vain seekers after social distinction; if the idle American nobility is not dominating in its society, as it is in our other American cities—why is life in Washington characteristically American? Because it is all America on an even footing, and all America in repose, with time to be idle. It is America not engaged in making its living or its fortune.

This is, in a way, the city of successful America—of America that has arrived. It is American fruitage, not the richest and best, doubtless, but its average flavor is much finer than that of the cities and towns and rural neighborhoods where the successes have been wrought. The men who go to Washington are fair specimens sorted from the products of the whole country. Their wives are sometimes their equals and often their superiors. As to their daughter, she will be an extraordinary American girl, a sport among her kind, who, if she be caught young enough, will not take full advantage of all the opportunities she desires, will not speedily acquire, for example, if she have the taste, all the graciousness or the ungraciousness, all the civilities or all the impertinences, all the charms or all the folly and boorishness, of what we vaguely call society.

How quickly these American buds born and reared in soils remote from the haunts of society learn the ways of the town, as they used to say in Jane Austen's time! Does Washington forget, I wonder, that chit of a Western girl, a girl from the real West, daughter of a man thrown hastily and unexpectedly into the Senate? She was as fresh and hardy as the breezes and firs of her mountains, and all her notions of etiquette and self-composure among the great were to be found in the social code of the mining-camps. But in a year, native wit and keenness and some judicious novel-reading aiding her,



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSSLER.

A COUNTRY WOMAN.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

"JUST AS SHE HAS SEEN HER CARELESS HUSBAND WEAR HIS OVERCOAT."

she became as sophisticated as a lady of the republican court need be.

Hurrying into the drawing-room of the wife of a cabinet officer rather late, unknown and apologetic, she was received by the woman of the house with a rudeness that is sometimes witnessed in Washington—generally characterizing the women whose husbands have lifted them up, and who consequently have not been obliged to fit themselves into their environment, to mold their tempers and talents to the sinuosities of society.

"It is very disagreeable to be obliged to waste every Wednesday afternoon receiving everybody who has a mind to come," said the grand dame.

"Oh, but fancy, Mrs. X——, how much pleasure your polite hospitality gives every one who is obliged to come," chirped the young thing, blowing swiftly and quietly out of the room as she had blown in.

There was the young matron, a year off the plantation, too, who learned so quickly the devious ways of *les femmes rangées*.

"Do you not know the lady on my left?" dashed the man who took her in to dinner.

Now, the young matron was smarting under the loss of a cook who, in the language of the law of labor, had been persuaded.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"A FINER TASTE IN DRESS."



HALF TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. M. NORTHCOTE.

"A SOILED NEGRO WAITER WHO BRUSHES THE CRUMBS . . . WITH THE FLAT OF ONE HAND."

"I know who she is," she replied. "She called on my cook the other day, and my cook returned the call."

The young American, girl or boy, is apt enough at all the daily doings of society; their influence counts for something, too, especially where riding horses, chasing paper, driving golf- or tennis-balls, or dancing are the joys of the hour. There is, on account of them, a certain raciness and flavor of individuality in Washington that, for pure liberty, can be compared only with the conduct and speech of the most self-selected and unrefined society of the metropolis, while, for other qualities, it is as free from taint as the primmest of New England "sugar eats." But these youngsters were to have been anticipated in the abodes of gaiety; the marvel is that so many of them settle down to five-o'clock-tea tastes, to intellectual pursuits, to evenings at the Naval Observatory, to eager discussions with the learned scientists of the Museum of Natural History and the Smithsonian and the Geological Survey. I do not refer now to the learned lady who read the proof-sheets of a great history as her maid did her hair in the morning, but to the young woman who came from a wheat-farm and married an entomologist in order that she might help him in his in-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

"EVEN A CONGRESSMAN IS DEAR TO HER."

vestigations, and to the other young woman, fresh from a salt fishing-town, who took lessons in constitutional law at the Columbian Law School in order that she might be a worthier companion for her coming husband, whose practice, at that time, was largely in dispossession proceedings for the collection of arrears of rent.

A characteristic which one encounters in Washington, say in a hotel parlor after dinner, is decidedly and delightfully American. It is the unconsciousness, on the part of those who are never called into the inner social circle, of the existence of the inner social circle. The good people do not know that there are any social strata—that, for example, there breathes any man or woman who would not be delighted to receive the wife of any ex-President or of the congressman from Tombstone.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

"HONEST WOMEN WEAR DELAINES."

To their minds, fed on the Declaration of Independence, the whole of officialdom, at least, are created equal. Surroundings are accidental. The woman who has her own house is fortunate, but the boarding-house parlor is on the same plane.

"I went in and sat with the President and his lady last evening," said the wife of a congressman who had just come on from a little manufacturing town. She was addressing a woman from her own State, the wife of a senator, a perennial senator, whose twelve years at the capital had made his wife an old Washingtonian.

"Yes? How charming! Take your knitting?" asked the adept.

"No; but I might as well. We sat around the grate in the library and had cider. Don't you like her?"

"I never met her."

"Never met her?"

"No. She does n't know any of my friends; no one knows her. She lived in a boarding-house, I believe, when her husband was in Congress. Why should I bother about her?"

"Ma'am," replied the other, rising in free-born majesty—"ma'am, I 'm shocked that any American woman can speak thus of her



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

"AFTER DINNER."

President's wife. Not bother about her, indeed—the first lady of the land!"

Here spoke the native woman who, some day, will learn that the adept's disdain resulted from the failure of her husband to secure from the despised President the cabinet office at which he aimed. The fault of the capital is perhaps a trifle too much adulation of well-placed women for personal and social qualities which they do not possess, and for the attainment of which their placing occurred a little too late in life. We will not call this tendency snobbish; it is rather the expression of a sublime faith in the democracy which selects, and the dazzlement wrought upon the ingenuous by gilded heights, even if it be the gilding of the setting sun.

When the new congressman's wife takes possession of her hotel sitting-room and bedroom she is at home. When she makes her first appearance at a White House reception, she is sure that she belongs to the court circle. If she be a city woman who has suffered at home from a consciousness that her social rank was not equal to her own merits or her husband's success in the world, she now keenly enjoys the sense of having jumped the barrier which has heretofore prevented the realization of her ambition. She even looks forward to a triumphant return to her old home, to a time when dinner-gowns will be one of her husband's problems, and when she will no longer be publicly advertised as out of society by the announcements of the society reporters that she is in. If she be a country woman, one who has been bred in real equality with her neighbors, it is impossible to disturb the placid serenity of her mind. She is very likely to be one of the finest types of American womanhood. Her house has been an open one; all the good women of the neighborhood have been her associates. The only difference between her and her acquaintances has been that of worldly circumstance. The wife of the honest mechanic or laborer is welcome to her tea-table if she is outwardly respectable, and especially if she is a member of her own church. She has her intimates, naturally,



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY W. G. WATT.

"WHEN THEY ACCOMPLISH SILK PURSES, THEIR WIVES ARE ENTITLED TO BROCADES."



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

"THEY TALK . . . ABOUT THE CLOTHES WORN BY THE GRAND DAMES OF THE REPUBLIC."

who can afford to dress as well as she does, and she would not for the world embarrass a poor neighbor who has only a mohair dress by bidding her come, to her shame, among the silks and satins. I have heard of a woman like this who shocked the wife of the commanding officer of a military post by going directly from her husband's quarters to make a ceremonious call on the wife of the commissary sergeant, who dwelt in the quarters set apart for non-commissioned officers.

When such a woman reaches Washington, her husband having recently been chosen a member of Congress, or maybe appointed head of a bureau, no one, to her thinking, is her social superior; and her mind is as simple, straightforward, and unclouded with doubts as to her own place in the world as it is as to the place of her old schoolmate who married the leading "hack gentleman" of the village. She realizes, of course, that Martha's husband is not so important a figure as her own husband, the lawyer and politician, and that Martha cannot wear such fine clothes as she possesses, and, therefore, cannot go where good clothes are essential to an easy mind and easy manners; but, notwithstanding this difference between her old friend and herself, one is just as good as the other, and no one has the right to look down upon either. Not that she is so lacking in acumen that she misses the distinction between individuals. She knows that this woman has more intellect, or more cultivation, or more manner, or greater beauty, or a finer taste in dress, or a keener moral sense, or more lovable qualities, than that one; and she is quite well aware that a reception at the White House, especially one that is made brilliant by uniforms, is a much finer function than any strawberry festival that was ever held by the First Congregational Society.

She knows good clothes, too, when she sees them, and she enjoys them as women have enjoyed them ever since the evolution of the ball-dress began with the elementary fig-leaf; although she is apt to fear, at first sight of a ball-dress, that the process of development has not yet gone far enough. In a word, she likes the pageant, and she feels that she is just as much a part of the show as the wife of the dean of the diplomatic corps, or the Austrian hussar who wears over his shoulder a brilliant jacket into the sleeves of which he never thrusts his arms, carrying it just as she has seen her careless husband wear his overcoat. A thousand details of splendor and luxury please her in this new life, and she would certainly have Martha there to see it all and to enjoy it with her, were it not for her old friend's foolish persistency in being ashamed of her unfashionable clothes. In her second session she will have Martha's girls at Washington, and she will enjoy being a chaperon for the first time in her amiable and worthy exis-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

"MEN OF MARK IN THEIR COMMUNITIES."

tence. A chaperon! She had never heard of the institution when she left her rural home, but she comes to approve of it in time, and to insist upon it, in her talk at all events; for among her old neighbors her new knowledge is the cachet of her new life and her richer experience. And how soon the young women will bloom and fill with fragrance an atmosphere far above the head of their kindly friend, the friend of their mother, to whose big house, at the end of the village street, they used to go for sweets and other hospitality, and whom they have always called "aunt," the kindly term for one from whom children are supposed to have expectations. They will learn to meet the demands of polite intercourse, but she never. If she live in Washington for twenty years she will still be frank and truthful. It was she who wrote on the back of the card of a senator's wife who had called at a boarding-house on her and other "congressional ladies": "I have got a headache; Mrs. Brown is in the bath-tub; and Mrs. Smith is dead." It was she, too, who glided up to the daughter of a Secretary of State, who was pouring tea in her own house, and said, with her sweetest smile: "I really forget, miss, whether your father is on the Republican or Democratic side of the house." "Oh," was the quick reply, "my father is not in Congress; he is only in one of the departments." And the poor woman was so sorry that she had injured the feelings of the young girl, such a nice young girl, too, that she talked about it for a week. The longer she dwells in Washington, the greater will be the liking felt for her by those whose intimacies have generally been with the sophisticated; but she will always wear "high-necked" gowns to dinner, although, in time, she will realize that the other women at the feast are not necessarily indecent.

The hotel in Washington introduces many an American woman into the vestibule of social life. There used to be boarding-houses in Washington, but they changed their names, when they began to be patronized by congressmen, and now call themselves hotels. In many instances it is an easy change to make, for it may be effected by a sign at the portal, a transfer of the dining-room from the basement to the parlor, a few round tables in place of one long one, and a soiled negro waiter who brushes the crumbs from the table with the flat of one hand into the palm of the other, instead of a colored waitress who shakes them from the cloth after the meal is finished. If the former boarding-house keeper and present hotel proprietor desires to furnish corn-bread to Southern patrons she calls her inn "The Calhoun"; if she prefers to cook buckwheat-cakes for New-Englanders she calls it "The Webster." Thus are the traditions of great statesmen preserved at the nation's capital. But these small inns are not the centers of the gay life which is so dear to the hearts of the women who long for social delights. The large hotels that have old names and parlors furnished in the richest hotel manner are the true abodes of kindergarten fashion. The



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"SPEND THEIR DAYS IN THE SENATE GALLERY."

old boarding-house, indeed, was a more "social place," to quote an eminent feminine authority, than the new small hotel, for the old-fashioned boarding-house had at least a parlor, where there was conversation after dinner, and where a lady, so inclined, might give a tea, at which, as a matter of course, the landlady and her daughter always assisted, and to which all the other "lady guests, and as many of the gentlemen as were gallant," were cordially invited.

The life of a Washington hotel of the first social importance is marvelous to fresh eyes from the country. There, in the dining-room, one meets the American statesman and his family—that is, the general run of them. No one will be inclined to sneer at the inexperienced person who enters the great apartment for the first time, at the dinner-hour, with a feeling of awe, if he has had the good fortune to do so himself in his youth and before his ideals were shattered. The writer distinctly remembers the reverence with which he regarded his two accidental commensals at a little round table in the Riggs House dining-room on his first visit to Washington. The future Speaker of the House of Representatives, who lived at the hotel, stopped to greet them on his way out of the room, and they actually called him John, while he asked them to visit him at his rooms, and assured them that they need not go through the formality of sending up their cards. I have always understood, since that impressive moment, why the American woman, on her introduction to this company of the great and its families, believes that she then sees about her all the splendor of intellect and all the grace and courtliness that her country, and therefore the world, can display. She has the deepest admiration for the men who carry on the government, for her husband and his comrades who work our institutions; but she has no knowledge of the institutions themselves, and very little regard for some of them, while she has long outgrown the old notion about republican simplicity.

It is perfectly clear to her that anything that is good ought also to be splendid. It is in the established order of things that women dress themselves according to their condition in life. Honest women wear de-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

"SHE MAY GO TO WASHINGTON WITH THE HEARTY AND FRANK OUTSPOKENNESS OF THE CHURCH FAIR,



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

"EVENING AFTER EVENING AT THE THEATER."

laines so long as their husbands have delaine purses, but when they accomplish silk purses, their wives are entitled to brocades. The republic, to her mind, is not what it was when simplicity was a virtue, and why not live up to the new conditions? She would have our ambassadors and ministers in uniform; she would order army officers to wear their gold lace at all times; she would fill the White House with flunkies. To her the President, no matter what his politics or hers, is an object of adoration and adulation. He cannot be so awkward that he does not shine in her eyes as the prince of fine gentlemen, and his wife is always the "first lady of the land," be she a "home body" or a dowdy, or, in reality, a woman of commanding talent, as she more than once has been. Even a congressman is dear to her, and she will quote as a statesman a representative who is an accidental bit of political flotsam teetering on the shore of success, seeing little difference between him and the venerable senator who has risen to leadership by sheer force of ability and character; for is not a congressman one of the nation's chosen? A fine trait, perhaps, this adoration and adulation of the nation's servants! Some day, when the broader-minded, deeper-thinking woman begins to show signs of losing that blind faith in public mankind which is now so amiably accepted by the lords and masters, these latter will awaken to the value of genuine feminine respect, and then we private citizens may have occasion to be grateful for the trait which now often amuses us, because the dread of losing it will then inspire the politician to endeavor to deserve what is now so freely and generously given. Perhaps the



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

AND QUIT IT WITH THE PURR OF THE DINNER-PARTY."

safety and preservation of our best traditions lie in the mistaken notion, entertained by good women, that most public men are loyal to the pure republic. Perhaps when the ideals of the republic are seen in all their beauty and comprehended by women, the men will understand that they must return to their loyalty or forfeit the homage of the fireside which, where it is deserved, broadens into respect. But the stamp of our times is certainly not knowledge of our political institutions, and the women who control and embellish the official society of Washington would set up a regal establishment at once, even if Congress could not be prevailed upon to appropriate more than enough for the purchase of cotton-velvet robes for the monarch, and silver-gilt coronets for the "ladies of the cabinet." And this they would do, not for vainglory, but that the republic might be as grand as its equals.

When Washington society is looked at from the point of view of the hotels, where a good deal of greatness "and wife" make their home, it seems, at first glance, to be as imitative as that of our new American nobility. It is very far, however, from being imitative in essence; it is not simian; it is wholesomely democratic. The atmosphere of the hotel dining-room, or of the parlor in the hour of "social reunion" after dinner, is not, to be sure, pleasing to the fastidious. The dinner is sometimes good and sometimes a colored rustic's attempt to compose French dishes and sauces. The waiter is so friendly that you feel that he either ought to take a chair at the table and laugh at your jokes at his ease, or that he ought to remove his alpaca jacket, one sleeve of which is nearly torn out at the socket with too much reaching in front of you, and join you after the meal in the parlor. You feel also that if the gowns of the women are of the right material, the sleeves are too long and the collars too high, while the frock- and sack-coats of the men are distinctly malapropos, and the mussed white neckties which some of them have worn all day add nothing to the ceremonial side of the feast. You will not like the haste in which the dinner is eaten, the evidence proffered by the statesman's wandering eyes that the presence of a stranger in the room is of more interest to him than the conversation of his wife and daughters and their women friends. A little observation will teach you, however, that the women of the average "congressional family" have little conversation which they deem worthy of their statesman's ears. Their words are for one another, and if you ever "get to know them," as their saying runs, you will find that it is not about their servants that they talk, as in commercial centers, but about the clothes worn by the grand dames of the republic.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

THEIR DAUGHTERS.

When you go into the "social hall" after dinner you will meet a number of women whose minds are wrapped up in what they call "society." Some of them are the wives of congressmen. Some are the wives or widows and the daughters of private citizens. Some devote their winters to the capital because it is the center of interest to them; these spend their days in the Senate gallery, and their evenings in the elucidation of public questions. Nearly always you will find delegations—delegations of teachers or of temperance women or suffragists; women who are here to persuade Congress to do something for a "good brother" or a "good cause." It will always be a company of the

American womanhood that is obvious in every town and village—the sewing-circle, book-club, tea-drinking, and platform womanhood. With the congressman's wife will be the sweet girls whom she is chaperoning with that conscientiousness and wearying labor which prove her not to be of the hardy, pleasure-seeking, usual variety—in short, a mere amateur chaperon. What "society" means to most of them is a pageant in which they are both observers and participants. They look on and they embellish.

"I 'm a very social person," said an excellent matron to the writer. "I like to go. But the judge don't care for it. He says to me, 'You do the social, and I 'll do the business.' So he goes out with his friends, and I always have some charming girls; perfect beauties I 've got now—did you see them, sir?" (They always say "sir.") "Yes, indeed, very pretty; gone out now to the theater with a middle-aged young man about thirty-five. He is their chaperon to-night. I would n't dream of letting them go out without a chaperon, so I asked him to chaperon them. He is engaged, you know."

In such a woman is often the crude beginning of a career. What tact and graceful kindliness democracy instils into its women! It was different at the courts of the great kings, for there the tasks of the women were rendered simple by simplicity of morals and manners; they had nothing to contend against but polished and cynical brutality. Here our women have to strive against some of that also, for dead fish float on the surface of every society; but there is something besides: ineffably bad manners occasionally, native unrestrained ugliness, coarseness, vulgarity; yet at times they encounter honest and lovable awkwardness, the native soil of a precious marble which it half conceals.

"Madame," said an old diplomat at his own table, "I have some bonbons here from Paris. They have medallions of the potentates of the world, and I have had your ruler's face stamped on one of them. Is it not a good likeness?" And he handed a chocolate to the woman on his right, who, for reasons of her husband's, did not like the new President.

"We have no rulers in this country," said the gracious guest, throwing the chocolate under the table.

The host's attention had been attracted elsewhere, and he did not see the insult, but he was made aware of something by the silence which followed. However, before he could know what had happened, a young woman's voice said to the butler: "Won't you find that bonbon which Mrs. C—— dropped? I want to look at it."

One day a delighted and awkward new statesman was taking tea at the house of a clever woman, and was suddenly plunged into terror, agony, and shame by the annihilation of the delicate and costly Sèvres cup from which he had been drinking; but before his palate was dry or his tongue responsive to his scared mind, the hostess broke its mate, saying to the servant as she did so: "Never put these cups on the table again, Smith; they 're too brittle for use."

In its earlier stages feminine intercourse means a gathering for mutual observation and personal gossip; in its earlier stages in Washington it means public receptions at the White House, calls at the houses of "cabinet ladies" and "senatorial ladies" on Wednesdays and Thursdays, one or two grand receptions by the "congressional ladies" of each prominent hotel, and evening after evening at the theater. At a public reception at the White House one sees what the wife of the new congressman means when she speaks of the "society of the capital"; one discovers what the court circle of a democracy really is; and if one penetrates beyond and into more eclectic circles, one may discover, further, what may be effected in society by the saving grace of common sense, and, occasionally, what spiritual wreckage may be wrought by untamable brutality.

It was not for mere background that the typical American city was sketched at the beginning of this article. The American city owns its class distinctions, and the line is drawn sharply. Whatever may be the test in other places, however, the chief test of social acceptability at Washington is success in some kind of intellectual effort. This does not appear from the brief outline of the hotel life which I have just given, but it is, nevertheless, the truth. The men who go to Washington, to Congress especially, are men of mark in their communities. They are not the average men of the country; they are the men whom the average man regards as superior. They may be intriguers, or political sharpers and charlatans, or the tools of unscrupulous party leaders or statesmen. Whatever they are, they are superior to most of their neighbors, and have so stamped themselves upon the communities in which they dwell that they have been preferred to their opponents. Their eminence may be bad or good; their service may be that of the subtle and cunning tool of the strong-minded



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"HER FIRST APPEARANCE AT A WHITE HOUSE RECEPTION."

leader, it may be the conscientious labor of the drudge, or it may be the brilliant career of a statesman; essentially it is the possession of some degree and of some kind of intellect which carries a man to Congress. Even the men who are said to be in public life because they are rich, with the exception of an infinitesimal number of inheritors of wealth, are men necessarily of mental capacity. Going to Washington, the seal of officialism is set upon them, and the society of Washington is at their command, and at the command of their wives and daughters, if they possess either wealth or talents. They can have anything they are willing to pay for, either in costly entertainments or by lending an intellectual or eccentric tone to society. There is no one to repel their pushing efforts; there is no one to frown openly upon them; there are scores eager to listen if they have wit or wisdom; and while there are some sneerers and critics, covert and open, there are, even behind their backs, whole armies of lauders of the millionaire who might knock at the doors of Boston in vain, and who would find difficulty in New York.

Here are democratic social conditions. Some of them are offensive and some are discouraging; but the outcome of a study of them is a large measure of hopefulness. The woman who insisted on safeguarding her young charges with a middle-aged young man chaperon carries the awkward stiffness, the unconsciousness of conventions and their value, the palsied tongue, or the bumptiousness and coltishness of the village picnic into the drawing-room of the White House. This is the complexion of nine tenths of the company at one of the President's public gatherings; it is the complexion of the Washington society which encounters you; but not that of the society which may discover you, and which is largely recruited from the general body with which it is almost constantly in contact, as well as from the leisurely rich of the rest of the country who are ambitious for something else than sport.

In the hotel parlor, where one studies the American citizeness on her first contact with life at the republican court, one is very likely to find the woman who is destined to step from the lowest moving circle to the next, and on and on until she reaches that small and stationary center where the polite arts are understood and practised most politely. Washington and the official position of her husband give her the opportunity she needs. She may go to Washington with the hearty and frank outspokenness of the church fair, and quit it with the purr of the dinner-party. An intelligent woman has told me that very clever American women who have entered Washington gowned in brocades put together at home have been known even to learn how to dress. It is often a question of first hotels, for there are hotels at Washington which differ from the social kindergartens I have described—hotels which may be set down as the grammar and high schools, connecting-links between the infant schools and the private houses where most of the graduates and the professors dwell. In a hotel where foreign fashion puts up on its flying visits to Washington, or where some domestic fashion finds it economical to dwell, according to my authority, a clever American woman, by close observation, may learn what is correct, and in time may come to prefer the creations of a French artiste, or her American imitator, to the wild and untutored vagaries of some village Paquin born to make others blush at what they see.

The most difficult person to manage, as I am told by this same informant, is the wife of a senator who arrives at Washington with fixed dressmaking notions of her own. Such a woman's theories of costume usually favor a modification of the Greek pallium, or the mingling of discordant and mutually abusive colors, occasionally "hand-painted" after her own designs, or the employment of soft stuffs which cling to a form whose gracefulness would better be left to the imagination. If the senator be rich, however, and hospitable, especially if the task of arranging his entertainments and inviting his guests be left to a trained and ever-ready old resident, the wife's insistence on yelling and fighting colors, or even on classical enigmas, will in time be counted as eccentricities of genius. Sometimes influential dependents will seriously sustain them, and they will thus become the microbes of an epidemic of bad taste.

The impression made by an official function is that of an assemblage of incongruous persons; but this is as it must be, and as it ought to be, at the capital of a democracy. It is rather the fashion to say that a representative and his family count for nothing in the life of the place; this depends on him and the family. It is true that most of the men of place tuck themselves and their wives away in obscure corners, and yawn through the dreary years of their official existence. To such as these Washington offers nothing of intellectual profit or pleasure, not so much

as is offered by the home village or by the remote farm neighborhood; for not even a picnic happens along at Washington to break the monotony of days, each one of which is as wearing to the obscure "congressional lady" as is the laborless Sunday, with its burden of black clothes and walking-stick, to the New England village shopkeeper. The man, too, grows weary and discouraged as he dozes in the House or writes letters to constituents who, in the pauses between requests for office, demand of him why he has not kept his hustings promise and shaken with speech the empires of the world and their tools of Wall street. These are of the class whose mental and moral faculties are benumbed by Washington. No one who has not lived in the city and studied its denizens can imagine the terrible deadliness of much more than half its political life. It is a slouch to the Capitol in the morning, with overcoat hanging listlessly from the shoulders; a long yawn that lasts to the adjournment in the afternoon; a slouch back at the end of the legislative day to a bored wife gazing at nothing out of the window, with no relief in mind except, perhaps, a possible gossip with some other congressman's bored wife.

The melancholy truth is borne in upon many a new congressman that his public place, which raises him in public estimation at home, seems to do nothing for him in Washington. But, after all, a democracy can give him only a fair opportunity; the rest depends upon himself. And as it is with him in his sphere, so it is with his wife in hers. In the apparently incongruous assemblage at the White House, not only the woman of social instincts and capacity, but the woman of social desires also, finds her opportunity. The democracy is on its vantage-ground at its own capital. Where the plain woman from the village or the farm mingles with the smart people from the smart sets of the cities, with the representatives of foreign powers, with the professional men, civil and military and scientific, she stands or falls on her merits. Sometimes she passes on her demerits, but, say what the old residents and the inner circles may to the contrary, an election to the House of Representatives gives to the fortunate man a *prima facie* right to respect and consideration. The doors of society that were once difficult to force are now open to him and his wife if either one of them is clever or wise or the possessor of any social talent; if he is powerful and influential; if he has made his mark or promises to make it; if she is beautiful or musical, or is the sweet reflection of the man who has made his impression.

There is nothing so beautiful in democracy as the friendliness of its opportunities. The human plant appears in its soil and pushes up into its ether. It may be that no one knows whence came the seed, nor what may be the quality of the parent plant. The unknown stalk grows and brings forth its leaves and blooms. The fruit may be poison or delicious and wholesome food. In some way or other its merits are accounted for. It is at least accepted at its material worth. But there is only one place in the country where, if it have the proper qualities, it may surely be planted among the hothouse and exotic flowers, only one pleasure-garden where its new blossom can certainly find a place among the blossoms that have long been known and classified in the social herbarium. There are more splendid opportunities offered by democracy, but none so dear to some hearts.

There is a large hospitality in Washington for the successful public man. There is also the same, perhaps even a larger, certainly an increasing, hospitality for rich public men. There is very little literature in Washington—so little that there are no literary standards; books that are unheard of elsewhere one finds talked about at the capital. Sometimes they are written by geniuses who have married public men. There is a little struggling art, but rich Washingtonians bring their pictures with them, or go to New York to buy them, as New-Yorkers used to go to Paris. But power counts, and power is respected. Even place alone, as I have already said, adds new graces to its occupant. In the groups and circles which make up the many-hued life of the city, one will find the rich seeker after pleasures, with his country club, his horses, and his fox; the amateur politician, often a woman, who wonders, as she regards her own parlor, why people say that a salon is impossible; some men and women who are among the most interesting in the country; some diplomats, among them, to quote a sometime English secretary, men and women who are entirely worthy of respect; some satellites, male and female, of those of the foreigners who do not even respect themselves; some pure and unselfish men who have devoted precious lives to the public service for an inadequate return; some birds of prey who find the vestibules of the hotels the most profitable social centers; women without social ambitions, but with social

cares; women of social ambitions and much social experience; women with ambition but without experience. And all these meet more or less frequently in the public assemblies, and the spirit of democracy has its way with all of them. None, except those who cultivate the foreigners only, escapes it. In the ebb and flow of the classes which would be sharply divided from one another in the typical American city, the flood picks up individuals from the unaccustomed mass, and carries them into quiet social pools, where they are shaped, in a measure, to the requirements of conventions, but where they also shape a little that with which they are brought in contact. Democracy is an elevator as well as a leveler, and it is here that the task of elevation and leveling goes on most actively and most obviously. On one side it is a refining process; on the other, it is a liberalizing process. Politeness, wide sympathy, adaptability, self-assurance, are not bad acquisitions for the awkward man or woman who comes to the capital tongue-tied, shy, unresponsive, uncompanionable, but with ability and character, or with lighter intellectual and moral virtues. On the other hand, the capital does something for the selfish, self-centered, egotistic, impertinent member of a self-constituted caste if it informs him of the worth of the larger humanity which has heretofore lain beyond his ken, and whose simple and rich virtues may perhaps, unhappily for him, continue to lie there.

Much outward seeming patriotism has been bred by the Spanish War: it is not always an admirable patriotism; it is sometimes due to the showing of force which we have made, and which appears to give us a place among the gory nations of the earth; it is often boastful, offensive, self-assertive jingoism. But democracy will eventually leaven it, as it has leavened other ill conditions; and even as it is, it is much more agreeable than the poor little feeling, once pretty general, that we are not as the foreigners are, because we lack gold lace, large armies, and traditional diplomacy. Nothing essentially unsound or mean can long survive in a democracy; there is too much soundness at the heart.

In the capital of democracy one may see its vices also: rudeness that will not be refined; refinement that is soiled by contact with rudeness; the greed of the boor; the suffering of the gentleman who must come in contact with the boor. But hope is born in the hearts of all who see the chosen of our countrymen and our countrywomen—far below the very best as they frequently are—take advantage of the opportunities of the motley society into which they are plunged, and out of their experience gain in grace and character. It is difficult to recruit a society which yachts and races horses; it is much more difficult to recruit one resting upon grandfathers; still more to add to the numbers of those who have a high and liberal cultivation in arts and letters and science. It is comparatively easy to find accessions in Washington to a society which is near the heart of politics, in which all Americans are interested. Sometimes the social triumph of a public man or his wife ends with their departure from the capital; sometimes it is so well founded that it continues in remote places where there are branch lodges of the American nobility. Occasionally a rich politician who failed as simple millionaire to make his way among the elect storms successfully at the gates of New York and Newport, even of Beverly Farms, through a triumphant career at Washington.



LITTLE STORIES.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.,
Author of "Hugh Wynne," "François," "Circumstance," etc.

IV. THE WATERS OF OBLIVION.

TWO years after the Mutiny, John Hughes, a young captain of infantry, was stationed at Meerut. This man knew many tongues, and loved to wrestle with dialects. One hot day in the bazaar he came upon a book-stall, and among piles of trash fell upon a thin pamphlet. It was bound with stitches between purple paper covers, and, as he soon made out, was a manuscript in Pali.

Now, Pali is a tongue which few white men understand. It delighted the captain, who paid a trifle, and put the leaves in his pocket. He dined at the mess. Returning late that night to his quarters, he found the book on his table, where his servant had laid it.

He made himself comfortable, lighted a cheroot, and took up the pamphlet. Yes, it was written with care in Pali, of which he knew something. He remembered that a certain reverend, a mission priest, had made a full vocabulary of this tongue. He got up, and after some search found it, and sat down again to enjoy the pleasing exasperations of a language of which he knew enough to be preassured of the difficulties. But first he looked the little book over. The covers, of a purple which was distinctly unlike other purples, were faded, worn, and frayed. Usually these second-hand bazaar books had queer smells by which their past might be guessed. The little purple manuscript had a faint fragrance which vainly taxed his remembrance for the time, the place, where he had known it.

As he ran over the pages he saw that some one had made marginal comments of small importance. At the end of the book were written four lines, in a very minute English script, and, as he concluded, by a woman's hand. The ink had faded, and it was so hard to read by candle-light that he gave up the effort, thinking that it would be easier to make out by day.

The book was his real attraction. He settled himself for a bout with its meanings, as eager as a traveler in a strange land.

On the inside of the front cover was written in a large masculine hand:

"*This Book was once a Man.*"

The phrase pleased him.

"I like that," he said aloud. "That ought to be put over the door of a library." He wondered if it were a quotation, or if the reading of the manuscript had prompted it.

He looked around the room. There were books everywhere, on chair and table: a few in his own language,—the greater books,—and many in the tongues of the East. Some were native manuscripts. He felt for a time as though the room were spirit-haunted. A dreamy pleasure in the thought kept his fancy busy for a while, and he said aloud: "Yes, every book was once a man."

At last he returned to the purple-tinted little volume, saying to himself: "So two other English people have handled and perhaps read it." That alone gave the script unusual interest, for few of his own race read Pali.

It began thus:

"I, Abdallah, a man of Ceylon, on the ninth day of the seventh moon, being now in my thirty-first year, here set down for my own remembrance certain things. I shall write of my search for the Well of the Waters of Forgetfulness. I am assured by the wise moonshee Salak Bey that in them a man may wash away remembrance, and be as the dead who are born again, without memories of the life they have lost. Thus shall I cease to know that in anger I slew him I loved best, my father's son."

"By George!" said the captain. "What a queer find!"

He sat a little while with the booklet open on his knee. Had it been written in English, and had he been in his own land, he would have smiled at this dreamer or mystic. But the East is the East, and he had lived much among its people.

He returned to the pages, and slowly and painfully made out their meaning, finding it even harder because of being in written characters. There were in all, or had been, as he

counted, sixty-three pages. Two were partly missing, as he saw by the torn remainders.

For the most part it was a record of distances traveled, of visits to noted temples, and of vast foot-sore wanderings. Here and there were bits of more personal reflection. Over these the captain paused, being a man of imaginative turn, and able to enter sympathetically into the ways of the native mind. "Ah!" he exclaimed, as he made clear to himself this passage:

"If I find what I seek, and lose remembrance of all that has been, whither will have gone the thoughts of my life? Shall I never meet them again? Surely. The thoughts of a man die not, but are fragments of the eternal mind, and go hence whither they came; being as children that are born, and, dying, live again elsewhere."

A little further he read: "If I lose all memory, and have release from the hell of seeing the dead always at my feet, in his blood, I shall forget, too, my wife and my son. I must decide to keep my anguish and my love—or to part with both. I have made my choice."

Again he read:

"I have lost by my own act a man dear to me. I have both the grief and the sin. Long have I wandered in the land of sorrow. There every man is alone, and there is no language, for in the land of sorrow there is but one inhabitant."

"Great Buddha! but that is all pretty grim," said the reader, and went on with rapt attention. As he read, the manuscript became more hard to decipher, the ink paler, the letters ill formed, blurred, or giving signs of tremor. At last he came on a date, and knew that the writer must have been many years wandering. A man in the vigor of life wrote the first lines; it was an old man who wrote the last.

"Clearly insane from remorse," thought the captain.

It was now far into the night, but still the indistinct pages held him, as he read on and on, finding now and then that words he should have known well obliged him to pause and search for elusive meanings. He concluded at length that his brain was tired and had the uncertainty of action which over-tired muscles get. He reluctantly laid aside the little book and undressed. When ready for bed, his curiosity prevailing, he took it up again, reading with increase of difficulty. Near to the close he found this passage, which at once reassured his reason as to the unhappy writer's delusion:

"At last I knew at morning that it was near, and now at evening I have found the valley, and the seven red stones as the moonshee described them.

"I am here, where the years and long travel have brought me. The vale slopes sharply and is clad with bamboos. Among them a path winds, and here is that I seek. An abounding spring rises up, in vast flow, and must return whither it came, for it has no outlet. The earth continually takes back what it gave. This is as I was told. The Well of the Waters of Forgetfulness. Here have I sat long in thought. At last I take out my pen and write. Soon all the past will fade by degrees, and never after shall I know it. Even what I write will be as if it were the story of what another wrote. My brother will be avenged even in my relief, because I shall no more see those I love, or know them as my own. I sit here in the shadows, and think on what has been and will be. I shall feel the world of memories fading like a tablet that is cleansed. It will come slowly; I shall feel the joy of forgetting.

"I have washed in the spring and wondered. It is not like the waters of earth. It does not wet the hand or head, but it is as if a cool wind went over them. And now I dip in it my garments, and write, being aware that all my past life is growing dim to me. Let my latest words be of thanks."

Here followed a few lines, under which the hand of a woman had written the words which the reader had observed on his first look at the manuscript. He was now too eager to wait. He found a magnifying-glass, and then easily read this rendering of the final lines:

> By the waters of oblivion
> I sat down and wept;
> By the waters of oblivion
> Life slumbered and slept.

Then she had added: "Would that I also could find them—or forgiveness."

Again the captain sat quiet in thought, wondering who and what the woman was. The strangeness of this wild story held him, and he smiled at the feeling of how near he was to accepting it as true. But he had felt before the spell of the Eastern world. At last he rose and looked about him. He had a baffling sensation of everything in the room being remote from him, and of a little trouble in recalling something to which he was to attend next day. He dismissed it, acknowledging anew the scholar's experience of the effect of mental tension, which had gone far

beyond the mere needs of the translation. He went to bed, and lay a long while thinking about the man's madness, and seeing the gaunt white figure in the bamboo grove, bending over what he believed to be the waters of oblivion. Then he slept.

At morning his servant awakened him, and said: "The bath is ready; the sahib's garments are here. The sahib was hard to waken, and he will be late for parade."

The young man sat up, and said: "Who are you? Where am I?"

The man repeated his statement, as Hughes got out of bed.

The servant left him.

Hughes said long afterwards, when he told me this tale:

"I sat down and tried to recall something which I had done the night before. I could not. I found the room unusual, rather than altogether new. I forgot the parade, and began to look at this and that. I was like a ship in a fog which now clears, and leaves only a thin mist, and then isolates the ship in gray aloofness.

"I remembered that I must clap my hands when I wanted something. I did so; my man came back. I asked:

"'What are these for?' pointing to my equipments.

"He said: 'The captain sahib's uniform.'

"I took up a photograph, and asked who it was. It seemed to me a beautiful woman.

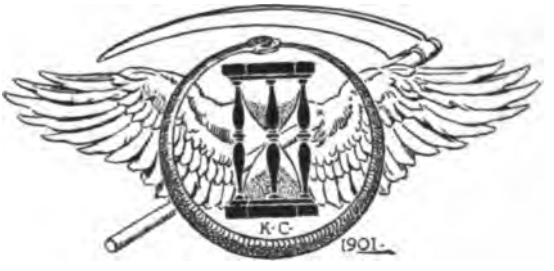
"'Great Allah! it is the lady the captain sahib will marry.'

"I laughed, and said inanely: 'I—I don't remember.'

"On this the man fled.

"I recall nothing else, but they said I slept two days. An ass of a doctor declared I had had sunstroke. It was nonsense. I was up the third day, and as fit as anybody. However, something was wrong with me. I think that now I know very well what it was. I was a month at Simla before I entirely recovered my memory, and to this day the photograph of my wife has, now and then, that curious look of far-awayness I had felt as to things in my room.

"Soon after our marriage I told my wife this rather queer story. The next day she burned the book, and, as she told me, did not even open it, which I thought wise, interesting, and unusual. As to the sunstroke, that is bosh, and India is a very bewildering country."

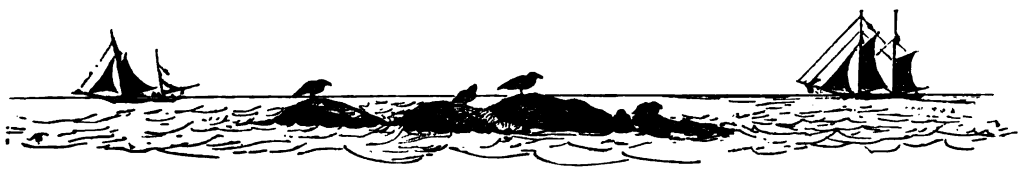


IN MEMORY OF C. S. A.

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

DEATH, after hesitation, made an end.
He died, The Dear Boy, very quietly;
Regretting, but not afraid. How will it be
In the old places now he 's gone? Pretend,
'T were best, he 's with us still; draw close, and mend
The gap with quiet conjuration, see
Him with us as we talk. "He 's here to me,"
Let each one say—and still, still have him friend.

Death? A mere hiding-place. We loved him well;
Hence have him with us almost visible,
Scarce on the road to go till we are gone.
Not moldering flowers at feet and side and head,
Nor covering of stone and loam and lead,
Make Death a horror—but oblivion.



FOR CIVIC IMPROVEMENT:

WHAT TO DO AND HOW TO DO IT.

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER.

WITH PICTURES BY JULES GUÉRIN.

WHAT to do and how to do it, are questions that come foremost when an organization for civic improvement has once been effected. Indeed, it is the manifest need for doing certain things that usually leads to the organization of such a society. There is never any lack of things to do, but a great deal depends upon the choice of the activities to be entered upon at the outset, and still more depends upon setting about the work in the right way. In the promotion of such work sound sense and tactful procedure are prime requisites. The public should be impressed with the fact that the aims sought are not visionary; that mere prettiness—the trimming of things, as with a sort of civic millinery—is by no means the end in view; that the objects of civic improvement mean good practical work for the benefit of the community, and a corresponding enhancement of its prosperity. As for tact, let everything possible be done—for instance, in securing the friendship, good will, and sympathy of the powers that be, so far as may be consistent with integrity of aim and adherence to the highest practicable purpose. Let friends be made with the press; its help will be invaluable, and, as a rule, its sympathy can be easily gained for genuine public-spirited work untainted with crankery or fanaticism.

In the choice of things to do it is well to follow the line of the least resistance—that is, consider what most needs to be done; and where several things present themselves, do those that can be done most easily and effectively, and do them in the best possible way. Let local circumstances be studied carefully and intelligently, and let the improvements entered upon be undertaken in accord therewith. If practicable, let the conditions of the place be submitted to competent expert authority; the cost will not be excessive, and the advice given will be well worth the while. Should a visit from such an authority not be feasible, much might be gained from correspondence. It is very important to know how to go to work. To proceed planlessly, without a definite purpose, in such things is expensive and short-sighted. The best of good taste, so far as capacity for appreciating a good thing goes, can seldom accomplish an admirable result if creative work be undertaken without training or experience. Therefore it is not sufficient to understand what should be done: the knowledge of how best to do it is of equal importance.

For instance, are the town streets or the country highways deficient in shade-trees? Is there a lack of playgrounds or of local breathing-spaces? Are the public monuments or decorative features in good taste? If not, how can the public sense of the community best be awakened to an appreciation of genuine good taste? Is the place one of a rural type, or is it a factory village of growing importance and assuming a densely settled and urban character? Questions like these are of prime importance. Again, what are the geographical and climatic characteristics? Is the place on the coast; on a river; in a woodland region, with rolling hills; on the prairies or plains; or amid high mountains? In each of these cases the problems are apt to be radically different, and a form of improvement admirably adapted to one place would be wholly out of keeping if applied to another.

The fullest possible advantage should be taken of the opportunities presented by topographical character. By giving due weight to this circumstance the most effective, most appropriate, and most economical results can be reached, and the maximum in the way of public benefit and popular enjoyment. If a town lies near the sea, for instance, then the

sea is usually the great factor in the scenery, and the main efforts at improvement should be concentrated upon the sea-shore. It would be manifestly out of keeping, in such a situation, for the community to turn its back to the sea and by preference give its attention to the development of some feature on the inland side, where the character of the scenery would be commonplace in comparison. Yet this is precisely what is often done; the great and dominant feature of the site is apt to be slightly regarded, perhaps because of its very familiarity. Hence what is essentially the most precious possession of the community in its possibilities for administering to public enjoyment is not infrequently held in low esteem. The water-front of a town, which might easily be made the most beautiful feature of it, is therefore often the most disagreeable and squalid section, given up to slums and nuisance-breeding forms of occupation. In a seaport, of course, the needs of commerce must be held in prime regard, and these are largely of a sort that often precludes recreative uses, while manufacturing establishments, railway terminals, mercantile demands, etc., by good right have the first claim for consideration. In turn, however, these call for large industrial populations about them, and their higher needs must be looked after. Hence enlightened civic polities tend to the development of a water-front both industrially and recreatively. In a large city we therefore may see local pleasure-grounds and recreation-piers interspersed among the docks, the warehouses, and the factories. Fortunately, moreover, the character of the water-front of a port is commonly such as to invite both forms of development, from the fact that beside the deep-water shore-line there are usually considerable reaches of shoals that discourage commercial occupancy and are preëminently adapted to recreative uses. The popular enjoyment of such places is heightened by the fact that the movements of commerce near by are essentially picturesque of aspect, presenting an ever-changing spectacle that exerts an unwearying charm.

The neighborhood of the sea is a priceless possession for any community, and the circumstance should be made much of. The sea-shore is a great attraction all through the summer. No seaside village is too humble to cherish most jealously its rights to the shore, or to prevent its passing into private possession, whether for summer residences, for hotels, or for privately owned recreation-grounds. At least one goodly strip of sea-beach, either on a bay or cove or on the open ocean, should be secured as public property, for use as a promenade, for bathing, and for a public landing-place.

The same argument holds good in regard to rivers. The river-fronts of towns, as a rule, are more abused than sea-fronts. While the river itself is customarily a popular resort for summer pleasuring, its value as a source of enjoyment is diminished by the habitual disposition of the entire community to turn its back upon what should be paid the highest respect. The riverside should be invested with the beauty that by right belongs there, and that well repays its guarding, instead of being devoted to back yards, outhouses, the unsightliest rear ends of buildings, and degraded into a dumping-ground for all sorts of refuse.

Whatever is the most characteristic element in the scenery of a place should stand first in the scheme of recreative open spaces. If there is a river, let there be an esplanade, a terrace, a promenade, or a drive, treated either formally or in naturalistic style, as circumstances may suggest. If there is a lake, let there be a lakeside pleasure-ground. If the region is a rolling country, let a charming valley scene be secured, with care to include some sightly point of view. If a town is spread upon the flat prairie, as so many hundreds are in the Middle West, let its people not despair of opportunity to vary what may seem a hopeless monotony in environment. The prairie itself may be made the motive for a charming landscape. A spacious expanse of level verdure may be inclosed in bosky margins, like a bay with sylvan shores; on the far side a vista may open out into the wide rural country, with horizon even, low, and remote, and as restful as the ocean in its sense of breadth and peace. If it is a factory town with water-power, then above the dam the stream will have a considerable reach of slack water that invites boating and other aquatic pleasuring. As a rule, the banks of such a piece of water can readily be cleared of the ugly intrusions that are apt to possess a neighborhood of the sort; they can easily be made to clothe themselves with vegetation, and soon resume a natural appearance. A delightful popular pleasure-ground may thus be created. If the location is on the arid plains of the far West, then the irrigation-ditches of the neighborhood can be utilized to help create a public pleasure-ground, with attractive canal-like or stream-like features, feeding picturesque ponds or lagoons,



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

BEACH AND RECREATION-PIER, BOSTON.

the beauty of which would be doubly appreciated in an environment where the sight of water is uncommonly precious.

From both a hygienic and an engineering point of view it is of prime importance that, in a settled neighborhood, the watercourses, the natural lines of surface drainage, be carefully studied with reference to treatment that will most economically and advantageously deal with the problems involved. Neglect of this opportunity has been extremely expensive for nearly every large town. Therefore, either in a growing community or in the case of a site where a new community is to be established with a prospect of important development, one of the first things that should be done in planning for the future is to secure public ownership of the watercourses, with sufficient strips of bordering territory, making due provisions for suitably shortening or straightening the course where the natural channel may be too meandering. Here, as with most objects of utility, an artistic form of treatment is usually the most genuinely economical. Instead of going to the great expense of making these watercourses into covered sewers for surface drainage,



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

SURFACE DRAINAGE, THE BACK BAY FENS, BOSTON.

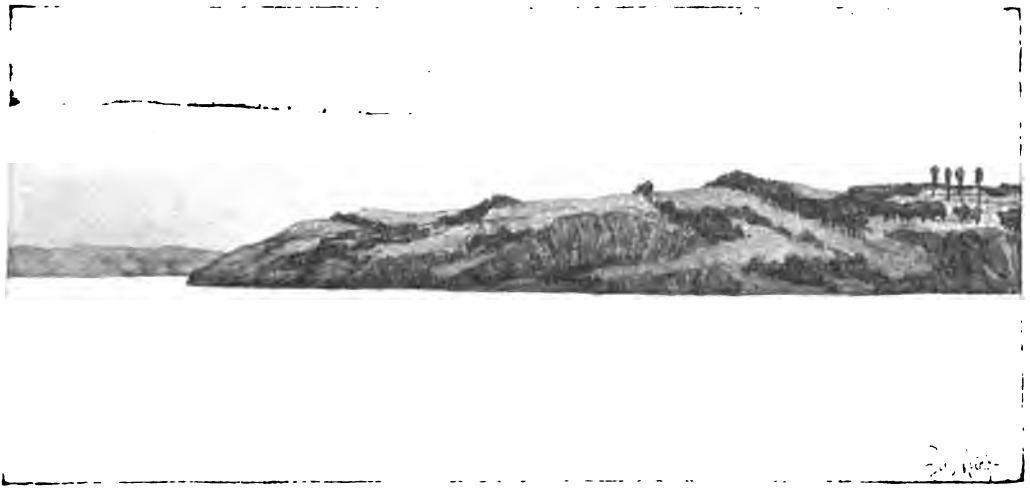


HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

A BLEAK PROMONTORY.

under naturalistic treatment they can be made pleasant features in the landscape—routes for picturesque parkways, where a central strip of turf and shrubbery permits the surface drainage to flow unhindered in its open bed, doing no damage, whether running bank-full or overflowing. The suburban city of Newton, in the Greater Boston neighborhood, has done some notable work along these lines. Indeed, in the great metropolitan park system for Greater Boston, one of the chief features of the scheme has been the sanitation of the courses of the three main streams—the Charles, the Mystic, and the Neponset rivers—by making them subjects for simple esthetic improvements in the restoration of their banks to attractive natural conditions. In like manner the very picturesque Boston and Brookline parkway, designed by Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted in conjunction with the city engineer, has its prime motive in the artistic treatment of a problem in utilitarian engineering for the disposition of surface drainage in the most economical way. Therefore, for one of the elements, the scheme of two great flowage-basins was adopted. These were given the form of salt-marshes, meshed by a meandering creek between upland banks with thickets of shrubbery and trees. In times of flood these basins safely hold enormous quantities of water until ebb-tide in the harbor permits discharge. A second element took the shape of a rural valley coursed by a clear stream in a landscape like an ideal bit of English country. And both of these remarkable designs, suggested in hints derived from the local topography, have the effect of being the perfect natural landscape that seems as if it had always characterized the region, although in the first element every feature of the scene was an absolutely new creation. This, in the absence of all impression of artifice, represents an achievement of the highest art.

In the neighborhood of Boston we have also the most eminent of existing illustrations of the comprehensive development of the recreative possibilities of a water-front. On the oceanside, and along the bay, the harbor, and their estuaries, the metropolitan and municipal authorities have developed no less than seven great tracts of public shore, reaching for miles and miles in their total extent, while five minor beaches for bathing and waterside enjoyment are features in a series of eight additional water-front pleasure-grounds of a more distinctively local type. On the other hand, Boston furnishes a negatively instructive example of neglect to take due advantage of a great opportunity for public embellishment presented in the city's maritime situation, and this through want of the organized effort that, with persistence, might easily have accomplished it. The islands and shores of Boston Bay were originally clothed with trees, and were beautiful. Early in colonial times they were stripped of this tree-covering, and, for the greater part, have since presented a singularly bare and bleak appearance. Hence, while the bay is not without picturesque interest, and even possesses certain beautiful individual features, it is not only not beautiful as a whole, but in the sharp and naked outlines of its landscape contours it has a forbidding character, and even seems to retain the impress of the repel-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

THE SAME PROMONTORY PLANTED WITH TREES.

lent spirit of puritanical austerity that prevailed when this change was wrought upon the scene.

Nearly twenty-five years have passed since a suggestion was made that the old-time wooded mantle be restored to the islands and headlands so far as possible. Mr. Olmsted made an illuminating report to the Boston park board on the subject, pointing out that, with the possible exception of Venice, no seaport in the world made so great a recreative use of its harbor, and that the chief drawbacks to its special attractiveness lay in the generally hard-featured, bare, bleak, and inhospitable aspect of the headlands and islands. He showed that by restoring the original forest there might be gained the beauty of large compositions as affected by broad masses of foliage palpitating over the rigid structure of the islands and headlands, lifting their sky-lines, giving them some additional, but not excessive, variety of tint,—greater play of light and shade,—and completely overcoming the present hardness of outline of their loamy parts, without destroying the ruggedness of their rocky parts. He also showed how this end could be reached by the expenditure of six thousand dollars a year through a period of five years. But for an unfortunate mischance, these recommendations would at once have been carried out, and the appearance of the harbor would, by such simple means, have now been completely transformed into an appearance worthy of the gateway of a great city and of the circumstance that gave the city its being. Although the suggestion commends itself as something deserving to be realized, there has been no person or organization ready to assume the responsibility and push it to its consummation.

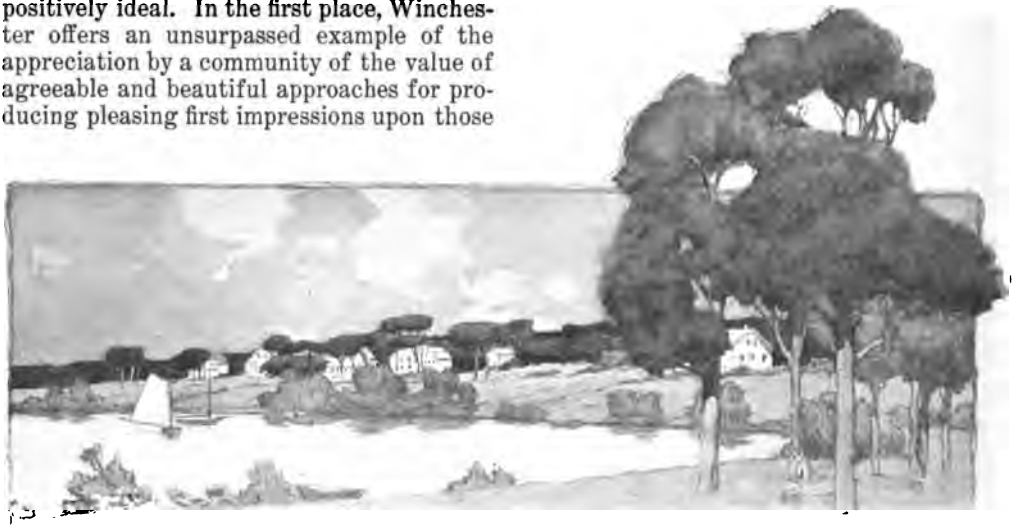
The great value of a recreatively developed water-front to a city is illustrated by the work undertaken by Cambridge, which, in its scheme of park improvement, has devoted its chief attention to reclaiming and beautifying the banks of the Charles River throughout almost its entire course along the borders of the city. The community thus gains, at the cost of the work upon a comparatively narrow strip of land, the benefit of many hundreds of acres of free water-space for public enjoyment. This river-bank, under public ownership, takes the shape of a magnificent esplanade, a riverside drive and promenade, and two waterside playgrounds with bathing-beaches. The profitable character of such an investment for a municipality is shown in the fact that the increased taxes upon merely the first piece of improved property abutting upon the esplanade were more than enough to pay the whole interest and sinking-fund charges for the entire park work on the river-front.

The example of Manchester-by-the-Sea in acquiring public ownership of the four beaches in the town—including the famous Singing Beach, the sands of which give out a sort of musical note—shows what a rural community may profitably do for the benefit of its people. The Plymouth of the Pilgrims also has a highly appreciated public possession in its fine town beach. A sea-beach offers one of the simplest and most inexpensive problems in public improvement. So great and absorbing is the interest in the spectacle presented by the sea that little needs to be done in the way of adornment, while for a

rural community no outlay for maintenance is requisite beyond what may be necessary to keep the place in order.

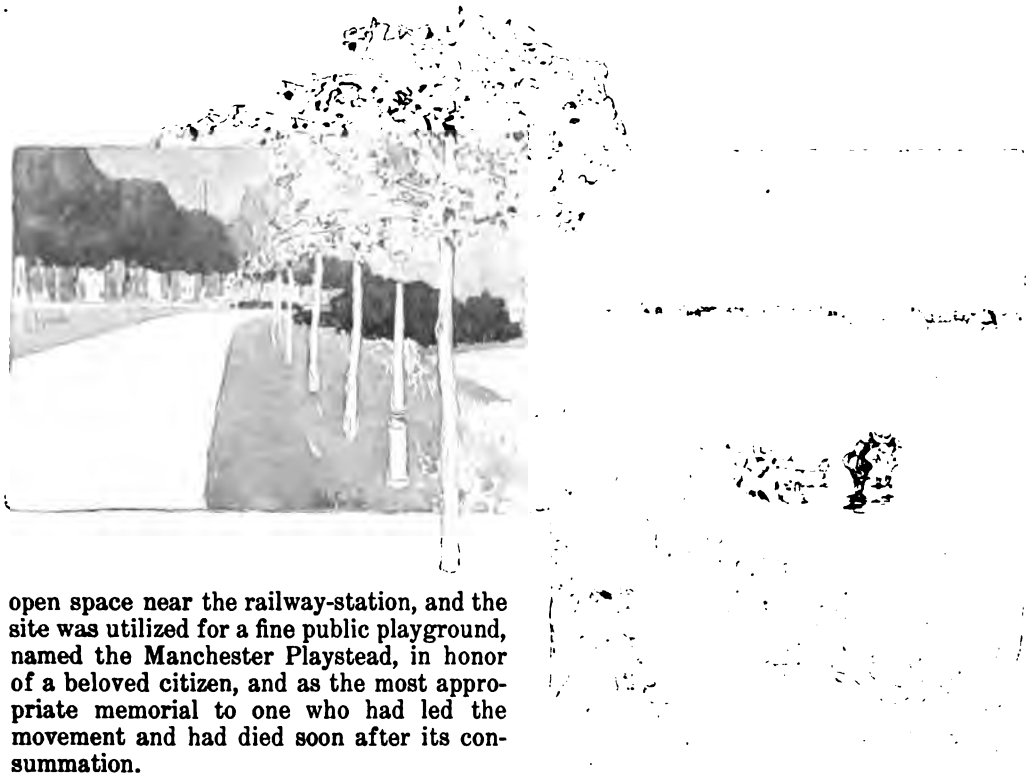
A charming example of a lakeside improvement is offered by the Massachusetts town of Wakefield. Near the center lies Lake Quannapowitt, a beautiful piece of water more than a mile long. This supplied the motive for extending the old common to the lake, ending in a beautiful broad water vista framed in a characteristic rolling New England landscape. On one side of the lake the main highway runs the entire length of it, with a strip of public ground on the waterside and landings here and there. A street-railway also offers a delightful trolley excursion. The lake has enriched the recreative life of the town with the aquatic pleasuring that it invites, and its opportunities for canoeing, rowing, sailing, and excursions in motor-launches have been correspondingly developed.

In the town of Winchester, another Boston suburb, is found a charming combination of advantages. As a development of natural opportunities, the results shown here are positively ideal. In the first place, Winchester offers an unsurpassed example of the appreciation by a community of the value of agreeable and beautiful approaches for producing pleasing first impressions upon those entering or passing through the place. The town occupies a valley between wooded hills. A little river flows through it, and expands into a chain of lakes below. The town common adjoins the main railway-station of a great trunk-line. Bordering the common is the local business center, with a class of buildings unusually tasteful and expressive. The railway from the Boston direction passes beside the river, and the effect of its tranquil scenery, followed by that of the well-kept common at the station, has always made an agreeable impression upon travelers by rail. A few years ago a great metropolitan parkway was laid out beside the lakes below and along the river through the town, to give approach to a public reservation of three thousand acres of wooded hills and sylvan lakes on the easterly side of the Mystic Valley —the Middlesex Fells. To assure the greatest possible benefit from this improvement, the town contributed liberally toward taking the river-banks for the parkway, and also for removing the railway freight-yards and an unsightly tannery. This gave a large additional



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

AN IMPROVED LAKESIDE, WAKEFIELD, MASS.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE BANK OF THE CHARLES RIVER, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

open space near the railway-station, and the site was utilized for a fine public playground, named the Manchester Playstead, in honor of a beloved citizen, and as the most appropriate memorial to one who had led the movement and had died soon after its consummation.

This gave the town a new approach that was purely a pleasure-way, attracting thousands to the enjoyment of its delightful scenery of lakeside and pastoral river valley. It introduced them to the town center, near a picturesque stone church of the English village type, at a point where the demolition of a group of shabby wooden factories is to give a more sightly vista of the handsome town hall, the stately great tower of which is reflected in the calm water above a dam in the stream. Thence the parkway winds up the slope to the great public woodland, and commands glorious backward vistas over the valley.

The approaches to the town by the common highways and by the several trolley lines of street-railway are nearly all commensurately attractive, and are made so chiefly by the good taste that has given the town its character as a high-class residential suburb. About the only thing that makes all this fall just short of perfection is the fact that, in the approach from the northward, the shores of some ponds above the town are occupied by mean buildings and are disfigured by advertising-signs.

A natural corollary of what has been done would be to extend the improvement of the watercourse in the valley to these upper ponds. The public's appreciation of the value of the work carried out should make its completion in this manner a matter comparatively easy of accomplishment.

Besides its sea-front, the town of Plymouth has a distinctive landscape feature in the vast tracts of white-pine forests that cover the greater portion of the township area. A felicitous recognition of this circumstance is embodied in the beautiful woodland domain called Morton Park, secured through the public spirit of a nature-loving citizen. This noble open space occupies historic ground. Secure from fire and the ax, as time goes on its woods will show to future generations the most typical New England tree in all the stately grandeur that it had in the eyes of the early colonists, because in the primeval forest the white pine reached gigantic proportions that to-day are known only by tradition.

A magnificent instance of what the energy of a group of public-spirited persons can do for civic improvement is presented in the celebrated Lynn Woods, where the possession of some scattered acres by a local Public Forest Association, and the city's acquirement of some basins among rocky hills for water-supply purposes, suggested the unification of these diverse holdings by the tak-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

THE TOWN HALL, WINCHESTER, MASS.

ing of the intervening woodlands under public authority. The movement was so judiciously organized that the necessary properties were easily secured, either by gift or by purchase. Thus, at a comparatively slight cost, there was created a great public domain of two thousand acres, comprising one third of the municipal area of a large and rapidly growing manufacturing city. In this manner the old-time common woods and pastures that were held in joint possession by the freeholders of colonial times were restored to public ownership.

The foregoing examples are typical of the things that, in the way of civic improvement, can be accomplished in thousands of communities with the awakening of the right spirit under capable leadership.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A PLAYER.[1]

BY J. H. STODDART.

FIRST PAPER.

IT was on the thirteenth day of October, 1827, in the town of Black Barnsley, Yorkshire, England, that I made my first appearance on this world's stage. My father, although not theatrically connected, having been brought up on a farm, became in after-time a well-known and, I think, a very fine actor. A Scottish nobleman, the Earl of Hopetoun, had an estate some distance from Moffat, in the parish of Johnstone, Scotland. He numbered among his tenant farmers many Stoddarts, and my father could lay claim to relationship with almost all of them. He, however, did not seem to fancy milking cows and following the plow, and so he made his way to Glasgow, where he was apprenticed for seven years to learn the carpenter's trade. In those days a person was deemed fortunate who had learned a good trade. My father became a constant frequenter of the theater, and in a short time he was thoroughly stage-struck. He joined an amateur theatrical association, and, after having served his apprenticeship, went to England, where he succeeded in getting an engagement in a regular theater. He remained, to the end of his days, an actor.

There were, at that time, in England routes known as "theatrical circuits," among them the Huggins and Clark, the Fisher, and the Robertson circuit. Each of these consisted of about four country towns, and three months were spent in each. Salaries were small, but the principal performers had a benefit in each town; and as actors were employed the year round, and played only three nights a week, it was far from being an uncomfortable sort of life.

It was in the Yorkshire circuit, managed by Huggins and Clark, that my father first made his professional bow, and it was there also that he first met my mother, Mary Pierce. Thomas Pierce, her father, familiarly known by the diminutive "Tommy," had, with his daughter Mary, been associated with the Yorkshire circuit for many years, and in the four towns annually visited old Tommy Pierce was as well known as any native inhabitant. He passed nearly all his life in the Yorkshire circuit, amusing a simple lot of people, and was much respected. I suppose one of these circuit companies would now be regarded as a lot of barn-stormers, but those actors were happy, contented, and respected people, and in the towns they visited yearly had hosts of expectant friends to meet and welcome them.

The Fisher circuit was thought to offer a desirable situation, it being managed by the parents of my old friend Charles Fisher. He and I dressed together for a number of years at Wallack's Theater (the Thirteenth-street house), and he would often speak of those early days when he used to play the fiddle in the orchestra of his father's company, and, having dressed for his part beforehand, would throw a cloak over his costume and take his place with the band, and then, after the overture was ended, return to the stage and his part.

The Robertson circuit was thought to be of more importance than the others mentioned. It certainly produced actors of great distinction in Mr. Tom Robertson, the dramatist, and his talented sister Miss Madge Robertson, now Mrs. Kendal.

My father, having married Miss Mary Pierce, thought it prudent to seek his fortune in some wider field than the Yorkshire circuit, and he succeeded in procuring an engagement for himself and his wife in Manchester. They also played in Liverpool, Newcastle, Dublin, and Belfast, and in most of the smaller towns of England. Time brought them a large family—seven boys

[1] These extracts from Mr. Stoddart's manuscript do not even make mention of many characters which he has impersonated, or of many prominent artists with whom he has been associated. Their purpose is rather to produce an outline sketch of the actor's life and personality, suited to the limited space of two magazine articles.—EDITOR.



PIERRE MICHEL.



LACHLAN CAMPBELL.



COLONEL PRESTON.



JOE ALYMER.





WILLIAM PENHOLDER.



DOCTOR OSBORNE.



SERGEANT O'ROURKE.

F. C. G.

MR. STODDART AND A FEW OF HIS CHARACTERS.

and three girls. The girls and two boys died in infancy, leaving George, James, Robert, Richard, and Benjamin, all of whom attained to manhood and adopted the stage as a profession, each in his time playing many parts. For years we wandered through the small English towns, encountering the ups and downs of theatrical life, and being far oftener down than up. Alas! all now are dead, leaving the writer, in his seventy-fifth year, only the remembrance of loving brothers and of affectionate parents. I often think of the days when we were all "wee chaps," tramping through England and Scotland, scantily clothed, possessed of huge appetites, many times lacking the means to appease them; and yet those days stand out as among the happiest of my life. What, indeed, would I not give to recall them?

MY FIRST ENGAGEMENT.

MR. JOHN HENRY ALEXANDER, or "old Alec," as the boys in Glasgow were wont to call him, was the most eccentric character known to the theatrical profession. He had, however, wonderful perseverance and energy. His first performances in Glasgow were given in a loft. Although he was laughed at and quizzed, nothing could daunt him. He held his own, and became not only the manager, but the proprietor, of the most gorgeous theater outside of London. My father and Alexander had been boys together, and, as fellow-apprentices, had "served their time" in Glasgow, and were close companions. They had also entered the theatrical profession in the same year. Alexander prospered; my father did not.

We were getting on so badly in England, and our prospects were so dark, that a letter was at last sent to Scotland, applying to Alexander for an engagement. His reply was awaited with anxiety. One day my brother George came running into the house with a letter, shouting: "It is from Glasgow, from Alexander." And so it proved to be. It was a friendly letter, saying that the writer would be glad to receive my father, but could not, at present, avail himself of my mother's services. "Never mind, Mary," said my father; "my salary will keep the pot boiling, and you will be fully employed attending to the youngsters."

We arrived in Glasgow in due course, and sought Alexander, who seemed very glad to see us. My father's salary was fixed at two pounds per week—not a large sum for the needs of so large a family, but when my father mentioned the amount we all thought it a fortune. Alexander had again expressed his regret that he had nothing to offer my mother, but, remembering "auld lang syne," he proposed to engage the young Masters Stoddart, whom, he said, he would use as frequently as the plays would permit, for children's parts, pages, etc. So it was arranged that, irrespective of age, we should each receive one shilling a performance when we acted speaking parts, and sixpence when we appeared in silent ones.

The varied and extensive repertory of my brothers and myself under this shilling and sixpenny arrangement would scarcely be credited. When we entered on our career with Alexander, our tender years confined us to children's parts, but, with advance of time, we were put on in the tragedies as pages, in the nautical pieces as young sailors, and in the melodramas my brother George and I, when we had reached the ages of ten and eight respectively, were to be seen as bloodthirsty young ruffians, wearing our own light hair, but with villainous black beards, —done in cork, frequently by Mr. Alexander himself,— fighting fierce combats at the rear of the stage. Alexander would say: "There; that will do; now go along. There are *young* ruffians, you know, as well as *old* ruffians." We got to be known as well as Alexander himself by the patrons of the theater, and the newspapers would often refer to us as "Alec's two young heroes."

A HILARIOUS DÉBUT.

I CANNOT remember the first appearance of my brother George, but I vividly recollect my own. I was five years old, and was taken on to represent the child of *Martin Haywood*, in Douglas Jerrold's drama of "The Rent Day." In the last scene, where *Crumbs*, played by my father, seizes *Martin's* goods and chattels, and is about to turn him out of doors, I became fearfully excited, and when *Martin*, my stage father, began berating *Crumbs*, the real author of my being, I could stand it no longer. I ran from *Martin* and clung wildly to old *Crumbs*. I had been announced as "Master Stoddart, five years old, his first appearance on any stage," so that my identity and my relationship to *Crumbs* were known to the public. The audience yelled with delight, and the conclusion of the act was, of course, completely upset. My début, therefore, proved highly injurious to my prospects, for, some time afterward, when other children were re-

quired, Alexander would say to my father: "Stoddart, don't bring 'The Rent Day' boy."

I made a second appearance later, in "Macbeth." I was cast for one of the apparitions. Macready was playing the great Thane. I had to say:

Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth, beware Macduff!
Beware the Thane of Fife! dismiss me: enough!

I was nervous, but having upset things in "The Rent Day," on my first appearance, I thought it absolutely necessary for my future well-being that, this time, I should convince Mr. Alexander of my stability. I stood at the wings watching Macready. He was so particular that everybody dreaded him. I made my way under the stage and found the step-ladder by which I was to reach the caldron. The witches were stirring something in it with their sticks. I kept repeating my lines, fearful that I should forget them. At last my time came to appear. I popped my head through the caldron and heard my cue. One of the witches says:

He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou naught.

I was trembling like a leaf, but I began: "Muckbeth, Muckbeth!" Mr. Macready instantly interrupted me: "Oh, no, no, young man; not Muck, not Muck. Go on, sir; try again." I said once more, "Muckbeth." "Oh, no, no! Mack, Mack, Mack! *Damn* it, can't you say Macbeth?" At this moment Mr. Alexander kindly came to my rescue. "I think, Mr. Macready," he said, "you will find the boy all right at night. Besides," he added, "'Macbeth' is a Scotch piece, and a little of the Scotch dialect may not be altogether out of place." Alexander had a very broad accent himself. I was at last allowed to proceed in my own way, but I do not remember whether I finally said "Muck" or "Mack."

Nearly all the important star actors of the time came down from London and played engagements with Alexander. Among them were Helen Faucit, Charles Mathews, Mme. Vestris, Tyrone Power, the great Irish comedian, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, Benjamin Webster, Mme. Celeste, J. B. Buckstone, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Edwin Forrest, and Charlotte Cushman.

Charlotte Cushman began in "Guy Mannering." Although it was not a novelty in Glasgow, but a stock piece, played season after season, when her *Meg Merrilies* was once made known to the Glasgow theater-going public, not only were the houses packed, but Dunlop street was thronged with people anxious to witness her performance, and her *Meg Merrilies* became the talk of the town. I had the honor of playing the *Gypsy Boy* with her, and as long as I live I shall remember her first entrance, and her death at the end of the piece.

AN ATTEMPT TO BECOME A SAILOR.

As I grew older I began to think that some other occupation would be more congenial to me. After the Glasgow season a company was formed to try their luck in Greenock,—a sort of sharing scheme,—of which my father became the manager. I used to watch the ships come in and go out, and, seeing the sailors spend their money freely ashore, I thought that seafaring would be an ideal life, and resolved to adopt it. I had a sympathizing landlady, who looked upon the theater as a pit of iniquity, and in order, as she said, to redeem me, did her utmost to try to obtain for me my heart's desire, to ship on board some vessel. She wandered with me from shipping-office to shipping-office, took me on board all sorts of craft, interviewing captains and mates, but all to no purpose. Her last application settled the business. After much exertion, climbing over two vessels to reach a third that lay alongside, we succeeded in obtaining an interview with the captain, who looked at my landlady and then at me. "Are you his mither?" "No," she said; "no exactly his mither, just a friend." "Woman," said the captain, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself to try and send a boy like that to sea. He 'd be dead before we got through half the voyage. Take him home, and make a tailor of him. Get ashore, get ashore." My landlady beat a hasty retreat, saying as she went: "You must just be a play-actor all your days. I 'm no going to fash my head wie ye ony more." And she did not.

TRIALS OF A STOCK ACTOR.

WE returned to Glasgow, and rejoined Mr. Alexander, passing another season in the same old way. Alexander was always careful not to offend my father, who had been with him so long, had such a "good study," and was so well up in all the current plays, that he was a most valuable member of the company. There were no type-written parts in those days. An actor had to write out his own part, and was allowed only a certain time

in which to do it, having then to pass the manuscript or play-book on to some other member. Many and many a night, after the performance, when my brothers and I were all in bed, father and mother would be at work on new parts for hours, she reading and he writing. Often poor mother, tired out, would nod over her task and lose her place, saying, "Oh, dear! I have given you the wrong speech," and father would irritably reply: "Confound it! Give me the book, and I 'll read it myself." But in the same moment he would rise, kiss her, and insist upon her going to bed, finishing the task by himself. Poor mother! God bless her memory! One of the most patient and tender-hearted creatures that ever lived, trying to clothe and provide for her children on so slender an income, and fighting a malady, cancer, that eventually ended her life; and yet so good, so cheerful, always making light of her pain.

Charles Mathews and Mme. Vestris played an engagement with Alexander one season, and years after Mr. Mathews recalled to me, when we were together at Wallack's, an incident of it. "I shall never forget your father," said he, "and the terrific work he got through with Alexander in Glasgow. Vestris and I were playing an engagement there, and your father was in all the plays. The entertainment on one occasion consisted of 'The Windmill,' 'The Loan of a Lover,' and 'The Captain of the Watch.' Your father had struggled through the first two at rehearsal. When we came to the last play, 'The Captain of the Watch,' he seemed a little befogged. I said to him: 'Stoddart, do you know this piece, "The Captain of the Watch"?' 'No, sir,' said he; 'I do not.' 'Well,' I explained, 'this old baron that you play is a—well, he is a sort of mysterious old fellow, you know.' I shall never forget your father's expression. He looked at all the parts in his pocket, and then at me, and he said in his droll way: 'Mr. Mathews, you will find the baron d—d mysterious to-night.'"

EDWIN FORREST IN BAD HUMOR.

THE American tragedian Edwin Forrest followed Mathews at the Theater Royal, and played a very indifferent engagement. He and Alexander were at war all the time. As the business was bad, old Alec cut down the supers to about one half the number Forrest required. Upon Forrest objecting, Alexander justified himself by calling attention to the fact that Macready and other great stars had played at his theater with no greater auxiliary assistance than was offered to Forrest. "You are an ass," said Forrest. "A what?" said Alec. "An ass, an ass!" repeated Forrest. "Sir," replied Alec, "I have built this beautiful temple of the drama. I am its sole proprietor; you, Mr. Forrest, are simply a guest, and, judging from your behavior, a very disagreeable one you are." "*Your* guest!" ejaculated Mr. Forrest. "A rat would n't be *your* guest." I suppose both were glad when the engagement ended.

My brother George, who was nearly two years my senior, determined to strike out on his own account, and succeeded in obtaining a situation at the Coventry Theater, managed by Mr. Bennett, to play the first walking gentleman. In those days the actor had to begin at the bottom of the ladder, passing successively from general-utility business, which consisted of anything and everything of a minor description, to respectable utility, which was a step higher. He remained for two years with Mr. Bennett, who had two theaters, one at Worcester and the other at Coventry.

ENGAGED FOR ABERDEEN.

MY brother Robert and I remained with Alexander for one season longer, but the fact that George had struck out for himself suggested to us that we had arrived at an age when we ought to be able to fend for ourselves, so we wrote to various managers for a joint engagement, resolving not to separate if we could avoid it. Our applications were for respectable utility, and the favorable reply received was from Mr. Pollock of the Theater Royal, Aberdeen, who offered, if we were content to place ourselves under his guidance, to receive us at a joint salary of thirty shillings per week. Bob and I were frantic with joy; it seemed a fortune after Alexander's shilling and sixpenny arrangement. I think if we read Pollock's letter once, we must have read it fifty times. Of course we lost no time in sending a letter of acceptance. My father took a rosy view, saying it was a fine opportunity for us; that we had ability, and would be sure to get on. "As for Jim," he said, "he 'll make a fine melodramatic actor. I never saw any one who could make a better backfall." He advised us also to keep what we earned until the end of the Glasgow season, and with it to get ourselves a few properties, as we

should require them. "You will each want a pair of russet boots," he said, "a pair of sandals, two pairs of tights, a pair of fleshings, two ostrich feathers, and a sword." Father seemed as much pleased as Bob and I were, but mother, who had been sitting in a corner during the conversation, was crying. Bob said: "Why, mother, you are crying." Father, in his characteristic way: "Confound it! what are you crying for?" "Oh, I can't help it, dear," returned mother, "when I think of their leaving us."

We had a vacation of a few months after our closing in Glasgow. We were determined to ride into Aberdeen, which we did, arriving on a Sunday. Having ascertained that the Theater Royal was situated on Marshall street, we set out to look for suitable lodgings in the vicinity, and succeeded in finding a very nice room. At the theater we found our trunk, and promptly caused it to be sent to our lodging. The theater was to open on the following Wednesday. When we arrived again at our room, the landlady seemed anxious to know our occupation, and when we told her that we were actors she was somewhat taken aback. We heard her repeat the information to others in the next room, and it appeared to stagger the entire family. Nothing was said until Bob, while unpacking his bag, began to whistle a snatch of a song. It was then that the landlady really bounded into our room, exclaiming, in great perturbation: "For mercy's sake, what are ye doin', whistlin' on the Lord's day? Git oot o' ma house; put your things back into your bag, and git oot." We told her, in no mistakable terms, what we thought of her, and we left. And it was fortunate that we did so, for we succeeded in being received in the house of one of the kindest and most motherly of persons, with whom we remained for a number of years.

A NOTICE TO QUIT.

On the following morning we went to the theater, and found that the opening play was "Hamlet," in which we were assigned two small parts. Later, however, we were informed by Mr. Pollock that the actor who was to have played *Horatio* could not come, and that one of us would have to go on for the part. Of course Bob did not want to attempt it, nor did I, but, by virtue of my seniority of fourteen months, it finally devolved upon me. I remember how I walked up and down our room, hour after hour, trying to get the words of *Horatio* into my head. Now I could repeat them; then all the words would leave me. Mr. Richard Young, a good actor, had been brought from London as our leading man, and he chose *Hamlet* for his opening part. At rehearsal he instructed the actors playing *Horatio* and *Marcellus* to do just as he did in making the exit when *Hamlet* follows the ghost off. *Hamlet's* business was to drop his hat and cloak, and, crouching, point with his left hand as he made his exit, saying: "Go on! I 'll follow thee." I suppose it must have been effective, for he received a round of applause; but when we, acting according to our instructions, picked up his hat and cloak, and, crouching, pointed with our left hands, in clumsy imitation of the Dane, we certainly did not evoke the public favor. A low comedian would have been well pleased at the manner in which our efforts were received.

Mr. Pollock, who was at the wing, when we came off said to us: "What the devil are you doing?" We could only stammer that Mr. Young had told us to make our exit in that way. I really knew more of the words than I thought I should, but I was disconcerted at the behavior of the audience whenever *Marcellus* or *Horatio* appeared, and I was very glad when it was all over. Bob comforted me with the assurance that I had done well under the circumstances, but Mr. Pollock had formed a different opinion, for the next day he sent me the following note:

> Dear Sir: Your services will not be required after the expiration of four weeks. If your brother wishes, we shall be pleased to retain him.
>
> Yours truly, William Pollock.

I do not think I ever felt more unhappy in my life. Bob and I had made close calculations of the amount we should be able to save out of our thirty shillings, and had arranged what we would purchase. I remember how dear Bob endeavored to console me. "Never mind, Jim," he said; "we can live on the fifteen shillings I receive, and you can be understudying parts, so it will be all right yet." I inclosed Mr. Pollock's note to my father, and received by return mail this answer:

> Dear Jim: Sorry to hear of your trouble. At the end of the four weeks make yourself quite sure at the treasury, pull Pollock's nose, and come home.
>
> Your affectionate Father.

"Hamlet" was repeated before my four weeks' notice had expired. I was now glib

in the words, and Mr. Young had cut out the objectionable business of our exit. I was told by the members of the company that if I had been as good at the first representation as at the second, I should have been all right.

RETRIEVING MY REPUTATION.

DURING what I supposed to be my final week we played a Scotch drama called "Gilderoy," in which I was cast for the part of *Walter Logan*. Now, this was one of Alexander's old pieces, and *Walter Logan* one of my father's characters. He was supposed to be an old Scotchman, taken prisoner by the English, and under sentence of death, and he had some telling patriotic pieces to deliver, one ending, I remember, with the words, "Scotland may be the friend of England, but never will be her slave." I knew all the words of the part, and remembered where father used to get his applause. Bob said: "Jim, this is your chance; show them what they are losing." I felt it was my opportunity, and I got on so well that Mr. Pollock came to me after the performance, congratulated me, and said he thought that, on reflection, it would be a pity to separate me from my brother, so he would be glad to have me remain. I did so for a number of years. I was not much over seventeen, and had to put on a gray wig for the part of *Walter Logan*. I have been wearing gray wigs ever since.

Before the end of our career in Aberdeen Mr. Pollock said he regarded us as two of the most important members of his company, and he proved it by raising our salaries each season. I played all the first old men, and Bob the comedy business. We had a joint benefit every year, which always turned out well. Thus all went bravely, and we were happy and contented, until I discovered that Bob had fallen head over ears in love with a Scotch lassie and had begun seriously to contemplate matrimony. Matters drifted along for more than a year, when, one evening, he did not turn up at the performance. I sat up nearly all the night waiting for him, but no Bob appeared. Next day I received a letter saying he and his Jennie were married and had gone to England.

GOOD-BY TO SCOTLAND.

AT the end of the season Mr. Pollock expressed himself as anxious that I should remain, and I had really become an essential and important member of his company, also rather popular with the audiences, which was very gratifying, considering how different my position had been at the beginning of my Aberdeen career. I told my manager that, although I fully appreciated all he had done for me,—and he had been very kind,—I felt I could not remain without my brother. So I bade good-by to Scotland, and I have never seen it since. While I live I shall ever remember the many happy years passed there.

My father, in the meantime, had left Glasgow, and he was now engaged at the Adelphi Theater in Liverpool. So to Liverpool I went, and spent a few happy weeks with my parents and brothers. I could find no opening at any of the theaters in that city, but I succeeded in obtaining an engagement with Mr. Moseley, the manager of the theater at Bradford, in Yorkshire. Moseley would often have a short season also in Huddersfield, for which extra people were engaged. I was disappointed when I found that I was sent there, and not to Bradford. The company was a good one. The Robertson circuit had broken up, and Mr. Robertson was now the stage-manager at Huddersfield, while his son Tom Robertson (who afterward wrote "Caste," "School," etc.) played walking gentleman at a salary of twenty-five shillings per week. Although, even at this time, he was writing, he had produced no play. Upon several occasions he invited me to his room to hear him read some of his works, and he would ask my opinion of them. I am afraid they were, at that time, a little beyond my comprehension.

The season at Huddersfield closed in about eight weeks, and the company closed with the season. I had a letter from Mr. Moseley saying I might come on to Bradford and continue, if I wished. As I was the only one in the company who was so fortunate, I was congratulated by all my associates. I remember Robertson saying: "You lucky fellow, to be engaged for Bradford! I wish I were." He also proposed to me that I should purchase of him his two pairs of knee-breeches, one of nankeen and the other of doeskin, saying that they would be useful, and that he would let me have them cheap. I bought them from him, paying half a crown for one pair and eighteenpence for the other. I have them yet, and when, in later years, Tom Robertson became the brilliant author, I often looked at those old breeches and wondered if the plays which he read me in his little room in Huddersfield were those which were produced in his famous time. I remained with the Bradford company for two years.

My brother George, who had been for several years with Mr. Copeland, manager of the Theater Royal and also the Amphitheater in Liverpool, sent me word that he had spoken about me, and that Mr. Copeland had said he would be pleased to hear from me. I therefore wrote to him, and the result was that I left Bradford and went to Liverpool. At this time my salary was thirty shillings per week, and I played all the principal old men. Then every one had to do whatever was required of him. I can remember playing *Sir Harcourt Courtley* in "London Assurance," and, the same evening, going on as a baker in the comic scenes of the pantomime, a board of loaves upon my head, and being knocked down by the clown and pelted with my own bread by the pantaloon.

WE GO TO AMERICA.

My brother George had received the offer of an engagement at a new theater in Boston, in the United States, under the management of a Mr. Fleming. George had already married Miss Ann Taylor, and they had an infant daughter (who is now, 1902, Mrs. Neil Burgess). Miss Taylor, like my brother, had been with Mr. Copeland for several years. As George had, therefore, an extra claim upon his exertions, and the American salary was nearly double that received in England, he resolved to make the venture. We all went down to the landing-stage and saw him and his family off, doubting if we should ever see them again.

Our letters from America, during the ensuing winter, told of George's success in Boston, and how much he liked the country. The chances, he said, were much better for success in the New World, and he advised us all to come out. I made up my mind that I would go, but my other brothers thought they would wait to see how I succeeded before they made the venture. My father determined that if I went he would go with me. My father had a friend named Page, who was the captain of a sailing-ship called the *Washington*, and when he heard of father's intention he suggested that we cross with him.

Mr. Copeland, our manager, seemed sorry that I was leaving, and said that he would add ten shillings per week to my salary if I would remain, but even this did not tempt me. I was not to be dissuaded from my determination to visit America. He treated me very well, for when he found I was resolved he told me that the principal theater in New York was managed by a friend of his, Mr. James Wallack, who had played many engagements with him in Liverpool, and that I might use his name, by way of introduction, when I reached New York.

My brothers Robert and Richard came down to the dock to see us off; my youngest brother, Ben, being too young to be left behind, came with us. On a bright morning in midsummer we set sail. We had comfortable quarters, and the captain seemed resolved to make things agreeable for us. We were all jolly for a time; but my mirth was short-lived, as the motion of the ship soon began to tell on me, and after we got to sea I became downright ill. I was put to bed, and I never knew another moment's comfort until the pilot-boat took us in charge off Long Island. The voyage lasted six weeks. On a beautiful August day in 1854 I had my first glimpse of the shores of America.

JOY OVER MY ENGAGEMENT AT WALLACK'S.

I had brought with me to America some playbills containing my name in various casts for principal characters, and I was told by Mr. Charles Parsloe, who was at that time, I believe, the only dramatic agent in New York (he had an office in Chambers street), that he thought I might dismiss the idea of doing business with either Wallack or Burton, as each had a company which was fully made up and difficult to enter. He said that there was a company being formed by Mr. Forbes for the theater at Providence, Rhode Island, and he thought he might place me there. I told him that, in the event of my not succeeding in New York, I should be glad to go to Providence.

As I left him he said that he knew of no actor in the country who would not be pleased to play anything with Mr. Wallack, and at Wallack's own terms; but I was not to be discouraged, so I determined to approach Mr. Wallack, and thereupon wrote him a letter, in which I said that I had been a member of Mr. Copeland's company in Liverpool, had acted important parts, both at the Amphitheater and the Theater Royal in that city, that Mr. Copeland had said that he was well known to Mr. Wallack, and had given me permission to use his name by way of introduction; also, that if he thought he could make room for me, I should be pleased to place myself under his guidance.

I received no reply for more than a week, and had given up all hope, when, one morn-

ing, a letter came from Mr. Wallack, to the effect that he would see me the next day. This letter created excitement. I dressed myself carefully in all my best. Mother said, "Good luck to you," and father, "Don't forget your playbills," and off I went. I had always understood that Mr. Wallack was one of our greatest actors, so I was a little nervous when I knocked at his office door. But the manner in which he received me put me at once at my ease. He shook me by the hand and asked about his friend Copeland, saying he was always glad to meet any one from England, at which his son Lester remarked (looking at me through an eyeglass): "Yes, and there is little doubt as to where *he* comes from; look at his hat and his boots."

Mr. Wallack then asked me what I thought I could do best, and I explained to him that, although a young man, I had always played old men. I then presented my playbills, which he examined, and noticing that of "As You Like It," said: "Ah, I see you have been on for old *Adam*." I thought his words, "been on for old *Adam*," suggested a doubt of my ability to play it. Fortunately, I had a newspaper clipping containing some favorable mention of my performance of that part, and this I presented. It did not seem to impress him. At last he said: "Well, Mr. Blake plays the part with me. You, of course, never saw Blake." I was forced to admit that I had not. "Oh, a great actor!" said Wallack. And afterward, when I had seen Blake, I fully agreed with his opinion.

Mr. Wallack continued that he did not know what he could say to me, as his company was very full, in fact, as he said, comprising almost every one of any note in the country. "My company is large," he said, "and expensive, and my theater small, but if, as you say in your note, you are willing to place yourself under my direction, I will give you fifteen dollars a week to begin, and if I find you answer my purpose, why, in time, I may do better by you." I thanked Mr. Wallack for his kindness, assured him of the gratification it would give me to feel myself under so able a director, and bowed myself out.

I scarcely know how I reached home. I rushed into the room where father and mother and brother Ben were, shouting out in my exultation: "I am engaged by Wallack!" "No," said my father. "Yes," I said; "and for three pounds per week." "I am devilish glad we came over," continued my father. My poor mother was anxious to know if it was owing to the playbills that I had achieved this wonderful success.

MY FIRST APPEARANCE IN AMERICA.

In a few days a meeting of the company was called. Mr. Frederick Chippindale, who was to have played quite a long part in the afterpiece on the opening night, could not act on account of the death of his child. The name of the play was "A Phenomenon in a Smock Frock," and the part was *Mr. Sowerby*. In Mr. Chippindale's absence I was put on for this character, and in it I made my first appearance in New York, September 7, 1854. The performance was opened with the singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner," the company being discovered upon the stage at the rise of the curtain. There was a lady, Miss Matilda Phillips, who sang the last verse of the national song and afterward played in the last piece, in whom, even on this our first meeting, I at once felt much interest—a deep and lasting interest, which has continued to the present day and can never be effaced.

The first night's performance seemed to please. The first piece was a comedy, "The Irish Heiress." I remember that, after it, Mr. Wallack was called before the curtain, and he made a speech, thanking his patrons for their kind reception of the old favorites, and incidentally alluding to a gentleman from England, who had yet to appear, and who, he hoped, would find a place in their affections. I was sorry he thus drew attention to me, as it interfered with my efforts. However, I got through tolerably well. Mr. Felix Vincent, who played the comedy part, —the principal one in the piece,—I thought very clever.

A BRILLIANT COMEDY COMPANY.

As I saw more of the company, my eyes were opened to its strength and individual ability. I do not think the old comedies were ever better played. I have of late mentioned the name of Blake and the names of other prominent members of this company, and I find many clever people of to-day who have never heard of these artists. "Are we so soon forgot when we are gone?"

In those days Mr. John Lester—the Lester Wallack of after days—was spoken of as the handsomest man in New York, his only rival being Mr. George Jordan of Burton's Theater. Burton had a splendid company; he was a host in himself, and had with

him, besides George Jordan, such actors as Charles Fisher and Tom Johnson. Harry Placide also played each season, for a number of weeks, at Burton's Theater. When Mr. Chippindale returned to the company he was assigned to his old parts, and consequently I did not get much further opportunity at that time.

The Bateman children were playing at Niblo's Garden, and Mr. Wallack asked me if I would like to act with them for a week or two. I was very glad to do so, and played old *Pickle* in "The Spoiled Child," and a number of other parts, with them. After their engagement ended I returned to my old position at Wallack's. Thereafter the parts given me were of a minor description, but I felt that most of my associates knew so much more about acting than I did that I ought to be satisfied that I was at least a member of the Wallack company. I used to take particular pains in trying to do my utmost with every part for which I was cast, and had made up my mind to remain in New York, however humble my position, rather than fill a more exalted one outside of the city, arguing with myself that if I had ability, New York was the place to gain a recognition of it. After all these years I have no reason to regret my decision.

THE STORY OF A BEAUTIFUL WIG.

I BEGAN to achieve a reputation for my wigs, and the way I used to blend them—that is, join them to my forehead—when they were bald. Mr. Frank Rae of the company used to compliment me, saying he never saw any one who could match in a wig as I did. I remember when I was playing a very old man, a small part (but upon an occasion when Mr. Wallack was to be in his box), I put on one of my best wigs, and was particularly fortunate in the blending of it. When the first act was over, and we were all in the green-room, Mr. Wallack came in and complimented most of the people on their work. To me he said: "Mr. Stoddart, that is a beautiful wig of yours, and you have matched it in well, but as the scene is an exterior and the other characters all had their hats on, it seems rather out of place for you to carry yours in your hand. Your next scene, I think, is an interior; the audience will *then* have ample opportunity of seeing what a beautiful wig it is." These remarks, having been addressed to me before all the company, confused me somewhat, and I put my hat on, at which Mr. Wallack said: "Oh, you need n't put it on here, old boy; besides, you know, there are ladies in the green-room." I was sadly confused by these remarks, and soon removed myself from the green-room.

COURTSHIP.

IN all these little mishaps and troubles I had a kind and sympathizing friend, Miss Phillips, of whom I have previously spoken. As far as I dared I began to become very fond of her and to pay her all the attention I could. Her position in the theater was considerably in advance of my own, added to which I thought her very handsome, and I knew that I was quite the reverse. We were about of an age, and there the resemblance ended. I heard she was the principal support of her mother and brothers, and was domestic, a trait peculiarly to my liking. Before joining Wallack's Theater she had been a favorite at Mitchell's Olympic.

Miss Phillips lived far from Wallack's Theater, and Mr. Chippindale, who was an old friend, was in the habit of escorting her to her home after the performance. I thought, therefore, that it would not be injudicious on my part to hang on to Chippindale; so we would get out of the theater a little in advance, have a glass of ale together, and hurry back that he might meet the lady. After a time I got to be so frequently with both that I ventured to remark to "Chip," as he was familiarly called, that if I should be permitted to walk home with them, we might have another glass, or even more than one, after we had left our charge. I was rather ungrateful, for I began to plot how I might rid myself of his company, terminate our joint attentions in seeing Miss Phillips home, and convince the lady that a single escort was all-sufficient, and that escort myself. So, one evening, "screwing my courage to the sticking-point," I approached her and asked to be permitted to see her home. "Why," she said, "I thought you had been doing so for some time." "Oh, yes," I replied; "but please don't have Chip." She would not at first consent to his dismissal, but as Mr. Chippindale was a married man with a family, and, I think, began to see how the land lay with me, he soon after took his glass by himself, and left me in full possession. It was thus that I became acquainted with a dear, good woman, my partner of forty years, a comfort and a blessing through all my life, until the time of great sorrow when I lost her.

An interesting member of Mr. Wallack's

company, at that time, was Mr. Edward Sothern, who had adopted the stage-name of Douglas Stuart. He played the principal business after Lester. His opportunities not being all that he could desire, at the end of the season, there being then a vacancy of about eight weeks, he conceived the idea of forming a company of his own. With this in view, he spoke to me and a few others, wishing to procure our services. As I was reëngaged for the next season at Wallack's, I was glad to fill the time before my reopening in this way. We visited Canada, opening at Bytown, now called Ottawa. As Sothern's main object in making the venture was to gain more experience, the pieces played were principally done for him, and even then I considered him clever. I thought Bytown a pretty place. We also went to one or two minor towns in Canada. The business was tolerably good during the entire eight weeks, and we all enjoyed ourselves greatly during the trip and had a jolly time. At the end of my second season Mr. Sothern had made arrangements to play at Halifax. I was now married, and both my wife and I were members of his company.

LAURA KEENE.

DURING Miss Laura Keene's career with Mr. Wallack she became the greatest favorite of his company and the chief attraction of the house. I think she was largely indebted to Mr. Wallack for her popularity. She must, of course, always have been talented, but it was her manager who developed her talent. He took great pains with her in everything she played, selected pieces that he thought best suited to her ability, and the consequence was that her name became essential to every performance given. She would sit in front with Mr. Wallack at rehearsal, and he would consult her in almost everything. There soon came a time when there arose a very serious misunderstanding between them, the result being that Miss Keene withdrew from the theater, much to its detriment both in an artistic and a pecuniary sense. She went, I believe, to Baltimore. That Miss Keene acted hastily, and afterward regretted her action, there can be no doubt, for a number of the best patrons of the theater sent to Mr. Wallack a petition asking for her reinstatement. He was inflexible, and she never played at Wallack's again.

Mrs. Stoddart and I were reëngaged for the season of 1856. My position in the theater being of so minor a character, I had made application for Mrs. Stoddart only, and had received a courteous letter in reply. I had recently been married, and Mr. Wallack said he could not think of separating me from my wife, so he thought I had better remain. It does not seem so easy a matter now for man and wife to remain together in professional life; in fact, it seems to be almost the rule that they must go their separate ways, joint engagements not being thought by managers to be desirable. It so happened, however, that neither of us rejoined Mr. Wallack.

Late in 1855 Miss Laura Keene returned to New York and opened the Metropolitan, a theater in Broadway, opposite Bond street, which she rechristened "Laura Keene's Varieties." That theater, which afterward became the Winter Garden, soon passed out of her hands, and a new one was built for her in Broadway, between Bleecker and Houston streets. Mr. Wallack also made an arrangement with Mr. William Stuart by which the latter was to occupy the Broome-street house during this season. Miss Keene wrote to us, offering a joint engagement for her new house, and as Mr. Wallack had, in consequence of his arrangement with Mr. Stuart, in a measure retired from active management, we felt at liberty to entertain her proposal. So, after communicating with Mr. Wallack, who was willing to release us, we entered on an engagement with Miss Keene.

At the conclusion of her first season, Miss Keene's venture seemed to be as successful as her best friends could have wished, with every prospect of continued prosperity. The second season began with an introduction to New York theater-goers of Mr. Joseph Jefferson, who appeared as *Dr. Pangloss* in "The Heir-at-Law," and as *Diggory* in "The Specter Bridegroom." This was the first time I had the pleasure of meeting him, although I had heard much of him from my wife, who, before her marriage, had acted with him in Boston. I played *Steadfast* in the comedy and *Nicodemus* in the farce. Perhaps it is like "carrying coals to Newcastle" for me to record that Mr. Jefferson immediately captured his audience. I have since, on many occasions, had the pleasure of acting with Mr. Jefferson, and I now say, with all my heart, in the words of the character which he has made famous, "May he live long and prosper."

Mrs. Stoddart was not with Miss Keene during her second season, but had accepted an engagement with Mr. Duffield at the Mobile, Alabama, theater. Mr. Wallack,

who had retained me when he did not particularly require my services, but, as he said, in order not to separate me from my wife, had his revenge for our leaving him, since matters fell out so adversely that I found myself alone in New York, and my wife by herself in the South. In consequence of the financial trouble of 1858, business at the theater was not good, and the money paid to us was of such doubtful value that I felt anything but cheerful; so that when Mrs. Stoddart wrote that an actor who had been engaged to play the second old man in Mr. Duffield's company (Humphrey Bland was playing the first old man) had disappointed the manager, and asked if I would care to take the position, I immediately wrote that I would do so.

As salaries were not promptly paid at Laura Keene's Theater just then, I knew, or suspected, that if I told Mr. Lutz, our treasurer, that I was about to leave, my chances of getting any money would be small; so I made known my plan to my brother George, and said that I intended to leave on a Saturday night. I forget the play then current, but my part in it was unimportant, and I knew that my absence would not distress the management. As I depended on my week's salary to get to Montgomery, which was my destination, I was much distressed when Mr. Lutz informed me he could give me only a portion of it; but I was determined to make the start. My brother offered to break to Miss Keene the news of my departure after I had gone, but I thought this would be unpleasant for him, and so I addressed a note to that lady, endeavoring to explain that I had missed Mrs. Stoddart much, that a position had been offered to me at the Mobile and Montgomery theaters, where she was, that I had determined to join her there, and that I hoped Miss Keene would forgive me.

When I rejoined her, years afterward, she told me that she did not think the manner of my leaving her had been either considerate or honorable, but, as I had been married only a short time, and was naturally desirous to be with my wife, she would forget and forgive; and she added that if my married life had been of a longer duration, perhaps I should not have made so precipitate a departure. We were with her for a long time afterward, and she treated us with great kindness and consideration.

(To be continued.)

LONGEVITY IN OUR TIME.

BY ROGER S. TRACY,
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SOME one has said recently that no one reads Swedenborg until he is sixty, which is another way of saying that when a man finds the decline of his physical powers (which probably began ten or fifteen years before) unmistakably forced upon his attention, he begins to wonder how rapidly it will go on, and what will happen to him when the machinery stops. It is mainly persons who have passed the meridian who ask themselves the question, What are my chances of living to a good old age? Are they any better than those of my forebears?

It seems to be an appropriate time, at the opening of a new century, which, we vaguely surmise, is going to be one of extraordinary enterprise and progress, to inquire whether there is any solid foundation for the belief that longevity increased during the nineteenth century.

At the very outset we are confronted with

the uncertainty attached to the word longevity. What do we mean by increased longevity? That all men live longer than they did a century ago? That, for instance, if the expectation of life has increased, as the statisticians say, we are to understand that every man lives longer than he would have lived under the conditions existing in the eighteenth century? Or do we mean that a larger proportion of men live to the age of seventy or eighty or one hundred? Or do we mean that the average age at death is greater?

When the question is put in this way, most persons will find that their ideas of the subject are somewhat nebulous, and chiefly based upon the undeniable fact that the death-rate—that is, the number of deaths that occur annually in every thousand of the population—has been decreasing, of late years, in all civilized countries. And this decrease means, of course, the continuation of many lives that, in former years and under other conditions, would have been earlier blotted out. In the city of New York, for example, the average annual number of deaths during the decade 1850–59 was 22,223, and the death-rate 35.2 per thousand living. Forty years later, during the decade 1890–99, the average number of deaths annually was 41,802, and the death-rate 22.9. If the death-rate of the former decade had prevailed during the latter, there would have been 64,170 deaths a year instead of the actual number, so that there has been a saving of nearly 225,000 lives during the ten years; and if a life is considered to be worth $500, a saving to the community of more than $110,000,000, enough to pay the expenses of sanitary administration for a hundred years.

There can be no doubt that this saving of human life has been brought about by improved sanitation and by the great advances in medicine and surgery, which have been truly extraordinary. Beginning with the general use of vaccination as a mild and useful prophylactic against smallpox, and ending with the practical demonstration that some of the most destructive epidemic diseases are communicated by the bites of insects, and so are in a way to be guarded against with comparative ease and certainty, the progress of medicine, and especially of preventive medicine, has been a triumphal march. And to the members of the medical profession it has been a source of constant pride that they alone, among all the workers of the world, have labored and studied, and risked and even sacrificed their lives, to the end that the ground should be taken from beneath their own feet, that the very source of their emoluments should be dried up, that the daily bread should be taken from the mouths of their own wives and children, in order that others may live.

But what has been done during the century to encourage the belief that the duration of human life has been lengthened? Most important has been the development of modern sanitary methods: the recognition of the importance of cleanliness, municipal and personal; of pure air, food, and water; the sanative influences of sunlight; and the discovery of the causes of, and, as a corollary, of the methods of controlling, contagious and infectious diseases. The introduction of anæsthesia, both local and general, has rendered possible surgical operations that could not have been undertaken before. It has not only diminished suffering, but has plucked many a hapless being from the very jaws of the tomb. Tumors of the brain, the victims of which once were hopeless, are now, thanks to the labors of the bitterly reviled vivisectionists, precisely located and removed, and the patient restored to health. The use of aseptic and antiseptic methods has rendered possible another class of operations once considered utterly impracticable. Thirty years ago a penetrating wound of the intestines was looked upon as inevitably fatal, and the opening of the abdominal cavity was only to be considered as the very last resort in the most desperate cases, to give a dying person a last faint chance of life. Now, not only are intestinal wounds closed with excellent chances of entire recovery, but incurably diseased portions of these most essential organs are entirely resected, and as for any fear of opening the abdomen, it is occasionally done merely to find out what is the matter. In recent years the surgeon has even presumed to venture into the very citadel of life, and to close wounds of the heart itself, the organ the cessation of the function of which brings on immediate death. These are a few of the marvels of the art. There is now not a single portion of the body that is looked upon with awe as a place where the scalpel is barred.

The triumphs of medicine, as already said, are mostly in the line of prevention. The discovery of the true nature of epidemic diseases has removed almost the last trace of the superstitious fear which their presence engendered even fifty years ago. Never

again will the black death destroy its millions of victims in the civilized portions of the world; never again will men fold their hands while hundreds of thousands are dying around them, call it a visitation of God, and await their own fate in helpless terror. The mask of what men thought was the angel of death has been torn away, and in the phantom face behind it we recognize the projection of our own hideous ignorance and supineness.

Hand in hand with these vast improvements in medicine and surgery have come more rational views upon cognate matters—ventilation, light, food, drink, and personal habits. People are better fed, better clothed, cleaner in person, in the air they breathe, and in their entire environment. We know more of the importance of purity in the maintenance of health, and the great progress that has been made in dentistry has extended the period of utility of our organs of mastication up to the very end of life, so that the natural failure of the digestive powers with advancing years is not hastened by the loss of those organs, but is considerably retarded by the perfection of the artificial aids now available in every hamlet.

Surely these seem to be ample reasons for believing that the period of human life has been appreciably lengthened. If men are furnished with the knowledge and the means for improving or maintaining their health when well, and for relieving sickness, even to the point of averting imminent death, they will avail themselves of such means, and will consequently be actually healthier, stronger, and more resistant to the slow sapping of their energies during the progress of years, which, although it can be postponed, cannot be entirely averted. It seems reasonable that there should be more men and women still active in their life-work at an advanced age than there have been in the past. Men no longer retire at fifty, and are no longer called venerable if they die, as did the Venerable Bede, at sixty-two. Reports of living centenarians are printed almost daily; centennial birthday celebrations and personal reminiscences of living persons about events that occurred early in the last century are not uncommon, and in the city of New York alone half a dozen reputed centenarians die every year. During the decade 1871–80 there were 126 such persons, and from 1890 to 1899 inclusive there were 68, including, in 1892, one of one hundred and eighteen and one of one hundred and twenty-four. There is a Dr. John P. Wood of Coffeyville, Kansas, now past his hundredth year, and still engaged in the practice of his profession. On the Piscataway poor-farm in New Jersey lives Noah Raby, said to be one hundred and twenty-nine years old. Such cases can be multiplied almost indefinitely, if one cares to look for them. All things considered, it would be strange indeed if the opinion were not as wide-spread as it is that longevity increased during the nineteenth century.

But to this question, as to all others, there are two sides. The great advances in medicine and surgery have shortened some lives, while lengthening others. The use of anesthetics and the introduction of antiseptic methods have encouraged both surgeons and patients in the undertaking of remedial operations which, under other conditions and in former times, would not have been risked. A certain proportion of patients die who might otherwise have lived, even though in pain and misery, for some time longer. Persons with disfiguring tumors or congenital defects, not in themselves fatal, who seek to have them cured by operation, may die under the knife. Others who might still have lived, with incurable ailments, for a year or two longer, have their lives cut short in the same way. Improvements in dentistry have, to some extent, enabled and encouraged the aged to eat food unsuitable to the enfeebled condition of their digestive organs, and so hasten degenerative processes which an enforced regimen of gruel and pap might have put off for a time.

Moreover, the causes of disease and death which have hitherto been brought more or less under sanitary control do not affect, in any important degree, the health of those who have reached middle life. The contagious and infectious diseases, and those of a diarrheal nature, do not make up five per cent. of the causes of death in persons more than forty-five years of age. On the other hand, the deaths of persons over forty-five from alcoholism, cancer, phthisis, diabetes, old age, apoplexy, diseases of the heart and blood-vessels, of the respiratory and digestive organs, of the kidneys and bladder, and from violence, constitute about ninety per cent. of all such deaths. In fact, the deaths from some of these causes, in spite of all our modern sanitation, have increased at such a rate as to create much misgiving.

In the city of New York the death-rates from cancer and from diseases of the kidneys (commonly known as Bright's disease) have doubled in thirty years, having been .36 and

.93 per thousand respectively during the five years 1868–72, and .66 and 1.85 in 1898–99; so that, in some respects, the saving of life among the young, by the partial suppression of contagious and septic diseases, tends to be counterbalanced by an increased mortality after middle life from diseases which depend more upon personal habits than upon external causes.

Besides all this, some of the diseases in which surgery has its greatest triumphs are so uncommon that, even if they could be cured, having previously been very fatal, the general death-rate of the population would be little affected. Thirty years ago the so-called idiopathic peritonitis, i.e., a peritonitis for which no assignable cause could be found, was extremely fatal. Within a few years it has come to be recognized that most of such cases are due to appendicitis, and surgery comes, with marked success, to the patient's relief. But in 1869 there were 224 deaths in New York from peritonitis and not one from appendicitis, and in 1899 only 78 deaths attributed to peritonitis, with 299 from appendicitis, while the death-rate from both combined, having been .21 per thousand in 1868–72, had only declined to .20 per thousand in 1898–99, or one thousandth of one per cent.

The fact is that few people ever have to undergo any surgical operation more severe than pulling a tooth or the opening of an abscess, and although, if an operation of a severe nature must be performed, the chances of recovery are immensely greater than they used to be, the mortality-rate of the community or the nation is not much affected thereby.

Amid all these pros and cons there is no sure footing, no solid and enduring basis for comparison, excepting statistics, collected as carefully and on as large a scale as possible. The larger the numbers dealt with, the less liability to serious error. A mistake or a misstatement may make for one side or the other of a question, but when the totals are very large, errors tend to counteract one another around a mean which can be taken as pretty nearly correct.

What, then, have figures to say on this subject? In the first place, there is the decline in the death-rate. Now, a crude death-rate, as usually given, while it serves a purpose in the comparison of one year with another in the same community, is not well adapted to serve as a basis for comparing different countries or different periods of time far apart, for the reason that the gross comparison of total deaths and total populations, under a deceptive appearance of accuracy, really conceals a compounding of dissimilar ratios, which is wholly inadmissible excepting under certain conditions and with proper reservations.

The mortality in any community varies greatly at different ages. In infancy it is very high, in childhood very low, from ten to fifteen years of age lower than at any other time of life, continuing low, though increasing gradually, until middle age, and then rising rapidly in every succeeding decade.

It is plain, therefore, that in a town where the proportion of infants and old persons is large, the mortality will be higher than in one where these elements of the population are fewer and the proportion at what may be called the healthy ages is larger. Suppose, for example, that in two towns, each having a population of 100,000, A has 20,000 children under five years of age and B has only 15,000. Now suppose the death-rate to be, in each town, 100 per thousand for the children, and 15 per thousand for the remainder of the population. Then the death-rates of the two towns would be, respectively, 32.00 and 27.75 per thousand, the difference being entirely due to the different age-distribution, and not to the sanitary conditions.

We cannot, therefore, arrive at any definite conclusion by comparing the death-rates of the century with another, or of the early part of the century with its close.

By the common agreement of statisticians the only fair means of making such comparisons is the life-table, by which is ascertained the expectation of life at each year of age. Such tables are the basis of all the calculations of insurance actuaries, and are constructed from the mean population for a series of years at the various ages, and the mean annual number of deaths at the corresponding ages. The construction of such a table, although not difficult, requires great care and patience, and is a very tedious task, and too technical for description here.

Unfortunately, our data for comparisons of this kind are, for the most part, lacking, excepting for about two thirds of the nineteenth century. A census giving the ages of the living population is a comparatively modern institution, the first one in England having been taken in 1841, and in the United States in 1851.

The accurate registration of deaths, moreover, begins in the nineteenth century, England leading in 1837. For the purpose of

this article the English statistics are the best, because they have been more carefully collected and collated than any others covering so long a period.

The table which follows gives the English life-table for males prepared by Dr. William Farr from the deaths for seventeen years, 1838–54, and the censuses of 1841 and 1851; the latest English life-table for males, prepared by Dr. Tatham from the deaths for ten years, 1881–90, and the censuses of 1881 and 1891; and the Massachusetts life-table for males prepared by Dr. Samuel W. Abbott from the deaths for five years, 1893–97, and the State census of 1895.

MEAN AFTER-LIFETIME (EXPECTATION OF LIFE).

AGE.	ENGLISH TABLE No. 1.	ENGLISH TABLE No. 2.	MASSACHUSETTS TABLE.
0 . . .	39.91	43.66	44.09
5 . . .	49.71	52.75	52.88
10 . . .	47.05	49.00	49.33
15 . . .	43.18	44.47	45.07
20 . . .	39.48	40.27	41.20
25 . . .	36.12	36.28	37.68
30 . . .	32.76	32.52	34.28
35 . . .	29.40	28.91	30.87
40 . . .	26.06	25.42	27.41
45 . . .	22.76	22.06	23.93
50 . . .	19.54	18.82	20.53
55 . . .	16.45	15.74	17.33
60 . . .	13.53	12.88	14.38
65 . . .	10.82	10.31	11.70
70 . . .	8.45	8.04	9.34
75 . . .	6.49	6.10	7.37
80 . . .	4.93	4.52	5.70
85 . . .	3.73	3.29	4.31
90 . . .	2.84	2.37	3.16
95 . . .	2.17	1.72	2.22
100 . . .	1.68	1.24	1.21

From these tables, which similar ones for other countries confirm in the main, it will be seen that the expectation of life for males at birth has increased nearly four years during the last fifty years. That is to say, in the words of Dr. Tatham, "A male exposed throughout life to the rate of mortality obtaining in England and Wales in 1881–90 would, on an average, live 3.75 years longer than he would have lived had he been subject to the rates prevalent in 1838–54." The expectation of life in Massachusetts, it will be noticed, is from one to two years greater at each age than in England, the excess being the greatest from twenty years upward, and this is the usual showing of American life-tables.

While this increased expectation of life is true of the infant, a close examination of the expectations at different ages will show that from the age of thirty-five upward the reverse is true, and that in the later years of life especially the expectation is lower than it was fifty years ago. The following table makes the cause of this difference clear.

MEAN ANNUAL MORTALITY PER THOUSAND LIVING, ENGLAND AND WALES.

AGE.	1841-50.	1881-90.	PER CENT. INCREASE OR DECREASE.
0 . . .	66.03	56.82	−13.9
5 . . .	9.03	5.29	−41.4
10 . . .	5.27	3.02	−42.7
15 . . .	7.46	4.35	−41.7
20 . . .	9.28	5.61	−39.5
25 . . .	10.25	7.53	−26.5
35 . . .	12.85	11.42	−11.1
45 . . .	17.03	17.06	+.2
55 . . .	29.86	31.33	+4.9
65 . . .	63.59	64.65	+1.6
75 . . .	162.81	153.67	−5.6

It will be readily seen that the greatest diminution in the mortality has been in the earlier years of life, especially between five and twenty years, and that after forty-five there has actually been an increased mortality up to extreme old age.

There can be no question that the lessened mortality in early life is chiefly due to what is called "improved sanitation," for the methods in use for this purpose, from their very nature, produce more effect upon the health of infants and small children than upon adults, their tissues being soft, undeveloped, and plastic, and the processes of nutrition and growth being easily diverted in one direction or another. The main causes of mortality in the early years of life are those affecting the organs of digestion (diarrheal diseases, malassimilation, etc.), and contagious diseases, like scarlet fever, diphtheria, and measles, which seldom attack adults. These are the very diseases which modern sanitary methods have done the most to prevent, while the diseases producing the greatest havoc in later periods of life are not yet fairly under control, and most of them are not likely to be for many years to come.

The rosiest outlook is that for the diminution of the ravages of consumption, the "great white plague" of temperate climates; but the vast majority of the diseases which

carry off adults, being the result of personal habits of life and mostly connected with the control of animal appetites, may never be greatly diminished. Few people have enough self-control to become centenarians. The game for them is not worth the candle. But the saving of so many lives among the young has important bearings upon the general viability of a community. It results in throwing forward into the later periods of life a large number of weakly persons, and the average stamina of the population is consequently reduced, so that when the decline of life begins, and the physical powers decay, this undue proportion of weakly lives tends to increase the mortality at advanced ages.

The lowering of the general death-rate of communities, therefore, and the corresponding increase in the expectation of life, do not necessarily imply increased longevity of the race. The careful preservation and nurture of the invalids, the weaklings, and the cripples may not, in the long run, conduce to the well-being of a nation. There are even now some piping voices of warning, here and there, crying out that the inexorable laws of nature are the best, and that man gains nothing in the end by striving to change the balance of forces which those laws tend to bring about. They point out that what is wanted in the world is strength and vigor, physical and mental, and that if things are left to work themselves out alone, the survival of the fittest, even if there be some waste in the process, will most surely bring about the strength and energy that both rulers and peoples most desire. Instead of allowing nature to take her course in this way, we thwart her efforts in both directions by carefully guarding the weakly ones against her ruthless methods and prodigally wasting the strong in destructive wars.

Although improved sanitation has probably been the chief agent in the diminution of mortality among civilized nations in recent years, other causes have also been at work, the most notable of which perhaps has been the decreasing birth-rate. In the stress of modern life, the constant struggle for wealth, and the increasing love of ostentation in classes of the population that formerly were contented with frugal and uneventful lives, marriage is contracted later and later, and for that and other reasons the birth-rate has been quite generally decreasing.

Now, a decrease in the birth-rate implies a decrease in the number of persons at the age when mortality is heaviest, and therefore causes a proportionate decrease in the death-rate of a community taken as a whole, i.e., the general rate, the one in common use. Vital statistics, then, do not fully substantiate the claim that longevity increased much during the nineteenth century. The death-rate has been lowered largely by the preservation of undesirable elements, as the price of pepper may be reduced by the addition of ground nutshells.

If we pass now from the consideration of the longevity of the community as a whole to that of the single individual, and inquire whether there is a larger proportion of old people now than formerly, we find that our means of forming a judgment are very inadequate. There have been centenarians in every age, or at least persons who claimed to be and were believed to be such. Those who have been mentioned in an earlier part of this article can almost be called young in comparison with Henry Jenkins, aged one hundred and eighty-five, or Thomas Parr, aged one hundred and fifty-two, who died more than two hundred years ago. Mr. Thoms has shown how fallacious most of such claims are, and how readily old people deceive themselves and others when their minds become enfeebled. Moreover, there seems to be a natural and almost irresistible tendency, after one has reached an age when wrinkles and white hair render it no longer possible to dissemble, to overstate one's age, so as to be congratulated upon such admirable preservation. Sometimes, indeed, the very old appear to guess at their age, and make it greater or less according to some inscrutable passing whim. A ludicrous illustration of this is given in the report of the New York State census of 1875. Mr. C. W. Seaton, the superintendent, had the records of three previous censuses searched for the names of those persons who were returned in 1875 as being one hundred years old or more. Forty-eight such were found, and a few of the records are given here as samples:

AGES AS RETURNED AT FOUR CENSUSES.

No.	1860.	1865.	1870.	1875.
1 . . .	79	83	96	102
8 . . .	82	80	94	100
9 . . .	80	100	94	108
22 . . .	78	86	96	101
36 . . .	78	90	97	105
44 . . .	56	70	70	100
46 . . .	65	90	97	102

The difficulty, under such circumstances, of procuring trustworthy statistics relating to persons of advanced age without prolonged and tedious investigation is very apparent, and although there are undoubted instances of very old age in individuals, which can be easily authenticated, all statements in the gross of ages above eighty-five must be taken with considerable allowance for error.

It is doubtful if sanitary improvements have produced much effect in the prolongation of life to an advanced age, which, after all, is what most persons have in mind when they speak of increased longevity. Weakly persons who have been preserved amid the dangers that assail early life are not likely to possess much of that innate power of resistance to toxic influences that characterizes those who live to be old. And yet, even if their inherited vitality be insufficient to put them on an equality with the favored few, their preservation beyond the unreasoning age gives them an opportunity of profiting by experience, and, without a doubt, enables them, by conforming their way of life to well-established hygienic laws, to live much longer than they would have done at a time when ignorance of such matters was the rule. The muscular, full-blooded person who laughs at doctors, and thinks his appetites great gifts of nature, to be satiated rather than satisfied, does not always outlive the valetudinarian who counts his grapes and stops at one glass of wine. So it may be said with truth that the saving of lives at the earlier ages brings a large number of persons to a point where they can look out for themselves, and however deplorable the general neglect to do this may be, it is certain that the average man has a better chance of living long than he ever did before in the history of the world.

Those who live to an extreme old age are probably the result of a long series of selected lives, further fortified by exemplary personal habits, like the Jews, who, for two thousand years, have been compelled to live in crowded quarters of cities, with a minimum of air and light, until nature's selective processes, together with their rigid adherence to the admirable sanitary code of Moses, have produced a stock that can endure almost anything with little apparent injury. The Ghetto in Rome was the healthiest quarter of the city, and at the present day the Jewish quarter of New York, the most crowded and, until recently, the dirtiest part of the town, has the lowest death-rate.

Persons with such constitutions, being, in a large measure, proof against morbific influences, are generally injured only by their own excesses, and it will be found, as a rule, that centenarians have been persons of this class, who have seldom been ill in their lives, who have had the contagious diseases of childhood lightly, if at all, who have always been temperate in all things, light eaters and drinkers, slow to wrath, able to control their passions and emotions, and usually leading a placid, uneventful life. Such conditions can be brought about by sanitary laws only as a result of long-continued teaching and pressure extending over many generations, and may not be perceptible in the race for a hundred years to come. Our first parents were driven from the Garden of Eden for fear they would become immortal, and their descendants have lost so much ground that only one out of millions is able to reach the physiological limit of life, which certainly should be one hundred years, and possibly one hundred and twenty.





DE CAPTAINE OF DE "MARGUERITE."

[ILLINOIS FRENCH-CANADIAN DIALECT.[1]]

BY WALLACE BRUCE AMSBARY.

WITH PICTURES BY FRANK VER BECK.



You vant to know who 't is I am? You 're stranger man, I see.
I don' min' tell to you som't'ing concern' de life of me.
My fadder 's com' from Canadaw, 'long vit Père Chiniquy,
'Vay in de early fifty year, to lan' of libertee.
An' I am born here on de State, an' rose soon high to be
De captaine of de *Marguerite*, dat sail de Kankakee.

De people all is know me here. Ven I vent down de street,
Vit moch respec' dey 's bow at me, venever dem I 'd meet.
De ladies call me "Captaine," de men is call me "Cap,"
De childern ovère de hull place dey 's mos'ly call me "Pap."
I 'm "caractère publique," dey say. Vatever dat may be,
I 's captaine of de *Marguerite*, dat sail de Kankakee.

An' ven de var is outbreak in de spring of Nanty-Ate,
I 's grow so patriotique, an' I am so moch elate
To haf de chance to go to front, I vill be brave, bold man,
An' fight de Spanish grandee; but I 'll fight not on de lan'.
I 'll go opon de gentlemen-of-var, I say to me;
I 'm captaine of de *Marguerite*, dat sail de Kankakee.

An' den I put de *Marguerite* in dry-dock for a vile.
I gat me to Chicago town. My face is all on smile.
Dey mak' recruit for navee dere; for seaman advertise.
De officère he 's dress lak doode, say I 's 'mos' undère size.
"Vat experance it is you haf, my man?" he say to me.
Den I tol' him 'bout de *Marguerite*, dat sail de Kankakee.

[1] See "De Cirque at Ol' Ste. Anne" in THE CENTURY for March, 1902.



"I vill be brave, bold man, An' fight de Spanish grandee;"



An' ven he hear me all of dis, he mak' de gran' salute
An' say he vill accep' me—mighty glad of dat, to boot.
Ven Messieu' Schley an' Sampson, de bossmen of de fleet,
Vas know I join de navee, vill 'mos' tak' dem off deir feet.
All of dis talk I hear I t'ink is gratify to me
As captaine of de *Marguerite*, dat sail de Kankakee.

An' ven ve 're down on blockade, off Cienfuegos Bay,
I 's man de boat dat cut de line of cable-vire dat day;
De bullets dey com' t'ick an' fas', an' death he 's com' dere, too,
An' in dat hell of fire an' smoke vas awful howde-do.
It 's differ*ant* from quiet tams, dan ven I go to sea,
I 's captaine of de *Marguerite*, dat sail de Kankakee.



An' in dat Santiago fight I 's cut op quite a dash:
I 's on de *Gloucester* steamboat, dat is smash dem all to smash;
Ve 's mak' 'em scat like grasshop*pear*, vit shell ve 's mak' 'em bus'.

De *Brooklyn* an' de *Texas* vere not in at all vit us!
I 's man behin' de gun, I 's pull de trigger, don' you see?
Galant captaine of de *Marguerite*, dat sail de Kankakee.



An' ven de var is ovère, I gat honorab' discharge,
I t'inks I now haf tam to t'ink of Rosalie La Farge;
Dat gairl she 's twice refuse me vonce, but now dat I 'm he*ro*
She 'll t'ink about it two-t'ree tam before she let me go.
She glad I no mak' bait for shark dat swim opon de sea,
But still captaine of de *Marguerite*, dat sail de Kankakee.

At home dey meet me vit brass-ban', sky-rocket, an' flambeau;
Dey turn de town upside undère; at me de rose dey t'row.
I 's ride in state to Cité Hall; to me dey mak' a speak.
I try to mak' von, too, but I gat mix op an' I steeck;
I 's talk about de country dat I save, an' 'bout de flag,
An' den I set me down again, for me I don' lak brag:
It 's not become de hero man to talk an' speak so free,
Nor de captaine of de *Marguerite*, dat sail de Kankakee.

An' den dere vas de gran' banquay to honneur me dey geeve,
De maire an' all de council here in Kankakee dat leeve.
Dey mak' a toas'; I give von back; ve haf som' jollie fon,
An' den ve sing an' laugh an' shout, den de hull place ve ron.
Dey 's fill me op vit cognac till again I 's on de sea,
Formère captaine of de *Marguerite*, dat sail de Kankakee.

An' now I 'm com' back from de var; I t'ink I 's rose op high.
If I keep on a-goin' op, I 'll gat op to de sky.
Dey say I vas première fac*tor* in fight opon de sea.
An' now ven I go down de street, here 's vat dey say at me:
De ladies call me "Admiral," de men is call me "Ad,"
De childern ovère de hull place dey 's lov' to call me "Dad."
You see, from caractère publique I am exalt' to be
De Admiral Gran' of de hull fleet dat sail de Kankakee.







JONES'S LITTLE GIRL.

BY CATHARINE YOUNG GLEN.

WITH PICTURES BY FANNY YOUNG CORY.

ANNIE and her mother had had a difference of opinion, and spanking had been mentioned as a possible result. It was all a matter of some few scraps upon the floor. To Annie's mother's mind there were reasons why the scraps should be picked up; while to Annie's, and doubtless from her point of view as logical, there were reasons why they should lie where they were. Annie did pick them up, as spanking is not agreeable to contemplate; but she uttered, rising on her short legs from the task, an awful threat.

"I won't be Annie Lowe," she said, "a minute longer! I 'll go be Jones's little girl."

Now this, as she knew, should have brought any proper-feeling mother straight to terms; but instead of begging her to stay, Mrs. Lowe continued dusting, and said cheerfully: "Very well, Annie; run along!" Unable to believe it, Annie stood staring, first in sheer surprise, then in astonished wrath and grief. She had not in the least intended to carry out the threat, but after *that* there was only one course left to take.

Without another word, she walked upstairs to her little corner in her mother's room, and took out her dolls. These, Big-Dolly and Little-Dolly, with Little-Dolly's clothes, and as many of her own as she could find, she packed, with an occasional jolting sob, in a valise. Big-Dolly had only one dress, and that was fastened on—facts which Annie, as she squeezed the satchel to upon her, was for once too much engrossed with other matters to regret. Putting on her best hat, a straw with brown ribbons down behind, and crown scooped out to accommodate a brown-silk pompon on the top, she descended with her burden bumping after her, and walked out through the kitchen, without a glance in the direction of the room beyond, in which her mother was. A little gate in the fence between led from their yard into the Jones's. Opening it, she went through, and reached up, from the other side, to hook it fast behind.

Mrs. Jones was sitting on her back stoop, peeling apples for pies, when she looked down and saw Annie, whose tear-wet eyes were trying to regard her with a smile. The small person looked up bravely, realizing that something might depend upon a good impression in this her new start in life.

"I 'm not Annie Lowe any longer, Mrs. Jones," she hastened to explain. "I 've come to be your little girl."

Mrs. Jones went on with the apple, and Annie thought she caught on her new mother's round, good-natured face a suspicion of something like her late mother's smile. But her words belied her looks.

"Well, now," she said, "if that is n't nice! I 've always thought I 'd like to have a little girl. Come right in, Annie, and take off your hat."

Annie climbed the steps with some difficulty, and when she reached the top, set the valise down, for she was warm.

"What all," Mrs. Jones demanded, with a return of the expression which had troubled Annie at first, "have you in there?" The tone, too, was just the least bit disconcerting.

Annie edged up closer to her bag.

"I have Big-Dolly," she said a little timidly, "and Little-Dolly, and my clothes and Little-Dolly's clothes. I think," she added, with another very pleasant smile, lest Mrs. Jones should feel that she had brought too much, "they 'll all go in one drawer."

"Oh, don't you worry over that," Mrs. Jones answered reassuringly; "I guess we 'll

find a place for them. There 's a great big empty bedroom up above the porch that 's been waiting for some little girl. You sit down until I finish here, and then we 'll go up-stairs."

Sitting on the top step, with her feet on the one below it, Annie watched patiently

the thought had just occurred to her, "you 'd like to make the saucer-pies yourself? I don't believe I know just how."

Annie was silent because she found no fitting words. She had deemed it bliss, at home, to roll up little dough balls out of what was left, and bake them brown, on bits



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"'DO YOU EVER MAKE SAUCER-PIES, MRS. JONES?'"

while apple after apple lost its coat and was chipped up into the blue bowl on the bench near by.

"Do you ever make saucer-pies, Mrs. Jones?" she ventured finally.

Mrs. Jones flung off the last green curlicue, and scraped her knife against the pan.

"Why, I never have," she said. "Mr. Jones has never seemed to want them. But now I 've got a little girl I suppose I 'll have to, won't I? Perhaps," she added, as though

of paper, on the oven rack. But to be allowed to make a real pie on a real greased dish, to pinch it with her thumb, and lay the curly slats across, had been beyond her dreams. Well, if it were going to be like this!

When she found herself perched on a chair beside the rolling-board, after taking off her hat and setting up the dollies in the bedroom that was all her own, like big folks', she thought emphatically that it was worth while being Jones's little girl. Her eyes shone as

she squeezed the dough up through her fingers, and her cheeks glowed beneath the grimy tracks of tears. She floured her head, she floured her dress, she floured her shoes, all of which, as every one should know, is unavoidable in flouring pie-crust; and Mrs. Jones, who clearly proved herself to be a mother who could view things in the proper light, never once said, "There, now—just see!"

When the pies, hers and the larger ones, were in the stove, and she had been washed off, up the baking-things. You wait and help me when there 's something nicer. You don't want to get your pretty fingers wet!"

But that was just what Annie did want very much. The rainbow foam, left to itself when the last dish had been rescued, sank



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"RUNNING TO SHOO HIM BACK WITH INDIGNANT FLAPPING OF HER SKIRT."

Annie sat in the rocking-chair and swung her feet, while Mrs. Jones washed up the rolling-board and -pins.

The wave of suds mounting about the big bare arms—how often had she yearned in secret for that feeling on her own!—moved her, fresh from achievement, to try if other wonders were in store, and slipping down, she edged up to the sink.

"Can't I wash, too, Mrs. Jones?" she hinted helpfully. "I think that I could do the cups."

Mrs. Jones's hands, stirring beneath the surface, came up with a splash, and set in the tray the bowl that had held the apples.

"There are no cups, ducky deary," she responded, scrubbing the bowl with the towel until its blue pagodas shone. "I 'm only doing down crackling, melting, as it had done so many times before her longing sight.

"Oh, Mrs. Jones," she gasped, with a sigh that popped out of itself, "may n't I put my hand in there just once?"

Mrs. Jones dried her own hands, untied her apron, tied it round Annie's neck, and tucked up her sleeves.

"Well, then," she answered, "muss away—until I get the floor wiped up."

Annie put in first one arm and then the other, with such contortions of her face as might have indicated pain to any one unversed in the extremes of joy.

"Oo-oo-oo!" she ejaculated as she brought up the arms, covered, warm, and dripping with bubbly reefs and shoals. She held them out, watching with devouring eyes un-

til the last small dome glistening on the wet brown skin had broken, and then, with undiminished ardor, plunged them in again, ruffling the foundations of the deep that it might yield more bubbles on the top. Higher and yet higher, in answering abandon, rose the foam, until it would have cast itself, but for Mrs. Jones's intervention, upon her little gingham breast. The smell of pies, escaping from the oven, permeated all the air, but even it failed to reach her nose, filled with the intoxicating smell of suds.

While the chops were fried for lunch she stood beside the stove and held the pepper-box, and was allowed to take a dish, a small white dolphin with gilt fins, and get the jumbles from the jumble-pot. Each one, crisp and sugared, had a gum-drop on the top, and at lunch she ate as many jumbles as she could and the gum-drops off some she could not eat.

"Do we have these often, Mrs. Jones?" she asked.

After lunch Annie dressed Little-Dolly in the frock she wore for afternoons, and sat with her on the top step of Mrs. Jones's back stoop. She wore Mrs. Jones's sunbonnet, as the sun was warm, and as she rocked to and fro, holding to Little-Dolly's lips a candy she had saved for her, she cast an occasional condescending glance toward the house across the fence.

"Little-Dolly by-by, Little-Dolly by-by!" she sang aloud, just to show, if anybody over there should happen to be listening, how very well content she was.

She was roused from the peacefulness that was a joint effect of sun and jumbles by a shrill alarm. A few yards before her, in the garden, pluming himself as though he, too, had a right to be there, stood a bird with which she was acquainted.

"Why," she exclaimed, running to shoo him back with indignant flapping of her skirt, "there 's Lowe's old rooster scratching up our onion-bed!"

The long summer afternoon passed by, and the sun, creeping home at last, slipped out of Mrs. Jones's yard with many a backward peep, and stopped to play a little longer in Mrs. Lowe's next door—perhaps because it was so lonely there without a child about.

Mrs. Lowe herself, in a pretty ruffled dress, sat by the window with her sewing. She looked up every now and then and cast a glance over toward the Jones's, and once she saw Annie and Little-Dolly on the step; and once she laughed outright, and then she very foolishly wiped her eyes as she saw the rooster come back through the fence.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"ON THE DARK STAIR, WHERE A BEAR IS SO LIABLE TO FOLLOW ONE."

Mr. Lowe came up the path toward tea-time, glancing about among his shrubs, and stooping here and there to clip a dead twig with his penknife or to knock off a bug. He stopped beneath the window where his wife was sitting, and handing in his paper, began to train up one of the branches of the rose-bush which had slipped out from its fastening against the house.

"Where 's baby?" he demanded suddenly, for he missed something to which he was accustomed—the charge in his direction, and the clasp of two small, stout arms.

"Annie has left us," Mrs. Lowe replied

regretfully. "She 's gone to live next door."

She rose to set the table, laying down her work, a petticoat that she was making, oddly, for Jones's little girl. She took from the cupboard, from mere force of habit, a tin tray, and a mug marked, "For a Good Child," and then, remembering that she was childless, put them back again.

After he had been sitting at the table for a moment, Mr. Lowe glanced at the place where the mug and tray should have been, and laid down his knife and fork as though to rise and go for something; but Mrs. Lowe looked up and asked how business had been, which turned the current of his thoughts. Business had been doing well that day, and there were several things to tell. When tea was over, he sat down beside the lamp and read his paper, while she cleared the supper-things away.

As she moved about, she could make out dimly the house next door, for it was growing dark outside. The Jones's shades were down, and a narrow chink of light under each, or a shadow now and then, was all that gave a clue to what was going on within. By and by a shade up-stairs was suddenly illumined, as though some one might be going to bed. Mrs. Lowe went to the window and stood with her face against the glass. When she came, at last, and sat down on the other side of the lamp, Mr. Lowe read her a bit of news here and there, as he always did, although by and by he frowned and laid the paper down.

"Had n't I better go over and get baby, Anna?" he inquired.

She lifted up her big gray eyes.

"Why, no," she said; "she 's gone to stay. But you might leave the door a little open, Henry," she added, "when you come up-stairs—the one next Mrs. Jones."

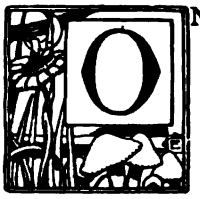
When *she* went up, a little later, she walked over to the crib and turned the covers down as usual, and taking from the desk a paper-weight,—a silver elephant that always slept with Annie,—put him beneath the pillow, undoubtedly that he might feel no change. Then she herself went quietly to bed.

One might have fancied from her peacefulness that she was asleep; but she was not. She lay and listened, for she knew nothing of the saucer-pies and soapsuds, until the house grew still, and the night without loud with the chorus of innumerable things. And at last, above the sawing of the katydids, she heard it—the pattering that she had been expecting! She was aware of it afar off, for her ears were sharp, even before the gate squeaked, or the door; and when on the dark stair, where a bear is so liable to follow one, it turned into a scramble, she sat up and put out her arms.

"Mother, mother, mother," wept a little voice, and the cold nose and feet that followed it were endurable because so very precious, "I are n't *really* Jones's little girl!"

FIRST LESSONS IN HUMOR.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.



NE pleasant afternoon in early summer, I sat on my veranda, comfortably looking out over my bit of lawn, and feeling at peace with myself and the world. And I had no reason to feel otherwise.

I was a young man with fair business prospects. I owned one of the prettiest houses on one of the prettiest streets of the pretty village of Brookdale. I possessed an unusually amiable wife and a usually amiable baby. I had plenty of friends and amusements, and there was nothing in my life that I wished out of it, and very little out of it that I wished in it.

And so I sat there, in my comfortable piazza-chair, quite contented to let the world go round, until dinner-time at least, without assistance on my part.

Soon my wife came out from the house, and appropriating another of the piazza-chairs, joined me in a cordial and amiable silence. Gladys was a very beautiful young woman, and as she sat there in her fresh, pretty white dress and blue ribbons, it added greatly to my contentment to sit and gaze at her.

"There comes the postman," she said, as she spied a gray uniform far down the street. "I 'll bet you a box of candy he 'll bring us a letter."

As this identical bet was very often made, and as I always paid it irrespective of winning or losing, it was not an unduly exciting affair, and so I lazily replied, "I 'll bet you a box of candy that he won't," and then we sat calmly awaiting his arrival at our gate.

"I 'm very happy to-day," said Gladys, with a soft sigh of content. "It is such a perfect day, and you 're home early, and Lovely Peg went to sleep like a little lamb, and I have n't a thing on earth to bother me. But I suppose just for that very reason something dreadful will happen to us soon."

I have always wondered why people hold so strongly to the conviction that when one is particularly contented and happy something unpleasant is about to occur. For ninety-nine times out of every hundred the unpleasant thing does not occur; but on the hundredth occasion, when it does happen, it blots out the other ninety-nine experiences, and we sigh and say, "That 's always the way!"

With a mild interest we watched the postman draw near, and as he turned in at our gate Gladys cried, "There, I 've won my bet!" with as much glee as if she would n't have claimed the wager in either case.

There was only one letter, and as I took it from the postman's hand I exclaimed, "Aunt Molly Millarkey!"

"Is she dead?" asked Gladys, with a politely repressed hope in her voice.

Of course this hope, even though discreetly hidden, was a distinctly wicked one, but then you must remember that Gladys had never seen my Aunt Millarkey, and her name was to my wife only as the name of a future gold-mine. For at Aunt Millarkey's death I would fall heir to her large fortune, and though I had no desire that the old lady's taking-off should be in any manner hurried, yet her will, as a will, was exceedingly satisfactory to me.

"No," I replied to my wife's casual inquiry; "of course she is n't dead, or this letter would n't be in her handwriting, and besides, it would be a telegram."

"To be sure it would," said Gladys, "and then I would have lost my bet."

She came and sat on the arm of my chair while we read my aunt's letter together. It was the hundredth occasion! Something unpleasant *had* happened, for the letter informed us that my aunt wished, for the future, to make her home with us.

"Oh, Bert," said Gladys, with what sounded like a little moan, "we *can't* have her! We 're *so* happy, just us two and Peggy. Don't let her come and spoil our home."

"It shall be as you say, dear," I replied; "but we must think it over, and look at it from all sides."

For I well knew that if my aunt did not make her home with me she would go to live with my cousin Roger, in which case codicils might show themselves upon that aforesaid will.

And, too, aside from all mercenary interests, I had, though not exactly affection, a good deal of reverence and respect for the lady in question.

She was my mother's youngest sister, a widow of long standing, and a woman of strong and noble nature.

And so it came about that, after a serious talk over the matter, Gladys and I concluded to accept this unwelcome dispensation of Fate, and install my aunt as a permanent member of our household.

Now this was very unselfish and praiseworthy on my wife's part, and I want her to have full credit for it.

Gladys was not of a mercenary mind, and would gladly have relinquished all claim to the least portion of my aunt's money rather than have an outsider in our small happy family.

But when she saw that I felt it a duty to consent to my aunt's request, she bravely put aside her own wishes and consulted only mine.

"Perhaps she 'll be more fun than we think," said my wife, hopefully. "Molly Millarkey is such a funny name; surely anybody with that name must be gay and amusing."

"But Millarkey was her husband's name, you know," said I. "She was born Molly Loftus, and that name really suits her better, for she is a tall, spare woman of great dignity and reserve. I don't want to deceive you, Gladys. My aunt is not of a cheery, affable nature. She is very conservative; and, too, she is somewhat provincial, having lived for many years alone in her country home."

"Well," said Gladys, cheerfully, "I 'll be so nice to her that she can't help being nice to me"; and as I had great faith in my wife's powers, I quite believed her assertion.

A few weeks later Aunt Millarkey arrived.

She was not an ill-looking woman. Though of a tall, gaunt frame, she had a high-bred, patrician face, which wore a never-changing expression of calm repose.

She was generous and most kind-hearted, and but for her extreme seriousness would have proved very good company.

Gladys tried conscientiously to entertain her, and Aunt Molly tried to respond to my wife's advances; but there was, somehow, a lack of congeniality between the two.

Lovely Peg evinced a decided antipathy toward the newcomer, and remarked, "No, no," with distinct emphasis whenever the good lady attempted to make friends with her.

"THERE 's only one thing the matter with Aunt Molly," said Gladys, thoughtfully, when we were alone one evening, "and that is, she has no sense of humor. At first I thought she was grumpy and sour, but she is n't at all. She is only serious-minded—so much so that she can't see the funny side of anything. I believe the sense of humor was entirely left out of her make-up."

"You 're right," I answered. "When Jack Farland said such funny things the other night, Aunt Molly did n't even smile, and I 'm sure it was because she did n't see the point of the jokes."

"I know," said Gladys; "and when Peggy says and does such comical little things, Aunt Molly never sees anything funny about them."

"Lovely Peg has her own ideas of humor," said I, "and perhaps it is not to be wondered at that Aunt Molly does n't see anything exquisitely witty in having her face brushed with a whisk-broom, which is one of your daughter's pet jokes."

"Oh, I don't mean that," said my wife, hastily; "but to-day I was telling Aunt Molly of the time Peg first saw the ocean, and she said, 'Oh, see ze great big soda-water!' and Aunt Molly never moved a muscle of her face. But I suppose she can't help it. A sense of humor is born in people, like a talent for music or painting."

"But sometimes," said I, "people have latent talents—so latent that they don't even know themselves that they possess them. Perhaps Aunt Molly has a latent sense of humor that nothing has ever yet aroused."

"I don't believe it," said Gladys; "but if she has, I wish it might be developed, for I could really be very fond of her if we could have some fun together and she would n't always look so serious and solemn."

"Gladys," said I, "let us try to develop that latent sense in Aunt Millarkey. You, my dear, have a pretty wit, and I am something of a wag myself. Let us try rationally and systematically to bring the smile of appreciation to our aunt's face."

"I have tried," said Gladys, wrinkling her fair brow, "and it did n't seem to do any good. But we 'll try again, together, and

perhaps our united efforts will be more successful."

But they were n't.

I drained my wit to the very lees in my endeavors to bring a smile to my aunt's solemn face. Gladys fairly scintillated with repartee and airy persiflage. But Aunt Millarkey listened to it all with an expression on her face half wonderment and half pity. After a few weeks of this ineffectual effort on our part, Gladys and I discussed the matter again, and as we talked and thought it over together a new notion struck me.

"Gladys," said I, "our theories have been all wrong. We 've been trying to draw water from an empty well, and of course we 've failed. How absurd to try to appeal to Aunt Millarkey's sense of humor when she has n't any, latent or otherwise! Now, how much wiser it would be for us to endeavor to implant a sense of humor in her; to inoculate her, so to speak, with a bacillus of wit, and then, by judicious encouragement and stimulation, insure its development."

"That 's a fine theory," said Gladys, musingly, "but do you suppose it would be practical?"

"We can try it," I replied, "and if we fail, there 's no harm done. And even if we succeed only to a slight degree, it will be an improvement on the present state of things. And there 's this in our favor," I went on: "we can teach Aunt Molly the more easily as she has nothing to unlearn. Her mind is as innocent of a funny idea as a sheet of blank paper, and it only remains for us to write thereon the 'First Lesson in Humor.' Sounds like 'First Aid to the Injured,' does n't it?"

"What shall the first lesson be?" asked Gladys, now thoroughly interested in the plan.

"It must be some simple, obvious joke," I replied. "Almost any joke will do. And then we must try to make Aunt Molly see the point of it."

"Well," said my wife, decidedly, "that must be done by repetition. I find that Peggy will learn a thing only by hearing it over and over again. So, after we decide upon our first joke, we must say it to Aunt Molly, and to each other in her presence, morning, noon, and night, at the table, you know; and then I 'll say it to her at intervals through the day, and you can say it a few times each evening."

"But, my dear!" said I, aghast at this outlook.

"There is no 'but' about it," said Gladys, positively. "It is the only way to accomplish our end. And now, what shall the first joke be?"

"That is a question not to be hastily considered," I replied. "Much depends on the nature of the first seed implanted in this virgin soil."

"It must not be a pun," said Gladys, "for Sydney Hook, or somebody, said that a pun is the lowest form of wit."

"I know," said I; "but Theodore Smith, or somebody, responded that consequently a pun is the foundation of all wit; and so I think a good pun would be the very best thing for Aunt Molly's rudimentary instruction."

"Perhaps you are right," admitted Gladys. "What do you think is the best pun you ever heard?"

"Now, Gladys, we must n't be narrow-minded or self-opinionated in this thing. The question is not, what do *I* think the best pun, but what *is* the best pun according to the tests of long life and usage. And I am sure that the survival of the fittest is shown unmistakably in 'When is a door not a door? When it 's ajar.'"

"But that 's a conundrum," objected Gladys.

"No matter," said I, firmly. "It 's a good, solid joke, and a pun at that, and if it were once mastered by a beginner, it would pave the way for many a more complex and subtle witticism. As to its being a conundrum, so much the better, for either of us can ask it, and the other can reply."

"Well, we 'll give it a fair trial," said Gladys, "and if it does n't seem effective we can try another. Let 's begin to-morrow morning at breakfast."

The next morning, as I sat at our pretty breakfast-table,—Gladys opposite, smiling and charming; Lovely Peg on my right, humming a little tune to herself, and carelessly mistaking her shaddock for a finger-bowl; Aunt Molly on my left, with a demeanor about as gay as that of an old-fashioned tombstone,—I opened our prearranged conversation.

"Gladys," said I, "here 's a good joke I 'd like to tell you. When is a door not a door?"

I spoke plainly and impressively, and Aunt Millarkey listened with an air of polite attention.

"Why, I don't know," said Gladys, dimpling over the coffee-cups. "When is it?"

"When it 's ajar," I replied, with oratorical effect.

"But a *door* can't be a *jar*," said Gladys, looking perplexed.

"No, dear; the door is *ajar*," I said. "See? Ajar—not quite shut, you know."

"Oh, yes," said Gladys; "you mean it is really ajar, but it sounds as if you said it was a jar, such as we keep pickles in. Ah, ha—oh, ho, how funny that is!"

Aunt Millarkey looked bewildered, but said nothing, and though Gladys and I had n't hoped for much encouragement at our first effort, still we could n't help feeling pleased at the bewilderment.

Before breakfast was over, Gladys said, "Bert, I wish you 'd tell me that joke again; it was so funny."

I repeated it, and explained it even more fully than before, Gladys asking pertinent and intelligent questions concerning it; and this time Aunt Molly smiled.

I feared the smile might have been induced by our hilarity, and not by the joke itself; but still it was a step in the right direction, and I went away to my business with hope in my heart. When I returned home, Gladys, fairly beaming with delight, met me at the gate.

"Bert," she cried, "our success is assured. The seed has taken root, and we 've only to fan the flame to produce a mighty, rushing torrent."

"Good!" I replied. "I hope the peach crop won't be a failure. But tell me all about it."

"Well, I repeated the joke at intervals of two hours during the day, sometimes to Aunt Molly, sometimes to Lovely Peg, and sometimes as if I were just talking to myself. I would have tried it on Norah, but I was afraid she 'd think I 'd lost my mind. And, do you know, the last time I asked Aunt Molly the question, she repeated the answer herself, and she chuckled—really chuckled, Bert! There, now, what do you think of that?"

"I think it 's fine, little woman, and I 'm sure victory is already perching itself on our banners. But if our pupil is advancing so rapidly, we must get another joke ready. You know, teachers always have to study to keep ahead of their pupils."

"Yes, I know," said Gladys; "but we must n't go too fast. You jar the door a few times this evening, and to-morrow we 'll begin on the second lesson. I have it all ready."

"What is it?" I demanded.

"Well, it 's this: 'Why do most of the Chinese people have to walk? Because there 's only one Cochin China.'"

"That 's all right," said I, after a moment's thought. "It 's better to stick to the old standards for the present, and later on we can use more modern jokes, and even the brilliant jests that are original with ourselves."

The next day we called all our powers of subtlety and tact to our assistance and taught Aunt Molly the Cochin-China joke. It required elaborate and oft-repeated explanations, and we were hindered a bit by the fact that we kept Cochin-China chickens, and somehow those fowls mixed themselves up with the joke in Aunt Millarkey's mentality until her tutors were well-nigh discouraged.

But resolution and repetition will accomplish wonders, and we resolved afresh when we were alone, and repeated afresh when we were with Aunt Molly, until—well, there could be no doubt about it—a sense of humor *was* growing in the mind of our solemn and serious aunt.

What a triumph it was for Gladys when, one night at dinner, Aunt Millarkey (after several hints and promptings from my wife) stammered out: "Bert, what does an old lady in the middle of the sea resemble?"

"'Like,'" corrected Gladys.

"Yes," said Aunt Molly; "what does an old lady in the middle of the sea like?"

"No, aunty," said Gladys, patiently; "you mean what *is* she like?"

"Oh, yes," said Aunt Molly, eager as a child; "what *is* an old lady in the middle of the sea like?"

I hesitated, uncertain whether a profound ignorance or a wrong answer would better further our cause, when Gladys helped me out by saying gently: "Tell him, Aunt Molly."

"Like to be drowned," exclaimed my aunt, with such a beam of merriment in her eye as even a man with a mote in his own eye might see clearly.

"Ha, ha!" I roared, and Gladys chimed in with her pretty laugh, and Aunt Molly gave her peculiar chuckle, with which we were already proudly becoming familiar.

After this our pupil fairly forged ahead. She learned to tell glibly that birds in their little nests agree because they 'd fall out if they did n't. She came to understand why an elephant is like a brickbat; was perfectly cognizant of a hen's reason for crossing the road; and could tell correctly and on the instant what makes more noise than a pig under a gate. And how she did enjoy this knowledge!

The chuckle with which she at first dis-

pensed these precious bits of information deepened to a guffaw; the smile broadened to a wide grin; the titter swelled to a peal of laughter.

Lovely Peg began to cultivate her aunt's acquaintance; for what child-nature could be proof against such a merry, rollicking aunty?

As the summer wore away the tyro waded out into deeper waters.

She grasped the fact that a night-key is like the full moon, because there 's a *b* in both. She told, with all the cleverness of a raconteur, the story of the man who, when they cabled oversea to him, "Your mother-in-law is dead. Shall we embalm, cremate, or bury?" replied, "Embalm, cremate, *and* bury; take no chances." And she gleefully described the man with the hat who was like George Washington because he had his hatchet. One evening, as I was coming home, she ran out to the gate to ask me what the difference was between a man who lived at a hotel and had occasional twinges of rheumatism, and a man who was perfectly well, but who lived at home. I gave it up, and she said: "One is well some days and has rheumatism others, and the other is well every day and has a room at his mother's, too."

I took pleasure in bringing home books of a humorous character, and within twenty-four hours after their arrival they might have been found on Aunt Molly's reading-table. Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" and volumes of a kindred nature were replaced by the works of Edward Lear and "Mr. Dooley." And these books were read by our aunt with shrieks and roars of merriment.

I remember the night I brought home Eugene Field's "Tribune Primer."

Aunt Millarkey took it from me, and stood under the hall gas-light to look at it a minute, and we could n't get her to come out to dinner. She stood there reading, and rocking herself from side to side with silent laughter, which presently broke into shouts of hilarity.

When we spoke to her, she looked at us unheeding, read another bit from the Primer, and then paced up and down the hall, her gasps for breath alternating with fresh peals of laughter, until we fairly feared for her reason. She laughed until her glasses fell off, her lace collar became awry, hair-pins shot from their places, and the tears rolled down her red and puffed-out cheeks.

It was shortly after this that Aunt Molly began to add to or improve upon the jokes she heard or read.

Her first achievement in this direction was when I asked her which was greater, a locomotive or Queen Elizabeth, and as she could n't guess, I told her that a locomotive was a wonder, but Queen Elizabeth was a Tudor.

"Yes," said she; "but to the locomotive you must add the tender."

This quick comprehension and the dawning of an inventive genius amazed me, and I hastened to tell Gladys of our aunt's remarkable progress.

"It 's wonderful," said my wife. "I never saw anything like it. Her sense of humor is growing so fast that even now she can't wear her last month's jokes."

One evening I read this joke aloud from my paper: "'What made the fly fly? Because the spider spied her.'"

"Pooh!" said Aunt Molly, "it 's easy to say things like that. What made the quail quail? For fear the woodpecker would peck her. What made the tart tart? Because she did n't want to let the baker bake her. What made—"

"Stop, Aunt Molly!" I cried. "Where did you read those things?"

"Nowhere," said she. "I made them up. They 're as good as the one you read."

And so they were, and from that time forward Aunt Molly received no further instructions from us.

Rather, she appropriated the rôle of preceptress herself, and her jests and whimsies, both quoted and original, kept us in an uproar of fun.

And she was no respecter of persons or of occasions. When a dear friend was ill with appendicitis, and in speaking of it we disagreed as to the pronunciation, I consulted the dictionary, but the word was not there.

"I suppose this dictionary was printed before appendicitis was invented," I said.

"Look in the appendix," suggested Aunt Molly, promptly; "where else could you expect to find it?"

And sure enough, there it was.

Again, when we heard of the business failure of a prominent merchant of our town, and heard, too, that his own interests had been carefully if not very honorably guarded, Aunt Molly exclaimed:

"When that man failed to make money, he failed to make money!"

The subtlety of this word-play quite stupefied me, and I wondered to what heights of cleverness Aunt Molly would finally attain. But we had little time to wonder.

She whirled us along in the gales of a jocularity that was uncontrollable and irresistible.

We rose in the morning to be thrown into convulsions of irrepressible mirth; we retired at night exhausted from innumerable and unconquerable fits of laughter.

To be in Aunt Millarkey's presence meant to be in a constant state of giggling, with frequent spasms and paroxysms of insane mirth.

I realized that we had overreached our aim, and that Aunt Molly's sense of humor was abnormally developed—so much so, indeed, that she now had no sense of gravity. I endeavored to explain this to her, but she was so funny about it that I laughed till I cried.

Then I endeavored tactfully to lead her mentality into some other channel.

I offered to take up with her the study of folk-lore, but she said she preferred joke-lore!

She told Lovely Peg such funny stories and made her laugh so heartily and continuously that we feared the child would become a driveling idiot. And when callers came in the evening, they immediately grew so uproarious over Aunt Molly's fun that Peggy was awakened and insisted on coming downstairs to see aunty. Then, imbued with the spirit of the hour, she laughed until she fell asleep from sheer exhaustion, only to be wakened again by fresh snickers and shrieks.

The little dinners for which Gladys was justly famous degenerated into side-splitting affairs at which no one could eat, so screamingly funny were Aunt Molly's continuous witty speeches.

When our specially grave and dignified minister came to call, he had n't been in the house five minutes before he had burst two buttons off his clerical waistcoat; and when he finally went out of the door, it was with a tottering, uncertain step, as of one who had passed through a strong emotional upheaval.

The wedding of a friend was spoiled, from an artistic point of view, because, during the ceremony, Aunt Molly leaned over and whispered to the bride's mother. That good lady vainly endeavored to repress her mirth, and the result was something between a snort and a cackle that set everybody laughing.

Gladys and I were at our wits' end (and we heartily wished Aunt Molly might arrive at hers).

Like Frankenstein, we had voluntarily created a monster that now threatened catastrophe to the peace and dignity of our household and the disposition of our child.

Something must be done, and that quickly, for Aunt Molly was steadily becoming more and more comical, and more incapable of repressing her drollery when occasion required.

And though Gladys and I realized that we were responsible for this awful state of things, yet we felt that we could not endure the consequences, and must avert them, if possible, for the sake of Lovely Peg, as well as for ourselves.

But the solution of our difficulty arrived from a most unexpected source. One evening Aunt Millarkey announced that she had something funny to tell us. This was by no means an unusual or improbable statement, and though we knew it was our duty to discountenance these over-hilarious proceedings, yet such was the fascination of Aunt Molly's fun that it dominated our sense of duty, and we weakly surrendered, saying, "What is it?" and settled back in our chairs in anticipation of mirth exquisite even to the verge of pain.

But, instead of a new conundrum or a comical story, Aunt Molly remarked, in an impressive whisper:

"I 'm going to marry the minister."

The grave and even awe-struck expression in her eyes left no room for any doubt of the sincerity of her words, and as the situation dawned upon Gladys and me, we broke into half-horrified laughter.

It was indeed funny to think of Aunt Molly unequally yoked together with an austere and dignified clergyman—and especially with Dr. Plunkett, who was the very apotheosis of clerical dignity and solemnity, and who, since the death of his wife many years ago, had renounced all social claims save those imposed on him by his pastoral duties.

"I told you it was funny," said Aunt Millarkey, still with that half-scared look on her face, and this convulsed us afresh.

"Is he willing?" asked Gladys, at last, wiping her eyes.

"Yes," said Aunt Millarkey. "He thinks, as I do, that we shall have a good effect on each other. He thinks I have a wonderful fund of gaiety."

"He is right," said Gladys, earnestly.

"And he thinks that I can share that with him, and, goodness knows, I 've got enough for two."

"Enough for twenty," I thought, but I said nothing.

"And he thinks," went on Aunt Millarkey, "that he has enough decorum and seriousness to share with me; and so, you see, we 'll make a perfect combination, like chills and fever."

"It 's a fine thing," said I. "I congratulate you both heartily"; and I spoke sincerely, though aware of an undercurrent of self-congratulation that we were to be so gracefully relieved of my aunt's presence in our home.

After the wedding of this contrariant couple, which function, by the way, presented a far more hilarious than clerical aspect, there returned to our household the calm and delightful atmosphere of earlier days. One evening, after we had sent Lovely Peg to bed, and without the sense of futility which for so long had accompanied that proceeding, Gladys and I had a long talk about my aunt and her probable effect on her husband's life and work.

"It 's a fearful thing," said Gladys, "to introduce an element like Aunt Molly into the ministry—even indirectly."

"My dear," said I, "it 's an interesting psychological problem. We, intentionally, but with no foreknowledge of the awful consequences, instilled in Aunt Millarkey a sense of humor. The results, as you know, were overwhelming, and the growth of that sense of humor killed or crowded out from her nature all sense of gravity. Now, may it not be that Dr. Plunkett, not so scientifically as we did, but still effectually, may instil in Aunt Molly a sense of decorum and piety which will grow and thrive until it counteracts the fun, and Aunt Molly Plunkett will become a normal and well-balanced woman?"

"It may be," said Gladys, after a moment's deep thought; "but as Aunt Molly's nature seems to be such extraordinarily fertile soil for the implanting of traits or characteristics of any kind, I am more inclined to think that the decorum and piety germ will grow and develop so luxuriantly that it will choke up and root out the humor, and Aunt Molly will become an exaggerated type of a rigid, old-fashioned Puritan, a regular St. Cecilia in a strait-jacket."

"Good gracious, Gladys," I exclaimed, "what a picture! But you may be right. Time alone can tell. However, I 'm convinced that it 's a dangerous thing to tamper with other people's mentalities, and hereafter I prefer to watch these interesting scientific experiments from a distance, and not conduct them under my own roof."



SOWING.

BY FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

HERE 'S a heart lies fallow,
Stripped of pride and creed;
Sorrow holds the plowshare,
God drops the seed.

Lips of thirsting furrows
Wait their wine from above;
Come, rain of humility!
Fall, sunshine of love!—

Help this heart to its harvest
Of an hundredfold,
Till the field that now lies barren
Waves with gold!



A LITTLE ESSAY ON BOOKS AND READING BY MARTIN DOOLEY.

BY FINLEY P. DUNNE.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

HOGAN tells me that wan iv th' first things man done afther he 'd l'arned to kill his neighborin' animals, an' make a meal iv wan part iv thim an' a vest iv another, was to begin to mannyfacther lithrachoor, an' it 's been goin' on up to th' prisint day. Thim was times that th' Lord niver heerd about, but is as well known to manny a la-ad in th' univarsity iv southren Injyanny as if th' histhry iv thim was printed on a poster. Hogan says a pro-fissor with a shovel an' a bad bringin'-up can go out annywhere along



th' dhrainage-canal an' prove to ye that th' Bible is no more thin an exthry avenin' edition iv th' histhry iv th' wurruld, an' th' Noah fam'ly was considhered new arrivals in th' neighborhood where they lived. He says he 'll show ye th' earth as though 't was a section iv a layer-cake or an archytect's dhrawin' iv a flat-buildin', an' p'int out how 't was accumylated. First 't was a mere squdge in which ne'er a livin' thing c'u'd be found.

This peryod lasted a few million years, an' thin the mush caked an' become buildin'-materyal, an' threes grew out iv th' buildin'-materyal an' fell down an' become coal. Thin th' wather come—but where it come fr'm I don't know, f'r they was no God at th' time—an' covered th' earth, an' thin th' wather evaporated an' left little p'ints iv land shtickin' up with ready-made men an' women occypyin' thim, an' at that moment th' Bible begun. Ye might say we 're livin' on th' roof iv a flat, with all th' apartmints beneath us occypied be th' bones iv submarine monsthers an' other tinants.







Lasteways, that 's what Hogan tells me, but I don't believe a wurrud he says. Most iv th' people iv this wurruld is a come-on f'r science, but I 'm not. Ye can't con-vince me, me boy, that a man who 's so near-sighted he can't read th' sign on a cable-car knows anny more about th' formation iv th' earth thin Father Kelly. I believe th' wurruld is flat, not round; that th' sun moves an' is about th' size iv a pie-plate in th' mornin' an' a car-wheel at noon; an' it 's no proof to me that because a pro-fissor who 's peekin' through a chube all night says th' stars ar-re millions iv miles away, an' each is bigger thin this wurruld, that they 're bigger thin they look, or much higher thin th' top iv th' shot-tower. I 've been up tin thousand feet on a mountain, an' they seemed so near that I kept whiskin' thim off me nose as I lay there on me back, but they was n't anny larger thin they were on th' sthreet-level. I believe what I see an' some iv th' things I 'm told, if they 've been told often, an' thim facts iv science has not been hung long enough to be digistible.





But, annyhow, they say that man first begun writin' whin he had to hammer out his novels an' pomes on a piece iv rock, an' th' hammer has been th' imblim iv lithrachoor iver since. Thin he painted it on skins, hince th' publisher; thin he played it an' danced it an' croshayed it till 't was discovered that ink an' pa-aper w'u'd projooce wurruds, an' thin th' printin'-press was invinted. Gunpowdher was invinted th' same time, an' 't is a question I 've often heerd discussed which has done more to ilivate th' humanrace. Ajoke.



Th' longer th' wurruld lasts th' more books does be comin' out. Day be day I r-read in th' pa-apers announcemints iv new publications that look like th' dilinquent tax-list. They 's a publisher in iv'ry block, an' in thousan's iv happy homes some wan is pluggin' away at th' romantic novel or whalin' out a pome on th' type-writer up-stairs. A fam'ly without an author is as contimptible as wan without a priest. Is Malachi near-sighted, peevish, averse to th' suds, an' can't tell whether th' three in th' front yard is blue or green? Make an author iv him! Does Miranda presint no atthractions to th' young men iv th' neighborhood, does her overskirt dhrag, an' is she poor with th'



gas-range? Make an authoreen iv her! Forchunately, th' manly insthinct is often too sthrong f'r th' designs iv th' fam'ly, an' manny a man that if his parents had had their way might have been at this moment makin' artificial feet f'r a deformed pome is always wondherin' what th' other la-ad w'u'd do. He might have th' punch left in him that w'u'd get th' money. A woman niver cares how manny men are kilt, but a man believes in fair play, an' he 'd like to see th' polis intherfere about Chapter Three.



MR. DOOLEY.

is l'adin' what me fri'nd Hogan calls a glad, free, an' timperymintal life on th' back iv a sthreet-car.

But lithrachoor is th' gr-reat life-wurruk iv th' modhren woman. Th' conthrol is passin' into th' hands iv th' fair sect, an' th' day will come whin th' wurrud book will mane no more to an able-bodied man thin th' wurrud gusset. Women write all th' romantic novels that ar-re anny good. That 's because iv'ry man thinks th' thrue hayroe is himsilf, an' iv'ry woman thinks he 's James K. Hackett. A woman is sure a good, sthrong man ought to be able to kill anny number iv bad, weak men, but a man

Women writes all th' good romantic novels, an' reads thim all. If anny proud la-ad in th' gum business thinks he riprisints th' ideal iv his wife's soul, he ought to take a look at th' books she reads. He 'll l'arn there th' reason he 's where he is is because he was th' on'y chanst, not because he was th' first choice. 'T w'u'd humble th' haughtiest prince iv thrade to look into th' heart iv th' woman he cares most f'r an' thinks laste about, an' find that, instead iv th' photygraft of a shrewd but kindly man with a thriflin' absence iv hair on his head an' a burglar-proof safe on his watch-charm, there 's a pitcher iv a young la-ad in green

tights playin' a mandolin to a high front stoop. On th' stoop, with a rose in her hand, is his lawful-wedded wife, th' lady Annamariar Huggins iv Peotone. Ye can't keep her away fr'm a romantic novel. No matther what Edward Atkinson tells ye, she prefers "Th' Age iv Chivalry" to th' mos' atthractive housewurruk. A woman's readin' is niver done. Hardly a day passes but some lady fri'nd iv mine stops me on me way to catch a car, an' asks me if I don't regard Morse Hewlett as th' gr-reatest an' mos' homicidal writer iv our time, an' what I 've got to say about Hinnelly's attack on Stevenson. "Madam," says I, "I w'u'd n't know Morse if I was to see him goin' down th' sthreet ax in hand, an' as f'r Hinnelly, his name escapes me, though his language is familiar to anny wan who iver helped load a scow. Stevenson," I says, "does n't appeal to me, an' if he sh'u'd, I 'll revarse th' decision on th' ground iv th' bad prevyous char-



MR. HENNESSY.

ackter iv th' plaintiff, while," I says, "admittin' th' thruth iv what he said. But," says I, "th' on'y books in me libr'y is th' Bible an' Shakspere," says I. "They 're gr-reat f'r ye," says she. "So bully f'r th' style. D' ye read thim all th' time?" she says. "I niver read thim," says I. "I use thim f'r purposes iv definse. I have niver read thim, but I 'll niver read annything else till I have read thim," I says. "They shtand between me an' all modhren lithrachoor," says I. "I 've built thim up into a kind iv



breakwather," I says, "an' I set behind it ca'm an' contint while Hall Caine rages without," says I.

Yes, sir, th' readin' an' writin' iv books is as much woman's wurruk as th' mannyfacther iv tidies. A woman is a nachral writer. She don't mind givin' hersilf away if 't will bring a tear to th' eye or a smile to th' lips. But a man does. He has more to give away. I 'm not sayin' that anny man can't write betther thin a woman if he wants to. But so can he cuk betther, an' sew betther, an' paint minichoors betther, an' do annything betther but nurse th' baby—if he wants to; but he don't often want to. He despises such thrivyal pursuits. Mos' iv th' gr-reat writers I iver see th' pitchers iv was little, thin, peevish men that was always gettin' licked. Wanst in a while a sthrong man got into th' game, a bull-necked, round-headed man that might have made a fine thrackmaster or boiler-maker, but was addicted to dhrink, an' niver had energy enough left in th' mornin' f'r annything more thin writin' th' best plays or th' finest novels or th' gr-reatest histhries in th' wurruld. But if ye got at th' rale feelin' iv



three-meal-a-day men about writin', ye 'd find they classed it with preachin', school-teachin', play-actin', dancin', an' lace-wurruk. A man iv that kind might start to write, but if he did, he 'd stop an' think afther a while, an' say to himsilf: "What 's a big, sthrong, able-bodied, two-hundherd-an'-tin-pound, forty-four-acrost-th'-chest crather like me doin' here, pokin' these funny hireyoglyphics into a piece iv pa-aper with a little shtick? I guess I 'll go out an' shoe a horse."

So it is with readin'. I 'm tol' I ought to read more be Hogan, who 's wan iv th' best-read an' mos' ignorant men I know. Well, maybe I ought, though whin I was a young man, an' was helpin' to build up this counthry, th' principal use iv lithrachoor was as a weepin. In thim days, if a little boy was seen readin' a book, his father took it away fr'm him an' bate him on th' head with it. Me father was th' mos' accyrate man in th' wurruld with letthers. He found th' range nachrally, an' he c'u'd wing anny wan iv us with th' "Lives iv th' Saints" as far as he c'u'd see. He was a poor man, an' on'y had such books in his libr'y as a gintleman sh'u'd take, but if ye 'd give him libr'y enough, he 'd capture Giberaltor. If lithrachoor niver pinetrated me intelleck, 't was not his fault. But nowadays, whin I go down th' sthreet, I see th' childher settin' on th' front steps studyin' a book through double-compound-convex spectacles, lookin' like th' offspring iv a pro-fissyonal diver. What 'll they iver grow up to be? Be hivens! that la-ad Carnaygie knows his business. He 's studied th' situation, an' he undhersthands that if he builds libr'ies enough an' gets enough people readin' books, they won't be anny wan left afther a while capable iv takin' away what he 's got. Ye bet he did n't l'arn how to make steel billets out iv "Whin Knighthood was in Flower." He l'arned it be confabulatin' afther wurrukin' hours with some wan that knew how. I think he must be readin' now, f'r he 's writin' wan or two. 'T is th' way with a man who takes to readin' late in life. He can't keep it down.





Readin', me fri'nd, is talked about be all readin' people as though it was th' on'y thing that makes a man betther thin his neighbors. But th' thruth is that readin' is th' nex' thing this side iv goin' to bed f'r restin' th' mind. With mos' people it takes th' place iv wurruk. A man does n't think whin he 's readin', or if he has to, th' book is no fun. Did ye iver have something to do that ye ought to do, but did n't want to, an' while ye was wishin' ye was dead, did ye happen to pick up a newspaper? Ye know what occurred. Ye did n't jus' skim through th' spoortin' intillygince an' th' crime news. Whin ye got through with thim, ye read th' other quarther iv th' pa-aper. Ye read about people ye niver heerd iv, an' happenin's ye did n't undhersthand—th' fashion notes, th' theatrical gossip, th' s'ciety news fr'm Peoria, th' quotations on oats, th' curb market, th' rale-estate transfers, th' marredge licenses, th' death notices, th' want ads., th' dhry-goods bargains, an' even th' iditoryals. Thin ye r-read thim over again, with a faint idee ye 'd read thim befure. Thin ye yawned, studied th' design iv th' carpet, an' settled down to wurruk. Was ye exercisin' ye-er joynt intelleck while ye was readin'? No more thin if ye 'd been whistlin' or writin' ye-er name on a pa-aper. If anny wan else but me come along they might say: "What a mind Hinnissy has! He 's always readin'." But I w'u'd kick th' book or pa-aper out iv ye-er hand, an' grab ye be th' collar, an' cry, "Up, Hinnissy, an' to wurruk!" f'r I 'd know ye were loafin'. Believe me, Hinnissy,



readin' is not thinkin'. It seems like it, an' whin it comes out in talk sometimes, it sounds like it. It 's a kind iv nearthought that looks ginooyne to th' thoughtless, but ye can't get annything on it. Manny a man I 've knowed has so doped himsilf with books that he 'd stumble over a carpet-tack.

Am I again' all books, says ye? I 'm not. If I had money, I 'd have all th' good lithrachoor iv th' wurruld on me table at this minyit. I might n't read it, but there it 'd be so that anny iv me fri'nds c'u'd dhrop in an' help thimsilves if they did n't care f'r other stimylants. I have no taste f'r readin', but I won't deny it 's a good thing f'r thim that 's addicted to it. In modheration, mind ye. In modheration, an' afther th' chores is done. F'r as a fri'nd iv Hogan's says, "Much readin' makes a full man," an' he knew what he was talkin' about. An' do I object to th' pursuit iv lithrachoor? Oh, faith, no. As a pursuit 't is fine, but it may be bad f'r anny wan that catches it.



IS THE MOON A DEAD PLANET?

BY WILLIAM H. PICKERING,
Assistant Professor of Astronomy, Harvard University.

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS, AND DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR, THE LATTER REDRAWN BY JULIA WARD RICHARDS.

IT is a curious fact that in the past many astronomers who have made no special study of the surface of the moon should have denied most strenuously that it is still subject to changes visible from the earth; while, on the other hand, the great majority of professed selenographers[1]—specialists, that is, in this very subject of the moon's surface—have as confidently maintained a contrary opinion.

Perhaps one reason why some astronomers still question these changes lies in the fact that the study of lunar detail requires, preeminently, a perfect atmosphere. Thus, with a telescope five inches in diameter, in the island of Jamaica, from which the writer has recently returned, one may see at a glance details that are never visible, even under the most favorable conditions, with the largest telescopes at Cambridge. It was partly to obtain such an atmosphere that the Harvard station in Peru was established in 1891, where, at an altitude of eight thousand feet, among the Andes, the moon appears with a clearness and sharpness of detail that is never vouchsafed to observers in our Northern latitudes. Naturally, therefore, the conclusions presented in this article are based almost entirely on observations made at these two Southern stations—Mandeville, Jamaica, and Arequipa, Peru.

VOLCANIC ACTIVITY.

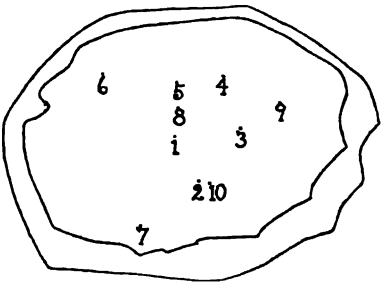
THERE is no doubt that in former times volcanic action played a very important part in the history of the moon. At the present time this action has greatly diminished in intensity. All astronomers are agreed on these two points. The question is whether all volcanic action has ceased. The best-known example of possible volcanic activity within historic times is the little crater known as Linné, after the great botanist Linnæus. Here our earliest evidence depends on a map constructed by Grimaldi in 1651, where Linné is represented as a deep crater of moderate size. It is next noted by Schroeter in 1788, who described it as "a very small, round, brilliant spot containing a somewhat uncertain depression." It is certain that if the crater of Linné had been no larger then than it is now, it could not have been detected by either of these astronomers with the imperfect telescopes of their times.

With more modern instruments, however, the testimony becomes much more precise. Thus, early in the last century Lohrmann described Linné as being very deep, and as over four miles in diameter. Maedler observed it seven times, and described it as very distinct under the oblique illumination of the sun, when the contrast of shadow was strongest, and as measuring six miles in diameter. Schmidt drew it eight times, and represented it as being seven miles in diameter and one thousand feet deep. Schmidt, in 1843, was the last astronomer, apparently, to see it with any such dimensions, and in 1866 he announced that it had disappeared. A few months later, however, he found in its place a small "craterlet" about one quarter of a mile in diameter, which, in the course of a couple of years, gradually increased to a mile and a half. Although still visible, its diameter has now sunk to three quarters of a mile.

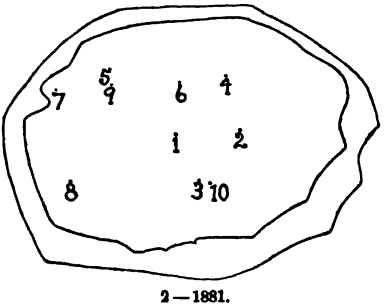
Another equally interesting but perhaps less well-known instance of lunar volcanic activity is the large crater known as Plato. The floor of this crater is a smooth, nearly level plain, some sixty miles in diameter, but studded over with numerous small volcanic cones. These range from about a mile in diameter down to a few hundred feet only. They were first carefully studied by a committee of the British Association between 1869 and 1872, and thirty-six craterlets in

[1] As, for example, Schroeter, Maedler, Schmidt, Webb, Neison, and Elger.

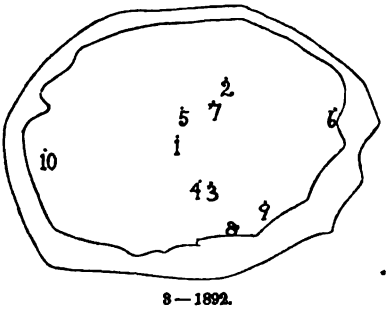
all were mapped. They were next studied by A. S. Williams and three other English astronomers acting in coöperation, who published a second map, showing thirty-eight craterlets. A few years later another map was published by the same astronomers. Finally, the craterlets were studied by the writer in 1892, when he succeeded in mapping forty-two of them. The maps which accompany this article, however, show only the location of the ten most prominent craterlets in each of these three periods, their location and the order of their prominence being in each case indicated by numerals.



1—1870.



2—1881.



3—1892.

CONES IN THE LUNAR CRATER PLATO.

It will be noted that the central craterlet is the most conspicuous throughout, but only three others are common to the three maps. The craterlet which was third in brilliancy on the first map was replaced in 1892 by a hazy patch of light. No. 5, as it is called on the first map, was so faint in 1892 that it could just be seen. Nos. 6 and 9 could not be found at all, although a much larger telescope was used, and the work was carried on under much more favorable atmospheric conditions. No. 10, on the other hand, was so conspicuous in 1892 that it was assigned the third place. The craterlet which was given the sixth place in 1892 may perhaps have been newly formed, as it had not been detected by any previous observer, while the seventh craterlet in 1892, which had been No. 13 in 1870, was entirely invisible in 1881, although seen as a very faint object a few years later by the same observers. One can see from these examples — there are many others — that the evidence in favor of the idea that volcanic activity upon the moon has not yet entirely ceased is pretty strong, if not fairly conclusive. A second step, however, tends to bring the moon into still closer relations with the earth.

THE PRESENCE OF SNOW.

To explain this step a few preliminary points must be brought out. It is almost certain, for instance, that the density of the lunar atmosphere does not exceed one ten-thousandth of that which we find at the surface of the earth. Under these conditions it is absolutely impossible for water to exist upon the moon in the liquid state. Above the freezing-point it would be wholly gaseous; below it, it would be partly gaseous and partly solid. In the latter case the formation would be analogous to snow, or, more strictly speaking, to hoar-frost. We do not certainly know the temperature of the moon's surface where exposed to a vertical sun; but, according to Professor Langley, it cannot be far from 32° F. The temperature of the dark portion of the disk, and of the regions in shadow in the bright portion, must be far lower than any found upon the earth's surface. Again, if there are any active volcanoes upon the moon, it is evident that they must expel something. In other words, there must be some gaseous pressure to make them active. What these gases are remains to be seen, and whether or not, as in the case of the earth, the most important is water-vapor. Finally, in designating the time at which any event occurs upon the moon, it must be remembered that the lunar day, from sunrise to sunset, is nearly as long as fifteen terrestrial days, and it will therefore be convenient to express an interval of time in this lunar day as being so many terrestrial days after lunar sunrise, and not to record it in divisions of the lunar day itself. It may be stated in this connection that astronomers always represent maps of the moon with south at the top, since that is the way that the moon appears as seen through the telescope in Northern latitudes.

All the drawings in this article excepting those of Censorinus are on a scale of $\frac{1}{1,000,000}$, or about thirty-two miles to an inch. On this scale the moon would be very nearly six feet in diameter. The drawings of Censorinus are on four times this scale.

Very many of the craterlets upon the moon are lined with a white substance which becomes very brilliant when illuminated by the sun. The same white substance lines portions of some of the larger lunar craters, and is found also on a few of the higher lunar mountain-peaks. It may be noted in this connection that, owing to the bright yellow color of a large part of the moon's surface, the white regions present a greater contrast on photographs, and are thus more clearly defined than they are when observed visually through the telescope.

Besides these very bright patches and spots, there are other regions less brilliant, but exhibiting a curious characteristic. They are invisible for the first twenty-four hours after sunrise, but gradually appear as the sun rises higher and higher, becoming fairly conspicuous at the end of a couple of terrestrial days. Later they begin to fade, and finally disappear shortly before sunset. These "partly bright" regions, as they may be called to distinguish them from the wholly bright spots first noted, comprise considerable areas in the interior of some of the larger craters. They cover the upper slopes of many of the mountains, the rims and sometimes the central peak of numerous moderate-sized craters; and form a bright halo, so to speak, extending for miles around many of the smaller craters and craterlets. The most striking appearance, however, consists of long bright lines radiating in all directions—in some cases for hundreds of miles—from some prominent central crater.

It seems likely that these partly bright regions represent areas that are only partly covered with the white material—whatever it may be—of the more brilliant patches, which, perhaps in some degree through melting, has sunk into hollows and crevices, leaving the projecting irregularities of the surface exposed. On account of the rarity of the atmosphere, the lunar sky is absolutely black, and no substance, however white, will be visible until it is illuminated by the direct rays of the sun. This explains why the partly bright regions are invisible at sunrise, since the white material which causes them can become visible only when the sun has risen high enough to shine into the crevices and cavities in which it lies.

The illustration on page 93 represents the chain of peaks known as the Apennines, taken at the close of the lunar day. It will be noticed that many of the peaks, although within a few hours of sunset, are still very brilliant, while other lower surfaces equally inclined to the sun's rays are much darker. The brilliancy of the polar regions at the bottom of the picture is also quite noticeable, and is worthy of further attention. Thus, if we examine a photograph of the full moon, on page 95, taken at a time when the two poles are about equally illuminated by the sun, we shall find that it contains three large bright regions and numerous comparatively small ones. The latter are always associated with mountain-peaks or craters. Of the three large areas by far the most conspicuous surrounds the great crater Tycho, and extends northwestward from it as far as the moon's equator. This whole region is elevated and mountainous. The two other large areas surround the two poles of the moon; that at the south pole is virtually continuous with the region surrounding Tycho, although the space between them is slightly less luminous than either of these regions. The north polar region is quite isolated from the others. The entire limb or edge of the moon is dark except for these two bright polar spots.

The question now arises, What is this white material? The fact that it gathers at the poles, on mountain-peaks, and about the rims of craters, would lead us to suspect that it might be hoar-frost or snow; but there are still other facts bearing upon the question which should first be considered. It will be convenient, for this purpose, to return to the crater Linné, which has perhaps been more carefully studied than any other feature of the moon's surface, and about which our early knowledge is more reliable. This crater is surrounded by a halo of partly bright material, which becomes visible only a day or a day and a half after sunrise. The diameter of the halo was measured a number of times by ten different astronomers during the years 1866, 1867, and 1868. For the most part these measures lie between five and a half and nine and a half miles—a perplexingly wide range of variation. In 1897 and 1898 another series of measures of Linné was made by the writer, who found that his measures, too, varied through a wide range, extending from two and a half to five miles. The results seemed inexplicable at first, until it occurred to him to compare the diameters of the area in question with the



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

4. THE LUNAR APENNINES.

number of hours that it had been exposed, in each case, to the sun. The whole matter then became clear. When the white spot first became visible, one and a half of our days after lunar sunrise, it was five miles in diameter. As the sun rose, the spot rapidly diminished in size, until, one day after the lunar noon, it was only two and a half miles in diameter. From then on, till one and a half days before sunset, when it disappeared, it steadily increased in size, reaching a diameter of four miles. During the lunar night it must have continued to increase, until after sunrise it again became, as before, five miles in diameter. We thus see not only that the spot was then permanently smaller than it had been thirty years before, but also that it was subject to a change in size dependent on the altitude of the sun. The latter phenomenon is evidently analogous to that of the changing size of the polar caps of Mars or of our own earth.

Since drawings are sometimes more satisfactory than mere numerical results, I give, in the accompanying figures, some sketches made in Jamaica, during the past year, showing the changes in the outline of some of these small white regions after they have been illuminated for different periods by the sun. It will be noticed that in the case of Linné the spot was smallest one terrestrial day after lunar midday, and then again increased in size. In the case of another crater, Abulfeda *e*, on the other hand, the spot continued to grow smaller until it disappeared, and was not seen again until the next "lunation," or lunar day. The date of disappearance was about one day before sunset. Censorinus is another craterlet showing similar changes, except that the spot does not disappear until sunset.

Although the outlines of these white spots are sharply defined in the drawings, for the sake of clearness, yet they are much more



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

5. THE FULL MOON.

This view of the full moon is so printed as to show the moon as it appears to the eye in a small telescope. In comparison with Figure 6, it should be noted that the polar regions are but little brighter than the left-hand edge.

hazy when seen upon the moon, and the observation is by no means an easy one except under favorable atmospheric conditions. The reason is, as already pointed out, that to the eye the contrast between the yellowish-white rocks and the snow is comparatively slight. Unfortunately, these objects are too small to photograph satisfactorily. It has recently been found that their outlines are much more distinct when viewed through blue glass.

There is one other formation that may be mentioned in this connection that should have special interest for all amateur astronomers, since it can be readily studied with the smallest telescope, and yet has gone through a series of changes that no astronomer has as yet been able to explain. I refer to the pair of craters known as Messier and Messier *A*. Their history, in brief, is as follows: Schroeter first suspected some change in them, and represents Messier as the larger of the two. Beer and Maedler state that in size, shape, and brightness they are precisely alike, and that the striking resemblance between them is most extraordinary. Webb pronounced them markedly dissimilar, *A* being now the larger of the two, and of an entirely different shape. Neison describes *A* as elliptical; Elger says it is triangular, with curved sides.

Here would indeed seem to be sufficient evidence of a physical change on the moon's surface, excepting for the fact that, as Neison justly observes, "it does not seem possible to conceive any admissible manner in which such a change could have been produced. . . . Until it can be shown with probability how on the moon a round ring-plain some miles in diameter can be squeezed into a contorted form, the difference now existing between the two ring-plains of Messier will not in general be held to establish an instance of actual change in the formation on the surface of the moon."

Now, singularly enough, not only was every one of these astronomers undoubtedly right in his observations, but any amateur can watch these identical changes going on from night to night at the present time. He can watch a round "ring-plain" some miles in diameter as it is apparently in the process of being "squeezed" into a great variety of contorted forms. Moreover, at different lunations these forms are by no means identical. Sometimes one crater is the larger, sometimes the other. Sometimes one or both are triangular, sometimes elliptical. When elliptical, sometimes they are parallel, sometimes nearly at right angles. All these changes can be watched with a four-inch telescope, yet no one can predict them, save



7 — 1901, June 25, 2.8 days. 8 — 1901, June 28, 5.7 days.

THE CRATER ABULFEDA *e*.

in the roughest way, nor give the reason for them.

It may be suggested that an irregularly varying distribution of hoar-frost, instead of a definite distribution under definite conditions, may have something to do with the changes observed; but this is certainly not a complete explanation, and cannot therefore be called entirely satisfactory. Some of these shapes are shown in the drawings of the crater Messier on page 98. Figures 16, 17, and 18 were all taken at about the same time in the lunar day on different lunations; not only their shapes, but also the dark markings within them, all are different. The dotted lines indicate a hazy light bounding Messier on the north and south. It will be noted that the last sketch gives the impression that if this haze were more brilliant, so as to be indistinguishable from the brilliant crater, we should have the appearance of two bright elliptical craters upon a dark background; and this was, in fact, the appearance on the previous day, July 1, 1901.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

6. THE FULL MOON.

Here the full moon is photographed so as to bring out those regions that are supposed to be covered with snow. As compared with Figure 5, the real difference in the nature of different parts of the surface is here shown — a difference which the eye alone would hardly suspect. The position of the moon's poles is indicated by the two white lines.

ORGANIC LIFE.

WHILE the differences in the atmospheric conditions of the earth and moon render it impossible that similar organic forms should exist upon them, the differences between the two are, nevertheless, less marked than those which exist above and below the surface of the ocean — differences which certainly do not serve as a hindrance to a luxuriant organic growth in either region. If the moon possesses an atmosphere containing water-vapor among its ingredients, no matter how rare it may be, there is no reason in the nature of things why organic growth upon its surface should be impossible, although it seems probable, under these circumstances, that any such growth would be of a very low order, as compared with that existing under the more favorable conditions upon the surface of the earth. Moreover, if we find evidence of such growth, this, in its turn, increases the evidence in favor of the existence of water-vapor, and, consequently, in its frozen form, of hoar-frost.

My attention was first drawn to the "variable spots," as I then called them, while observing at Arequipa in 1893. Since then it had been possible to give little attention to the matter until last summer, when a return to a low latitude in Jamaica enabled me to continue the researches under suitable atmospheric conditions. The general phenomena exhibited by a variable spot are a rapid darkening, beginning shortly after sunrise, followed by an equally rapid fading toward sunset. The darken-

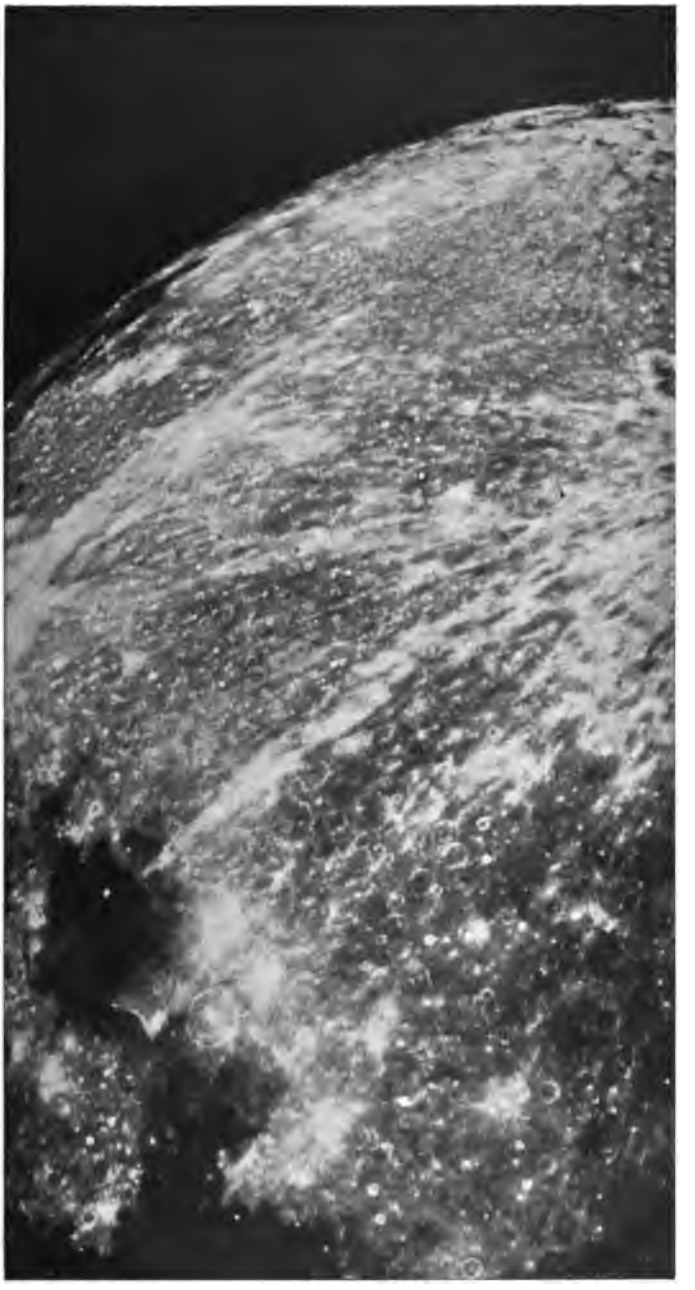


9 — 1901, July 1, 8.8 days. 10 — 1901, July 3, 10.8 days.

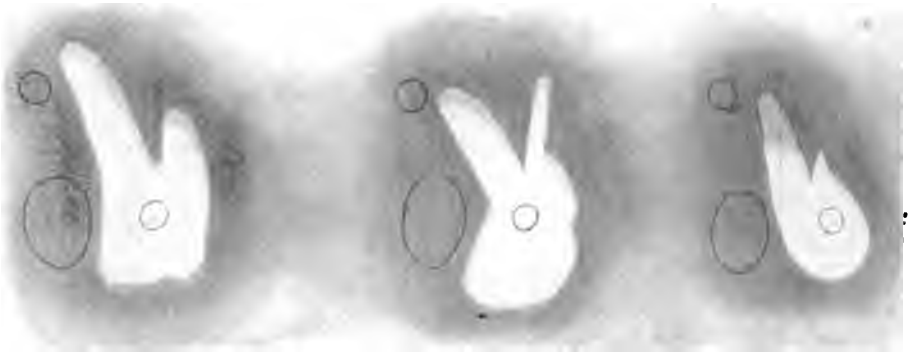
THE CRATER ABULFEDA *c*.



Of these two pictures, that at the left represents a portion of the moon at sunrise, and that on the right hand the same region five and a half days later in the lunation, when the surface has become partly obscured by the appearance of the snow. The right-hand picture was taken two days before full moon, when nearly all of the shadows had disappeared. A few small



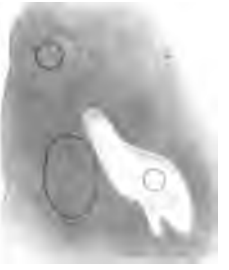
regions can be identified which are particularly bright in both pictures, and are permanently bright under all illuminations, but most of the white areas in the right-hand picture belong to the second class, that of partly bright regions.



11 — 1901, March 27, 3.1 days. 12 — 1901, March 31, 7.1 days. 13 — 1901, April 5, 12.2 days.

THE CRATER CENSORINUS.

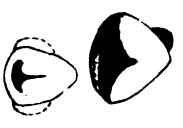
ing is sometimes accompanied by a diminution in size, and the fading by an increase. Near sunrise and sunset the spots are almost invisible. At their maximum some of the spots are intensely black, some are a dark gray, and others a light gray. Near the equator the changes in density occur frequently in the course of a few hours after sunrise; in higher latitudes several days pass before the changes begin, but they are then usually very rapid. No spots are known north of latitude $+55°$ or south of latitude $-60°$. The spots are always associated with small craterlets or deep, narrow clefts, and are often symmetrically arranged around the former. When found inside of a crater, they always, unless very extended, occupy the lowest portion of the floor. If the floor is smooth and level, few



14 — 1901, April 7, 14.3 days.

that they cannot be due in any way to shadows, which are geometrically impossible at full moon. Consequently, there must be a real change of some sort in the nature of the reflecting surface. Organic life resembling vegetation, but not necessarily identical with it, seems to be the only simple explanation of this change, and if we consider the long lunar day as being analogous, on a small scale, to our terrestrial year, the theory of such life seems to be an adequate explanation — coming up, flourishing, and dying just as vegetation springs and withers on the earth. At least, the burden of proof would seem to lie with those who have any other solution of the observed facts to offer.

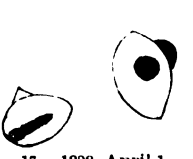
The sketches on page 99 show the changes which take place in the interior of



15 — 1898, June 26, 4.3 days.



16 — 1898, August 26, 6.4 days.

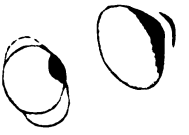


17 — 1898, April 1, 6.7 days.



18 — 1901, June 26, 6.6 days.

changes of interest occur in the spot during the lunation, but if rough, very marked changes are liable to be seen. Since those spots found near the center of the lunar disk are blackest when the moon is full, and fade out at sunrise and sunset, it is evident



19 — 1901, July 2, 12.9 days.

THE CRATER MESSIER.

the crater known as Franklin, after it has been exposed for certain intervals to sunlight. At first the floor is bright. It soon darkens uniformly, but on the third day the extreme northeastern portion begins to fade, and by the sixth day the faded region



20 — 1901, March 24, 1.1 days.



21 — 1901, April 26, 4.7 days.



22 — 1901, March 31, 8.1 days.

covers one quarter of the floor. On the fourth day a slight darkening is noticed to the south of the central peak. This rapidly develops, and the next day the region is seen to contain two very dark spots, each located in the vicinity of an elongated crevice which may be observed earlier in the lunation. These spots remain virtually unchanged until the twelfth day. They then suddenly fade, and by the next day have completely vanished, leaving only the gray tint in the southwestern half of the floor, which disappears at sunset.



23 — 1901, April 4, 12.4 days.



24 — 1901, April 5, 13.4 days.

THE CRATER FRANKLIN.

Other craters, such as Atlas, Alphonsus, and Riccioli, present similar phenomena. In the last, which is near the equator, the changes are exceptionally rapid, and occur immediately after sunrise. Since it is located near the eastern edge of the disk, sunrise occurs a day or two before full moon, and the complete series of changes can therefore be watched in the course of a single night. These changes are very striking, but can be seen to advantage on only two or three nights in the course of a year when the libration is favorable; that is to say, when that edge of the moon is turned slightly toward the earth so as to bring the crater well into view.

The few examples of change above described each represent the result of many nights of watching, and many hours of study. They serve, in this place, to illustrate the new selenography—the selenography which consists, not in a mere mapping of cold dead rocks and isolated craters, but in a study of the daily alterations that take place in small selected regions, where we find real, living changes, changes that cannot be explained by shifting shadows or varying librations of the lunar surface.



AUBREY DE VERE.

DIED JANUARY 20, 1902.

BY G. E. W.

TRUE to the Muse, and unto mankind true,
Bard of thy race, amid the foolish sage,
Take now thy crown among our sacred few,
Who wast Christ's laureate in a faithless age.



DRAWN FROM LIFE BY J. W. ALEXANDER. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

MR. SWINBURNE.

BY EDMUND GOSSE.

BY general acclamation Mr. Swinburne takes place to-day at the summit of our contemporary Parnassus. Twenty years ago, as Browning once amusingly said, the English public seemed inclined to recognize "two kings of Brentford"—Tennyson and himself. But since 1892 no serious critic of any school has pretended that Mr. Swinburne is not the greatest living English poet. This supremacy being acknowledged, and the immense services of this writer being taken for granted, we are next confronted by the curious fact that the premier poet of England, and, with the doubtful exception of Mr. George Meredith, her most eminent contemporary man of letters, is very little discussed nowadays, takes no part in the movement of literature, and is almost wholly without influence. Once belauded and imitated by every scribbler in the land, Mr. Swinburne rises out of the mass of writing people like an inaccessible snow-mountain that nobody looks up at any longer, and that no one dreams of climbing.

This is a passing mood of the strange, sensation-loving, idle world of letters. It does not matter; Mr. Swinburne is there, and one of these days the Mahomets of criticism will come to him. But just at this moment, when his shrine is comparatively flameless, it may be interesting, in a very brief and summary manner, to see where the body of his production stands, and how it begins, as time recedes, to resolve itself into periods or masses. In writing about Mr. Swinburne, an old friend has to beware of the unseemly "I could an I would" attitude; but it is quite certain that a province of literary history at present entirely unexplored, and of the most entrancing interest, will one day be revealed, when the chronicle of Mr. Swinburne's intellectual development from, say, 1850 to 1865 is published in the fullness of time. From the first it was understood and almost fulsomely insisted upon that Mr. Swinburne was "precocious." The whole note of his reception, at the moment of his meteoric flight into fame, was, "And he 's so young." Mr. Swinburne lived on into later middle life under the halo of his astonishing "youth."

Now, in 1865, when he flashed so brilliantly on the world, he was no longer, as a matter of fact, so excessively juvenile: he was in his twenty-ninth year. But, without indiscretion, it may be proved that the instinct of the public was right. I believe that I may venture on a single anecdote, which is of real interest: I have been told, on the best authority, that Samuel Rogers hailed our bard as a poet of the future. Now, Mr. Swinburne was only eighteen when Rogers died, and the visit in question certainly took place long before the final decline of the venerable author of "The Pleasures of Memory." Indeed, it may be confessed, Mr. Swinburne was a small boy at Eton at the time. Some years ago, in happening to turn over some old volumes of "Fraser's Magazine," I was struck by some stanzas beginning:

Where shall I follow thee, wild floating symphony?

and signed "A. C. S.," in an early number for the year 1849. Two months later, as search revealed, a longer piece of verse, beginning,

To struggle when Hope is banished,

bore the same initials. These pieces, though very childish, possess a certain fluency and gusto which faintly prefigures the adult genius of Mr. Swinburne, who was just twelve years of age, and about to go to Eton, when they were published. A careful search in the pages of "Fraser's Magazine" from 1849 to 1856 will reveal a good many more of these juvenilia, which I take to be unquestionably by Mr. Swinburne, and which I am confirmed in so taking by Mr. T. J. Wise, the eminent bibliographer of our modern poetry. In the exquisite lines to Burne-Jones which form the epilogue to the "Poems and Ballads" of 1866, Mr. Swinburne says of those famous lyrics that

Some sang to me dreaming in class-time
And truant in hand as in tongue;
For the youngest were born of boy's pastime,
The eldest are young.

In other words, the contents of the volume of 1866 were written at Eton before 1853, in Northumberland and at Oxford until 1860, and in various places during the Wanderjahre 1860–65. It will probably be discovered that "Atalanta" and "Chastelard" were both written long before they were published, and the last date at which Mr. Swinburne made a public appearance does not belie the true legend of his marvelous early maturity.

He made a few half-hearted efforts to meet the eye of the public before his great triple advent in 1865–66. He was known to be a writer of brilliant verses. Early in 1858 Tennyson quaintly records that "young Swinburne" came to dinner, and struck the family favorably, "but what I particularly admired in him was that he did not press upon me any verses of his own." Evidently there were known, at that early date, to be verses which might have been "pressed." That was, indeed, the year of "Undergraduate Papers," to which Mr. Swinburne, among other things, contributed a long poem of "Queen Iseult," which has never been reissued. It bears strong internal evidence of the deep impression made on the young poet by the early Arthurian work of Mr. William Morris, whose "Defense of Guenevere" appeared in that year (1858). As a curiosity, the closing stanzas of "Queen Iseult" may, with apologies to its author, be quoted here, as the original is rare:

> So in her great sorrow's praise
> A fair tomb he bade them raise,
> For a wonder to the days.
>
> And between its roof and floor
> Wrote he two words and no more,—
> Wrote *Roland* and *Blanchefleur*.

In 1860 came the earliest definite publication, that of the two plays "The Queen Mother" and "Rosamund." This was "affectionately inscribed to Dante Gabriel Rossetti," whose acquaintance he had made in 1857, when the painter-poet was decorating the Oxford Union with visions which have disappeared almost as completely as those very "daughters of dreams and of stories" themselves. The volume of plays fell absolutely still-born from the press, and the author withdrew once more in dudgeon into private life. Of the original Pickering edition of "The Queen Mother" and "Rosamund" it is said that only twenty copies were distributed. One of these lies before me as I write, and I perceive that the poet's name is misprinted on the label "A. G. Swinburne."

If, however, he was late in coming forward with a vivid appeal to the public, Mr. Swinburne was fortunate in his delay. No more perfectly happy appearance, in its conjunction of circumstances, was ever made than by the poet of "Atalanta in Calydon." He was fresh with youth and joy, yet perfectly mature in judgment and genius; he was entirely unknown to the world, but had long been whispered about and exulted over in a circle of ardent and influential admirers. Rossetti, whose private voice carried more weight with it than twenty reviews, had read his young friend's verses, and openly pronounced them "highest in inexhaustible splendor of execution." The time was ready for a new poet: a certain exhaustion was obviously draining the world of English letters. All the whispers of the powerful coteries announced the coming of a poet the most radiant and revolutionary that the modern world had seen. Mr. Swinburne blazed away in the darkness with three successive rockets, "Atalanta in Calydon" and "Chastelard" in 1865, and "Poems and Ballads" in 1866. As was said of an earlier poet, "he broke out like the Irish Rebellion, threescore thousand strong, when nobody in the least expected it."

Thirty-five years have passed, but we have not seen again anything like the cumulative sensation of those three volumes of poetry. First came "Atalanta," in its beautiful white cover with mystic golden spheres designed by Rossetti, with its gushes of pure melody, such as:

> For the dead man no home is;
> Ah, better to be
> What the flower of the foam is
> In fields of the sea,
> That the sea-waves might be as my raiment, the
> gulf-stream a garment for me;

and its accents so strangely, poignantly new, as in:

> I would the wine of time, made sharp and sweet
> With multitudinous days and nights and tears
> And many mixing savors of strange years,
> Were no more trodden of them under feet,
> Cast out and spilt about their holy places:
> That life were given them as a fruit to eat
> And death to drink as water; that the light
> Might ebb, drawn backward from their eyes, and night
> Hide for one hour the imperishable faces.

That was a note which had never before quite been heard in English poetry, and all men praised the new singer, although one and

another, like Tennyson, might shrink from the mixture of Hebrew invective with Hellenic fatalism. But, on the whole, an unbroken cloud of praise rose from the altars of the press. Then followed "Chastelard," through the five acts of the rich blank verse of which there quivered such a pulse of amorous passion that timid readers began to look into one another's faces, and to question whether the new young genius was not "going rather far." And then, before people knew where they were, there came "Poems and Ballads," and brought with it such scandal as had not been heard of since Byron and 1816.

It is amusing to look back, across many books and men, to the so brilliantly and audaciously indiscreet little green volume of 1866. It is difficult to reconstruct the horror and amazement with which the respectable reader regarded those dim heroines of Mr. Swinburne's—those

> Faustine, Fragoletta, Dolores,
> Félise and Yolande and Juliette

of his melodious numbers, or the ecstasy with which all youthful and ardent spirits rushed forward to welcome this emancipator of poetry, this herald of a new imaginative springtime. Those fascinating and always rather visionary ladies are now faint indeed:

> They are past as a slumber that passes,
> As a dew of a dawn of old time,
> More frail than the shadows on glasses,
> More fleet than a wave or a rhyme.

Nobody inquires very closely now into their errors. The little book in which they dance and sing is no longer locked up lest "young people" should meet with it and be destroyed. Nothing fades more quickly than literary impropriety, and the scandal of yesterday becomes the classic of to-morrow. When the late H. D. Traill, in one of his comic ballads, made a City merchant buy the book for his daughter on the ground that if she could find out what it was all about she must be "a deal cleverer than her pa," the moral sting of the songs that were "stained as with wine and made bloody" was already a good deal blunted.

What remained sharp and clear, and what will perennially so remain, was the enchantment of the art of these books. Why they produced such a ferment of sensation is easily to be explained. The author, it is true, was in the direct line of the poets—not out of it, like Mr. Rudyard Kipling, for instance: he had studied his Æschylus and his Shakspere; he was a direct disciple of Shelley, as Tennyson had been a direct disciple of Keats. But he had introduced a note of the most exquisite freshness into the closed chamber of contemporary verse. He had thrown open the window, wide open, for new words to enter, for new thoughts, for desperate and delirious images. In they came, the brisk Anglo-Saxon words "not fitted for poetic diction," the bold revolutionary ideas most scandalously smelling of regicide, the pagan images, with their flushed cheeks and fiery eyes, jostling the curates of contemporary idyl. All that was young, all that was erratic, all that was tired of compulsory propriety and the universal dowdiness of conventionality, rose with a sigh of rapture to welcome the lyric reveler. It was as though, at the close of a summer afternoon service in a Baptist chapel, the door should be flung open and reveal, in the glare of sunlight, a young priest of Bacchus, wrapped insufficiently in a leopard-skin, and playing madly on a flute. One conceives the just horror of the elders, and the frenzied interest awakened in what are styled "the younger members of my congregation." Such was the incursion of Mr. Swinburne in 1866, and nothing has ever been seen like it. Thanks to its immense success, perhaps, we have never needed to see anything like it again.

The group of works which we have just been considering, although they form a small fraction of Mr. Swinburne's entire production, are those by which he has made his deepest impression, and by which, to this day, he is best known to the public. At the mention of the poet's name, in the breast of the ordinary person of semi-cultivation there arises a vague remembrance of Atalanta, of Faustine, of Anactoria. It is thus that the world revenges itself upon a vivid temperament for the vehemence of the shock which its first impact gave. It refuses to receive a second or a third impression, however subtly or brilliantly given. But more than thirty years have passed since Mr. Swinburne definitely and finally relinquished the amatory paganism of his adolescence. He did so in words the symbolism of which left nothing to conjecture:

> But the fierce flute whose notes acclaim
> Dim goddesses of fiery fame,
> Cymbal and clamorous kettledrum,
> Timbrels and tabrets, all are dumb
> That turned the high chill air to flame;
> The singing tongues of fire are numb
> That called on Cotys by her name
> Edonian, till they felt her come
> And maddened, and her mystic face
> Lightened along the streams of Thrace.

He turned, without looking back, from "the storm-birds of passion, that ruffled wild wings in a wind of desire," to an entirely different scheme of thoughts and hopes. Mingled with the general rebellion of the volume of 1866, as one of its lesser elements, close observers had noticed a turbulent aspiration after political liberty. It had inspired the "Song in Time of Revolution," and the still more reverberating and glowing "Song in Time of Order." The "Ode to Victor Hugo"—written, as I am informed, in 1865—was full of this republican fervor. But in 1866 the poet, already prepared for and almost consecrated to the service of the cause, yet not perceiving exactly what direction his activity should take, met Mazzini. The great Italian patriot, as I have been told, at their first meeting bade the ardent disciple leave off singing about love, and dedicate his genius wholly to the celebration of liberty. Accordingly, in the second group of Mr. Swinburne's poems we see him engaged in no other interests but those of political revolution; in season and out of season he is shouting the republican battle-cry. The publications of this period of his work are "A Song of Italy" (1867); "Ode on the Proclamation of the French Republic" (1870); "Songs before Sunrise" (1871); and "Songs of Two Nations" (1875).

There is something faintly pathetic in turning over the pages of these jubilant prophecies of successful insurrection. It is not merely that the revolutions so melodiously heralded have not taken place, but that after thirty years there is virtually nobody left who wishes that they had. The poet saw "a rose renewed with red new life begin in the bruised heart of Spain," but we are all very happy to congratulate Alfonso XIII on the approach of his sixteenth birthday. The sound of all "the ringing rivers" of Germany was announcing a republic to the disciple of Mazzini in 1867, but what does the Kaiser say in 1902? Even in Rome, even in Athens, there reigns a fairly popular and extremely constitutional monarch. In September, 1870, Mr. Swinburne was rewarded by a republic in France, and of that for thirty-two years he has had to make the best he can, since the proclamation of a republic in Brazil was, and is, definitely repugnant to the Muses. Moreover, with the moving age the poet himself has moved, and no imperialist is to-day more scornfully and patriotically hostile than he to the notion of a republic in Ireland or the Transvaal. He has changed, we have changed, the world has changed.

This chain of circumstances has had a very unlucky effect upon the political group of Mr. Swinburne's writings. Composed in a heat of most sincere enthusiasm, these odes and litanies and hymns to the republic now produce the opposite effect, an air of affectation and coldness. This is extremely unjust to the poet, but for the time being it seems inevitable. Frankly, nobody in the world is interested, at the opening of the twentieth century, in "the imminence of immeasurable insurrection," and the time has not arrived when this curious episode in poetry will take its historical position, and recover its positive value as the record of a wave of international feeling. For the present, it is hopeless to endeavor to make people care about "Songs before Sunrise," or even to perceive that the book contains some of the most admirable poetry in the world—poetry which will, sooner or later, take its final place with the best of Shelley, Leopardi, and Victor Hugo. For it is precisely in this collection of tempestuous outpourings of chimerical politics that the amazing talent of Mr. Swinburne as a virtuoso is most brilliantly revealed.

It is doubtless owing to the unsympathetic and unreal nature of the central topic that comparatively few, even of those who read poetry carefully, seem to be aware of the transcendent beauty of a great part of "Songs before Sunrise." Yet, if we dissociate the symbol from its prototype, and think merely of the diction, of the imagery, of the music, what was ever written more exquisite than this:

> By rose-hung river and light-foot rill
> There are who rest not; who think long
> Till they discern as from a hill
> At the sun's hour of morning song,
> Known of souls only, and those souls free,
> The sacred spaces of the sea.

Or this:

> Only her bosom to die on;
> Only her heart for a home,
> And a name with her children to be
> From Calabrian to Adrian sea
> Famous in cities set free
> That ring to the roar of the lion
> Proclaiming republican Rome.

Or this, the opening of an "Ode on the Insurrection in Canada":

> I laid my laurel-leaf
> At the white feet of Grief,
> Seeing how, with covered face and plumeless wings,

> With unreverted head
> Veiled, as who mourns his dead,
> Lay Freedom couched between the thrones of kings,—
> A wearied lion without lair,
> And bleeding from base wounds, and vexed with alien air.

In such passages—and they are numerous in the pages of "Songs before Sunrise"—we have an intense intellectual passion translated in terms of art as exquisite as a most delicate skill in manipulating the English language can make them.

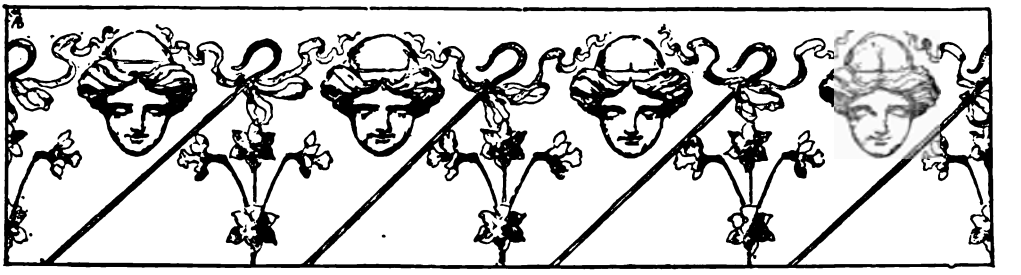
For a moment there may have been a fear that Mr. Swinburne, like Mazzini, might renounce the career of literature for the more direct path of political action. But for this he must have soon felt that he was unfitted. When the great patriot, late in 1870, was arrested on his return by sea from Sicily, and put in prison at Gaeta, the enthusiasm of the English disciple reached its summit. He could scarcely be prevented from rushing to Italy to attempt Mazzini's rescue. But the Italian government was only too glad to save him the trouble, and from this moment the storm of propaganda—*pensiere ed azione*—began to die down. It subsided in Mr. Swinburne also, and after the death of Mazzini at Pisa, in 1872, the English poet wrote little more about republics. Even the "Songs of Two Nations" of 1875 is mainly a reprint of what had been written before Mazzini died.

The third period of Mr. Swinburne's work in poetry is chiefly dramatic. This group is much less clearly defined than the two previous ones which we have briefly outlined, and it is accompanied by a ceaseless lyrical production which is independent of it. But we may distinguish in a sort of section the series of romantic dramas on which the poet was engaged from the "Bothwell" of 1874 to the "Locrine" of 1887. Among these we may place what has sometimes seemed to us to be the masterpiece of Mr. Swinburne's whole career, the noble choral tragedy of "Erechtheus." In juvenile days his sympathies had been strongly drawn to the career of Mary Queen of Scots, and the early tragedy of "Chastelard" is a first essay on a theme which later on inspired an entire trilogy, one of the most colossal of dramatic efforts. In her loss of personal liberty, in her reckless passion, in her paganism and her subtlety and her courage, Mary of Scotland commended herself on every side to the study of the poet. Mr. Swinburne has not merely celebrated her over and over again in elaborate song: he is even, in sober historical prose, one of the authorities regarding her chronicle.

Of Mr. Swinburne's plays I believe that only one, out of the ten which he has published, has been publicly acted. I was among those who had the privilege, two or three years ago, of witnessing a careful and respectful performance of "Locrine" in London. It was an experiment of a character no less hazardous than would be the staging of a tragedy of Webster's or a comedy of Middleton's. There was great peril in its long, lyrical tirades, in the figurative nature of its diction, in the slightness of its action, in the elaboration of its soliloquies. But the poem bore the ordeal better than could well have been expected. Its simplicity and fervor told; its melody gratified the ear without too much fatiguing it; its characters stood out well defined in a certain antique grandeur of outline. But for the theater, as at present constituted, it is obvious that Mr. Swinburne does not write. He has not been impressed a jot by the modern European reformers of stagecraft, and he follows the buskined tradition of the Elizabethans without a sign of being the contemporary of Ibsen and Hauptmann, of D'Annunzio and Tolstoi. The extreme ductility of his youth has been succeeded in advancing years by an absolute impenetrability to new ideas and forms, nor is this anywhere more curiously exemplified than in his successive contributions to the drama.

In the briefest consideration of Mr. Swinburne's place in English poetry, it is necessary to insist on the closeness of his relation to the whole body of preceding literature. He is linked, as with chains of gold, to Isaiah and to Æschylus, to Catullus and to Milton, to the Latin and Provençal and French and English poets in a long sequence that scarcely closes with Baudelaire and Victor Hugo. He is perhaps the most accomplished man of letters who has ever been able to apply himself to a universal study of poetry without thereby losing any of the individuality or any of the freshness of his own innate poetic genius. The time has not yet come for attempting to decide what the final position of Mr. Swinburne will be. He has not, we may be happily sure, lost his power to surprise us by new and marvelous feats in metrical magic. But however his reputation may, for a period, decline, or however the current taste of the age may wander away from his peculiar qualities of imaginative speech, it is perfectly certain that Mr. Swinburne's fervor and color, his impetuous melody, his great

resource in art, and his unfailing virtuosity, will always retain their importance in the history of poetry. Whoever comes and whoever goes, Mr. Swinburne must always remain one of the exhilarating figures of European literature in the nineteenth century.



A SONG OF ART AND SCIENCE.

BY CLINTON DANGERFIELD.

HE SPEAKS.

MULTIFORM Science, with swift, quivering hands,
And you, O Art, with strange, bewildering eyes
Which dominate my dreams, are there no lands
In which you have no part? A paradise

Lies in the forest. To the primal day
I will return, and I will break your claim
On me forever. All the splendid sway
Of beating waves and woodland sunset flame,

All first instinctive beauty, shall be mine,
Beyond your limits, and my every mood
Stir elemental joy, grown half divine,
Seeing true life and saying, "It is good!"

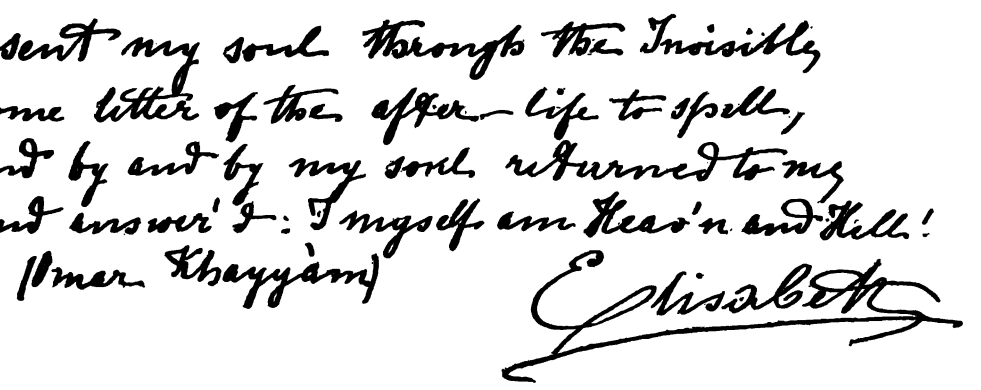
THEY ANSWER.

CHILD of the world,—grown in thy feeble pride
Most insolent,—who gave you sight? Who taught
You that symbolic splendor was allied
To sky and waves in which you first saw naught?

Who bade you even in the tiger's den
To seek weird charms? When on you visions fell,
Who, in a thousand ways, through many men,
Offered you power to hold them and compel

The mad world's ear? Aye, who, indeed, but we
The royal sisters! To your primal day
Return, and in your bootless liberty
Learn how all beauty passeth swift away,

Cloud-hidden, save we show it. Heed us not,
And Rapture stoops from her high throne in vain:
Thyself, in whom the brute is soon begot,
One with the cattle herding on the plain.



AUTOGRAPH OF THE QUEEN OF RUMANIA.

THE SUMMER LIFE OF THE QUEEN OF RUMANIA.

BY ZOÉ DE BALATCHANO.

IT was in August, 1878, that I returned to Rumania for the first time since my childhood, in order to be presented to my sovereign, Queen Elizabeth, who had graciously invited me to Sinaya, that gem of the Carpathian Mountains, afterward transformed by the King into the most ideal summer resort imaginable.

At the time of which I speak—a period immediately after our war of independence[1]—the coquettish-looking little town was only a mere handful of villas grouped about an ancient monastery, where the reigning couple resided. The magnificent structure, in the German Renaissance style, which now stands like a fairy castle in the valley of Pélès had hardly been begun. Bukharest and Sinaya were virtually connected by a railway; but the line did not extend beyond Ployeschi, and the seventy kilometers between that country town and the royal residence had to be accomplished by post.

The road made many an unexpected detour in ascending the steep inclines of the mountain, often winding along near the bank of the Prahova, a river that ran in torrents over its rocky bed, now shooting forth streams of emerald-green water, and again white with foam, which was flecked against our faces as we passed.

Taken as it was in an open conveyance, the drive proved enchanting. The vehicle rolled on at a pace which left one dizzy, to an accompaniment of rhythmic shouts from the postilions, whose many-hued garments seemed notes of bright color, thrown into relief by the dark background of wooded hills. Innumerable repetitions of the wild melopœia were echoed back as we drove on for hours, through dreamland, toward an enchanted palace. It was near the close of day when we arrived, and the sun, disappearing behind the towering peaks of Mount Bucegi and Mount Caraïman, had gilded the trees on the roadside with pale green-gold tints, that gave a fantastic touch to the scene.

My presentation took place on the following day. A state carriage, which had been sent for me, drew up before the door of my hotel, and no sooner had I stepped into it than a nervous dread of the approaching ordeal took possession of me. I had no idea how entirely one might rely on the Queen's gracious tact in the matter of overcoming all such sensations of embarrassment.

The memory of that first hour will remain with me as long as I live. Mlle. G——, the principal maid of honor, ushered me into a small salon so profusely decorated with alpine flowers, boughs of evergreens, and branches of pink eglantine as to have wholly the look of a bower. I swept a low curtsy, but before I could attempt a second one, Queen Elizabeth came forward with a charming smile, drew me toward her, and embraced me. Reassured, I ventured to look up, and met with an ineffaceable vision of loveliness and grace.

Of commanding stature, she impressed

[1] Up to the time of the treaty of Berlin (1878) Rumania was tributary to Turkey.

one from the first as being endowed with a rare quality of goodness. Brown, waving hair, worn at half-length, shaded with rebellious curls a brow as pure as a child's; changeable gray eyes gathered light or darkened with the ever-varying thoughts which animated them. The face was delicately oval in form, and a firm, almost imperceptibly arched nose gave strength and character to a physiognomy the ideality of which was no less pronounced than was its look of extreme youth. An expressive, mobile mouth, teeth like so many brilliant pearls, a complexion which had successfully defied the fatigue and broken rest inseparable from an exalted station of life—all these represented a personality the indefinable charm of which has never been adequately portrayed.

The Queen's costume had been designed to facilitate an active out-of-door existence. It was original—indeed, peculiarly her own idea at the time, although often copied since then. It consisted of a straight tunic of embossed velvet, bringing to mind the hunting-costumes seen on stained-glass windows of the time of Charles VII of France, a skirt somewhat longer than the over-garment, revealing long gaiters that reached half-way to the knee. Her Majesty gave a final touch to this medieval attire by wearing a becoming little cap made of the same fabric as the dress, the effect of which, as a whole, was largely due to her incomparable carriage.

At the first words that Queen Elizabeth addressed to me I was struck by the mellow quality of her voice. The conversation soon became interesting, and my annoying timidity vanished with the effort to respond to the countless ideas suggested by this enchantress—ideas with which the very atmosphere of the room seemed charged.

While talking, her Majesty took up some work that had been laid aside when I entered, and went on with her free-hand illuminating after the style of the Grimani breviary, done on large sheets of parchment, which were destined to form a part of the wonderful "Book of the Twelve Apostles," afterward given to the cathedral of Curtea d'Arges.

The text of this entire work was written out in Gothic characters by the Queen, whose designs introduce different varieties of the fauna of the country, and whose figures of the saints display the admirable regard for detail that is so noticeable in the missals of the old monks, with whom this form of art originated.

We discussed literature and painting, and all at once I became aware of that strong bond of sympathy which has sustained me in different circumstances of my life.

The Queen referred to her works with extreme modesty. Up to that time she had absolutely refused to have her already voluminous writings published, and she yielded the point only when she came to realize the amount of trouble it gave those about her to copy and preserve her manuscripts. The fact of her celebrity as an author, acquired under the pseudonym of "Carmen Sylva," is acknowledged throughout the world, though comparatively few of her poems have been translated into French or English.

The little volume entitled "A Queen's Thoughts" was, I believe, the first to win general recognition and appreciation in behalf of the writer's philosophic trend of thought and clear order of intelligence. Queen Elizabeth honored me by a gift of these aphorisms in manuscript, and her beautiful handwriting, with its regular upstrokes, in a way suggests the flight of birds of passage soaring toward the horizon.

If such details and daily occurrences as served to inspire her Majesty's improvisations could be noted down on the margin of each volume, they would make interesting reading. A chance word let fall in conversation frequently formed the corner-stone of a romance, a fairy-tale, or a poem. To this acquisitive mind all that came was as food for the creative flame, ready to kindle at a spark.

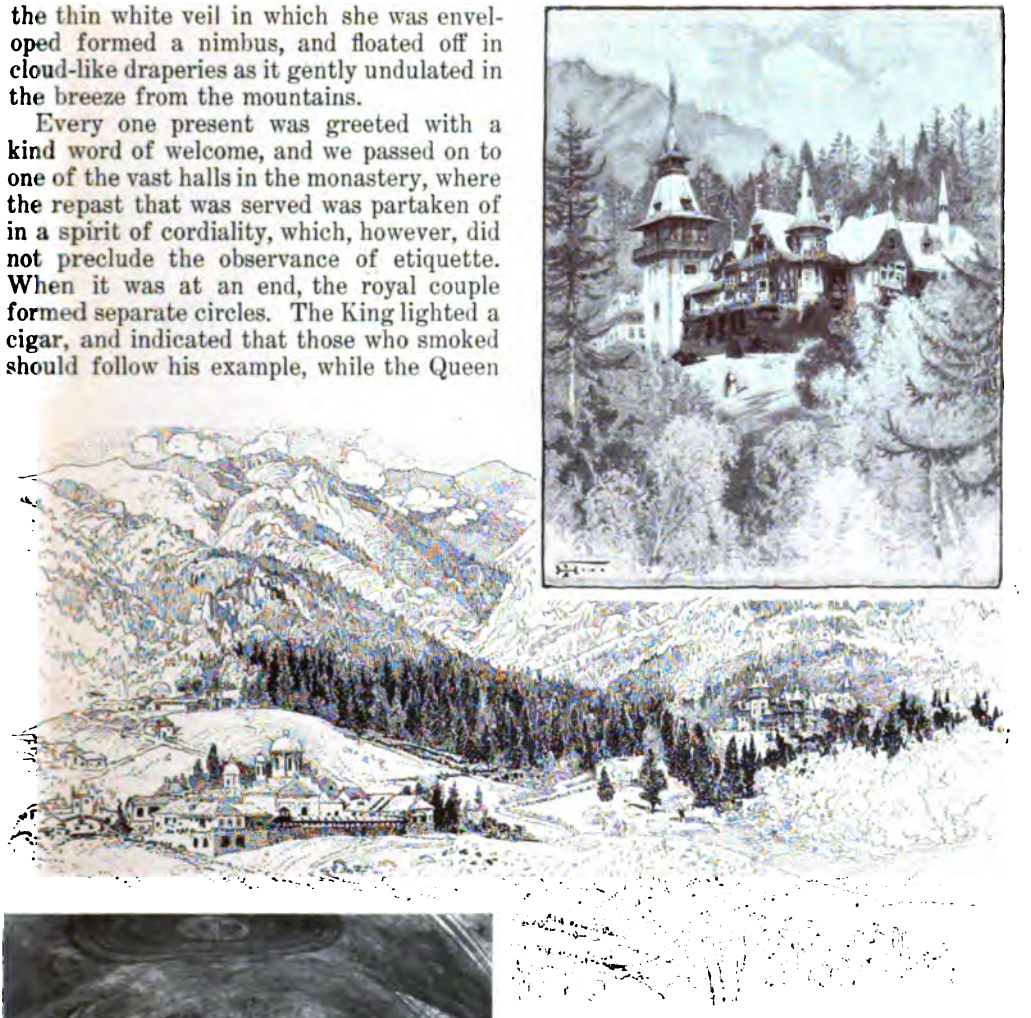
I do not know how long we talked before the opulent silhouette of the Queen's reader, the Baroness de W——, was seen through the tangled mass of flowers. She came to warn her Majesty that the luncheon-hour drew near, and that it was time to make a change in her dress. Simultaneously there entered a number of joyous *demoiselles d'honneur*, to conduct me to the room that had been prepared for me, where I too was attired in the *costume de rigueur*.

Half an hour later the members of the court and invited guests assembled in one of the open galleries of the old cloister to await the coming of the sovereigns. They were not long in making their appearance, and were duly announced by an aide-de-camp.

The King's noble countenance, delicate yet forceful, bore visible traces of the fatigue and care imposed by the recent war. The Queen looked even more queenly than before in her richly embroidered national dress, and

the thin white veil in which she was enveloped formed a nimbus, and floated off in cloud-like draperies as it gently undulated in the breeze from the mountains.

Every one present was greeted with a kind word of welcome, and we passed on to one of the vast halls in the monastery, where the repast that was served was partaken of in a spirit of cordiality, which, however, did not preclude the observance of etiquette. When it was at an end, the royal couple formed separate circles. The King lighted a cigar, and indicated that those who smoked should follow his example, while the Queen seated herself, and desired that the ladies who gathered about her should do likewise. Talk flowed freely, and when their Majesties had retired and the guests had taken leave, the young girls of the court were at liberty to dispose of their time as they pleased.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE FORMER MONASTERY AT SINAYA—CASTLE PÉLÈS ON THE RIGHT (SEE ALSO THE UPPER PICTURE).



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE OLD CHAPEL OF THE MONASTERY.

Four o'clock found us reunited for afternoon tea, which was served apart to the sovereigns and the members of their court; then came long walks through the beautiful country, or, better still, the Queen would arrange to have music. Many of her ladies excelled in the art and she herself was a gifted performer, and she constantly drew about her celebrated musicians, poets, and artists. Those were never-to-be-forgotten days, that passed too swiftly, satisfying every craving



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF RUMANIA ("CARMEN SYLVA").

of the soul by bringing within reach all that was elevated and esthetic.

It is impossible to give any idea of the vitality of this court, where the arts and sciences found a common meeting-place in an old monastery, and were under the protection of a queen who was herself an artist. The court of Navarre, in the days of "la Marguerite des Marguerites," may have been somewhat similar, except that what took place at Sinaya was without literary pretensions, and anything that bordered on vulgarity would have proved displeasing to the organizer and leading spirit of these charming fêtes. Every one who took part in them realized that the simple mode of life and the romantic surroundings were only passing privileges, to be enjoyed until such time as it became advisable to return to the palace in the capital, or until the Château de Pélès was completed; and this knowledge undoubtedly enhanced the value of the delightful hours in the cloister.

Like Fra Angelico, whose delicate creations and radiant archangels she cleverly reproduced, Queen Elizabeth invariably arose at dawn. She anticipated day, and when the clock in the courtyard (reserved for the use of the venerable monks, who had withdrawn to a remote quarter of the building) rang out its summons to matins, the work on the story or verses which she purposed to read to us at a later hour had already drawn to an end.

Sometimes, at a very early hour, I could hear the Queen's clear, powerful voice carolling as joyously as a bird on awakening; or the sound of her footsteps approaching my cell would be followed by a succession of sharp little taps on the window with her parasol. I would jump up hastily, to find it full day, ashamed to have been caught napping while my sovereign was setting so admirable an example in industry and early rising; yet I was never permitted to feel that I was not at liberty to do as I pleased. On the contrary, the Queen's maternal solicitude was aroused by my frail health, and she was unremitting in her efforts to spare me unnecessary trouble or fatigue.

In spite of this tender care, there were times when the malady that I was endeavoring to throw off reasserted itself and confined me to my bed. It was during these depressing hours that I learned to know the full significance of the name *Maïca ranitilor* ("mother of the wounded") bestowed on the Queen by the soldiers when she moved among them on the battle-field. Her presence by my couch, the soothing effect of her words, were restoratives that seldom failed to act like a charm. She did not always come alone, but sought to provide diversion for me by making my room a place where subjects of interest could be discussed.

On one occasion, a lady who had introduced first one topic, then another, strove to uphold the theory, and with no small degree of eloquence, that a person who had been overburdened by sorrow in early years was not apt to be happy later on. "Do not believe that," exclaimed the Queen, smiling brightly. Then, seizing upon a poetic figure of expression, she added: "Happiness is like the ocean. It bears you away from your past and its sorrow, provided you do not persist in looking backward."

At the time her Majesty was still suffering from the painful impressions evoked by the tragic scenes she had witnessed during the war of 1877; in her works she has engraved their most moving phases on the tablets of history. To how many humble yet heroic virtues has she not thus religiously raised an imperishable monument of glory! Her inspiring poems fired us with enthusiasm, and each one of us felt that she possessed the spirit of a warrior.

Certain days were set apart for charitable undertakings in behalf of deserving persons who had become disheartened by the miseries incident to want. Our sovereign, aiming to relieve their distress, founded a society which bore her name, and which still carries on its work under her august patronage, with the support of nearly all the women of Rumania.

The Queen seldom went out, especially when in town, without having a petition cast at her feet or thrown into her carriage. It devolved upon those of us who accompanied her to see that these humble requests were granted, either by drawing the necessary funds from her Majesty's private purse, or by forwarding the appeal to one of the ministers, with a strong recommendation to his aid. But it was the Queen's ready sympathy, invariably entering into these gifts, which rendered them priceless.

Although naturally gay and inclined toward happiness, above all at the period to which I refer, there were days and weeks at a time when the dear gray eyes were veiled with an expression of indescribable pain. The poems composed in these melancholy hours bore the imprint of a burning sorrow. One would have said that a mysterious combat went on within the Queen's proud soul,



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MANDY. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

MATINÉE MUSICALE—THE QUEEN AT THE PIANO.

until she finally gained a victory over the irrepressible longing for a beloved little being whose loss was not to be effaced by all the gifts of the earth. None ventured to touch upon this bereavement, for it was realized that Queen Elizabeth's maternal nature had sustained a blow the more enduring in that she was destined to remain uncomforted by other children.

It was toward art in its various forms that she turned for distraction, seeking to hide her grief in intellectual pursuits, and, as it were, bursting into flower after each silent struggle. It has always seemed to me that the Queen's character is based on phenomenal moral and physical courage. During her many illnesses I cannot remember having seen her abandon herself completely to inactivity. An adjustable small desk was attached to her arm-chair, and even to her couch, that this indefatigable worker might write or paint whenever the inspiration seized her; for she never allowed weakness or bodily suffering to obliterate thought. If the nature of her ills temporarily dulled her imagination, her Majesty gave herself up for weeks to music, being, as I have said before, an accomplished musician and an enthusiastic listener; or she would take up her embroidery, and accomplish marvels in the way of fine work and beauty of coloring.

The evenings spent in the royal hermitage at Sinaya were usually calm, almost like family gatherings, except when their Majesties received distinguished personages, or sought to provide entertainment for guests. These occasions served as pretexts for the young people who surrounded the youthful sovereigns to make the rafters of the austere cloister ring with the merriment of a dance, and to improvise plays and *tableaux vivants*, in which celebrated pictures by old masters were reproduced with much art. The Queen often threw a long cloak over her shoulders to protect her from the chilly evening air, and we would pace rapidly to and fro in one of the open galleries, where the moonbeams penetrated, until she was advised that the King was alone and awaited her.

We termed these nocturnal promenades *l'école des péripatéticiens*, because we never dared to sit down while philosophizing, for fear of the dew of these alpine nights.

Alas! autumn soon appeared, and warned us that the free manner of existence we had enjoyed must give way to the round of duties and worldly pleasures identified with life in the palace of the capital.

A short time after leaving Sinaya, the malady which had been arrested by the ozone of the mountains again prostrated me. By advice of her Majesty the Empress of Austria, that noble and admirable woman whose tragic death moved humanity at large, I was sent to the charming island of Corfu, whence I made my way back to my native country several years later.

My sovereign's brown tresses have now become white, and our talks of the past are tinged with sadness, but her enthusiasm for all that is beautiful and true remains as ardent as ever.

ILLUSION.

BY JOSEPHINE MARRS KING.

HUSH, lest the Dreamer wake. From that dear Dream,
Into some other he must straightway pass
Which no such comfort brings. In the Soul's glass
We darkly see, things not that are, but seem.

By Visions veiled, mysteriously kind,
Men look upon Life's awful Janus face—
So ghastly grim, so bright with starry grace,
We mortals else had long gone mad, or blind.

Thus men have ever lived—must so. And you—
Who see Life sad, unchanging, ever bare
Save draped by deathless Pity—leave despair.
Your Dream may be, that you can see things true.

BARTHOLOMEW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOGAN, M.P."
AND "FLITTERS, TATTERS, AND THE COUNSELOR."

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.



"THEY HAD UNROLLED THE WRAPS AND SHAWLS, AND WERE ADMIRING THE INFANT."

IT was a moonlight night of a cold spring, a late and chilly season, though drawing near to the time of long days.

An east wind had harried the town all day, sweeping acrid dust into the citizens' faces, lashing their cheeks with tiny spikelets of weather-worn granite, filling their hair with atoms of straw and of last year's sad leaves.

At sunset the wind had fallen, the warmth of the sunny places had gone, too, and a steel-like chilliness filled the air. Only for the long, clear twilight it might have been midwinter. Quiet possessed the place, drifts of dust left by the wind as by an ebb-tide were lying in strange marking along the deserted footways.

The soft light of the April moon streamed into a window and down, in a long, crooked beam, upon an uncarpeted floor, showing three pairs of children's shoes, each with its owner's stockings tucked in it. Close by, against a whitewashed wall, was a large bed on which lay three children, sleeping so

quietly that even their breathing was not to be heard.

It was quite different where a door led into a smaller room off this one. There was quiet enough, but not peace. A small bed was placed so that it sat opposite the window, which was unshuttered and had only a short muslin curtain, giving free admission to the moonlight. On this lay a woman, staring with fixed eyes out at the bit of sky to be seen through the top panes of the window.

Every now and again she turned and shifted her position uneasily, but always noiselessly. A holy-water font hung within her reach. She dipped her fingers in it, then began a prayer, but broke off with a groan.

"Disgrace! Disgrace! Heartless fraud!" she muttered. "It is easy for the magistrate to say that. Does he ever count how I have been robbed,—fifty-one pounds ten of bad debts,—and widow and all with three children as I am? I must pay my dealers to the hour. I have to give law and civility to all the world, to drunken men that can earn stalls of money and won't, out of good-fellowship, and won't pay me, but go car-driving and spend twelve or fourteen shillings of one Sunday. How am I to make up the rent—the rent?

"Five pounds five for sticking less than half an ounce of dripping under the scale? If I was a strong shopkeeper, and able to meet the inspectors, I would have gone free. Five pounds? How am I to overtake it? The trade is all leaving me. I am behind; I have not cleared twenty-five shillings this whole week. The rent—oh, God, the rent!" So muttering, she fell into an uneasy stupor every now and again.

"Disgrace, indeed!" She took up her text again. "To keep my children in their home?" The light crept down the wall by degrees as the moon rose, and at last reached the restless creature's face. It was that of a woman young still, but very careworn and thin. The lines of the mouth were soft and a little weak, but it was a good face and kindly, if somewhat querulous.

"Cheating the poor!" The judge's admonition seemed to ring in her ears. "I am poorer myself than them that cheat me. The moment the children come from school to-morrow I will go to St. Thomas and put up a candle,—God Almighty nor the blessed Mother will listen to myself,—and one apiece for each of the children, too. Himself knows it was for them I did it."

Two great tears filled her burning eyes, and, overflowing, ran down her thin cheeks.

That instant there rang a sound through the room, and startled her so that she let the beads fall with a rattle on the floor, and leaped into a sitting posture in her bed. She breathed the name of her youngest child involuntarily, and listened hard.

"I am mad, surely," she said, listening so intently that she could hear her own heart beat.

There was stillness for a second or so, then the cry was repeated—the fitful, imperious wail of a young infant awakening.

She rose quickly and hurried into the other room. One look satisfied her that the sound did not proceed from its inmates.

"This is no dream; I am awake," she said, pressing her hands to her aching forehead. That very instant the cry rang out again, sharper than before. She turned back, quickly passed through her own room into the shop, and with shaking hands began to undo the fastening of the street door.

"I can't! It is not possible." But the door opened, and on the one flat stone step lay a small, shapeless, moving mass. She looked out, and up and down the street. Not a living creature was to be seen. The morning was breaking, and the whole place lay empty in the gray light. Then a sudden blinding anger seized her. Who had done this to her, a lone woman? Was it the hand of an enemy, like the hidden foe who had denounced her to the police for giving short weight?

In her anger she had drawn back one foot as if to spurn the thing from her door into the street; but it cried again,—this time weakly,—and the sound had barely ceased when a rush of hot shame filled her.

"Almighty God, what had I nearly done?" she breathed, and swiftly stooped and lifted up the child and fled back into her house, as if fearful of being seen.

She shut the front door, forgetting to bolt or bar it, went through the shop into her own room, and lay down on the bed, with the infant still on her arm. She was breathless and panting; her heart beat in big throbs against her side. The creature moved its head once or twice, then seemed to find itself comfortable, for it uttered no further sound.

She could not think. She was dazed and stupefied. After the misery and terror of the day before, she had no power left for fresh emotion, though it was stifled. Little by little she grew calmer and more composed, and her strained eyes closed in sleep at last. The sun was shining brightly into the room when she awoke some hours later, and her



"ONLY ONE COURSE OF REDRESS OR RESENTMENT WAS OPEN TO HIM."

three little daughters, already dressed, were standing in wondering silence at her bedside.

She sprang up into sitting posture, and stared round wildly. She had forgotten her troubles, and they had forgotten her. The bundle on her arm rolled over, right side uppermost, and disclosed a small, red, puckered face. Tranquil enough, it was sucking its thumb.

"Oh," screamed the three little girls, "a baby! A baby! A baby!" The eldest seized it in her arms. "Is that for us? Oh, mama —oh, mama, I want it; give it to me!" They disputed and tried to take it from one another. The mother was awakened now.

"Stop, children!" she ordered. "Don't drive me mad." Then she saw by the clock that she had overslept, and force of habit asserting itself, she leaped up, put on her clothes hurriedly, and began her work.

The fire was still alive in the grate. She filled and put on the kettle, and kneeling down, worked the bellows energetically. She never turned her eyes once in the direction of the children. It was the duty of the eldest to set the table for breakfast, but all was forgotten. They had unrolled the wraps and shawls, and were admiring the infant, which they passed amicably from one to the other, every now and again calling, but in vain, to their mother to join them. She spoke not a word.

The fire kindled, she swept the room, and then the shop, out the door, into the street, working with feverish energy. She dusted and put the two little inner rooms in order; then unbarred the broad shutter of the window of the shop, showing the dishes of dripping and bundles of red herrings, firelights, cheap song-books, bottles and jars of Glasgow sweets, and clay pipes, which formed her chief stock in trade. On the two shelves which stretched from end to end of the wall, dishes of lump butter, canisters of tea, rolls of tobacco, real or imitation, filled the spaces between floridly colored advertisements, disposed so as to cover

empty spaces on the shelves; piles of old newspapers, stale cabbages, and sacks of potatoes, some half empty, occupied the floor.

The breakfast—tea and bread and dripping—was soon ready.

"Time ye were on the road to school," she ordered.

The youngest child, Cathie, was kissing the baby's face. All three came to the table, holding the child, as it were, among them. She looked at them grimly.

"Three to feed, three to keep, and how am I to do it now?" she was saying to herself. She steadfastly kept her eyes turned away from the baby as she stood pouring tea into three cups and cutting slices of bread, and she went out into the shop when she saw the eldest pour milk into a saucer and begin to feed the baby with a spoon. She closed her ears to the delighted cries of the three little girls busy with their new toy, a live doll

She gathered up potatoes where they had scattered themselves in corners; wiped down the greasy counter; then suddenly she stopped and wrung her hands together.

"None will buy them. I 'll be left; we 'll be ruined!" She almost said the words aloud. "Get away to school, will you?" she cried angrily.

"Who will mind the baby?" asked all three together, and the youngest ran to her. "Let me mind it. I will stay at home; I 'll be nurse."

"It 's a doll you want, in truth," the mother replied. "It is going up to the workhouse the moment I can get ready."

The youngest girl—she was only six years old—began to cry rebelliously, and the sound set the baby off into a hearty roar.

"What 's all this?" said a woman at the door—a very dirty and unkempt person, bonnetless, and with an unpleasing, scowling face.

The incomer was no friend. She owed the widow money, and had not entered her shop for some weeks, taking her ready-money custom elsewhere, an unpardonable offense. She had come now ostensibly to buy a pennyworth of butter or dripping, but really to spy how things were going—how Mrs. Fitzgerald was taking her punishment of the day before, and if any of the usual morning customers had called.

Mrs. Fitzgerald, distrusting her entirely, took an ironic, distantly civil tone.

"Just a visitor called for an hour or two on his way to the workhouse. He 's not going to stop long, Mrs. Burke, ma'am. He is impatient to be on his travels again."

"Laws!" uttered Mrs. Burke, opening mouth and eyes. "A foundling?"

"You won't take him to the workhouse, mama," pleaded the children.

"No? What, then, please?"

"Give him to us to keep. We 'll rear him. I washed Nanny Murphy's new baby; she lets me keep it as much as ever I like. Ah, mama, don't put away the nice little baby!"

The widow burst out laughing for reply.

"Do you tell me that was left on your door?" the neighbor questioned.

"Aye; about five this morning."

"You told the police?"

"No. I will take it to the chapel to be christened, and then I 'll leave it up to James street. Let them see to the police."

"Aye," sneered Mrs. Burke, "once in a way is enough of them."

The widow felt the gibe, but she affected coolness, and went round to the back of her counter, looking markedly at the plate the neighbor had set down there. The visitor was forced to make her purchase and go.

"That 's well rid of," commented the widow. "I 'll lock the door and let none of them in."

She did instantly, and scarce a moment too soon. Within five minutes the street was informed, and knocks and taps began to sound on the bolted door.

"Now, Clara and Catty and Moya, listen to what I say to you, once for all, and stop your whining." She raised her voice with sudden violence. "That child was left at my door to torment me, as if I had not misfortune enough. I am taking it to the workhouse as soon as I wash and dress and get it baptized. Let me hear not one word! Go to school!"

They stared at her, opening their deep-fringed gray eyes wide in remonstrance and surprise. They were like their mother, spare and reedy of form, dark-haired, and with large, expressive eyes, wistful and prepossessing of look.

There was nothing of terror in the gaze they turned on her. The young brood were on good and friendly terms with their mother. An early bond of union had been called into existence by the drunken father whose maniacal violence had been the terror of their existence and hers, and with reason; for the one boy of the house had died in some mysterious way before two thirds of his first year of life had passed. How or

why had never exactly been known, though surmised. Mrs. Fitzgerald was a silent woman, but the sudden death, by a fit, of a healthy baby had been, unfortunately, coincident with a terrible spree of the father.

The two elder ones kissed the waif and hung over it, then, singly departing, left it lifted the child, and sat down with it in her lap to calm it and herself, for she was trembling all over.

While waiting for the water to heat for the child's bath, for the first time she took a good look at her visitor. It was a dark-haired child, between two and three months



"'AYE,' SNEERED MRS. BURKE."

to Moya, the youngest. She sobbed once or twice, then wiped her eyes with her school apron, and turning round at the door, fixed them on her mother's with a solemn, wide-eyed stare, and said, pointing to the child, where it lay on the bed:

"Mama, you are bad! You are wicked! You are—"

Mrs. Fitzgerald let fall to the floor the cup and saucer she had in her hand, with a crash that shivered them into fragments and set the strange baby screaming with fright.

They were all gone now; the shop door was bolted. She was alone with her superfluous misfortune. The little girl's words had caused the blood to rush to her head with a sensation like pins and needles. She old, healthy-looking and heavy, she allowed, beginning to untie and to unroll the garments in which it was plentifully clad. Though coarse, they were clean and sufficient. Some working-woman's belongings, she thought, as she stripped off, one by one, the clothes and laid bare the little red carcass of their inhabitant. He was a fine creature, she grudgingly admitted, broad-shouldered, square-backed, and firm of flesh, a finer make of child than poor Barty, whom she had lost; and hot tears sprang to her eyes at the reopening of that ever-green wound, and trickled down on the little unheeding waif on her knee. She choked them back, and washed him dutifully, and gently, too, but unlovingly. The picture of her dead child came between. She raged in

her heart against the injustice of everything. Her one son taken from her!

"God's will, indeed!" she muttered. "That a man should make a wild beast of himself without let or hindrance, and—" But she drew her breath, for even to think of that was impossible; she had forgiven it all long ago, and prayed for both.

The lines in her face deepened and darkened, and she grew older and harder-looking as she sat watching the infant turning and twisting itself about on her lap, as if at home and contented.

Moya's words came back to her with weight and significance. Moya, too, young as she was, knew and feared the word workhouse. Even the children knew what that meant—something horrible, hopeless, and disgraceful too. All of a sudden she kissed the child's cheeks a couple of times. But she sprang up the next minute, and snatching her bonnet and cloak, put them on, and rolled up the child in his own wraps. At the door she found a group of women waiting. All were known to her. A couple who owed her money nodded impertinently to her; the others began at once to discuss the foundling without any prior civilities. She cut them all short.

"To the chapel? Yes, of course, at once," she answered, speaking generally. "James-street workhouse then, of course," she snarled. "What else?"

One and all, they began to praise the beauty and health of the child, and to descant on the pity, the certain ruin, of the workhouse.

"Any one likes can hinder it going there," she declared, swinging herself half round and free of the group. "Let some of ye that is able adopt it. I 'm not; I don't get my living so cheap as some people." She put a venomous point on the words, for one of her listeners owed her two pounds. "I have no one to work for me and my orphans."

They admitted this tacitly, but still persisted in their nagging comments.

"Chuck it into the river at once; as good as give it to them to kill it," shouted her largest debtor down the street after her. Then they all broke into open abuse. If she had no one to work for her, so best; she had no one to drink what she earned, or to take it from her. She might have been honest; she could well afford it.

Mrs. Fitzgerald soon arrived at the parish church—a big, dirty one. It was empty; the eight-o'clock mass had been finished for some time. All round the building the walls and pillars were lined, as by a tidal wave of black grease, with the shoulder-marks of the congregation. Every ledge was black, every resting-place was loaded with dust, the woodwork of the confessionals especially; the solid residuum of mortal sins was piled deep on their roof. The windows were all shut, and the smell of the vestry and of last Sunday's congregation, of candle-smoke and incense, mingled with that of the bonded warehouse beneath the dirty floor. Things spirituous and spiritual strove together for the mastery of the atmosphere.

She had rung the chapel-house bell and sent in her message before entering the church. The priest was not long in appearing, while the clerk, an old gray-headed man, lighted the candle and made the responses as godfather. Mrs. Fitzgerald, with an odd sense of its incongruousness, took on herself the office of godmother. Their voices echoed with a thin, chilled sound through the vast, empty building. The baby slept peacefully still.

"What name?" asked the priest, suddenly. Until that moment this important part of the ceremony had not entered into her calculations.

One that had been in her mind often, though for five years it had never passed her lips, sprang to them now almost unbidden.

"Barty!" she gasped.

"Bartholomew, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

The recipient accepted it, together with the cold water, with yells of reprobation. It was the second time that he had been baptized without his consent or knowledge, and the mark of that greatest of all infringements of his personal liberty—vaccination—was still tender to the touch. Three grievances had Bartholomew, and only one course of redress or resentment was open to him. That, however, was very wide open indeed, and good howls filled the building. He was baptized now, at all events. They were registering him as fast as they could. Accordingly he was crying for a Catholic university, so it was all right.

The clerk put out the candle in his usual manner, by putting his thumb and first finger into his mouth and pinching the flame; then, equally in accordance with rubric, he wiped his hand in the usual place—the back of his old black cassock.

The new churchman was registered as Bartholomew Fitzgerald.

"Mrs. Fitzgerald is my name, sir," added

the godmother. Then, cynically, "He 'll find plenty of the name where he is going."

His Reverence smiled approvingly, and added a commendation of her zeal in bringing the child to be baptized before taking him to the workhouse.

"There would probably have been an attempt made to register and baptize it a Protestant," he said over his shoulder as he walked rapidly away to his breakfast.

"Och! for the workhouse, what odds?" she muttered, wrapping up the baby once more, and taking her way out.

Once on the church steps, she paused a moment as the fresh air and the stir of busy life struck upon her in contrast with the scene and ceremony in which she had just taken part. The street was crowded, people were hurrying to work, and a noise of traffic filled the place. She shaped her way to the workhouse. The riverside was populous. She hurried along, avoiding looking at the passers-by. She was a home-staying woman, who seldom went out, and at all times she felt strange and out of her element in the street. But now, on her unwilling and ungraceful errand, she felt as if every face she met knew and questioned hers. They did not, in truth; everybody had his own business most of all at heart.



"'I FORGOT MATCHES,' SAID MRS. TOOLE."

The workhouse once reached, the official formalities did not take long. Before they were quite over, Bartholomew Fitzgerald woke up, and made known that he was thinking of another breakfast. Mrs Fitzgerald had been secretly hoping that this might not be; that she might hand over the bundle as it had first come to her, peacefully and silently, and without hearing again the cry that had gone through her heart with a pang as from a stab of a steel knife, when it had startled her first in the gray early morning. The pauper nurse, a repulsive-looking creature, was standing waiting, and held out her hands. Without as much as another look, Mrs. Fitzgerald placed the foundling in them, and turned and hastened away.

"We 'll all be after him here soon. Something tells me I will be here—myself and the children—before long," she murmured.

She unlocked her door and let herself in, not without noting that heads were at the windows and doors up and down the street, watching her curiously. Then she set her door open for customers, and began her day's work at the counter.

By the time the midday angelus was ringing from the city steeples, Mrs. Fitzgerald had sold two sods of turf for a halfpenny to a strange boy, and she had seen several of her best customers march past her to the big shop at the far corner of the street. At last a neighbor dropped in, a bonnetless, capless person, in no way ostentatiously or obtrusively washed or brushed. She observed Sunday in these matters of toilet, but respected the prejudice of her equals on week-days. Still, you could see that she was a decent-living, sober woman. Like Mrs. Fitzgerald herself, she hated drink to the extent of refusing it even when it was to be had for nothing.

"Good day, ma'am," she said pleasantly, resting her basket in a familiar way on the counter. The widow behind looked at her with a silent question in her eyes. In good truth, her heart had beat with a sudden pulse of relief, if not of joy, at seeing the newcomer. This one remained faithful, and she was a ready-money customer; not a penny was down against her in the book; and she knew everything, too—of course she did.

The widow choked a little as she forced herself to say, "I hope I see you well."

"Thank God! finely. We are having a fine,

open spring. I want a candle, and have you a tongue?"

This was an American pig's tongue, a barrel of which, one third full, stood at the back of the shop. Other purchases followed.

"I 'm thankful to you, Mrs. Toole," said the widow, taking the money.

"Don't speak of it." Then followed a pause. Mrs. Toole adjusted her basket, seemed going, yet stayed. "You put up that child?" she observed at last, looking at the ground as she spoke.

The other was silent for a minute.

"Mrs. Toole, my business is gone. It was bad enough before. I am not able to meet my rent, and you know well the bad debts I have made—over fifty pounds. The place won't hold over our heads, God knows." She stopped, and wiped her eyes with her apron.

"That 's what I said. I told them that. I said you had too much on you as it is."

"There goes Mrs. Cassidy—look now. Look at her with her basket, and she is passing my door, too. If I was a real rogue, and able to meet the corporation inspectors the way the big shops do, I 'd pass them and make my fortune. I can't live; I won't be let to live."

"Don't fret yourself, avic."

"Easy saying. My little way of living is melting under my eyes, and now I 've been up to the law, no one will look the side of the road with me."

"Shoo, shoo; that 's no disgrace. Don't let that annoy you. Every one knows you were hard put. Sure, all the shops do as much; and look at them—they have double sets of weights always handy. There 's worse than you, far." She spoke with the emphasis of profound conviction. "Here comes Mrs. Burke," and she made way for the next.

This was the visitor of the early morning. She wanted nothing; came for news of the baby only. She looked at the heavy basket the preceding customer was dragging with her, and a malevolent grin lighted up her dirty face.

"You had the child baptized, I hear, first. Aye, well, well, the workhouse is the place for him. They live no time in it, I hear; and, sure, that 's best. Let them go home to God as soon as they can. Who wants 'em here?"

"Why did n't *you* take and rear it and do for it, heh?" asked the widow.

A short, snarling laugh answered this. Then changing the subject: "Did you hear of old Minnie Kelly's wake? Her daughter that 's out at service drew all her wages and gave a great treat entirely. Oh, yes, indeed. She told the woman she was in service with it was no use to hinder her; she 'd go with leave or without it. She is a great girl, that Ellen Kelly. I was at it a couple of nights myself; not a sober creature in it. Ah, you may be talking!"

She noted the disgusted expression on the Widow Fitzgerald's face, and enjoyed the impression she was making.

"She was in a burial society, and one of those tontines, too. Sixteen pounds in all, I hear. Five days the wake is going on now, and then there will be no funeral while she has a tester left. Ellen Kelly says so herself."

"If you have money, you may do anything," said the widow. "Often and often I heard that if I 'd keep porter here for after hours or Sunday mornings, I 'd be the best then, never fear."

"Why don't you? Sure, you might as well," sneered the visitor.

Mrs. Fitzgerald looked at her threateningly this time, for the gibe in her voice was too insulting, too unmistakable.

"I 'll have nothing to do with that trade while I live. It won't be long, for I see I won't be let. I 'll be after that child to James-street workhouse—before long, either. Lord, help me and mine!"

"I 'll allow, indeed,"—the visitor changed her tone and became patronizing,—"it is hard on you, so it is. Bah!" she added; "this talking of goodness or badness is all trash and nonsense. You please yourself. If in pleasing yourself you please the rest of the people too, well and good, and you get a good renown; but if you don't please them, then you are the worst of the world, of course.

"There are people," continued the speaker, "who are cute and never get into displeasure. Look at Rody Flaherty, beyond there; he is a great man. He has two sets of weights, the world knows; and he hides one as soon as he gets the word the inspectors are coming. Those are the boys," she added admiringly; "you could not get into their houses, I hear, for sides of bacon and kegs of whisky—easy earned, too."

"May they blister them, and all like them!" breathed the widow, but internally. The woman's wicked talk was making her go cold down her back. She stooped and began picking up the dead cabbage-leaves that had dropped on the floor. After several attempts to renew the conversation, Mrs. Burke took herself off.

Mrs. Fitzgerald filled a black pot with potatoes, washed them at a tap in the back yard, and set them on the fire. Then she took

a plate with a morsel of cold pork on it from a cupboard in the wall. A loaf, the inevitable teapot, and cups and saucers, finished the setting forth of the table. She fidgeted about, watching the clock. She longed for the children's arrival, yet felt afraid to meet them.

She pulled a little stool from its place beneath the table, and sat down, with the bellows in her hand, to blow up the smoldering fire, for she felt cold. Want of sleep had disposed her to feel ill, the burning in her temples had never ceased. Between the puffs of the bellows she listened for the footsteps of the mob leaving school as usual. In a few minutes they, half stealthily, came in, all three at once, and very quietly she looked each one in the face, but met no response. They returned her look; silent reproof sat on their black brows, and the unwinking gray eyes were hard and cold. Usually they ran to her and kissed her, and told her the school news, making the dinner-hour one of recreation and lightsomeness to her—a welcome break in the sordid toil of the day.

The scanty meal was soon set before them, and they took their places. The youngest ate nothing, and hung her head. The mother pressed her, but no answer came.

"She is sick," volunteered the eldest; "could n't do her lessons. Her head is bad."

A new fear struck to the mother's heart, and she laid her hand on the little one's hot, dry forehead. She turned her own chair away from the table to the fire, and lifting her into her lap, encircled her with both arms.

"My heart's core, my little hen, what ails you?" she moaned, laying her cheek to the child's.

After a minute's silence the little one put up her hand to her mother's cheek, and turned her face to hers. "You are not bad, mama. I 'm sorry."

Mrs. Fitzgerald tightened her arms around the child, and stooped her head until it met the little dark-haired one that rested against her shoulder.

The other children finished their dinner in silence. The mother wanted none, and sat still, her brows contracting and the lines in her forehead deepening as she watched the cinders drop one by one into the grate. Presently there entered some one into the shop without. She lifted the now sleeping Moya deftly over to the bed, wrapped a coverlet over her, and passed out into the shop to attend to the customer. It was Mrs. Toole again.

"At least she will speak of good things," said the widow to herself.

"I forgot matches," said Mrs. Toole, nodding as she met her eye, "when I was in this morning. I am sorry to annoy you, coming again."

"Annoy me, Mrs. Toole? You have a welcome foot, I tell you."

"Indeed, you don't look quite yourself, ma'am." She looked timidly into the widow's face before going. "You don't mind my making free to say it as a neighbor? Mrs. Fitzgerald, ma'am, you are not wise to trouble yourself so much. This world is not all things. Don't think the worst."

"The worst!" echoed the widow, opening her great eyes. "My dear woman, you are the only one who left a shilling here this day, and to-morrow it will be worse—must be worse. We will all be after that child to James street."

"Pray! You should pray! Go to the holy saint at Harold's Cross. He can do great things for you when your mind is troubled. I had a friend, a Kildare woman; she was at service in Rathgar, and she left her wages lying a whole year, to have it for them at home to meet the rent; and one day the creature she drew it all, the whole year's earning,—ten pounds,—and went to buy an order to send it home. She had not gone two hundred yards on the Rathgar Road when she lost it. She was robbed or she dropped it. It was gone. My dear, she went quite frantic; she went quite mad, clean out of her head. At last she was found in Harold's Cross churchyard, and how she came there to this day she knows nothing of it, and she was screaming, poor soul, and climbing up a tree. Well, an old feeble creature of a priest saw her from the house, and he came to her and caught hold of her, and he laid his commands upon her that she should tell him what her trouble was; and she did. Then, my dear soul, he took her by the hand and led her into the church, and she still sobbing and screaming with her trouble, and he drew her up to the high altar and inside the rails, and he put her kneeling on the step of the altar itself, and he fetched the great book of the altar out of the vestry, and he read the Latin prayers over her until she became quiet and ceased to cry. Then he made the sign of the cross over her, and he bid her to go and never to think of her trouble any more. She told it all to me herself, every word I have said to you; and from that day to this the thought of that lost money never darkened her mind."

The speaker looked up into Mrs. Fitzgerald's face as she finished. The widow had

indeed been listening attentively, following with sympathy every word of the story, but only distantly, as one might a parable too vaguely worded to fit the occasion. She said nothing, only sighed.

"Would you not go to Harold's Cross and see the holy gentleman?" asked her friend. "He might do you good; it might rest your mind."

"You see," began Mrs. Fitzgerald, awkwardly, "she could make it up. She had only to go back to her work." She was thinking of the cook; then she sighed more deeply than ever. Mrs. Toole untied and retied her bonnet-strings.

"Still, to go might be good for you—might bring you luck."

"I never trouble them at any time. When himself—God rest his soul, poor man!—used to be—ugh!"—a long-drawn-out aspiration conveyed all her meaning,—"I never went near them with all my troubles, nor they me, though well they knew it; and I don't see the good now. I never was a voteen. I did my best and paid my way, as honest as I would be let, God is my judge."

"Don't speak against their reverences, alannah. It 's not lucky—you know it 's not lucky."

"They 're no customers of mine. Yah! it 's town councilors, no less, gets all their custom."

"Whisht, whisht!" said her friend, soothingly; "you don't mean it; you don't mean a word you are saying."

"I do; every word, every word! And I 'll stick to it. Them that have money can meet the inspectors and have the back of the priests. Am I worse than those below the street here, that have taken every customer I had? Where do chapel-houses get their groceries, I ask you? I and my orphans may go to James street. Do you think any one will interfere?"

"Whisht! agra; now whisht! You are vexed out of reason, so you are."

"Mary Toole, you are a kind woman, but I am broken and ruined, and my little orphans with me. I don't deny I did wrong, and I know it, but it was never the poor I went to wrong, but them that wronged me; that left me out of my money so long, and spent it, when they had it, elsewhere. And now I may face the workhouse—I that have fifty pounds owing to myself."

"Don't say it. Take heart and say a good thing, and a good thing will happen. You are too cast down."

But Mrs. Fitzgerald leaned her arm on the counter and laid her tired head upon it in silence. The dusk was falling now, and the shadows stretched themselves from the window to the shelves, and then everywhere, blotting out all the outlines, and gradually hiding everything. It was no use to light the lamps. After a word or two, which barely received an answer, Mrs. Toole gathered up her boxes of matches and left. The widow closed and barred the shutters, and withdrew to the back room.

Moya was awake. She caught her mother's hand in both of hers, as she bent over her bed.

"Well, my little honey, and what is it now?"

"The baby, the poor little baby, where is he to-night? Oh, mama, where is he?" and the voice trembled away into a sob.

"I think," she said grimly, "you will see him soon enough." "As if I have not trouble enough, my God!" she thought to herself.

"Oh, mama, when?" wailed Moya; and the two elder children, who had come in when it had got dark, raised their eyes to hers questioningly.

She looked at all three in a dazed way. Then she sank, quite weak, to her knees on the floor beside Moya's bed. "Where is he to-night?" rang in her ears like a portent. The two little girls looked at her curiously.

"What is mama doing?" asked Cathie.

"She has remembered she has forgotten her prayers," said the youngest. Very gravely she was wiping her eyes.

THE widow rose early next morning. She felt ill and despondent, but somehow calmer and more at ease with herself. She lighted the fire, filled the kettle, doing all very gently and quietly, so as not to awaken the three children; then dressed herself to go out, and taking the key of the shop door with her, hurried off. Nobody was up. Not a neighbor was to be seen, and, thankful that it was so, she sped down the street and away.

She returned, breathless and excited-looking, about an hour later, still unobserved, she hoped, and slipped noiselessly into the house, leaving the shop door open behind her. She paused an instant before going into the inner room, where she could hear that the children were awake, and disengaging one hand, for her cloak covered something heavy, she wiped her forehead and waited to get her breath.

Then she entered the room. One of the children was dressed, the other two were not yet up. She opened her cloak, tossing it back

with her free hand, and none too gently tumbled her burden into the bed between the two little girls.

"Now," she said in a quiet voice, "there 's your doll for you back again. Rear him among ye."

Without a syllable more, she turned her back on them, and hung up her bonnet and cloak, and set to her day's work, mute, and paying no heed at all to the clamor of delight with which the reappearance of Bartholomew was met, and to which his own voice lent no unimportant weight.

Moya sat up straight and clutched him in her arms, kissing his wide-open mouth with rapture.

"He 's hungry!" she shouted to the eldest. "Run for milk!" and she elbowed away her second sister, who wished to take hold of Bartholomew.

Clara seized a jug that was standing on a shelf, emptied its contents with no less promptitude into the fireplace, causing a sputter of smoke and ashes into the room, and in a wild state of excitement darted out down the street to a little dairy-shop where they dealt. The milk-dealer surveyed her leisurely.

"Good new milk; real good!" She echoed Clara's excited demand. "What 's up with you this morning?"

"Oh, Mrs. Quinn, be quick! He 's hungry, he 's crying! They have starved him in the workhouse."

"Ah, starved what? Are you mad, child?"

"The little baby. He 's back to us; mama gave him to us back again. Oh, do be quick, Mrs. Quinn!"

"Run!" was the reply; and the same hand that gave the jug waved back the penny.

Clara disappeared like a flash, and the milk-woman came round from behind her counter and followed with her eyes the flying figure until it vanished within the widow's shop door. Then she looked up and down in vain for some one to whom to impart the news. There was no one in sight, so she turned back most unwillingly into her shop, and served a customer or two, with a close eye to the window and any passer-by. Then, suddenly turning the key in the money-drawer and shouting a warning to some one at the back, she went out and up the street. After several impatient taps, she opened a latched door.

"Mrs. Murphy!" she hailed discreetly.

A very tumbled head of shaggy hair presented itself. This was one of the widow's debtors. She listened to the news rapidly imparted by Mrs. Quinn with an expression of surly disbelief.

At that moment a door at the back of the passage opened, and another person came on the scene. The draft of air from the front door had probably carried with it the scent of news. She was washing; drops of soapsuds fell from her crinkled fingers, and each arm was adorned with a well-marked black bracelet above the wrist.

"Come in, can't you?" she cried sociably to the two ladies at the door. "Himself is off to work."

Both tacitly accepted the invitation. The room was full of the reek and smell of soapsuds; lines of queer-colored clothing ran from wall to wall across the grimy apartment; gray-colored puddles, that had dripped from the lines above, were here and there on the floor. Much and voluminous conversation ensued. At last the laundress snatched a bonnet off a nail, then, as with an afterthought, flung it on a bed, and proceeded to rub with the palms of both hands a smooth surface on the front part of her hair. Having plastered it down flat on each side of her face, she surmounted it with her bonnet, having, after much hesitation, decided which was the front of the same.

"Me faze!" she suddenly ejaculated, as if she had forgotten something. And, seizing the pendent corner of one of the damp things hanging from the line, she with rapid wipes distributed impartially over her countenance the soap left on it since last Sunday.

Meantime the milk-dealer had grown impatient and had gone to the front door. A sudden cry from her, reaching the two within, cut short the toilet ceremonies. The laundress forgot her untied bonnet-strings, and, together with Mrs. Murphy, bundled out without delay, to find the milk-dealer scurrying up the street at a rapid rate in the direction of Mrs. Fitzgerald's house. She had just seen Mrs. Toole going into the shop.

Maddened at the idea of being forestalled, both ladies charged simultaneously for the shop door, looking, for all the world, as if a mighty wind were driving them before it. The port of entry being narrow, and both being framed in a manner rather suggestive of Dutch construction, some damage ensued in collision: the bonnet of the laundress fell off, and was trampled out of all recognition; a bit of jagged wood caught and wrecked the apron of Mrs. Murphy. They made good their entry, however, and in the nick of time, for an alarm had spread, and several neighbors were hastening up.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"'SHE HAS REMEMBERED SHE HAS FORGOTTEN HER PRAYERS,' SAID THE YOUNGEST."

They passed boldly in through the empty shop, in the wake of Mrs. Toole and the milk-dealer, to the inner room.

There they saw Moya sitting up in bed, trying to tempt her now satisfied and peaceable charge to drink more milk. Bartholomew was in a baby's paradise. He was full, he was warm, and he was dry; he had forgotten all his grievances and responsibilities, and lay placidly enduring the caresses and affection of his new proprietors.

The visitors stood still and silent; more were approaching rapidly, and looked agape, amazed. There was the child, sure enough, back again, and no worse as yet. They stared at one another, and then at the widow, who was sitting at her hungry, bare table. She had poured out a cup of tea without milk, for Clara had refused to give her any until the baby was done with it. No bread was visible, for no one would go to fetch a loaf. There was only a hard crust; there was no butter or dripping, and only the merest spark of a fire in the grate. Mrs. Toole had a lump in her throat that came near choking her. She looked round, and met the eyes of the others, and they all understood one another plainly.

"God help us all!" she said, and it was enough.

Without a word more, they backed out into the shop, filling it most inconveniently full; and, early as it was in the day and late as it was in the week, ready-money purchases were made on a surprising scale. Everybody bought something, and paid cash down; then went away, and sent others to do the same.

Within half an hour the last American pig's tongue and the last leaf of yellow cabbage had departed; not a match or a clay pipe or a Glasgow sweet remained in the glass bottles; and the potato-sacks were one and all shrunk to a heap of clay-colored web. By eleven o'clock the widow had borrowed a horse and cart and despatched a man to her wholesale dealer's to replenish her store.

And so it continued to be. Prosperity had returned with the waif child, and remained, and with him they all throve thereafter.



A MAIDEN.

BY ELSA BARKER.

"GIVE me Love, O Lord," I cried,—
"Give me Love, though naught beside!
I would know the way he wanders,
For the world is wide."

Then I found him at my side,
For my cry was not denied.
And the narrow world has nowhere
For my heart to hide!



M'LINDY.

A STORY OF OKLAHOMA.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

WITH PICTURES BY B. MARTIN JUSTICE.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

"'WE 'RE AL'AYS THE TAIL-EEND OF THE PERCESSION;'"

M'LINDY pushed back her faded slat-bonnet with a faint sigh. It seemed, as she said to herself, "a pity that maw should be took with one of her spells jest when there was so much need of her not bein' took." But needs and happenings had never borne much relation to each other in the Haley family, and so, after one uneasy glance back into the rickety canvas-covered wagon, where the invalid lay with muffled head on a straw pillow, the girl turned to the man sitting on the board beside her.

"G' long, paw; we 've got to git there," she commanded briefly.

The man lifted his broad-brimmed felt hat, —so weather-beaten that one could only surmise its original shape and color,—wiped his perspiring forehead on a calico shirt-sleeve, and addressed himself to the skeleton-like horse attached to his equipage:

"Ho, thar, Jacob! H'ist yer bones! Git up, ye contrary brute!"

The words were strong enough, but they were uttered with a soft drawl that made them only mildly persuasive, and so the dejected horse evidently interpreted them. He moved forward slowly, jerking and straining his rusty, rope-patched harness, while a groan from back in the wagon answered the movement. The girl silently reached over and took the reins from her father's hand.

"Git up, Jake!" she said incisively.

It was the one voice in the Haley household that had any compelling force, and the namesake of the patriarch recognized it by a quickened pace. Mr. Haley, thus relieved from all responsibility, fell back on a monologue of his woes:

"It 's jist our luck! Some folks kin git ahead, but we al'ays hev bad luck. When we lived in Injiany the crops would n't grow. 'T was al'ays too cold fer the corn, an' too hot fer every other blame thing. In Missouri we got the chills 'n' fever, an' we did n't git nothin' else; an' in Kansas the grasshoppers et us up, an' the blarstin' winds blew us out. Now we 're tryin' to push into Oklahomy in time to strike somethin', but we won't. Yer maw 's took a spell, an' the old hoss is no good, an' we 're 'most the tail-eend of the percession. We 're al'ays the tail-eend of the percession."

That last sentence was the family history in epitome, but if its statement made any impression upon M'lindy it evoked no reply. Her eyes were fixed on the receding caravan of "boomers" before her, and all her energies were bent upon urging Jacob forward. The battered and patched cover of the old wagon was stained with days of travel and grimy with sand and dust, and the dress of the occupants bore equal mark of the journey. The young hands which grasped the lines were rough and brown with toil and exposure, and the face, from which the hair was drawn plainly back with the sole idea of getting it out of the way, was burned and freckled by sun and wind. It held only the beauty of a pair of heavily fringed gray eyes to make it attractive, and a certain pathetic patience despite its decisive lines.

"We won't git nothin'," pursued Mr. Haley, in cheerful prophecy. "Everything 'll be took up afore we git there." He had thought, in view of such depressing probabilities, of proposing to pause and rest,—a motion to rest was always in order with Mr. Haley,—but he saw that his daughter would not consider such a suggestion. He often remarked, with a mingling of mild regret and admiration, that "when M'lindy 's sot out to do a thing ye might as well give her her head."

It was the only head worthy of mention in



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

"'A MAN WITH A FAM'LY HE 'S SORTER WEIGHTED DOWN.'"

the establishment, unless one excepted the small tow-colored one now pushed out from among the canvas curtains. The long ellipsis between M'lindy and the three-year-old boy was starred by half a dozen graves scattered through Indiana, Missouri, and Kansas; but this sturdy baby showed no inclination to succumb to circumstances, and there was no lack of determination in the voice with which he demanded "somethin' to eat."

"Git Andrew Johnson a piece, paw," directed M'lindy, with scarcely a backward glance, as the creaking wagon rolled on.

Across dreary level stretches, down into ravines, and up along uneven hillsides, they pushed their course toilfully, with staked-out claims and groups of squatters marking the long line of those who had preceded them, until Mr. Haley's doleful forecast that "nobody had left nothin'" appeared likely to be realized. It was far on the outskirts of the land marked desirable that they finally halted, and near a shallow creek, under a lonely cottonwood, began to unpack their few belongings. A rude shelter, half shanty, half tent, was erected, M'lindy doing her full share of the work as well as planning it all, and Mrs. Haley was moved into the new quarters. She was beginning to recover from the "mis'ry spell," as she designated her neuralgic attacks, and the daughter, who had pushed forward so persistently, was wondrously patient and tender the moment there was an opportunity to manifest such qualities.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

"'ANDREW JOHNSON HE 'S—HE 'S KINDER GOT LOST.'"

"I hope it did n't make ye really worse, maw. I did n't reckon it would, an', ye see, we jist had to come on," she explained, with an anxious little note of interrogation in her voice.

"Oh, I ain't expectin' nothin' to stop 'count of my sufferin's—nobody has nor ever will," Mrs. Haley responded, with a vaguely martyr-like air. "Yer paw 's al'ays been a-goin' somewhere ever since I knowed him, an' I 've al'ays had to tag along. It 's a mighty wearin' life, but I ain't a-complainin'. I 'd feel to like a cup o' hot tea, if I could have it."

"Maw" was evidently her usual self, flaccid, apathetic, and, as she would have phrased it, "injoyin' poor health"—which, indeed, she did seem to enjoy more than anything else. With a little sigh of relief M'lindy went to kindle the outdoor fire and prepare the tea.

"An' now we 're here, somebody else 'll jump on to this lot 'fore we git it filed," prognosticated Mr. Haley, as he disposed of the evening meal of bacon, corn-bread, and molasses. He had been glad to leave Missouri. In truth, he had surrounded himself with no reasons for wishing to stay, and Oklahoma afar looked inviting. But his spasms of ambition were always short-lived, and before their prairie-schooner had traveled many miles Mr. Haley began to discover lions in the way, and would never have reached his goal but for M'lindy. Now he surveyed his location doubtfully, and reiterated his conviction that some one would "jump" it. "A claim oughter be filed the minute ye 've staked it; but a man with a fam'ly he 's sorter weighted down so 's he can't do things. He has too much to 'tend to."

It was not the head of the family, however, but M'lindy who, the next day, was found in the long line of humanity which slowly worked its way toward the land-office. For convenience, a small, rude structure had been established as a branch near at hand. "First come, first served," was its motto, and as fast as new claimants arrived they took their places in the long procession, where each awaited his turn at the commissioner's window. A strange concourse it was—men and women, young and old, actual settlers, keen speculators, gamblers, professional men, thrifty Western schoolma'ams, and saloon-keepers eager for a place to ply their trade. There were people seeking homes, people seeking excitement, and people bent only on driving sharp bargains in town lots;

but however ultimate aims might differ, the present object of each was to be on record as soon as possible. There were many hundreds of them, and to drop out of the ranks, for either rest or refreshment, meant to lose one's place and be obliged to take position as the last in the file. A few hired substitutes for a time, and so relieved the weary strain of the long hours. Many purchased sandwiches of the women and children who plied a brisk trade up and down the waiting army, paying prices sufficiently high to counterbalance all that was lacking in the grade of the edibles.

Advance was so slow that it scarcely seemed advance at all, and there was ample time for odd little acquaintanceships to spring up. A gray-haired man just in front of M'lindy attracted her attention. He looked worn and haggard, ill able to be in that rude, jostling, every-man-for-himself throng; yet when he turned for a moment, his sunken eyes betrayed the same fierce fever that possessed the others. The girl was not used to seeing life other than hard,—her own had not been of a kind to foster sentiment or educate sympathy,—yet the gray eyes turned often with something of pitying wonder to the figure before her.

"Look at that ol' idgit!" said a sharp voice at her left. "He ain't got no time to live on a claim if he gits one, an' he 's jist barrin' the way for folks that have. If I was old as him I 'd be tryin' to locate in kingdom-come, 'stead of gittin' in other folks' way down here. I think gov'ment 's no right to give land to sich."

It was a female voice that spoke,—it could scarcely be called a woman's, since it lacked all womanliness,—and the speaker's bloodshot eyes and coarse face matched the voice. A few near her echoed her rude, impatient laugh. A dull fire glowed in M'lindy's eyes.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

"A HASTILY SCRAWLED LINE OR TWO THAT LIFTED A WEIGHT FROM HER HEART."

Unconsciously she squared her young shoulders and edged a little nearer to the old man. He gave no sign of having heard, but some of the woman's words must have gone beyond the small group about her, or else it was by an odd coincidence that a queer, quavering voice at a little distance began to sing:

Is my name written there? Is my name written there?
In the book of Thy kingdom is my name written there?

"Hope so! 'T ain't likely to be writ nowheres here, thank Fortune!" came the woman's rasping, sneering laugh again.

M'lindy tried to discover the singer, but he was beyond the range of her vision. Some one must have asked her unspoken question, for she heard it answered near at hand:

"'Preachin' Billy,' they call him. Sort of a parson, or was once, but I guess he 's a little off in his head now. No, he ain't after no land. He only wanders round to miners' camps an' new towns—anywhere folks 'll listen to him, an' sometimes where they won't. He may sing for an hour, now he 's got started."

As if in confirmation, the odd voice rose again, after a moment's pause, in another melody. This time a woman's voice, uncultivated, but clear and not unmusical, joined it, and at the second line others took up the strain:

I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heaven, my home forevermore.

It was a strange accompaniment to that eager scramble for possessions on earth, but it was brief, and died away in the cries of the venders of sandwiches. M'lindy had listened breathlessly, but her thoughts also came back to matters terrestrial, with certain disturbing queries in regard to the movements of her family in her absence. She had charged her father to set up the tiny stove which was to serve them for their cooking, to avoid any entangling alliances with strangers, to keep a careful watch on Andrew Johnson, and, finally, to be sure and bring some dinner to her where she stood in line. But it was long past the noon hour now, and more depressing than the lack of physical sustenance was the fear that his failure to report boded some unwelcome complication. Mr. Haley was a man to achieve such complications, if they were possible. Sometimes her uneasiness so nearly overmastered her that she felt she must return to the cottonwood to see what had happened; but she could not afford to hire any one to hold her place, and still less could she afford to lose it. It was two o'clock when the flopping felt hat at last came sauntering toward her as a relief to her worst anxieties.

"Oh, paw, what made ye so late?" she panted, as he pushed a parcel into her hand.

"Well, now, M'lindy, yer jist like yer maw; she 's been a-pesterin' an' worryin' this long time 'cause I did n't start. Ye don't neither of ye 'pear to re'lize how many things a man has to do. Anyway," he added defensively, "I don't reckon it 's no good yer stayin' here. There was two fellers round this mornin' what said 't was their claim an' they meant to have it. I knowed somebody would jump it."

"They hain't done it yit," said M'lindy, with a sudden compression of her lips.

Her father strolled away, agreeing only too easily with her injunctions to carefulness, and promising to return before sunset and take her place, so that she could go back and look after her mother and the boy. She unrolled her lunch from its newspaper wrapping, then she looked at the man before her. She had noticed that he bought nothing, and after a moment's hesitation she touched his arm.

"Won't ye have a bite to eat? I 've got more 'n I want, an' it 's hard standin' so long without nothin'," she said, with awkward kindliness.

As he turned fully toward her she saw that he was even older than she had thought—so old that the sight put her more at her ease. Unconsciously her voice took on the tone her mother's "spells" elicited. He seemed some one to be taken care of, and she was used to that.

"Here, take this bottle of tea," she said; "'t will hearten ye up."

He accepted her hospitality. Evidently he needed it, and her manner appeared to touch and please him.

"Much obliged; I reckon I do need a bit of lookin' after," he replied, as if she had put her thought into words. "I hain't nobody here but myself,—nobody nowheres, for that matter,—but I 've always been in for everything that 's goin', an' I 'm doin' it now. Looks like it might be my last strike, though; but I 've got a mighty purty bit of land, if I kin ever get to that office to fix it."

He was inclined to sociability now that his enforced silence and solitude had been broken, and with a touch of the garrulity of age spoke of his past and his rough experiences, which were "worse 'n this," in the mining-camps of the West and the forests of the North. M'lindy was a good listener. Her narrow life had known little variety beyond its wearying itineracy, and the strange

stories of adventure were like glimpses into an unknown world. Incidentally he learned her name, her family history—given in briefest outlines, because there was "nothin' much to tell," but easily filled in since he had seen both father and daughter. Her interest made him forget his weariness, and it was a pleasure to talk to some one of the old days.

M'lindy's brown face paled a little; there was alarm and consternation in her voice, and, Mr. Haley fancied, rebuke also. He replied to the latter quality:

"It stan's to reason a man can't 'tend to everything an' 'tend to a young one besides. Nobody had n't oughter expect it. I was busy, an' he kinder strayed off an' lost his-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

"'I 'M GOIN' TO A NEWER COUNTRY YET, SIS.'"

"Oh, yes, I 've seen times that make this little race an' scrimmage for land not worth talkin' about," he declared. "If I was a bit younger I would n't mind it at all, not if we 'd have to stand here all night to hold our places. Some of 'em that 's 'way up in front took their sleep standin' last night, they say. Mebbe we will."

But M'lindy was destined not to be of the number. Two hours later her father again appeared at her side.

"M'lindy, I thought I 'd better come an' tell ye that Andrew Johnson he 's—he 's kinder got lost."

"Oh, paw!"

self." Then the man's real anxiety broke forth: "Say, M'lindy, I 've been lookin' for him more 'n an hour, an' can't find him no place. 'T would be jist our luck if he 'd gone an' got hisself drownded or tromped by hosses, or somethin'."

M'lindy had been swiftly considering the situation.

"Paw, I must go an' look for him," she said, "an' ye 'll have to hold our place till I git back. 'T ain't nothin' but standin' still. Mind ye stay right here."

The father took her place with an air of resignation. Her old neighbor looked after her as she sped away.

"Got a jellyfish for a father, an' a mother that don't 'mount to nothin', I reckon," he muttered under his white mustache. "Makes it hard for her, plucky little hustler!"

"What was you sayin'?" inquired Mr. Haley, doubtfully.

"I was only remarkin' that this was a s'lubrious day an' a shinin' climate," replied old John, with grim politeness.

Back to the tent hastened M'lindy to assure herself that the child really was not there, and to soothe her mother with the inevitable cup of tea—the one panacea for all Mrs. Haley's ills, mental or bodily—before she set out on her quest. There were so many places to which a small boy might wander, and where he ought not to be, in this week-old place, that she did not know where to look first. The big tent-saloon, where a thriving business in drinks had already been established, knew nothing of a lost baby. A rude board shanty, which, as its sign announced, "served meals," could furnish no information. She inquired at settlers' cabins and at venders' stalls, wherever a group had gathered or a belated wagon came in, and even at two or three tents where men were busy with games of cards, apparently gambling away what they had so lately won. No one had seen the little stray, but various good-natured questions were asked, and bits of consolation offered, and at one of the tents some one finally made a valuable suggestion:

"You 'd better go up to that store next the land-office. Folks is all the time stickin' notices about everything out on the walls, till it 's pretty near as good as a newspaper. If you don't get no word of him there you can leave word, an' that 'll be pretty sure to bring him back 'fore long."

M'lindy turned her weary feet in the direction indicated. She had been walking for over an hour, and the way was long, but anxiety overcame all sense of weariness as she pursued her circuitous route, searching as she went. The rude board wall was indeed covered with notices, and in among announcements of animals estrayed, property for sale, "personals" intended to catch the eye of relatives, and various unique advertisements, appeared a hastily scrawled line or two that lifted a weight from her heart: "Found a little feller three or four years old, lite hair, dark eyes. Anybody provin property can git him. Boardin tent No. 6 by big tree."

Unmistakably that was Andrew Johnson, and M'lindy proved property and took him home. She was so tired! She wondered if she might not rest for an hour before returning to that slowly moving procession at the land-office, but a thought of her father's uneasiness answered the question. She must tell him first of the child's safety, and he might be willing to stay. The long, bright day was almost at its close, the sun only a lingering glory of pink and golden clouds, and already a cooler breeze told of the evening. The long line of people had made progress, too—more rapid progress than she had thought possible. Old John was pressing well along toward the front now, and her father—where was her father? A stranger was holding position next to the old man, and M'lindy's heart sank as her eyes ran up and down through the crowd, vainly seeking the familiar figure. She made her way near enough to her old friend to inquire:

"Do ye know where paw went?"

"No, sis, I don't. I tried to git him to hold on till you 'd git back, but he 'lowed he could n't. I reckon he hain't got much stayin' quality about him."

The speaker looked as if his own endurance had been taxed to its limit. There was a gray pallor on his face that the girl noticed even in the midst of her disappointment and anxiety. With a sudden generous impulse she gave him the corn-bread and coffee she had brought for her father.

"'T will help ye to keep up, an' it 's likely paw 's a-lookin' out for his own supper somewheres," she said, with unconscious irony.

A few minutes later Mr. Haley emerged from one of the outlying groups, his look an absurd mingling of defiance, shamefacedness, and apology as he met her reproachful eyes.

"Ye can't 'preciate the feelin's of a father, M'lindy," he declared. "I could n't noways stand there when that boy, what 's goin' to be the only props o' my old age, had lost hisself. 'Peared like I had to go an' do a little lookin' for him. Anyway, I did n't care nothin' 'bout the land if somethin' had happened to him."

Words were useless, and M'lindy wearily turned away. Since there was nothing left but to begin again at the end of the line, she might as well take a few hours' rest.

It was early morning when she reached the ground again. The new arrivals for the day had not yet come in, and the crowd at the commissioner's window, though large still, had sensibly diminished during her absence. "The office folks kept open late, and were at it again early this morning," some one told her in explanation. Suddenly

the throng swayed back a little with an unusual movement. There was a stir and commotion near the window, a startled cry and momentary confusion, and then a prostrate form was lifted from the ground and borne to one side.

"An old man jist got his papers through, an' 't was too much for him; went to his head or heart, or somethin', an' he sort of collapsed. Maybe it 's only a faint," was the indefinite report which, slightly varied, passed from lip to lip. There was a call for a physician, and hurried answers from different directions as to where one could be found, and then the ripple of excitement passed, and the line of eager land-seekers pressed forward again.

M'lindy's eyes followed the little group of men as they bore their burden away to a tent. No one near her seemed to know clearly what had happened, or to whom, but she felt at once that it was her old acquaintance of yesterday who had fallen. A little later, when her father came, he was more than willing to go and make inquiries: gathering news was always a pleasing occupation to Mr. Haley. He returned presently, round-eyed.

"M'lindy, he wants *you!* His heart 's kinder give out, an' the doctor says 't won't run much longer, but his conscientiousness has come back, an' he asked for you! I offered to stay an' do all I could," said Mr. Haley, in an aggrieved tone, "but he would n't let me. Now what do ye s'pose—"

But M'lindy did not wait for suppositions. She hastened toward the tent, her kind heart answering the query as she went.

"It 's 'cause he was talkin' to me a little, an' he 's all alone. He said he had n't no folks anywhere."

The two or three men beside the rude bunk made way for her, and the worn old face, despite its deathly pallor, looked up with a smile.

"I 'm goin' to a newer country yet, sis, an' I dunno how I 'll fare filin' any claim up yonder; but I 'm hopin'—hopin'—" The sentences came brokenly, with long pauses. "It 's a real nice lot of ground you 'll have, M'lindy—you was good to me. I felt how I was goin', an' I put it in your name—it 's yourn. There 's more 'n money enough for a first payment, an' if you want to sell, it 'll bring a good bit 'fore long. I want a place to sleep on that there lot, M'lindy, an' if Preachin' Billy 'd say a word or two an' a prayer?"

"Yes, ye shall. Yes, I know he will," she answered the eager questioning of his look.

"An' if you could git some of them folks to sing. I liked that singin' 'bout the shinin' shores, an' meetin' your folks ag'in. I 've got folks—somewheres over there. D' ye think you could anyways manage the singin'?"

"Yes, oh, yes, I will!" M'lindy's choking voice promised.

His eyes closed in quiet content, and then opened again with a faint laugh.

"Well, well, old John ain't a-goin' off so bad, I tell ye! Goin' to have a reg'lar funeral, with a parson an' singin'—be buried in his own lot—an' leave a heiress. The boys at the mines they 'd call that—purty 'spectable."

It was an occasion to pass into pioneer history, that service held in the open air the next afternoon. There were men, women, and children, a motley crowd, seated on boxes, on beer-kegs, on the ground, with some faces that told strange stories of the past, but all respectfully quiet while Preaching Billy, in flannel shirt and blue jeans, read from his battered Bible. But the words were the same old words, with the hope of the world in them, and many a hardened face softened for a moment with old memories, as they sang of that land

> Of whose glories
> The half has never yet been told.

Sitting in her low doorway that evening, after all was over, M'lindy watched the sun sink out of sight on a world that to her had grown suddenly prosperous and full of peace. Inside the bare little room was her mother still liable to "spells," Andrew Johnson with his unappeasable appetite, and her father with all his uncertainties, but a great load seemed to have lifted from the girl's shoulders.

"I 've got somethin' to pervide fer 'em with," she whispered rapturously. "Jest such a little kindness, an' so much come of it!" She lifted her tired face gratefully toward the sky. "It 's a beau-tiful world!" she said softly.

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE.

BY MARY ADAMS.

PART TWO.

June the twenty-fifth.

WHERE shall I find a name for the thing which has befallen me? It seems to me as if there were no name for it in earth or heaven. If I call it joy, I shrink away from the word; and if I call it altogether fear, I know that I do it a wrong: but if I call it hope, I find that my fear pulls my hope down, as the drowning pulls down his rescuer.

Yet I cannot deny that I am happy. I would if I could, for I certainly am not comfortable. Write it down, Marna Trent—fling it into black and white, and let it stare you out of your sane senses. See! How do you like the looks of it?

You have promised a man that you would be his wife. *You have promised—a—*MAN—*that you would be his wife.*

I have been trying to recall the exact language: whether I did n't say that I would be his employer's daughter, or possibly his considerate friend, or even his dearest enemy, or almost anything that might be mentioned, except that one dreadful thing. I am afraid I did say "wife." No; now I think of it, it was he who said that. All I said was "Yes," and, on the whole, sometime, perhaps, I would; and all I did was not to turn him out of the room after I had said it. That is n't strictly true, either. It was n't quite all I did. As for him, he did so many things that I don't dare to think of them, because, if I do, the Wilderness Girl in me comes up, and I feel as if I could call out my whole tribe and have them kill him on the spot—I do, indeed.

But the perfectly ridiculous thing about that is that if I saw so much as a woodpecker nipping at him, I should kill the woodpecker! And if I saw anybody really trying to do him any harm, all the tomahawks of colonial history would have to hit me first. I think I should feel a positive ecstasy in a tomahawk that was meant for him.

This seems to me a pitiable state of mind for a girl to be in. I don't respect it; really, I don't. There 's a part of me that stands off and looks on at myself, and keeps quite collected and sane, and says, "What a lunatic that girl is!" But the Wilderness Girl does n't mind the other girl a bit, and this is what mortifies me so.

I don't think I will write any more to-night. I 'm ashamed to. I don't know what I might say. I 'm afraid the Accepted Manuscript would reject me altogether if I should once let myself go and offer it any such copy as comes pouring upon this paper, hot and fast, like the drops of my heart's blood. I 'll shut the book and go to bed.

An hour later.

I CAN'T do it. I 've got as far as my hair and my slippers—and my white gown (for it is such a warm night, and no moon, just that sultry darkness which smothers the breath out of you, soul and body)—the gown with elbow-sleeves and the Valenciennes yoke. It is rather pretty. Nobody ever sees me in it but Maggie; only once in a while when Father rings, and I run down in a hurry. Maggie thinks it is becoming; but Father asked me if I did n't take cold in it. I 've always been fond of this gown. Sometimes I wish the sleeves were longer.

NOW I think of it, I must have been out of my right mind. I shall have to write and tell him so. I wonder if it was n't a sunstroke? I was out at noon, in the garden, rather long to-day. They say people do such queer things after sunstrokes. Job had something like a sunstroke, I 'm convinced. It was trying to find Job that I got into the sun. He was up in the tree-house, and it was hotter than anything; and he only shook hands, he was so weak, and did n't kiss me at all.

I DON'T see, in the least, why Mr. Herwin should have felt called upon to make up for Job's omission.

I HAD to give him sherbet, and put cracked ice on the back of his neck—I mean Job's neck. Job is much better. He is snoring in

his basket, with his four feet up in the air. I shingled him to-day. He has kept his winter flannels on too long, the poor dear thing. I 'm afraid I have neglected Job lately. I mean to devote myself to him exclusively hereafter.

MR. HERWIN'S hair does curl beautifully, and it is so much softer than one would have thought.

Two hours later.

IT is well on toward morning. I wish I had been born one of those people who sleep when things happen. I am writing on and on, in this perfectly preposterous way. I am likely to drown myself in seaweed and shells, because I am afraid to wade in and dare the ocean.

Plunge, Marna Trent! Admit it once for all. You love this man so much—so much—there is nothing you will not think, or feel, or do, or be, for his dear sake. You will even be his wife, because he wishes it. And what is there more than that a girl *could* do for a man's sake?

WHY do you have to write your soul, I wonder? Other people don't. They talk it, or they keep it to themselves and don't express it at all. Sometimes I suspect that is the best thing to do with souls—lock them up. But I have n't got that kind. Mine is a jack-in-the-box, and is always pushing the lid and jumping up. Well, if you 've got to write, stop writing to yourself, and write to him, then. Sit down here, in your pretty lace gown, alone in your own room, at two o'clock in the morning, and tell this man whose wife you have promised to be how you feel about him now, at the very beginning of everything. I don't believe you could do a better thing. Come to think of it, he might rather like it, on the whole.

(*Copy.*)

"MY DEAR MR. HERWIN: It occurs to me that a note from me, under the circumstances, might be agreeable to you. But now that I am trying to write it, I am not sure that I have begun it just right. I will send this as it stands, and try again.

"Faithfully yours,
"MARNA TRENT."

(*Copy.*)

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I am not sleeping very well to-night,—I 've been anxious about Job, on account of his sunstroke,—and so I thought I would write a line to you, and put it in the first volume of 'Rufus Choate' to-morrow. It is very strange, but now I feel quite willing to put notes in 'Rufus Choate,' and I sha'n't be troubled if you send things by Maggie.

"Your affectionate
"MARNA TRENT."

(*Copy.*)

"DEAR, what have we done? Oh, what have we done? Why did you make me love you? I was quite happy before. All my days rose and set in peaceful easts and wests—gray and rose and sunlight colors. Now I am caught up into a stormy sky, dashed with scarlet and purple and fire, and swept along,—I don't know where, I don't know why,—carried away from myself, as I used to dream that I should be if I let myself out of the window, and did not fall, but were taken up by the wind, and borne to the tops of the elms—never any higher, so as to be dangerous, but whirled along over the heads of people, out of everybody's reach.

"Now we are swept along together, you and I, and I am out of everybody's reach but yours. And now that I and my dream are one, I am afraid of my dream; and I am afraid of you. Why did you love me? Why did you make me, why did you let me, love you? For you did—you know you did: you made me do it. I did n't want to love you. Have n't I entreated you, by every look and word and tone these ten weeks past, not to make me love you? My heart has been a beggar at your feet all the spring and summer, praying to you not to *let* me love you. You know it has. You are not a stupid man. You knew I did n't mean to love you, Dana Herwin; or, if you did n't know it, then I take it back, and you are a stupid man, and you deserve to be told so. Of course you know I had to be decent and friendly, and I did n't keep out of your way altogether. How could I? If I had n't been friendly with you, that would have been telling. Nothing gives away the secret of a girl's heart quicker than that—not to dare to be friends with a man. She might as well propose to him and done with it, I think. Of course I had to treat you prettily.

"But I did n't want to love you this way—not *this* way. I did n't want to marry you. I never *thought* of such a dreadful thing! And I wish you to understand, sir, that it is very disagreeable to me to think of it now. I will be honest with you at the beginning of everything. If a woman is honest with her-

self and her love, she must be honest with the man she loves. And I tell you, sir,—for it is the truth, and I 've got to tell you,—if I could unlove you I would do it this minute, and stand by the consequences. I believe I 'll try. If you don't have any more notes from me, you will know I have succeeded.

"Yours, "M. T."

The light fell, and the dusk rose, and they twain, the escaped and the pursuing, the fleeing and the seeking, were alone on that part of the river. For it is not a frequented part of the river. And the princess hid from him. . . .

(*Copy.*)

"I AM sorry if it does n't please you that I send notes without beginnings. I 've tried a good many different ones, but they do not suit me. Perhaps it is because I don't quite see ends. How solemn a thing is a beginning without an end! A love that is never to have an end seems to me more sacred to think of than a life that is to have no end; because you can live without loving, but you can't love without living, and the moment life and love become one—that is a terrible moment. I wrote long ago, in something I have that nobody sees, that joy is terrible. But you don't seem to think so, and that is what perplexes me.

"I remember a book my mother gave me when I was a little girl—I keep it now with my Bible. It is called 'A Story Without an End,' and is one of those old-time allegories about the human soul. A Child who was always spelled with a big C lived in a hut in a forest, alone with the birds and the butterflies, the flowers and the animals, and a little looking-glass covered with cobwebs in which he tried to see himself. And the bluebells were taller than the Child, and delighted me. There was a chapter on Faith, and one on Aspiration, and one on Love; and it seemed to me I understood the chapter stories about Faith, and even about Aspiration, but the one about Love I could not understand, and it troubled me. I seemed to sit down before it as the Child sat under the bluebells that were taller than himself—with his chin in his hands—this way. I 'll show you next time we are in the drawing-room together. That is, if you won't disturb me; for I tell you at the beginning, I can't bear to have my chin touched. If you ever do that, I shall know that you wish to quarrel with me badly. You are quite mistaken that I have a dimple there. Nobody else ever told me so. My dimple is in my left cheek. I consider it a kind of embezzlement to create dimples where they don't exist, and much worse to make them an excuse for doing things.

"Sir, you kissed my chin yesterday, when I had asked you not to. This is the reason I am writing you without beginnings. The bluebells are taller than I to-day, and you must leave me alone with them in my forest. I shall stay there till you have learned not to touch my chin. Why do you do things I ask you not to? I don't love you for it—truly I don't. I suppose some women would. But when a man chooses a Wilderness Girl, he must not expect her to be precisely like all the other girls, and, in my opinion, he should treat her accordingly. No, I am not ready yet to wear rings for people. When I am, I 'll let you know. Nor I don't care what stone it is, as long as it is n't a diamond. I don't know how much I love you,—I admit that,—and I want you to understand that you don't know, either. Perhaps it is not so very much; who knows? Perhaps a little more than that—I can't say. But I do know that I could not vulgarize my love for you—whether it be little, or much, or less—by making myself prisoner to a commonplace solitaire.

"Why need I be a prisoner at all? I 'm sure I can love you quite as much without rings.

"Lovingly and loyally,
"Yours,
"MARNA."

(*Copy.*)

"I THINK, on the whole, if I 'd *got* to wear any, I 'd like it to be a ruby; a small ruby, deep at the heart, and fed by an aorta of blazing color that you must take a little on trust, but get glimpses of once in a while, if you know how to treat the ruby and handle it just right. Of course it must be a carmine ruby—not one of those magenta things. I am not at all prepared for any kind of rubies yet. Really, you must not bother me and hurry me so. It makes me a little fretful. I shall run off into my forest if I am hurried, and then *no* man can find me—not even you, sir.

"This evening you annoyed me. I think once when you come, and once when you go, is enough. I do, indeed."

(*Copy.*)

"DEAR, you were very considerate and gentle with me to-day, and I love you. I *do* love you. If you will like it, if it will make

you happy, I will wear your ring. You may put it on to-morrow evening. For truly I do wish to make you happy.

"MARNA.

"P. S. Be patient with me. I know I make you a great deal of trouble, but indeed, indeed, I cannot help it. It is my nature, I 'm afraid. But what *is* nature? It seems to me a trackless place; a great, tropical jungle where it is easy to get lost on foot, or a vast space of ether where it is possible to get lost on wings. After all, I am rather young, though I don't feel as if I were,—no motherless girl does, I think,—and I don't always know the difference between my feet and my wings. All I know is that I love you. And a ruby is love incarnate. Bind me to you with your ruby, my dear Love! Then I cannot get away if I would, and perhaps—who knows?—perhaps I would not if I could, for I am, and God knows I want to be,

"Your
"MARNA."

"MOTHER? My dear dead Mother out somewhere in the wide summer night, I write a note to you. Did any girl ever write a letter to her dead mother before? Oh, I don't know, but, Mother, I *must!* I am such a lonely girl! I have nobody to speak to—I cannot talk to the girls I know, and there is n't any older woman who has ever shown a mother-heart to me that I could care for, to turn to now. Mother, don't forget me in your grand heaven! I never needed you so much when I was a little crying baby on your heart,—a little black-faced baby, holding its breath till it almost died because it could n't get what it wanted, the way they tell me I used to do,—I never needed you so much when I wore pink socks and little crocheted sacks, as I do to-day. I wonder if you remember about the socks and the sacks, up there in your great silence? Have the angels driven baby-clothes out of your heart? I don't believe it! Because I remember how much you *littled* me, before you died—I don't see many mothers like you in these grown-up days. Once, when you had been to Montreal with Father, and I had that typhoid fever and so nearly died, and you came home, and got to my bed without anybody's telling me, and I thought it was the strange nurse, but something fell on my face, hot, fast,—drop after drop, splashing down,—I thought: 'Nurses don't cry over little girl patients,' and I looked, and they were my mother's tears, and it was my mother's face.

"Sacred mother's tears! Flow for me to-day. My mother's face! Lean down to mine a little, out of heaven, if you can.

"Kiss me, Mother—if they will let you. I have told him I would wear his ruby ring."

So the princess, for she was royal, gainsaid him not.

(*Copy.*)

"MY DEAR MR. HERWIN: I have worn it five hours. I cannot stand it another minute. It seems to cut into my finger, and to eat my flesh like fire. I feel as if I were led, a prisoner. It seems to me like handcuffs. I don't like it at all; I really don't.

"I have torn it off and tossed it on the floor. It has rolled away under the bureau. Job has gone to try to find it. Probably he thinks it is a collar. I 'm sure I should n't blame him if he did. It strikes me, I must say, very much in that same light.

"Pray don't feel at all hurt if I return it to you to-morrow. You won't, will you? Really, I don't wish to be rude, or to hurt your feelings. If I supposed it possible that you could try to understand—but men are born so dull. I don't know why. I think God found his finest nature unemployed on the making of Adam, and so poor Eve was sacrificed to its expression.

"I don't mean anything profane, either. Truly, I think only the Being who created her can possibly understand how a woman feels.

"Shall I send you back the ruby?

"Your troubled
"WILDERNESS GIRL.

"P. S. Job has found the ring. He made a ball of it, and rolled it all over the floor, before I could stop him. Then he took it and shook it, and dropped it in his bowl of water—the wine-colored glass finger-bowl that I keep in my room for him. So it is quite clean, and not hurt a bit.

"P. P. S. It is a wonderful ruby. I admire your taste in selecting it, even if I cannot wear your ring. I don't think I ever saw a finer. It has a heart as deep as life and as shy as love; and the color is something so exquisite that I could look at it all night."

(*Copy.*)

"DEAR, I am sorry. I was wrong and foolish, like a pouting child. And I will wear it, after all. When you took my ringless

hand so gently, and looked at it so sadly, and laid it down without a word, I could have curled myself against your heart, and put my arms about you, and lifted my lips to you of my own free will. No; I know I did n't. But I punish myself by telling you what I felt like doing, if that is any comfort to you. I never saw you look so glorious in my life. If ever I should marry you, sir, I shall spoil you, for I shall let you know what a handsome man you are. There 's something about your hair—and the pose of your head. And your eyes are like a revolving light in a lighthouse, I think: they darken and blaze, and then I miss a revolution, and they blaze and darken. I sometimes wish I could see your mouth. The other way of getting acquainted with it does not seem quite judicial. Of course a dark mustache becomes you, but still it is a little like a mask or a domino, after all, is n't it? Once in a while it comes over me—like that! What kind of man is in his mouth? All I know to-night is that he is a man dear to me; so dear that when I am with him I cannot let him know how dear he is, and when I am away from him I cannot do anything but write him notes to try to tell him.

"That last of yours (by Maggie) was a lovely letter. I suppose it is what people call a love-letter. I wish I could send you anything like that. It took my breath away. I felt smothered. But I cannot write like that. No. My heart steps back and waits for yours. I should like you to write me on and on like that forever, and I should like to answer you always far behind you, always stepping back a little—waiting for you, on forever, till you overtook me.

"Perhaps, if I had my way, you never *should* overtake me. I grant you that. But it is just possible I might not be let to have my way; and I recognize that, too.

"If you come into the tree-house to-morrow evening, after Father is done with you, there will be a moon—and Job—and perhaps a girl. And you may put the ring where it belongs. For I am

"Your penitent

"MARNA.

"P. S. That is, if I don't change my mind by that time. I warn you, I 'm capable of it.

"P. P. S. Job is too jealous for anything. He positively sulks when I mention you by name. I don't suppose you noticed how he growled when you kissed my chin that evening. I am glad you don't do it lately, for I think he might snap at you and hurt you. He does n't look formidable, I own, but that is the very kind that does the most harm—in men and dogs."

(*Copy.*)

"THOU dearest! It was Eden in the tree-house. And I wear thy ruby ring.

"Thy "MARNA.

"P. S. Did you ever dream of such a moon in the wildest and dearest dream you ever had? I never did. It swam in a new heaven; and we—we were in a new earth; and every flower in the garden needed a new name. My heart was a Child (with a big C) sitting at the feet of the garden, as (you said) your love knelt down at mine. Every flower was taller than I—the haughty fleur-de-lis, and the tender white roses, and even the modest pansies, and the little, plain candytuft, that looks like daily life and pleasant duty—they all seemed to tower above me, like the flowers of a strange country of which I did not know the botany. Love, I think, is flora without a botany. You cannot name a feeling, and classify it, when you love. It would escape you, and you,

too late,
Under its solemn fillet see the scorn.

I could not speak, out in the tree-house, as you did. My lips trembled too much. And when yours touched them, they did but tremble more. I was afraid I should cry—truly I was—all the time.

"Alas! you are a man, and you cannot understand what I mean. But the ruby understands. That is in the nature of a ruby: it knows everything about love, and something about a woman.

"MARNA, Prisoner."

(*Copy.*)

"MY DEAR JAILER: I heard a story to-day. Senator Gray told it at lunch, and I meant to tell you it this evening, but, somehow, I did n't.

"A young medical student loved a girl, and became betrothed to her. (I like that word 'betrothal,' as I told you. Father knew a great poet, once, who announced to his friends 'the betrothal of my daughter.' Nobody ever spoke of that girl as 'engaged' after that!) So my medical student loved a girl, and—no, on consideration, *he* became engaged.

"You and I, if you please, are betrothed. But I am sure the fine and stately word would blush to own that man, though he

loved the girl, after his fashion, and she was a sweet, womanly girl—I know about the family. And so he went abroad to finish his studies on the Continent. There he dissected and vivisected, and went through the modern laboratories, and came out of them and back to his own land, and went to see the girl.

"And when she asked him what was the matter, and why he was so changed, and what gave his eyes that new, cold look, he said:

"'In all my studies I have not found love. I have dissected and vivisected, and been through the laboratories. I have searched, and I do not find anything that can be called love. I have dissected a great many brains and hearts, and I have vivisected others. I have come across some points in toxicology, and I have reason to believe I am on the track of a new method of antisepsis—but I have not discovered love. I am beginning to think that there is no such thing. It cannot be proved. My scalpel has never touched it. My microscope has never seen it. I am forced to the conclusion that it does not exist. It cannot be proved.'

"'Very well,' said the girl; 'if you cannot prove the existence of love, I can.'

"'Prove it to me!' cried the young man, anxiously, for he really liked the girl. 'I shall be under obligations to you if you can convince me of the existence of love.'

"'You will excuse me,' said the girl. 'Good-by.' So they shook hands, and he went back to his physiological laboratories, where he is vivisecting and dissecting to this day.

"But the girl took a Sunday-school class and joined the Associated Charities.

"I thought you would enjoy that story. Dear, I thought I loved you when you said you liked my looks by the moonlight, in my May-flower dress. But I love you more now than I did then.

"It is the most curious thing—the moment I am away from you I want to sit right down and write a note to you. I am glad you feel the same way. I have quite a pilé of them, all locked up, because Job chews them so. He seems to know they are yours, and takes the most violent aversion to them. One night he tore that one to pieces—do you remember?—the one I told you I did n't just exactly like. I don't mean, of course, that it was n't quite a right letter. One reason I like you so much is because you are such a gentleman. But, somehow, it made me feel as if I wanted to go and show it to my mother, and she was dead, and I could n't do it. Job chewed that note all up, so I had to burn it; there was n't a legible word left in it. Perhaps I am a little bit of a Puritan, as you say. But I can't help it. I am born that way. I like to be loved finely—if you know what I mean; and perhaps I like to be loved quietly. I think you must know, because nobody can be finer than you, or more quiet, either, when you feel like it. Sometimes I think there are two of you, and the other one is strong and masterful, and rides over things and people and feelings, and has its own way at any cost. Forgive me, dear; perhaps I should not say these things. But you know there are two of me also, and one girl stands off and judges the other girl—and sometimes looks on at you as if you were not mine, but belonged to some other woman. I don't think I am as fond of a masterful man, not just of his mere masterfulness, as most girls are. It does n't seem to confuse me, or make me see things differently. If we were up in a captive balloon together, over the tops of the elms, in an easterly storm, and you said, 'Come! We will free the balloon and ride on the storm,' I suppose there are girls who would put their arms about your neck and say, 'Yes, if you wish it, we will ride on the storm.' But I should probably say:

"'Dana, let 's keep our heads and go down.'

"Then, if you were good and went down, and we came home safely—and I should be a little faint, and all tired out (for I think I should), and you carried me into the house, and I saw how noble you were, and strong, and grand, I should—oh, my dear! I would make it up to you.

"Once you told me I was cold—to you. I was sorry. But I did n't say anything. I only wished you had understood. I think I am writing this note to try to make you understand. Your

"MARNA, Betrothed."

"Bar Harbor, July the twenty-fifth.

"MY DEAR AND DISTANT: Now, for the first time in my life, I know what distance means. I thought I knew, of course. The curious thing about inexperience is that it does not recognize its master in experience; perhaps, if it did, it would cease to *be* inexperience. That reminds me that you told me once that I spelled love with a small *l* instead of with a large one like most women, and that you should never be satisfied with mine until you had taught me to read it with

a capital L, and another word with a capital M. I think you said it was the very essence of loving, in a woman, to spell her feeling properly—and that, as long as she did not, she was still half unwon. I wonder how you happen to think you know what is the essence of loving in a woman?

"At least, I have got so far as this: I don't know but I am beginning to spell Love with a capital L. For it is the dreadful truth, Dana Herwin, that I miss you—I really do. I should not have thought that I would at all; I mean, not like this—not to be uncomfortable, you know, and to come so near being unhappy that you cease to be happy. I think—do you want to know what I think? And I feel—but you are not to know what I feel. In the morning, when I wake, I turn and look at the sea, between Mrs. Gray's pretty curtains (they are white and sheer, with green seaweed over them), and I say: 'All that ocean and land are between us: sixteen hours of it by boat, and ten by train.' In the evening, when the rest are canoeing, or chatting on piazzas, I like to get by myself. I make all sorts of excuses to be alone—which is not natural to me, I 'd have you understand, for, though I am a Wilderness Girl, I am a clannish girl; I like my tribe, and I don't mope. And, when I am alone, there is the most humiliating monotony in my thoughts. First it is your hair; I see the way it curls; I look at all the straight-haired men I meet, and wonder what kinds of women love them. Then your eyes—I see your eyes flashing and darkening, like that revolving light I spoke of, and missing a revolution, and darkening again before they blaze. Then I try to make out how your mouth looks without me—but I never see your mouth. Do you think I should love you as much if you shaved? Let me believe that I should love you more! Then your voice—but, somehow, your voice escapes me; and with it a part of you escapes me, too. I am a little confused when it comes to your voice. I only seem to get it reading 'Rufus Choate' to Father. Dear Father! I know you are good to him, for he has the most unreasonable habit of missing me; it is quite confirmed, and that is why I make so few trips. Thanks to him, I never can be called a visiting young lady.

"But he took a notion about my coming to Senator Gray's. He said I looked—I think it was 'transparent'—some preposterous word. I suppose it comes of my feeling strange and changed—exhilarated all the time. Yet that seems too low a word. Call it exalted, rather. There 's been a good deal written by poets and other uncomfortable people that I begin to understand, while yet I know that I do not comprehend it. Now, the way they have of classifying Love (with a capital, please observe, sir) as if it were to be found at a first-class vintner's—that perplexes me; for me it does not intoxicate. And if you are disappointed, I am sorry. But perhaps I am what Goethe called a Nature; if I am, you will accept my Nature as you do everything about me, faults and all, and not complain? You are generous and noble to me, Dana! I never knew how many faults I had until it befell me that I wished to be a very superior girl for your sake. Nor I never felt so sorry and ashamed of them as I have since I began to wish my soul a perfect ruby,—like this of yours I wear,—deep, deep down, pure fire, and flawless. Wonder do you like my tourmalin? You never said very much about it (and I could not, somehow, ask you). I know it is a reserved stone, not talking much. It seemed to me shy, like a betrothed girl's heart; a stone that waits for something, and has the beauty of that which is unexpressed, although quite understood.

"I think I meant to say something quite different a page back. I will look and see. Yes, it was about wines. I suspect I was a little afraid to say it, and so strayed off to jewels, a less fluent subject. My pen has stiffened up on it.

"Ah, yes, now I know; it was about the difference between exhilaration and exaltation—which seems to me the difference between different kinds of Love. And I believe I began to say: If Love *is* a wine, it is a communion wine,—to me,—and I taste it on my knees. For I am,

"Sacredly,

"YOUR MARNA."

(*Copy.*)

"THOU strongest! What a ruby is thy love for me! My letters seem paler than tourmalins beside yours. And yet—and yet I am not sure: I think they love you more than they show; but not more than I hoped you would see without the showing. Try to see! Try to understand

"Your

"WILDERNESS GIRL IN CHAINS."

(*Copy.*)

"MY DEAR BOY: I have just got Father's letter agreeing to the West Sanchester plan. He says you have closed the lease of the

Dowe Cottage for him for August and September. He asks me if I would like to have him invite you there for two weeks to stay with us. I am writing him by this mail. I said I would try to put up with it.

"Mr. Herwin, will you be my father's guest and mine, and the ocean's, for half the month of August, at Sanchester?

"I hope we shall not quarrel. We never were under the same roof for twenty-four hours. Who knows? I think it is preposterous, the way I continue to miss you.

"I am

"Your loving

"LONELINESS."

(*Copy.*)

"DANA dear, I 'm coming home. Really, I cannot stand it another day. Don't flatter yourself, for I am convinced that I flatter you all that you can bear without spoiling.

"Mrs. Gray has been talking to me. She says more marriages are ruined by a woman's spoiling a man than there are by a man's neglecting a woman. I told her I failed to see how either event was at all possible. She said, 'My dear, you are like your mother.'

"Half the Wilderness Girl seems to be blotted out of me by separation from you. I have missed you too much. If I surprise you by being too civilized, after all, where shall we end? Our betrothal would become a tame and commonplace affair, and I know better than you do how much that would disappoint you.

"You write me such love-letters as I think no woman ever had. I am ashamed of my poor, pale things beside them. But, dear, yours *hush* me—like your lips on mine. And perhaps it is because I feel so much that I can say so little.

"Your own

"MARNA.

"P. S. Job is gladder than anything to be coming home. I told him we were going, and he has sat upon my trunk and begged ever since. Job totally disapproves of Bar Harbor. It 'combines so much' wretchedness for him that I quite pity him. He never went on a visit before, and is n't at all accustomed to leash life. He has chewed up five beautiful skye ribbon leashes since we came. They are about all he eats, and he has grown quite thin. Then, Mrs. Gray is one of the dogless people, and although she invited him, she is not accustomed to skye terriers sleeping in her guest-room. I brought on his basket, but I saw at once it would have to stand in the sewing-room nights. I was so thankful it was n't the stable that I was quite reconciled. But Job never has been. The first night he howled till 2 A.M., and—don't you ever tell!—I had to go and sneak him into my own bed to keep him still. He curled in my neck and sobbed like a terrified baby. But the next night he only cried till twelve, and since then he has been a *perfect* guest. Nobody ever knew he bit the Secretary of War on the heel because he danced with me once. And out of a gallantry, which, I admit, was rather fine in him, the Secretary of War never told. He is a widower, you know, and has been visiting Senator Gray. And Mr. Gray thought it was the cat who carried the rat into the waste-paper basket in the library, and buried it in philanthropic petitions.

"P. P. S. The Secretary of War wished me to send you his congratulations. But he did suggest that I ask you whether you were an advocate of vivisection, or expected to become so after marriage.

"Job won't let him come within twenty feet of me. And by to-morrow evening I shall be—how near to you? We will begin with twenty feet, sir; and then—we 'll see—

"Your foolish, too joyous

"MARNA."

August the second.

I HAVE always said I would not come to Sanchester unless I could have the Dowe Cottage, and here we are. I have loved and envied it all my life; it is the one perfect situation on the East Shore. I don't care a wild rose for any of the other places about here. I wonder how many strangers visiting the Cape have seen this house from the cars, and said, "Now, if I could have that!"

The house is well enough, but it is n't the house that I care for; it is the dream of shore and sea that goes with it. The water is broken into gentleness by the shape of the cove; it does not rave, but sighs; the curve of the beach is as delicate as a lady's lip; there is the something too bewitching not to be elusive about the shapes of the rocks and the foreground of old fishermen and their old dories pushing off, and the nets; it all seems to assume difference each time that you look; and there is a weir here this summer. It is going to be so beautiful that I perceive it will turn my head. I waked at sunrise to-day and ran to my window, and sat there for an hour, drowned in the daybreak, drunken with beauty. There is rose-

color in my room, and sky-color in the guest-room, and pearl tint in the little room between where I am to put Maggie, and all the rest of the cottage is green and white, or white and green, absolutely nothing else. It makes the house seem like one wave, tossed, I think, into foam, except just here, up where I am, and the foam has the colors of sunrise and sunset—like that wave beyond the weir, living and dying like a rainbow as I write.

I am so happy that I am afraid. It is as if I were a wave—alive and strong this minute, but sure to be broken and spent the next. Happiness is a tide: it carries you only a little way at a time; but you have covered a vast space before you know that you are moving at all.

I cannot think who wrote those lines that I have always liked:

> By the law of the land and the ocean,
> I summon the tide eternal
> To flow for you and me. . . .
> When shall the flood-tide be?

I wonder if misery is like this, too—a great ebb; the going out slowly of joy, wave by wave, till half the sea is emptied and all the shore is dry. Or is it one shock and cataclysm of nature, plunging over you at a crash—the tidal wave of experience? It is hard for me to-day to believe that I can ever be unhappy; or, indeed, that any other young, live, loving girl in the world can be. I am so happy that I find I cannot do anything at all but sing or pray; but I should not tell any person that, not even Dana. I don't think he would understand. When I sing, my song is half a prayer, and if I prayed, my prayer would be something like a song. It makes a strange medley—may the Lord forgive me! and I think he will.

> Our Father who art in heaven—
> "Why not to Heaven?" quo' she.

Dana will be here in an hour. The 6:20 train is just leaving town. He has been delayed by his first law case. Job and I must dress at once, and go to the station to meet him. I think I shall wear my white India; he seems to like it. And then any of Job's ribbons will go with it. I shall take the chiffon sunshade—the one he called "such pretty nonsense." I have the most preposterous affection for that sunshade. There 's one thing that perplexes me, and as long as he will never, never see the Accepted Manuscript, I may as well say what it is just now and here. There was once a Wilderness Girl I knew. What has become of her? Where shall I turn to find her? Whither has she fled from me? Is she melting out on the tide, wave by wave? Shall I lose her altogether in the sea?

1 A.M.

I DON'T know why I cannot sleep, for I am very happy. Perhaps it is because I am so happy, or perhaps it is being happy in so new a way that it keeps me staring out here at the sea, with the gas low, and the curtains streaming straight out from the window in the strong southeaster, the way they do nights at the seaside and never anywhere else. They fill like sails, and the room seems a ship. I write a little by the dim light,—for I don't feel like turning it up,—and then I stare a little, and then I write a little more.

Maggie, in her gray room, is sleeping stoutly. And beyond, in the sky-blue, sea-blue guest-room—I wonder if he is asleep, too? To be together in the same house, so near each other, is a strange and solemn thing.

Father said to-night: "You are as thoughtful of me as a son."

Father is very fond of him. And I—I love him so much that I begin to be afraid of him. I wish he were not quite so superb to look at. Sometimes I wish he were just a plain man, so that I could stand off and get an impression of him that would have a certain value. He dazzles me. We all have our own forms of paganism, and worship them in secret, being but half Christianized for their sakes. I think I have said before that my paganism is omnipotent beauty.

Thou glorious! Here alone in my rose-colored room, nothing but this white paper being witness, my soul turns to thee as if thou wert a god upon a cloud. To thee I swerve. Something within me cries, "Worship!" I struggle to keep my feet.

Stay you, the rather, at mine. When you kneeled to me this evening, I battled with myself, that you should not know how I longed to stretch down my hands and lift you up and drop before you. You called me all the goddess names. And I, an adoring girl, accepted them.

Now Nature avenges herself upon me, here alone, with this mute white paper, in the sacred night; and I write, for you do not know it, and *because you shall never know it*—I write you a note which you are never to see.

"*My Love: I am yours utterly.*

"*Marna.*"

(*Copy.*)

"MY DEAR DANA: It seems quite out of the course of nature not to write a letter to you every day. I am too much in the habit

of it to stop too suddenly. So I send this line by Maggie. I am a little tired this morning,—I did not sleep very well, for Job sniffed all about the room for mice, and upset his pink finger-bowl on some slippers and things of mine; he is n't at home yet in the Dowe Cottage,—and, if you don't mind, I won't see you till luncheon. Father will need you in a thousand ways, and you might call on the Curtis girls, if time hangs heavily. I 'm sure Minnie Curtis will be glad to see you. She always was. And I shall get downstairs by degrees, perhaps by half-past twelve.

"Yours affectionately,
"MARNA."

IT is a week since he came to the Wave. (That is what we have agreed to call this house.) I used to think I knew what it was to be happy. Now I see that I had not studied the grammar of joy. Dana says:

"You have not learned the alphabet yet. You play truant too often."

"Why don't you keep me in school, then?" I said. "That is your business."

He made me no answer at all, and that is what makes me uncomfortable. When he speaks I know the worst. But when he only looks at me, I am afraid of him and of what is coming. He has a terrible way of biding his time. I never know when he is done with a subject.

There is something that never was on sea or land about these days. I seem afloat, all the time, between the ocean and the sky; and if my feet touch the earth, they spurn it, as if they had wings, and I go whirling off and up. Now I am a creature of the air; height is my element; flight is the condition of being, and I flee. Then I am flung down swiftly, and find myself a creature of the sea; the deeps are my home; to be engulfed is the condition of being, and I drown. There are moments when I am tossed and driven blindly, and traverse vast spaces of the under-sea, visit sunken wrecks, float past buried treasure; and then I am hurled up and back, and thrown panting on the shore. Then I perceive that I am a weed upon a wave, and whithersoever the wave wills, there am I borne, and because I am a weed I do not buffet the wave, but love it, and it driveth me, for it is a wave.

But I do not show these things that I perceive to him.

For the princess hid from him.

Of flying or drowning we do not speak together. And he calls me a truant of the heart. What paradise is betrothal! I would be his promised wife forever. I do not think that Adam and Eve in Eden were married for a long time. And if they had never been married at all, Paradise would have been eternal. There can be no doubt of that.

August the twelfth.

A TERRIBLE thing has happened. Paradise is lost. So soon, too soon, I am exiled from *my* Eden; and each soul's Eden is its own. We may exchange tastes, habits, characters even, in this world: our Edens are untransferable; and an angel with a frowning smile stands guard at the gates of mine, already, to bar me out. That frowning smile is the nature of a man. Dana wishes me to marry him the first of October.

August the thirteenth.

I SAID he had not done with the subject—that day he looked at me and did not talk; but I did not expect anything so formidable as this.

He has had an uncle die—that is the short of it; he went away for two days to the funeral. When he came back he brought a piece of dismal news and this preposterous proposition. It seems that this uncle must needs go and leave him all the money he had. I don't fancy it is much—I would n't ask. But, whatever it is, Dana feels at liberty to marry on it. With what there is of Mother's settled on me we should have enough without depending on Father, it seems; and Dana thinks I ought to love him enough to be willing to live somehow, if not as I am used to living—and so on. I did not tell him that I would be willing to live *anyhow*—I don't think that at all necessary. I did not say how little I think about money, and things like that: he knows. I did not say that I could starve and be quite happy. I said that I did not wish to be married.

August the fourteenth.

HE says that does not make any difference. He says it has nothing to do with the subject.

August the fifteenth.

I HAVE told him that if he wants to be married in October he must find some other girl to marry him. We have had our first quarrel. He is hurt and unhappy, and has gone to town. I cannot see why I need feel called upon to miss him quite so much—not so preposterously. I should not mind if I missed him only to a reasonable extent. He has telephoned that he is not coming out to-

night. James answered the telephone. I was out watching Job catch grasshoppers, an exhilarating, not to say exalted, occupation. It was wet, too, and I came in too soppy and moppy for anything. There is a fog today. It wipes out the world as if it were a vast sponge. Happiness, I think, is only a little white writing on a slate: it looks as if it would last forever, but it is only chalk; the first touch expunges it. My slate is gone suddenly blank and black.

Two of our old fishermen are putting out in their old dories from the beach. They melt into the fog like thoughts. There! they are gone out utterly. They are so old that I cannot even wonder how they feel. Age seems to me like a mighty mist into which people dip and vanish slowly, and between them and the sympathy of youth an unfathomable fog shuts in. I stand before the mist of years. What does it hold for or withhold from me? Dana and I seem like frail boats, feeling our way into a dim destiny. My love stretches beyond his longing, a mysterious sea. Shall I ever be old—and he? And will love mature as far as life does? If it did not, if it does not, better that it be and remain forever young, a mist-ideal in a blur of morning light.

Two hours later.

INTO the record of these admirable and doubtless noble sentiments a sound cut like a paper-knife that tears a sentence. It was Job barking the one particular individual bark which he reserves, out of the variety of his nature, for Dana Herwin—a chromatic bark of modulated love and jealousy, of welcome and of distrust. I ran down. He stood in the green-and-white hall. No person besides ourselves was there. When he touched me,—for he took me to his heart as if he never meant to let me go,—Job growled, and then he cried like a hurt child, and crawled under the sofa and sobbed. I never knew anybody sob like Job.

And Mr. Herwin did not say a word about marrying in October. I think he has forgotten all about it. I am quite happy.

(*Copy.*)

"MY DEAR DANA: But I thought you had got over that. How can, how *can* you bring it all up again? Yes, I know I was very happy last evening, and I did n't much mind your knowing it. So I said, and so I did, as you say. But that did not mean that I am ready to be your *wife*. It is so hard for a man to understand a woman—it is so hard for you to understand me—that I do not think I ought ever to be your wife at all. I am convinced we should make each other very unhappy. As to marrying you in October, pray regard that point as irrevocably settled. I cannot consider the question for a moment. All the battle blood of my tribe is surging behind me, and I am

"Your

"WILDERNESS GIRL."

(*Copy.*)

"OH, I love you—yes. I have said it. I cannot unsay it. I cannot unlove, and that is the pitiful part of it. But I do not wish to be your wife in October. You would carry no willing captive to your wedding-day."

(*Copy.*)

"I NEVER knew a person with such a relentless will. I should think, if you loved me as you profess to do, you would have some compassion on me."

(*Copy.*)

"HAVE it your own way, then, if you must. Now you have got Father on your side I am perfectly discouraged. I am worn out with this conflict. I don't care whether I marry you this year or next, or in October, or in April, or now, or never. I am tired out. I am tired of the whole subject. I wish you to understand that I yield out of sheer exhaustion.

"Take me up, fling me over your shoulder, carry me away to your own tribe, then, if you insist upon it—and start all the elements of my nature that are incomprehensible to you into war."

(*Copy.*)

"MY DEAR DANA: Oh, I don't care what you give me. Why should you give me anything at all? That seems to me a foolish custom. I will not be a bride fettered with pearls and diamonds, and flaunting her chains before gods and men. I will have nothing from you but my wedding-ring. I suppose I can't decently refuse that. I think I have told you before—I don't care when. If it has got to be at all, one time is as good as another."

(*Copy.*)

"YES, oh, yes; I don't care. The last week of September is no worse than the first week of October, that I can see. You and

Father must arrange it between you. Really, I don't care to be bothered with these details.

"The only thing I insist on is that you shall find some suitable person to stay with Father, if you are going to turn him out of 'his own hired house' (as Longfellow used to call it) and send him back home alone, and keep me here without him. I warn you frankly: if you find me vanished any evening, you need not be surprised. As it looks to me now, the station is abnormally convenient, and, in fact, if I did n't *know* that I *could* melt away from you any time, I do not think, in fact I am quite sure, I could not possibly make up my mind to stay alone in the Dowe Cottage with you.

"Who ever invented the word 'honeymoon'? Some man, I am sure. *He* never tasted myrrh in it. There is nothing in this world I find it so hard to understand as the nature of a man. The mysteries of sin, suffering, and immortality are quite frank and open beside it.

"I am sorry if you are disappointed that I do not write love-letters to you in these days. Pray, what did you expect? I am dumb, and thou didst it.

"MARNA."

(*Copy.*)

"*September the third.*

"MY DEAR DANA: Certainly we shall be glad to see you whenever you come out. I quite think it best that you should be somewhere else, and rather come out, than stay out, just now. Probably we shall see enough of each other after the twentieth.

"Yours,

"MARNA TRENT.

"P. S. Oh, forgive me! I do not mean to be cruel. I do not *feel* cruel. It seems to me as if *you* were the cruel one of us two. It would have been so easy to go on as we were, betrothed and blessed. We could have lived so for a long, long time, and been quite happy. I cannot see why you were not contented. I was. Paradise 'was paradise enow' for me."

September the twelfth.

I HAVE not seen Dana for a week. I suppose it was rather uncivil of me, but I wrote him not to come. I find it impossible to entertain him in these days. He seems to me like company. Father and Job and I are happier by ourselves. I must admit it is celestial weather. The ocean blinds me and the breakers deafen me. There always is something about September sunshine, but *this* September sunshine has the divine nature. It is working an awful miracle. I dare not think of it! Yet, in truth, I think of nothing else.

"*September the fourteenth.*

"TO INA IN HEAVEN: Ina! Ina! Here we come to the parting of the ways between spirit and flesh; girl ghost and live wife, how can we stay together, or be ever to each other what we were? You—you would have been my bridesmaid, dear; you would have worn, I think, a robin's-egg-blue silk mull. How dainty you would have been! I am not to have any bridesmaid, Ina. No one shall take your place. I don't care for any wedding; it is all to be by ourselves, at home; we are going over the day before—a very still little wedding, only a few people; and Father stays, but Dana and I, and Job, are coming back to the Wave. Ina, I am not glad, oh, I am not glad! Ina! In all this world of live people *nobody understands*

"Your poor

"MARNA."

(*Copy.*)

"*September the sixteenth.*

"DEAR DANA: Leave me alone. Oh, leave me to my own nature for these last days and hours! What it is not in yours to comprehend let it be yours to reverence. I stand apart from you, and you seem to me a vast space away from me, like an alien king of an unseen country who has threatened me and mine. Though I make you unhappy, I must speak the truth to you, for Truth is the king of kings, and outranks your throne or mine, or that on which we are fated to sit crowned together. You ask me do I not love you as I thought I did that I treat you as I choose to do, in this miracle September?

"On my soul, I cannot answer you, for from my soul I do not know. I thought I loved you; and I was happy when you were near me. Now I know not if I love you; I only know I fear you, and I wish the width of the spaces between the stars and suns were distance between us.

"I feel a magic circle drawn around me. If you cross, you cross it at your peril, for, voluntary sorcerer, I stand within it. I have nothing for you—nothing; I belong to myself. I have fled to the wilderness of Womanhood, where no man ever sets his foot. If you pursue me, I cannot say what I shall do. I warn you! I warn you! It is nothing to me, and less than nothing, what other girls do the days before they are married to other men. I told you I was a Wilderness Girl;

and now you find it out, you are surprised and shocked. I would have you know, sir, that a woman is to be obeyed when she makes her will known to the man who loves her. I am not sure that I love you enough to marry you. And, honestly, it does not trouble me that I give you pain. I tell you, Dana Herwin—oh, but I cannot tell, I cannot tell you! You would not understand."

"September the seventeenth.

"MOTHER, I am not fit to be married, I am behaving so badly! If you were not a ghost, I think I should be a better girl—I should act like other girls. And you would teach me how. Mother, it is the holy truth that I packed my bag to-night and ran away. I took the train and went to town,—the late train,—and I meant to send him word that I would not marry anybody, for I could never do it.

"And when I got to town I was frightened at what I had done, for I thought it would trouble Father, and I came back again upon the midnight train alone; and it rained, for there is a southeaster, and I got off at the station, crying, in the wet. And, oh, Mother, there he stood—the Man! His face was white, and his hand shook, and he did not speak at all. He took me home, and in at the side door, and called Maggie, and told me to go up-stairs, and did not trouble me to try to kiss me; but he had such a look that I felt ashamed, and I thought you would be ashamed of me, Mother. So I confess to you. For I have promised that I will marry him in two days and three nights more. And I am

"Your unmothered and bewildered
"DAUGHTER."

(*Copy.*)

"September the nineteenth.

"DEAR DANA: I cannot possibly see you this evening. You will excuse me, I am sure. I have some writing to do, and, besides, I don't feel like it. Can't you go and call on Minnie Curtis? I should think she might amuse you.

"Hurriedly yours,
"MARNA TRENT."

(*Copy.*)

"October the fifth.

"TO MY HUSBAND: Oh, I admit it! I take the first excuse I have to write the word. You have never given me a chance before. I do not think we have been apart three hours—have we?—in these fifteen days. Now you are to be three hours in town. It seems a long time. Twenty minutes are gone. I have been sitting here, in the rose-colored room, staring at the clock. I have been trying to decide where I shall put this note to surprise and please you. Dear, I like to please you! But, indeed, I do not always know how to make you believe that I do. You are very patient and gentle with me, and I—I love you!

"I think I will pin it on your cushion with one of the pearl butterflies I wore to fasten my wedding lace. I was glad you noticed the butterflies. I am glad you liked the way I looked. This is part of the miracle. I begin to care so much—too much—for what you like. But now that I try to tell you so, I find that words flit away from me like butterflies—no, no! not that. Rather are my words moths, and they advance and retreat, and circle and waver about the light of my love for you, and dash them headlong, and perish in it. For my love is like a tall, strong candle on an altar; it burns steadily and sacredly before the holy of holies. I know that I have but begun to love you. I know that I shall love you more—I fear to know how I shall love you!

"For I am
"YOUR WIFE."

The Second Note.

"DARLING: Will you mind two notes from me? I cannot seem to find any other way of enduring this separation. I will slip this one under your pillow, so you will find it later than the pin-cushion one. See! I put one of the roses you brought me last night within the note. I liked the rose; it is just the color of this room. I am writing to tell you that I lose myself without you. I never knew three such hours in my life. I have stared the clock out of countenance: only eighty-five minutes are gone yet. I cannot understand myself; I am quite perplexed. Thou strong and tender! Come quickly and explain me to myself!

"Thou dear Love! My love waits to learn the way of loving from thine own; a bud that shall know an eternal blossom, a story that shall be read without an end. I tried to tell you so last evening; I could not do it.

"The sea is white and still this morning. The fishermen are singing at their nets. Fires are on all the hearths; the sun is warm and deep. I thought September was the bridal month. Now I see it is October. Then I think we shall know it is November. Eden

waits in every weather. All down the calendar,

I see Joy smiling.

"Dear, I cannot tell you unless I write it, and I feel that I must tell you, for I owe it to your patience and gentleness to tell you what a foolish, petulant girl she was—that Wilderness Girl. I whisper you a secret. She will not trouble you any more. She has floated out upon the tide of love,

Beyond the utmost purple rim.

The forest gave her, but the ocean claims her; she is gone forever. And I am

"MARNA, your Wife."

The Third Note.

"OH, teach me how to make you happy! I have everything to learn, I know. But believe me that I care for nothing else—for nothing in this world except your happiness. I will be the most docile and the gladdest scholar that man ever had.

"See, I have almost written this first separation away. I will confess: if I had not written, I should have cried. Oh, you will be home in half an hour!

"Don't be jealous, but I just went up and kissed the clock.

"MARNA, Wife."

(To be continued.)

HOW THE VOICE LOOKS.

BY EDWARD WHEELER SCRIPTURE,
Director of the Psychological Laboratory of Yale University.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

SEVERAL years ago one of the professors of Greek at Yale asked me if it were not possible to use some of the methods of experimental psychology for a study of verse. English verse is supposed to be based on the distinction between emphatic and unemphatic syllables. Are the differences of duration (with long and short syllables, as in classic verse) of no account? Is there a melody of pitch running through it, as in Japanese and Persian verse? Poe, Coleridge, Tennyson, and others have had much to say on the subject, but with little result from a scientific point of view. The last man to have any accurate notion of how he does a thing is generally the artist himself; it seems to be impossible, in most cases, to unite the scientific and the artistic ways of seeing and doing things, and whenever the artist (poetical, pictorial, or musical) tries to study his own mental condition instead of instinctively carrying out his inspirations, he commonly fails even as an artist. But why not catch some poets and prose writers, and dissect them psychologically? This we have not yet thoroughly accomplished, but we have caught pictures of prose and verse from the lips of many persons. The attempt to study such records required first a study of the records of their voices. How this was done it is the purpose of the present article to relate; the discussion of the nature of verse is postponed.

The voice issuing from a person's mouth consists of vibrations of the particles of air; these vibrations represent the entire effect of thought and emotion that pass from the speaker to the hearer. As everybody knows, the voice-vibrations can be recorded and reproduced by talking-machines, like the phonograph and the gramophone. With the gramophone recording-machine the vibrations strike a diaphragm which registers them by drawing a wavy line sidewise on the soft waxy surface of a disk. Copies of this disk are made in hard rubber. Such a disk contains what might be called "frozen speech," which is thawed out whenever it is placed in the machine. In fact, the talking-machine is only a realization of Munchausen's famous lie.

The voice having been caught, it is next necessary to find an accurate means of studying it. Passing by the methods previously used for studying it, we decided to enlarge and trace off the records of gramophone plates so that they could be accurately measured. A machine was built for the pur-

pose by means of much labor, many failures, and considerable expense.

The tracing-machine is shown in Figure 1. The gramophone plate *E* is rotated once in five hours. The voice-vibrations are reproduced with great enlargement as a white line by a system of levers writing on a band of smoked paper at *S*. To attain lightness with rigidity, the levers *J* and *Q* are made of Japanese reeds, and the connecting-rod, from *L* to *N*, of a strong but very small straw from Germany. The point at *R* carries a minute glass ball. After the speech-curve is traced the long strip of paper is passed through a tray of varnish to keep the smoke from rubbing off. Thousands of feet of such records have already been obtained. Pieces from some of the more interesting ones are shown in Figures 2 to 7.

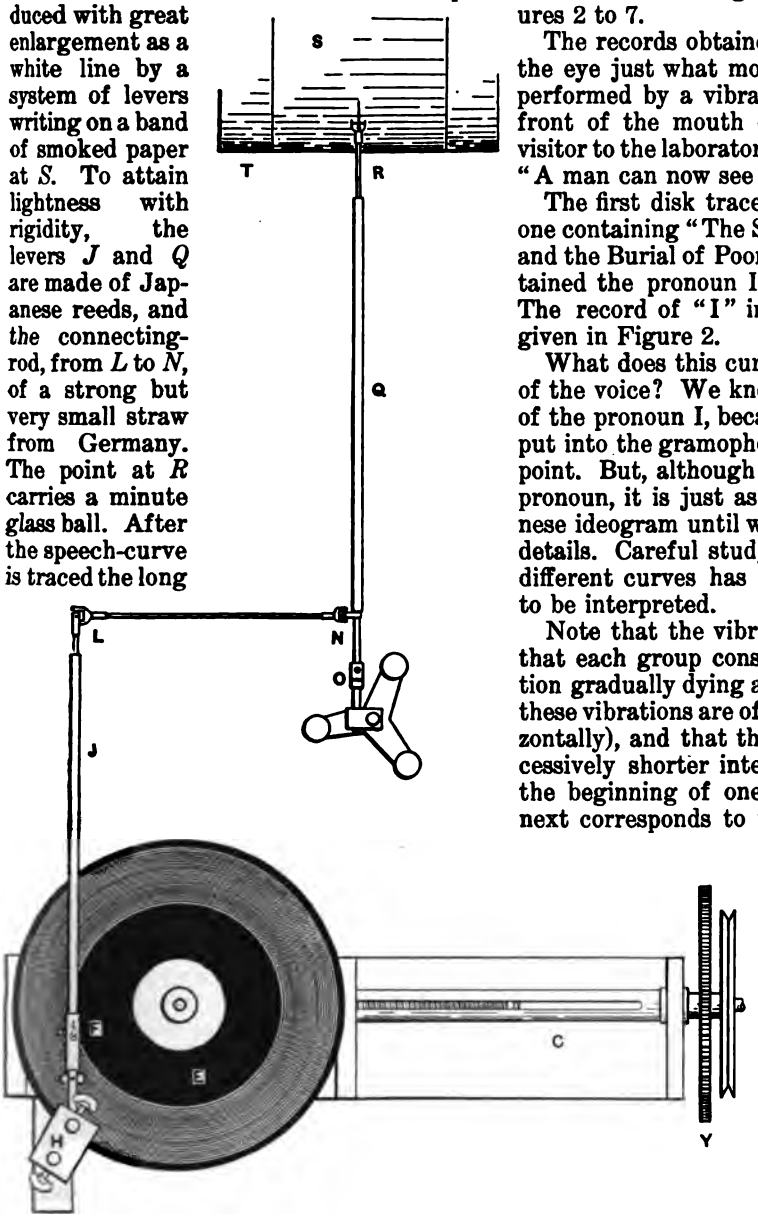


FIGURE 1. MACHINE FOR ENLARGING CURVES OF SPEECH FROM A GRAMOPHONE PLATE.

E, gramophone disk with spiral speech-groove containing lateral vibrations; *C*, revolving barrel with feed-screw that turns the disk and moves it sidewise; *Y*, gear-wheel that turns *C*, being moved by the last of a series of reducing-gears connected to a motor; *J*, magnifying-lever containing a fine steel point near *F*, which travels in the speech-groove and follows its vibrations; *L*, *N*, gimbal joints with connecting-rod that transmits the movements of *J* to the second lever *Q*; *O*, fulcrum of *Q*; *R*, recording-point that draws a line on a slowly moving band of smoked paper *S*; *T*, side of one of two cylinders about 8 feet apart, around which the band of smoked paper travels. The movement of the point in the speech-record at *F* is repeated with great magnification by *R* and recorded as a white line in the soot.

The records obtained in this way show to the eye just what movement was originally performed by a vibrating particle of air in front of the mouth of the speaker. As a visitor to the laboratory once put it jocularly: "A man can now see how his voice looks."

The first disk traced by our machine was one containing "The Sad Story of the Death and the Burial of Poor Cock Robin." It contained the pronoun I many times repeated. The record of "I" in "I, said the owl," is given in Figure 2.

What does this curve reveal of the action of the voice? We know that it is the curve of the pronoun I, because, when the plate is put into the gramophone, it says "I" at this point. But, although it is a picture of the pronoun, it is just as meaningless as a Chinese ideogram until we learn to translate its details. Careful study of many similar and different curves has shown how this one is to be interpreted.

Note that the vibrations come in groups, that each group consists of a strong vibration gradually dying away, that in all groups these vibrations are of the same length (horizontally), and that the groups come at successively shorter intervals. The time from the beginning of one group to that of the next corresponds to the time of one vibration in a tone of the same pitch as that on which the vowel is being spoken. This tone we know to be that of the vocal cords; therefore each entire group represents one vibration of the cords, and the small vibrations are those aroused in the mouth cavity.

The shortening of the groups shows that the cord tone is steadily rising in pitch. The fact that the small cavity vibrations do not change in length shows that the mouth tone is of fixed pitch and does not change as the cord tone rises.

Vibrations of the kind shown in each group of Figure 2 can be aroused only by a sharp puff of air coming into a cavity. We must therefore conclude that the cords emit a series of sharp puffs that make the open mouth resonate in somewhat the same way as a blow on the cheek does.

branes or cords. In the chest-register the current of air from the lungs squeezes them apart like two cushions, as indicated in Figure 8*B*. This produces a series of puffs of air, which is heard by the ear as a note. There are no overtones for the vocal cavities to resonate to. Each explosion from the cords strikes a



FIGURE 2. CURVE OF THE PRONOUN I, IN "I, SAID THE OWL."

It has been cut into three pieces. The first portion, including the first line and about half of the second, is approximately the vowel *a* (as in "father"); the rest approximately the vowel *i* (as in "kin"); the pronoun I is a continuous change from an *a* at the beginning to an *i* at the end. In the *a* portion the vibrations come in groups. Each group represents one explosive puff of air from the vocal cords and its effect on the air contained in the vocal cavities. The length of each group steadily diminishes, showing that the tone on which the vowel is spoken steadily rises. The small vibrations in each group remain constant in length (horizontally) to the middle of the word, showing that the cavity (mouth) tone remains the same, although the cord tone is rising. The pitch of the mouth tone is thus independent of that of the cord tone — a fact contrary to Helmholtz's theory, on which instruction in vocal music is largely based. The *i* portion of the curve shows a grouping of vibrations in pairs, indicating a mouth tone an octave above the cord tone. There is increased loudness and then a fading away of the sound. The smoothness of the groups of vibrations indicates that the explosive puffs from the cords are less sharp than in the first portion.

Our machine has traced off the curves of many voices (male and female) in various languages, as well as those of several musical instruments. Pieces of the tracing from Mr. Joseph Jefferson's voice are shown in Figure 3; of Senator Chauncey M. Depew's in Figure 4; of a woman's voice in Figure 5; of a German voice in Figure 6; and of a piano in Figure 7. The specimens are only very small portions of single sounds. A vowel is often several feet long in the tracings. The entire tracing of "Rip Van Winkle's Toast," from which the pieces in Figure 3 are taken, is fifty-seven feet long. The machine ran faster while tracing the curves in Figures 3 to 7 than in tracing those in Figure 2; consequently they are spread out more horizontally.

Perhaps the most interesting result of the study of speech-curves is the application to the system of training in vocal music based on a series of suppositions known as the Helmholtz theory. This theory assumes that the vocal cords resemble membranes or musical strings, and that they produce notes composed of a fundamental and overtones with the pitch-relations 1: 2: 3: 4, etc.; it also supposes that the vocal cavities (chest, mouth, etc.) reinforce certain of the overtones by resonance. The "vocal cords," however, are of the shape shown in the section in Figure 8*A*; they do not resemble either mem-

blow on the air of the vocal cavities and arouses the cavity tones. The voice-curves show conclusively that for male voices, in the chest-register, vowels consist of a series of more or less sharp puffs of air; that the cavity tones are rarely of a pitch that would enable them to coincide with overtones of the cord note, even if such overtones were present; and that these cavity tones vary in pitch with complete disregard of the cord note. For the head-register, and for female voices, data have not yet been obtained.

Strangely enough, the newer view of the action of the vocal cords is the same as that stated over twenty years ago by the great vocal teacher Garcia, the inventor of the laryngoscope. He could furnish no proof of his theory, and it seems to have been generally neglected.

Not long ago I stated these facts to a well-known clef club, and supported them by the curves of German vowels sung into and traced from a phonograph by Professor Hermann of Königsberg; by pictures of spoken English vowels obtained in a different way by Professors Nichols and Merritt of Cornell; by analyses of Finnish vowels by Dr. Pipping of Helsingfors; by direct observations of the vocal cords made by Dr. Musehold according to a new method; and by the results of other investigations. The statements were received with a dismay mitigated

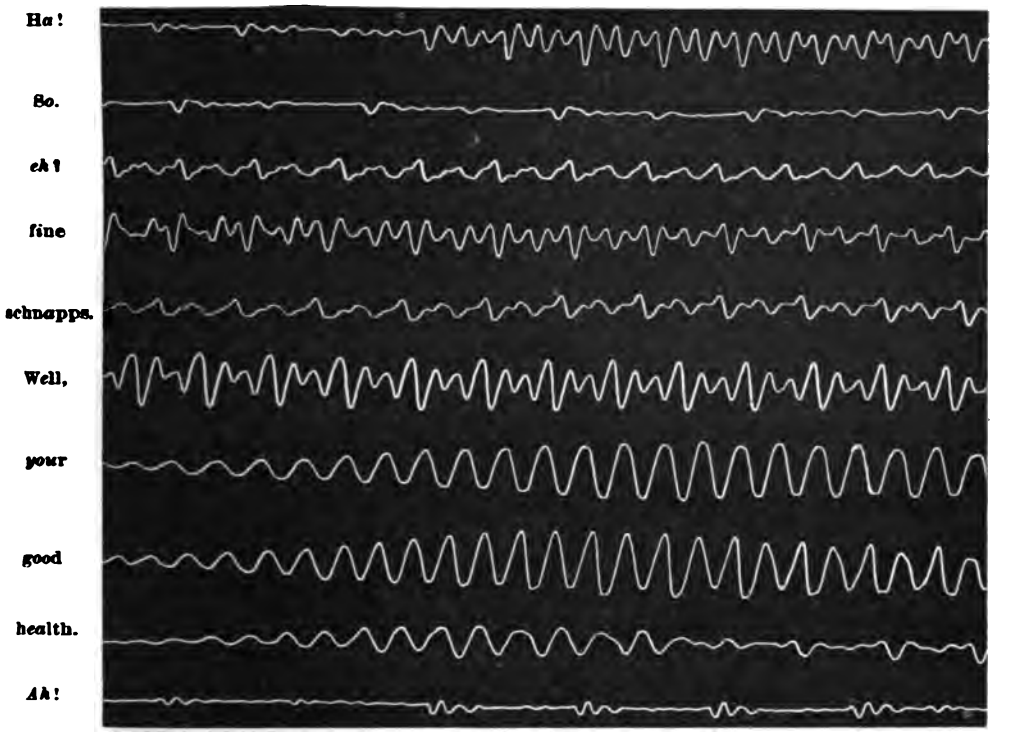


FIGURE 3. CURVES FROM THE VOICE OF MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON IN "RIP VAN WINKLE'S TOAST."

The first line shows the beginning of the *a* in the exclamation "Ha!"; the vibrations are in groups, as explained for Figure 1; there is a quick rise of intensity (indicated by the vertical extent of the vibrations) and a slow rise in pitch (indicated by the horizontal length of the groups); the strong vibration found in the middle of each group is peculiarly prominent in Mr. Jefferson's voice; it probably indicates a strong resonance from the chest. The second line is a portion of *o* in "So"; it is a soft, even sound of falling pitch; there are ten groups of vibrations, indicating ten vibrations from the vocal cords; but the alternate groups are slightly different, indicating some interference with their action that produces a peculiar rumbling modulation expressive of satisfaction. The third line is a portion of *e* in "eh?"; its pitch (indicated by the length of the groups) is higher than in the previous examples. The fourth line gives a piece of the *a* sound contained in *i* of "fine"; the resemblance to the *a* in "Ha!" is very close (no two sounds are exactly alike); it differs from *a* in Figure 2 chiefly in having the large intermediate vibration (indicating the strong chest tone) and in the greater evenness of the vibrations within each group (indicating a smoother explosion from the vocal cords). The fifth line gives a portion of the vowel in "schnapps"; there is some resemblance to the vowel of "eh?" The sixth line is a piece of the vowel in "Well"; it is quite loud; the pitch is nearly steady. The seventh line gives the end of *y* and the beginning of *ou* in "your"; the *y* is weak; the *ou* is loud; in *ou* the alternate vibrations are stronger, indicating two vibrations of the mouth cavity to each explosion from the cords. The eighth line contains the beginning of the vowel of "good" as the mouth-passage opens after the *g*; the portion in the middle of the line resembles the *ou* of "your," but the vowel steadily changes its nature. The ninth line gives the first part of the vowel in "health." The last line is the beginning of the exclamation of satisfaction "A-ah!" with which the "Toast" ends; it is of steadily falling pitch; the last part of our record of this sound shows vibrations of such low pitch that the ear cannot hear them.

only by incredulity. One member even remarked that such views "would, if true, knock all our theories of vocal instruction into a cocked hat." There was, in fact, a natural reluctance to giving up the Helmholtz overtone-theory of vocal resonance. The abandonment of the incorrect theory of vocal action will probably require modifications in the present methods of vocal instruction, but that is a matter for the musicians to decide. I merely suggest that if the mouth-resonance cannot alter the sound from the cords except by mixture of new tones with it, it is hopeless to attempt to correct faulty cord-action by adjustment of the mouth; the cords must be trained to emit such forms of explosions as will produce the best effects on the ear.

The curves of speech open up before us another important field of research. They present to the eye highly accurate pictures of the vocal sounds that can be studied at leisure. Professor Hermann has given wonderfully beautiful curves of the consonants and vowels. The Abbé Rousselot of Paris and his pupils have devised methods of directly recording vocal movements. All these methods together make up the new science of experimental phonetics, that gives us what we did not have before—definite records of the actual sounds of speech. As our knowledge becomes more trustworthy, and the methods of instruction more efficient, persons in foreign countries need not be so strongly handicapped in the matter of speech. With an improved pronunciation

we should not be obliged to conceal the fact that on our first attempting to speak French to a native of France we were greeted with the remark, "Je n'entends pas l'anglais."

I must here dispose of a question that nearly every one asks: "Is it possible to learn the vibration-alphabet so that the voice-

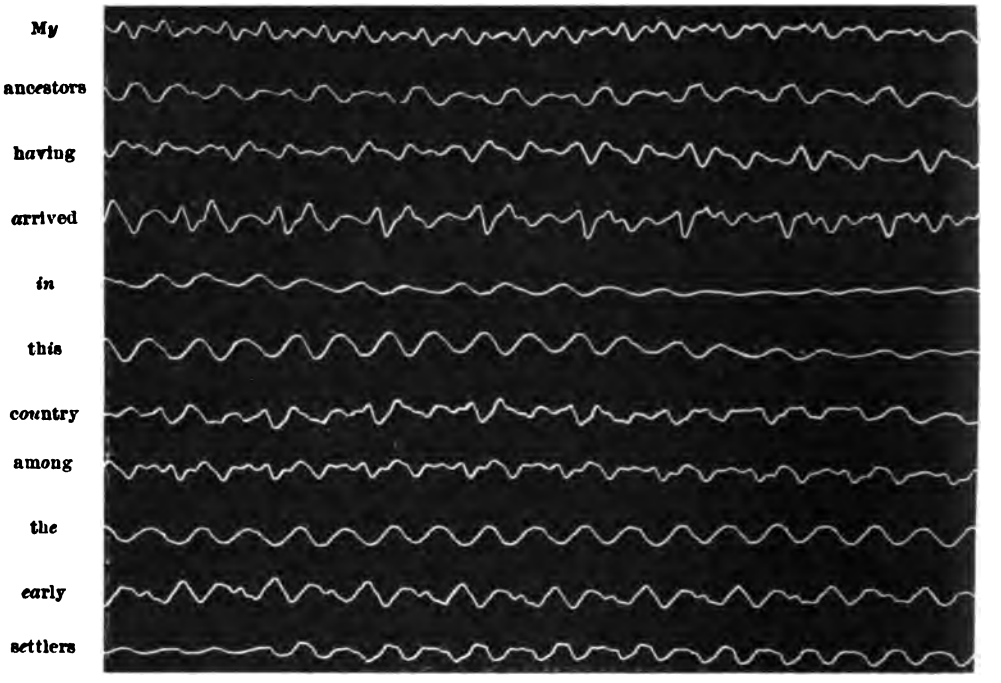


FIGURE 4. CURVES OF THE VOICE OF SENATOR DEPEW, IN HIS SPEECH ON FOREFATHERS' DAY.

The first line is a piece of *a* in "My" (*mai*); it bears considerable resemblance to the *a* in Figure 2; its pitch is very low; the strong vibration in the middle of each group — making the curve appear at first sight to have twice as many groups as it actually has — arises from the strong chest tone as mentioned for "Ha!" of Figure 3. The second line gives a piece of *e* in "ancestors"; there is considerable resemblance to *e* of "eh!" in line 3 of Figure 3. The third line contains a piece of the first vowel in "having"; a strong chest tone appears. The fourth line gives part of the first vowel in "arrived"; the fifth the end of *i* and the beginning of *n* in "in"; the sixth the end of *i* in "this"; the seventh a piece of the first vowel in "country"; the eighth a piece of the second vowel in "among"; the ninth a piece of the vowel in "the"; the tenth a piece of the first vowel in "early"; the eleventh the beginning of *e* as the mouth-passage opens after the *s* in "settlers." Nearly all the records are characterized by the unusual lengths of the groups (indicating low tones from the vocal cords) and by the strong vibration near the middle of each group (indicating strong chest tones).

voice. Since the voice travels in the form of air-vibrations from the speaker's mouth to the ear, a record of these vibrations must contain the results of emotions. An understanding of the modifications of the speech-curves must reveal the effects due to the emotions; it is only a matter of skilful re-

curves can be read by the eye just as we read print?" After nearly a year of constant study of the various cases of "I" in the "Cock Robin" record I do not yet feel sure that I can always recognize an "I"-curve without measuring its vibrations. At this rate I hardly expect to live long enough to complete the alphabet. Still, systematic study and classification may at some future time make such direct eye-reading of the voice not only possible, but practicable.

Still another field of strange interest and unexpected wonders lies before us, but it is yet utterly unexplored. We can all detect sorrow, anger, fear, fatigue, etc., in a person's cording, measuring, and analyzing to detect them. This was probably the idea in the mind of the flippant student who remarked that tracing curves of speech was "a fine way to get on to a man's curves."

Let us now consider another aspect of the subject. Various languages and dialects are rapidly disappearing, and all languages are changing; every moment loses something of interest for science. Persons of historical importance leave their photographs behind them, but their voices are not preserved. Even from a mercenary standpoint, a talking-machine record of the voice of Demosthenes or of Shakspere would to-day bring

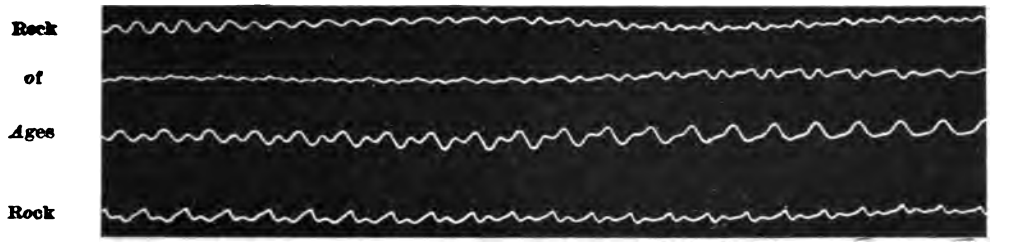


FIGURE 5. CURVE OF A SOPRANO VOICE.

The first line contains a piece of the vowel in "Rock," the second of that in "of," and the third of the first vowel of "Ages," all spoken. The fourth line contains a piece of the vowel in "Rock" as sung. Spoken vowels rise and fall in pitch continually; sung vowels are approximately constant, but never perfectly so.

a sum that would certainly repay the interest on the original cost if such records could have been made. It may seem rather queer to speak of dealing in persons' voices as investments, but scientific men can often accomplish their aims only by showing that other people will be benefited by them.

or plates should be pressed from the molds. These might be collected, preserved, and used as "phonetic libraries" in such places as the Smithsonian Institution and the various universities. They could be accurately traced off and studied by machines like the one I have described. A com-

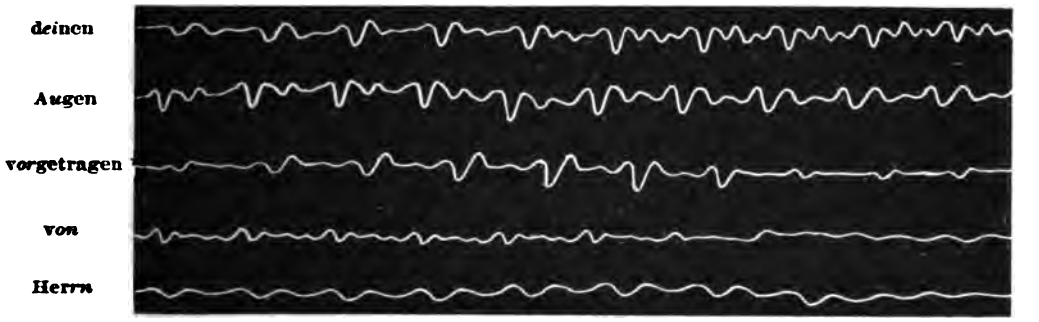


FIGURE 6. CURVE OF A VOICE SPEAKING GERMAN.

The first line gives a piece of *a* of the diphthong *ai*, indicated by *ei*, in "deinen"; there is some resemblance, but not a very complete one, to the *a* sounds in Figures 2, 3, and 4. The second line gives a piece of *u* in "Augen"; it has little resemblance to the *ou* of Figure 3, but does bear some resemblance to curves of *o*. The third line gives the last part of *o* and the first part of *r* in "vorgetragen." The fourth line gives the end of *o* and the beginning of *n* in "von." The last line gives the last part of *r* and the first part of *n* in "Herrn."

Records of the voices of famous persons and of various dialects have been made on phonograph cylinders. Owing to their perishable nature and to their deterioration by use, these, sooner or later, become valueless. They should be made in celluloid or hard rubber, and many cylinders

mittee to consider the matter has already been appointed by the American Philological Association (Professor Schmidt-Wartenberg, Chicago), the American Association for the Advancement of Science (Section H, Anthropology; Professor Russell, Harvard), and the Modern Language Association (myself).

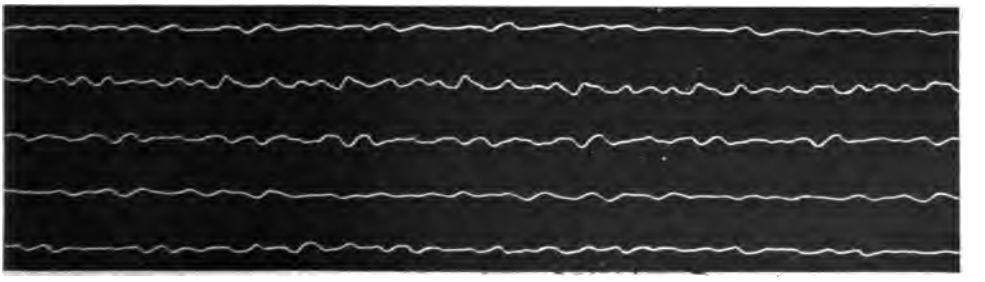


FIGURE 7. CURVES OF CHORDS ON THE PIANO.

Feasible methods have been found, and the work can be begun.

To return, in conclusion, to the problems with which we began, it is evident that, since the curves of speech place before us a picture of the voice as it recites prose and verse, we need only learn to interpret the results in order to solve them. This work of interpreting has been going on for several years, and the results already begin to appear. With the aid of new and more sensitive methods of making gramophone and zonophone disks, we may hope to catch verse as it flows from the mouth of the unsuspecting poet, and thus to obtain and study something far closer to the real poem than the cold and inadequate skeleton of it that appears on the printed page.

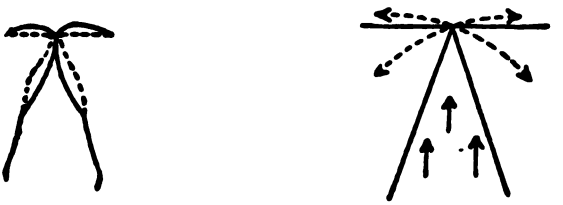


FIGURE 8.

A, Section across vocal cords; the dotted line indicates the position when lightly touching; the full line indicates the position when tightly pressed together in order to produce a note in the chest-register; the cords resemble cushions in structure. *B*, Diagram to show how the cords yield when the air forces them apart as in singing or speaking.

CONVERSATIONS WITH THE FOUR GERMAN CHANCELLORS.

BY WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND.

IT is interesting to note the fact that the German Emperor, in his unquestionably sincere desire for a close understanding with this republic, has broken with another Bismarck tradition. While the Iron Chancellor throughout life had a sincere liking for the American as an individual,—as witness his cherished friendship for Motley, and his amicable relations with George Bancroft, Bayard Taylor, William Walter Phelps, Andrew D. White, and other cultivated Americans,—and while this nation had for him the fascination of contrast, he nevertheless studiously avoided anything like a rapprochement with the United States during the three decades when he almost autocratically shaped Germany's foreign policy. It was, in fact, during Bismarck's régime that relations between the two countries became rather strained for the space of several years—the time when a number of the most important American products were shut out of the empire. This is, however, readily accounted for, the chief reason being that it was only shortly before Bismarck's death that this country set out on its career as a world-power and its political influence began to be strongly felt beyond the seas. It is futile, of course, to argue the question whether Bismarck, under like conditions, would have courted the political friendship of this country. But while his views on American national aims and ideals can no longer sway the public mind in Germany, it is at least of historical import to record here some pertinent remarks made by the aged statesman, in the writer's hearing, in the course of various conversations which it was his good fortune to obtain with Bismarck during the last years of his life. These conversations were three in number, and they occurred, respectively, on July 28, 1894 (while Bismarck was passing through Berlin, on his way to his Pomeranian estate, Varzin, with Dr. Chrysander's aid); on September 16 of the same year, in Varzin, at Bismarck's invitation; and at Friedrichsruh, on May 26, 1898, during the Spanish-American War. This last visit was brought about through the good offices of the American ambassador in Berlin, Mr. White, and on this occasion

Bismarck spoke, so far as I have been able to ascertain, his last words for publication. My purpose at that time had been mainly to secure, if possible, some expressions of opinion from Bismarck relative to the war. In that, however, I was not measurably successful, Count Rantzau (Bismarck's son-in-law) purposely deflecting the current of talk when it ran into that channel. I was subsequently given to understand that this was done because Bismarck had, that very day at breakfast, become greatly excited on the topic, after reading the latest despatches about the war, and because excitement of any kind was deemed by Dr. Schweninger, his attending physician, highly injurious to him.

It was a great shock to me when I was led in to Bismarck that day. His gnarled face, with its sallow, parchment-like skin, his mighty body, bent and shrunken, and his great hands trembling as if with ague, even when grasping his stout oaken staff—all spoke of his approaching dissolution. His voice was raucous and hollow, and his eyes alone showed that this was Bismarck; their steel-blue still shot fire. Yet his intellectual faculties were unimpaired. Of that there was no doubt. The large table in front of him was littered with German, English, French, and Russian papers, some of them blue-penciled in the text and on the margins. Dr. Chrysander told me that his interest in politics, both foreign and domestic, was as keen as ever, excepting when the painful attacks of his destroying malady seized him, which was sometimes for hours.

It was a bright, sunny day, and through the open window of the morning-room floated the balsamic odor of the near-by forest, the Sachsenwald, the breath of which the old man loved, and beneath the boughs of which he had been wont to wander every day as long as strength permitted. But here he sat, propped up in his easy-chair, and with now and then a wistful glance at the green glory beyond.

After a few introductory remarks by me, Bismarck told me, in his curt and somewhat *burschikos* manner, to take a seat opposite him, and then gazed at me steadfastly, finally breaking silence by questioning me about the situation in America and Manila. He accompanied this with a running commentary of exclamations. I drifted into some talk about the attitude of Europe, considered none too friendly toward America at that time; and from that to the Monroe Doctrine was but a step. Then Bismarck was roused. I knew him to be the declared foe of that idea.

"This whole war is indefensible," he snarled, "on grounds of international equity. It is a war of pretext, undertaken against a waning power for the sole sake of spoils. The United States complained that Cuba, as a Spanish colony, was being maladministered. What of that? Colonies have often been mismanaged, and I suppose the Americans, when they shall have colonies, will not be exempt. But that is no fair reason for dispossessing the owner. Other powers have never interfered in such cases before. The Creole and the West Indian half-breed are difficult to manage, and it would be impossible to satisfy them under any circumstances. The Americans will find them, later on, a hard nut to crack. Spoils, spoils—all else is pretense. That, too, is seen by your procedure in the Philippines. The Americans call this Europe of ours *effete*. Well, there must be some truth in it, or else there would have been a united European front to oppose and hinder this unrighteous war."

"And the Monroe Doctrine?" I ventured.

"That is a species of arrogance peculiarly American and inexcusable," said Bismarck, wrathfully, and his eyes gleamed. "You in the United States are like the English in that respect: you have profited for ages from dissensions and ambitions on the continent of Europe. That insolent dogma, which no single European power has ever sanctioned, has flourished on them. And how will you enforce it? And against whom? The powers most interested, now that Spain is out of the way, are England and France, the two leading naval powers. Will you drive them off American waters with your pygmy navy? The Monroe Doctrine is a specter that would vanish in plain daylight. Besides, the American interpretation of this presumptuous idea has itself varied constantly, and has been buried out of sight for many years at a time. There is no definition of the idea that has ever been universally accepted in your country. I remember an incident during the war between Chile and Peru which illustrates that at that time, for instance, the Monroe Doctrine was virtually dead. We had some information which made us suspect that the Washington government intended to interfere either as an uncalled-for peacemaker or else as an arbitrator. At that time, as now, Mr. White represented the United States in Berlin, and I sent Lothar Bucher from the Foreign Office to him to ascertain, if possible, whether these

rumors were true or not. Mr. White assured him that they were not, but I insisted on something more definite than his mere belief, and so Mr. White drew up a cablegram to his government before Bucher's eyes, and in a short while got his reply, and it emphatically denied these reports, and furthermore gave assurances that no such step was contemplated. And so it proved. At that time, then, the Monroe Doctrine was as good as dead."

Here Count Rantzau broke in with a remark intended to shift the conversation, which had that effect. Soon after, I took my leave, and two months later the bells all over Germany tolled out the death of the old statesman.

WHEN I had spoken with Bismarck in midsummer four years before, he looked still hale enough, although almost an octogenarian. But to those who had known him in the days of his power there was one ominous sign of senility; for as the crowd outside the gates of the Stettin railway-station sent in volley after volley of thunderous cheers, his eyes became moist. I saw the tears glisten. Thus, then, these proofs of his unabated popularity—a popularity which to the day of his fall he had despised—moved him strangely. It was shortly after the grandson of his *alter Herr* had sealed the truce with some bottles of rare old Rhenish; but that it had been only a truce, and not a fast compact of peace, was apparent on that very occasion, for the government had done everything it could in a passive way to prevent a popular demonstration for the idol of the nation, not alone by keeping secret the news of his coming through Berlin that day, but also by rigidly enforcing police regulations at and about the station where Bismarck's private car had to halt for half an hour. But the delegations of university students were not to be baffled, and they were there in full dress, with swords gleaming and colors flying and the multitude beyond the gates was numerous and enthusiastic. I had seen Bismarck only once before. That was in 1876, as he was whirled on his way from the palace through the Wilhelm Strasse, looking as stern as Fate, and as rugged and long-lived as one of his Sachsenwald oaks. He was then in the zenith of his power. Now I saw him dethroned, but mighty still. Dr. Chrysander had arranged things for me, and I climbed into the car and was formally presented. Princess Bismarck, his faithful wife, who was with him, cautioned him against the draft from the window, and put his ample rustic cap on his head. She eyed me askance. But Bismarck, during the five minutes he could give me, was debonair, and spoke without restraint. Among other things he said:

"Economically considered, I believe that the United States has a great future. It is absolutely necessary for us people of Europe to protect ourselves in time against your competition, for whenever the point arrives that the United States is not checked in its inroads on our agriculture, complete ruin will overtake our landholding classes. It was the knowledge of American competition, with which, without protective lines, we are unable to cope in our smaller and older and poorer lands, which dictated my agricultural policy in Germany. There may come a day, however, when it will no longer be possible to keep up artificial barriers against your cereals and meats, and that will be an evil day for Germany."

A word having been thrown in by me about American politics, Bismarck said:

"Your politics over there have always remained a sealed book to me. And it seems American politicians are not much better off in that respect. But don't you believe yourself that the whole edifice—I mean your political one—will some day tumble about your ears? To me, at least, it rather looks that way. What are your Coxey armies and your monster strikes, your periodically returning business crises and panics, but signs of exhaustion, of decadence—signs of vital defects in a machinery which no longer is adequate to your needs and which, therefore, causes evil?"

The Chicago World's Fair prompted a question on my part, and Bismarck said:

"I do not believe in these large international expositions of the kind of which we have already had more than enough. To the world at large they do not bring much of lasting benefit, and for each city in which such a large exposition is held it has more of evil than of good in its wake. It increases the homeless and penniless crowds in those cities, and after the thing is over, it is difficult, almost impossible, to get rid of them again. It also leads to an increase in the price of necessaries of life, to a temporary increase in wages, and to a permanent increase in rents. All these are unhealthy consequences, followed later by serious reaction."

His agrarian views and his fears of unchecked American competition Bismarck repeated, a couple of months later, when I

visited him, at his invitation, at his Varzin estate. To most men of his past, life on this vast but dreary estate in the most backward and feudal part of Pomerania would have proved unendurably dull. His only regular intercourse, besides the members of his family, was with Commercial Councilor Behrend in near-by Hammermühle, the pastor in Wussow, and the district president in Pannewitz, and they were very ordinary mortals. But Bismarck, to whom love of a quiet rural life descended from a long line of ancestors, evidently enjoyed it. He consorted with his rustic neighbors, many of whom were his tenants, on terms of perfect equality, and entered with enjoyment into their local gossip. His steam-dairy and his distillery, but above all his paper-mill, engrossed his thoughts during the larger part of the day. Though a special messenger brought his mail to him every day from the nearest railway-station, some seven or eight miles off, he never complained about its tardy arrival. His wife's failing health seemed to me to be the only shadow on his life there. It was with a sad smile that, towering over the feeble and attenuated form of his Johanna, he said, "You see, we 're both growing old."

After dinner, a very simple affair, he lighted his big porcelain pipe,—cigars and wine or beer, except a half *Schoppen* of light Moselle, were forbidden him,—and chatted, often interrupting himself to put questions that occurred to him, in that peculiar style, a mixture of frank cynicism, bonhomie, and picturesque humor, that lent a spice to whatever he said, on a variety of subjects, touching them all quite lightly. He mentioned the Wilson Bill, then pending, and spoke of Cleveland in high terms, saying that he had "the stuff in him out of which statesmen are made," but that he was "thrown away in a republic." He compared parliamentary methods in Germany and in America, and deplored the fact that in the absence of two great parties, as they existed in the United States, he had always been forced to make *Politik von Fall zu Fall.* Having smoked his pipe, he carefully emptied the ashes, stood up the pipe in its place on a rack, and kissing his ailing wife softly on the forehead, left the room, and a minute later was striding along the path to the distillery.

COUNT CAPRIVI, Bismarck's successor, was a man of an essentially different fiber. Strong common sense, the virtues of the Prussian soldier,—blind obedience and loyalty to his chief,—simple, unaffected modes of speech and living, coupled with candor, seemed to me his leading characteristics. Doubtless it was these qualities of the man which had induced the Kaiser, after the irretrievable rupture with Bismarck, to pick him out from among hundreds of other Prussian generals. Caprivi achieved some lasting good for Germany during his brief term of office, and with his commercial treaties, concluded with the principal customers of the empire, he enabled Germany to attain to that commercial prosperity and expansion which she enjoyed for a decennium. It is matter of history that his downfall was due to the bitter hatred and the unscrupulous intrigues of the powerful landholding aristocracy. They had, in derision of his poverty, dubbed him *der Mann ohne Ar und Halm* (the man without a foot of soil or blade of grass), and wilily insinuated, on all occasions, that a man who owned not even an acre of soil could of necessity have no sympathy with agricultural interests. Caprivi was the most accessible chancellor Germany has yet had, and, strangely enough for a man who had served half a century in the Prussian army, he was liberal in his political and social ideas. The German press and foreign correspondents enjoyed during his short régime a degree of comparative freedom which formed in itself a striking contrast with the era of Bismarck, when expulsions and jail terms for press offenses were of too frequent occurrence. Caprivi was clear-sighted enough to perceive that Germany, as a world-power, as a country whose industry and trade had become paramount interests, could not in the logic of things remain under the dominance of an Agrarian party, whose narrow egotism would keep the empire in a commercial feud with all its neighbors.

A fortnight before he laid down the heavy burden of an office which he had never sought, and which he had taken up only in the same spirit in which he would, on command, have stormed an enemy's position in war-time, Count Caprivi intimated to me that his position with the Emperor was "shaken," and that he expected any day to step down and out. He rightly attributed the lack of confidence which the Emperor had shown him of late to the insistent and insidious machinations of the Agrarians, whose influence at court and everywhere else was undeniable. He added: "The Agrarian party did very well when Germany, and especially Prussia, was still preëminently an agricultural country; but to-day to yield in

essentials to their influence would mean ruin for Germany. We can no longer exclude the agricultural products of other nations, whether it be Russia or the United States. Our laboring population—and that means the bulk of the nation—imperatively requires cheaper foodstuffs than our own soil will give us. To prevent this, as the Agrarian party tries to do, is to prevent our rise as an exporting country. Commercial treaties are feasible only on the principle of give and take, and some interests are always bound to suffer."

Caprivi was a sincere advocate of a close friendship between Germany and both England and the United States, and on the night of his leaving office, two weeks later, he granted me a short interview, during which he made some significant remarks. That stormy scene at the palace between him and the Emperor had taken place only a couple of hours before, yet I found him, calm and unperturbed, just on the point of retiring. It was about ten in the evening. With unruffled temper and smiling quizzically, he shook hands and offered me a cigar, which his gray-haired old valet brought in. Then, in his matter-of-fact way, he chatted with me for a quarter of an hour. He said he was honestly glad to be "out of it," and to have the chance to spend the remainder of his days in peace and quiet. "I have not had an hour's happiness since I came into this house," said he, "and my old bones can now take a little ease."

He ruminated awhile, blowing the wreaths of smoke before him thoughtfully. "Of course," he then remarked, "I understand why the Agrarians hate me. As long as my influence prevailed with the Emperor the commercial interests of the country predominated. The Agrarians are driving the country into a tariff war, and they fear a close understanding with America and England. And yet that is bound to come, and it will be of great advantage to Germany, not only politically, though that alone is an important factor, but in its educational influence on the masses. Contrary to Bismarck's views, who always considered a close friendship with Russia of paramount importance for us, I think Russia's political influence on us has always been deleterious. We must assimilate with nations that are politically and commercially more advanced than we. The influences of the English-speaking races on our thought, our literature, our political development, have always been wholesome ones, and with England and the United States as our fast friends we need not fear either France or Russia, no matter whether the Dreibund lasts another ten years or not. And the Emperor personally feels the same way about this; but his whole political surroundings are against the idea."

PRINCE HOHENLOHE, too, was not ill disposed toward this country; but as a very old man, whose political education and diplomatic training fell into a time when the nineteenth century was still young and this republic only a stripling, he knew very little about the United States, and his political thoughts turned mainly about the old orbits—Russia, Austria, France, and England. At a garden-party given in the extensive park behind the chancellor's palace, he once engaged me in conversation about America, and I discovered, to my amazement, that his ideas regarding its civilization and customs were rather crude. They seemed to date from the time Dickens paid his first visit here, and what I told him about American universities and other evidences of advanced culture he seemed to take *cum grano salis*. Besides, though he was a charmingly liberal man in most things, he was a *grand seigneur* of the old school, and he evidently held in small esteem a country of such democratic institutions and manners as ours. But in his economic convictions he came very close to Caprivi's, and he favored a close commercial treaty with this country, as he told me, though on new lines, and not based on the old treaty with Prussia of 1828. However, the infirmities of old age prevented more and more, during his chancellorship, the full exercise of his constitutional powers, and Count Bülow, during the last six months of the Hohenlohe régime, was virtually both chancellor and foreign secretary.

In January of last year I paid my respects to Prince Hohenlohe for the last time. He was then staying at a hotel in Meran, in the southern Tyrol, to benefit his failing health. Like many men of his stamp, he liked gossip and personal anecdote, and he listened with rapt attention to my little budget of Berlin stories, frequently putting his hand to his ear to aid his defective hearing. Then he said, when the talk drifted to America:

"We are likely to have a good deal of trouble with our Agrarians, who are dead set against any economic understanding with the United States. This tariff bill now in preparation goes too far. It yields too much

to the interests of our large landholders. These are not the interests which ought to prevail in such a matter. I told the Emperor so, and I have fought Bülow's ideas on the subject, who sees too much *couleur de rose* in the matter. What will the Americans say to a tariff which bears so heavily on their exports to our country? Bülow gives way too much to the Agrarians, who would like nothing better than to embroil us with every nation that sends us foodstuffs. The Emperor is against the bill, but Bülow has persuaded him that he cannot get along without the Agrarians in home politics. Well, I wash my hands of the whole affair."

COUNT BERNHARD VON BÜLOW has become somewhat enigmatical since he rose to the post of chancellor. He loves to express himself in metaphor when giving public utterance to his thoughts, and in Germany his oracular sayings furnish endless opportunity for interpretation. His mind is far more sinuous than that of his predecessor, and he has now and then contradicted himself in his speeches. But while he has frankly confessed himself an Agrarian, and while his family traditions and leanings and his personal affiliations are altogether on the side of the Agrarians, he nevertheless would like to see a better and closer political understanding established between Germany and this country. Of this, I think, there is no doubt. On one occasion, not many months after the close of the war with Spain, taking President McKinley's message to Congress for his text, he expressed himself to me in this way: "Anything which will tend to bring the two nations more closely together must be welcomed on both sides of the ocean. This is a sentiment to which I have given repeated expression. Misunderstandings of a political or economic nature are liable to arise now and then between Germany and America, as between other countries; but with good will on the part of both governments—and there is every evidence of such good will—these misunderstandings are sure to be amicably adjusted. The two nations have much in common, and the millions of Germans who have found a second home in America are alone a tie that ought to bind very closely. There is absolutely nothing of a serious nature, so far as I can see, that ought to breed discord between the two countries, and there are many reasons which ought to unite them. The press can do much in furtherance of this."

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Phillips Brooks and Stevenson on Missionaries.

ONCE in a while the whole question of the utility of foreign missions is raised and bitterly debated. Lord Salisbury several months ago made a great ado by reading a lecture to missionaries which awakened echoes in many hearts; he had evidently found them, at times, mischief-makers of a somewhat dangerous character, and he warned them of the necessity of caution. There are those who maintain that missionaries are always impertinences, and often wanton makers of trouble. Even Bishop Potter made some characteristically outspoken remarks on the subject in connection with China, in THE CENTURY for October, 1900. Missionaries from Christian countries, he said, while resident or going about in heathen lands, demand the protection of their own consuls, ministers, and ambassadors,—"to which," he significantly added, "they are undoubtedly entitled as long as they are going to and fro on their lawful errands. But suppose this intervention is invoked when they are violating the traditions and—doubtless often unconsciously—putting contempt on very tender and sacred usages or beliefs; and suppose, still further, that this intervention is invoked and even demanded not only for themselves, but for their converts." Bishop Potter, however, found a great deal of missionary work in China which is not open to criticism.

It happens that two recently published and widely different biographies throw new light on the general subject. It seems natural enough that the life of a great preacher and bishop like Phillips Brooks should furnish arguments favorable to the missionary cause. And yet we learn from Professor Allen that Bishop Brooks, when he went to India in 1882–83, had felt some doubts and misgivings about the actual results, as about the methods, of missions. It is interesting that these misgivings disappeared, "and in their place arose enthusiasm and gratitude and hopefulness." The bishop found the missionaries "really splendid fellows," with "far more intelligent talk about

religion and the relation of Christianity to other faiths than he would hear" from home parsons. "Tell your friends who do not believe in foreign missions (and I am sure there are a good many such) that they do not know what they are talking about, and that three weeks' sight of mission work in India would convert them wholly." Bishop Brooks saw the drawbacks and difficulties, as his notes show, but he felt the good to India, and he had an instinct of "what these other people will do for our Christianity if they become Christians."

Among Bishop Brooks's notes is the following highly suggestive paragraph:

> The reconstruction and simplification of Christian theology is imperatively demanded by missions. Indeed, the missionaries are quietly doing it, almost unconsciously doing it, themselves. Christianity as a book-religion, resting on the infallible accuracy of a written word, or as a propitiatory religion, providing a mere escape for hopeless culprits, or as a doctrinal religion, depending on the originality of some statements of truth, all of these aspects of it fade; and Christianity as a personal faith revealing *in* Christ, not simply *by* Him, the present living fatherhood of God, becomes the powerful and precious substance of our faith.

So much for Bishop Brooks's opinion concerning missions. In an appendix to Balfour's "Life of Robert Louis Stevenson" is printed a paper intended for an address to be delivered before the Women's Missionary Association and members of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of New South Wales, at Sydney, in 1893. In this deliverance Stevenson acknowledges that he had conceived a great prejudice against missions in the South Seas, and that he had "no sooner come there than that prejudice was at first reduced, and then at last annihilated. Those," he wrote, "who deblaterate against missions have only one thing to do, to come and see them on the spot." He then proceeds to give the missionaries some extremely useful advice.

It is a fact known to the traveled, and to all close observers of missionary work, that of late years something of a change has come over the spirit of missions. There is less strenuous effort at convert-making, in the old-fashioned, statistical way; and greater stress is laid upon the extension of medical knowledge, and upon the spread of education, and Christian civilization generally, by precept and example. The new spirit and method augur well for the success of missions abroad and for the growth of sympathy with them and support for them among the people at home.

Temperance and Common Sense.

THOSE who think that the only way to fight the liquor curse is to prohibit the curse by stringent laws are not well informed. Earl Grey, in his very interesting statements made at a recent conference at the City Club of New York, showed what had been done in England to diminish the drinking of intoxicants by the actual establishment of saloons where intoxicants are sold! The earl is the president of the Central Public House Trust Association, whose business it is to fight the drink habit by curbing it, not by absolutely forbidding it. Ales and wines may be had at their saloons, but the employees are instructed to discourage the buying of such drinks, and are given a premium on the sale of non-intoxicant drinks, thus reversing the custom in the ordinary saloon.

The Trust itself limits its profit to five per cent., appropriating the surplus to public purposes; it sells pure liquor when it sells any; and it keeps decent saloons where the frequenters are lured by non-intoxicants rather than by intoxicant drinks. The good effects of the new method are beginning to be felt.

This is one way of abating an evil the extent of which can hardly be calculated. Things are worse in Great Britain than in America, but they are bad enough here, and here, too, especially in New York, the saloon evil is a constant menace all along the line of local government. It is generally felt that if the reform administration shall go under in the metropolis it will be because of complications as to State and local regulations of the liquor traffic. It is no wonder that, failing any immediate solution along lines of legislation, the attention of reformers is just now being given to some such methods as those which Lord Grey's Association has so successfully experimented with. The American Committee of Fifty on the Liquor Problem has already devoted a volume to "Substitutes for the Saloon" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), where many of the most valuable recent experiments will be found described, including those substitutes from which liquor is altogether excluded.

There are many hopeful signs in the temperance outlook in America. It is a matter of common observation that social drinking is less the rule than it once was, and our strenuous economical development tends toward temperance and even toward total abstinence. One element of encouragement is the growing spirit of tolerance and practical common sense among temperance advocates of our day.

OPEN LETTERS

The Charleston Exposition.

AFTER cold weather, spring is at hand in the Charleston Exposition; and full spring is needed to perfect its charming design. Its grass must be wholly grown, its flowers in full bloom. Already the jonquils and hyacinths are making the central garden radiant, presently the roses will follow, and then, with the air favorable to loitering upon benches or in gondolas, the place will seem as truly enchanted by day as it is now in its fairy-land of darkness and electric light. To wander at night among its floating domes and minarets is like moving in the golden prime of the good Harun-al-Rashid; for it may in truth be styled the duodecimo of our expositions. Philadelphia had an octavo; Chicago a folio; Buffalo a quarto. The quality of Charleston's is exquisite.

When the Centennial was undertaken, Philadelphia counted over half a million inhabitants. At the time of the World's Fair Chicago had more than a million. Intrepid and gallant Charleston numbers but twenty-three thousand white people! It is not wonderful that the Confederacy proved hard to overcome.

Either the Meeting or the King street cars take you up at the Battery, and in twenty-five minutes set you down at the gates of the Exposition—twenty-five minutes from the town's beautiful southern water-front to its verge on the northwest by the Ashley River.

Entering, a symmetrical arrangement, three buildings making a quadrangle's three sides, confronts you after walking to the left from the gate. These are joined by low galleries running unbroken between them and holding the government exhibits. They inclose three sides of a garden whose complete beauty awaits the roses. The Auditorium makes the foot of this quadrangle, where you stand.

The brevity to which I have been invited allows me to touch only a few things, and these merely upon their surface. To look at, I have found the Cotton Palace (as it should be from its place at the head of the quadrangle) the most imposing. It presides over the assemblage. Commerce is at its left hand, South Carolina at its right. And certain things inside South Carolina must be especially named.

Rising to its dome is an edifice of the earth's products, the offering of Southern soil. Yellow grain crowns it, and much white cotton mingles in its base. Look from this shining structure at once down some steps to Florida, with its pale moss hanging, and its flamingos. These two taken together, one warm and high-colored, the other almost mystic and full of shadow, are like the two strains of hilarity and sadness which make the music of the South. Look at them well, for they are the unconscious undertone of the whole Exposition, and lie at the base of its beauty. Through the brilliant variety of Spartanburg's exhibit, the cereals of Chester, the woods and tobacco of Darlington, you may trace these strains running like a motive. So much for the appeal to the eye.

Among the appeals to the intelligence in the South Carolina Building it seems to me that the exhibit of Winthrop College stands first. It is a college for women, with a kindergarten department as well as a normal graded course. Some five hundred are being taught there, and it turns out teachers for the schools of South Carolina. Its diploma indicates that besides her book-learning each young woman has already benefited during two years by a practical experience of teaching the younger classes. From its kitchen exhibit to its examination-papers, this showing of Winthrop College is admirably presented. The institution must do great good.

But the South Carolina Building holds one object which to me (and I should think to any good American) is of surpassing interest. No appeal to the eye, you understand; merely a piece of paper. But between its four corners flows our life-blood. Between its four corners lies the vital center of our history. After the Declaration of Independence, what writing can you find, what document, comparable in significance to the original Ordinance of Secession, "done" at Charleston on the twentieth day of December, 1860? There it is, with its few sentences and its many signatures. The Declaration asserted our national birth; this Ordinance pronounced our Union dissolved. Near it is a tablet to the memory of De Kalb, who fell at Camden, 1780; near it, also, is the vase presented by the ladies of South Carolina to Andrew Jackson after the battle of New Orleans. But after seeing the Ordinance I could not look at these. I stood in front of that secession document, pondering. "Done" at Charleston, December, 1860, forty-one years ago! What would we have been now? A litter of snarling puppy republics. Can you not see us? Republic of the South, Republic of the North, Republic of the Middle West, Republic of Utah, Republic of Tacoma and of Los Angeles, etc., etc.—and Europe splitting her sides over our grand failure! Yes, I stood in front of the Ordinance, with thoughts of

Washington, of Lincoln, of Lee; and I thanked God for the surrender of Appomattox.

Almost at the other pole of the Exposition from here, stands the Art Building, beyond the race-track, beyond the very pretty State buildings which Maryland and New York have erected along the borders of the canal. And here is the next chief point of local interest *indoors;* for out of doors the live-oaks along the canal and by the Woman's Building and the banks of the Ashley River are rich with Southern atmosphere and charm. The tender light on the water, the trees rising from the flat lands on its farther side, their hues mellow against the sky, their shapes blurred in the pervasive, dreamy softness—this makes a local setting worth coming back to bask in many a time. But the old Charleston family portraits in the Art Building tell the story of the place: its dignity, its elegance, its civilization. There they are, the men and women painted by Trumbull, Stuart, Copley, Sully, looking down at you from their past. And from them you can step to John Sargent in the next room, where hang the modern pictures.

Why are the old ones so serene? Why are the new ones so restless? Is it merely my imagination?

Well, my accorded space is full. If you come to the Exposition, see the South Carolina Building thoroughly, see the pictures, and live much out of doors.

Owen Wister.

CHARLESTON, March 10, 1902.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Height of Absurdity.

THE American Girl of to-day's illustration
Is drawn so absurdly, abnormally high
That she looks down with scorn on the rest of creation,
And needs, just to see them, a far-sighted eye.

The Gibson Girl led a procession of others,
Whose height is now upward of seven feet ten,
As they tower on high above husbands and brothers,
These lofty ideals of the black-and-white men!

Such heroines, naturally, need to be wealthy,
And dwell in magnificent halls at their ease;
For a cozy apartment would prove most unhealthy
(They 'd have to crawl round on their hands and their knees).

American draftsmen, do pause for reflection,
And mirror our maidens more natural by far;
To lower your standard will be no objection,
Since the height of perfection is—just what they are!

Anna Mathewson.

The Power of the Press.

DID I ever tell you about the time we give a chicken-pie supper fer the relief of the starvin' Rooshans—or mebbe it was Cubans? I fergit which, it was so long ago.

Well, 't was like this. We women wanted to do somethin' to help the good cause along; but it looked, at first, as if there was n't anything we *could* do.

"Get up some sort of an entertainment," says a young woman that was boardin' here, same as you be, from New York. "Give a bright little farce, or some tableaux, or anything that people 'll pay to see."

But, land! we was all fat and middle-aged, and homely besides, and people was n't goin' to pay their good money just to see folks they could see any other day in the year fer nothin'.

"Then give a concert," says the enterprisin' young woman. "You must hev plenty of local talent in a town of this size." But, land o' Goshen! if she 'd ever a-heard any of us a-tryin' to sing, she would n't 'a' suggested that.

"No," says I. "They 's only one thing the folks here hez any talent fer, and that 's cookin'."

"Just the thing," says the young woman. "Give a good supper, and charge 'em half a dollar apiece fer it."

"That 's too much," says I. "Folks 'd think they was bein' robbed if we asked more 'n a quarter."

"Well," says she, "you go around among the women-folks and solicit all the good things you can think of, borrow the vacant store next to the meat-market, hev some of the other women see about settin' the tables and waitin' on the people, and I 'll 'tend to the advertisin'. Do you s'pose the local papers 'll be willin' to do a little advertisin' fer us?"

"They will, and be glad to," says I, "if you give Henery Pillsberry a free invite to the supper, and promise to give him all the chicken-pie he can eat. He 's death on chicken-pie."

"All right," says she. "I 'll 'tend to that part of it. By the way, why not make it a regular chicken-pie supper?" says she. "A chicken-pie supper hez a sort of an attractive sound to it."

"Agreed," says I, and the thing was settled.

When she done it beats me, but when the paper come out that week, there was a little piece on the front page about them starvin' people an' about that chicken-pie supper. Thet piece was n't very long; but you could fairly see the ribs a-stickin' out of them poor starvin' heathen in all directions; and she made the chicken-pie part of it sound just like it was the one chance of a lifetime to get a square meal.

That there piece filled every man, woman, and child in the county with such a yearning fer chicken-pie as they had never felt before fer anything. If there was any one dish in all my matrimonial experience thet I did n't dare set before Si Barker, it was chicken-pie; yet that there man suddenly went holler, all the way through, after readin' that piece, and swore that nothin' short of thet chicken-pie supper could ever fill him up again.

'Most every family in the place hed been in the habit of hevin' chicken-pie fer dinner every second Sunday; but, land! they was somethin' about thet little piece in the paper thet made 'em feel thet they 'd never hed any chicken-pie thet *wuz* chicken-pie.

Why, the very folks thet was makin' them pies was just countin' on goin' to thet supper, an' payin' twenty-five cents fer the privilege of eatin' their own pie. Ez fer me, I felt as if I hed to get to that supper, or bust.

Well, at five o'clock the tables was all set. They was all sorts of good vittles on 'em, and there was seven large pies and one small one a-smokin' on the stove behind the screen. All the best-lookin' of us was to wear white aprons and wait on the table.

By half-past five every place at the long tables was filled, and a hungry man or woman stood behind every chair, waitin' to grab it the moment it was empty. A hull lot more stood around just behind these, waitin' fer third and fourth place. The store was so packed with starvin' people the waitin'-maids could n't get around with the coffee. The street outside was black fer half a mile with people all comin' to satisfy a terrible cravin' fer chicken-pie.

The young woman from New York was 'tendin' to the cash, and the way she took in quarters was a caution to cats.

Pie enough? Land, no! The pie give out on the second round. We sent out, on the sly, fer all the cooked vittles in the neighborhood; but even so, Henery Pillsberry, the paper man, says all he got was one cold bean and the tail of a dried herrin'.

Carroll Watson Rankin.

The Silver Question.

VERSES AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD.

THE Sun appeared so smug and bright,
One day, that I made bold
To ask him what he did each night
With all his surplus gold.



He flushed uncomfortably red,
And would not meet my eye.
"I travel round the world," he said,
"And traveling rates are high."

With frigid glance I pierced him through.
He squirmed and changed his tune.
Said he: "I will be frank with you:
I lend it to the Moon.

"Poor thing! You know she 's growing old
And has n't any folk.
She suffers terribly from cold,
And half the time she 's broke."

. . . . . .

That evening on the beach I lay
Behind a lonely dune,
And as she rose above the bay
I buttonholed the Moon.

"Tell me about that gold," said I.
I saw her features fall.
"You see, it 's useless to deny;
The Sun has told me all."

"Sir!" she exclaimed, "how *can* you try
An honest Moon this way?
As for the gold, I put it by
Against a rainy day."

I smiled and shook my head. "All right,
If you *must* know," said she,
"I change it into silver bright
Wherewith to tip the Sea.

"He is so faithful and so good,
A most deserving case;
If he should leave, I fear it would
Be hard to fill his place."

. . . . . .

When asked if they accepted tips,
The waves became so rough;
I thought of those at sea in ships,
And felt I 'd said enough.





For if one virtue I have learned,
'T is *tact;* so I forbore
To press the matter, though I burned
To ask one question more.

I hate a scene, and do not wish
To be mixed up in gales,
But, oh, I longed to ask the Fish
Whence came their silver scales!



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KING EDWARD VII









QUEEN ALEXANDRA



THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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MAKING LAWS AT WASHINGTON.

GOVERNMENT BY THE HIERARCHY.

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

WITH PICTURES BY ARTHUR I. KELLER.

WHEN this article was being written, the old-time caucus seemed to be reviving in the national House of Representatives, but it was probably only a momentary awakening. Meeting after meeting was held by the Republican members for the purpose of reaching a conclusion on the President's proposition to grant tariff concessions to Cuba in order that the chief industry of the island might not meet with disaster. As we learned from the scribes of the press, who hear what is said in the council-chamber though the doors be closed, the speeches for and against relief to Cuba were many, vigorous, and even acrimonious. It sounded like the caucus of an elder day, when party policies were agreed to, and the agreements kept. Then caucus was really king, but years have passed since his rule was broken. Now his subjects seldom come together; even on this momentous occasion many of the leaders do not attend, and the meeting is a mere debating-club, whose decision does not control a single vote in the open House.

The caucus is now held for the information of the three men who rule the House with the power of an ecclesiastical hierarchy. Its orders are obeyed by consent, so that, in a party crisis, it must learn the temper of the House before it dare direct its party following to consider and adopt a given measure. Debate in open session is nearly a thing of the past, and the revival of the caucus is intended rather to furnish a vent for excited feeling, and to measure and sum up the relative strength of different opinions, than to frame a policy upon which the party will unite.

"Who is speaking?" I recently asked a newspaper correspondent as we looked down from the press gallery.

"I don't know," he answered.

"And who is he, and he, and he?" I went on, pointing out one member after another.

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TYPES OF CONGRESSMEN.

"I don't know," he said again.

"We used to have to know members; don't you?" I asked in some astonishment.

"Not at all. This gentleman thinks that he is debating, but he is n't. The fate of this bill is known in advance to the three gentlemen who determined that it should be considered. They permit a little talk on it, but they shut off the oratory at the precise minute they have fixed upon, and take the vote. In our day we have to know only those three men and a few chairmen."

Usually the hierarchy knows how the House stands through its feelers, the committee chairmen and a few others. Just now it thinks it well to inform itself through a caucus. When it receives the information sought, it will do as it pleases as to permitting consideration. It will be governed by its view of what is best for the party. The House votes, but it does not deliberate; the hierarchy thinks for it. The mischief is that the power of these rulers is not accompanied by responsibility, and that the country does not always know the reasons for their conclusions.

What is the hierarchy of the federal House of Representatives, and who compose it? It consists, primarily, of the majority members of the Committee on Rules, and is a natural growth from the rules devised by Mr. Thomas Brackett Reed when he was first chosen Speaker. Mr. Reed's new rules were based upon a large and aggressive contempt for parliamentary precedents, and especially for those which were known as the "muniments of the rights of the minority." Among other revolutions, he wrought a change in the method of securing a hearing for bills, and he put an end to obstructive tactics. He invented the system of considering a measure under a rule, made for each occasion, which prescribes the number and kind of amendments that may be offered, the length of time during which debate may run, and the precise moment when the vote is to be taken. As Speaker he had the right to say who should address the House. Irreverent newspapers called him "Czar"; and he certainly had power enough to start an evolutionary movement which resulted in the present system. The majority of the House consented to carry out the orders of its members of the Committee on Rules, and gradually the habit of obedience strengthened. At first the old-fashioned caucus continued its time-honored endeavor to declare, with more or less success, the policy of the majority; but at last this ancient instrument of party management lost its power and fell to its present state. The hierarchy now does what the caucus used to do, and does it more effectively; for it is notorious that three men can reach a conclusion more readily than three hundred.

The revolution was not accomplished without protest, without discussion, without angry outbursts from the minority that was suppressed, and also from members of the majority who felt themselves injured when their pet measures were killed and when their amendments were arbitrarily declined.

"Sir," said a Democratic member from the South to a New England Republican, as the two walked out of the House after some discussion of the new Reed rules, "you 're slaves. I 'm ashamed, sir, to think of such a subservient crowd as free American citizens. Your party, sir, has voluntarily assumed the yoke of a tyrannical czar."

"It is not precisely true that we are subservient, although it may be true that we are gagged," mildly responded the cautious New England Republican.

"Well, sir, if you 're not subservient, and feel that you 're gagged, why don't you rebel? Why don't you rise in your might as freemen and break your shackles?"

"Oh, we can't do that very well."

"Can't!" sneered the Democrat. "Then I say that you 're so like slaves there 's no telling the difference. Why is n't it subserviency, eh?"

"It is n't subserviency at all; it 's loyalty to the party, a desire for party harmony."

"And is Reed the party?"

"That 's what his rules say."

Mr. Reed was a masterful man, and his was the word of the committee of which he was chairman. Mr. Henderson, the present Speaker, is only chairman, and the three Republican members united—the other two being Mr. Dalzell and Mr. Grosvenor—utter the command.

When a momentous question of party policy arises, there is the voluble caucus, or a score or so of other leaders may be invited into conference. These are usually the chairmen of the more important committees, but there are also some who are not chairmen, rising men with influence. The policy being determined on, the majority usually obeys, for obedience, for the moment at least, has become almost second nature, while the rule of the powers is aided by the desire for party unity or harmony, which stands near the head of the list in the catalogue of a politician's virtues. This power of the few is,



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THE LOBBY: A MEMBER AND HIS CONSTITUENTS.

however, in process of formation; it is far from being firmly established. The signs of revolt at the present session, and the threats that have been heard of "beating the Ways and Means" on the Cuban question, may be ominous of another change. It is not likely, however, that the House will consent to become inefficient. The power of the hierarchy—though obedience to its decisions is by common consent—rests on the substantial basis of the rules which prescribe the duties of the Speaker and his Committee on Rules. Protest against the outcome of these rules as members may, they really approve of them. At the opening of each session some one pretends to urge an amendment to the end that debate may be more free; but that he is content to be defeated is indicated by the remark of one of these momentary rebels:

"It 's a great deal better as it is, no doubt," he said. "If we were allowed to talk all we wanted to we 'd certainly make fools of ourselves."

OUR ACTUAL GOVERNMENT.

WE say that ours is a government by a President and a Congress guided by the judiciary, and the English say that theirs is parliamentary government. We are wholly wrong, and the English are only partly right. Ours is government by Congress, while that of Great Britain is parliamentary government "veiled in monarchical forms, and containing in its organization large survivals of aristocratic privilege." In our republic the executive department is under the control, extended to most minute and insignificant details, of the legislative department; and the judiciary, theoretically the guardians of the folk-made law, are yearly more inclined to accept, as the ultimate command of the republic, the word of their supposed coequals and coördinates, the representatives of the people and the States. In Great Britain the administrators of the law are the servants of the House of Commons, but every-day administration is usually independent of the law-making power, because it follows monarchical tradition, and because Parliament, by self-imposed restraints, has made vexatious interference difficult, whether by itself or by the crown. In our country the President does little that he is not directly commanded to do by the legislative branch of the government; in Great Britain the Parliament frequently leaves to the executive and administrative officers of the empire a wide discretion, without which there can be no real responsibility.

The framers of our government started out deliberately to tie down the executive, and their work was so well performed that the President, in ordinary times, seems like the big elephant in the zoo: he agitates the atmosphere by swaying back and forth and by trumpeting; but when he attempts to take a step forward, he is suddenly reminded of the steel bracelet and chain by which he is bound to a wooden peg. In times of dire necessity, when the nation is in danger or when war is threatened, Congress sometimes abandons its usurpations and even imposes its rightful duties upon the President. It did so in the War of Secession, when it passed over to Mr. Lincoln its own power to suspend the writ of habeas corpus. On the outbreak of the war with Spain it gave fifty million dollars to Mr. McKinley to spend as he would. In emergencies it almost invariably throws all the responsibility upon the President, giving him at the same time, it is fair to say, all the power essential to the accomplishment of his task. Mr. McKinley was really the head of the government, partly because Congress saw the necessity of a strong executive in the crisis through which we were passing, and partly because the President knew its will, its character, its attitude, and its moods. He dealt with it tactfully, and obtained from it nearly all that he desired. He was unable, however, even in the midst of war, to secure at once the consent of Congress to the adoption of modern tactics for the army, and his reciprocity treaties are yet unratified. Still, none of our Presidents ever managed Congress so adroitly as Mr. McKinley did. He often paid extravagantly for the laws he desired, but often, too, he won over an angry lawmaker by mere amiability.

"It 's like going into a beautiful conservatory," said one senator to another, speaking of a visit to the White House from which he had just returned. "You may go there mad clean through; but when you get there the air is soft and kindly, and is rich with perfume. Delicious and tempting fruits delight your eyes. Your visit is happiness itself. But when you get back home you realize that you 've brought away nothing but the memory of the perfumes and of the rich colors of the fruit: you have n't anything in your pocket."

The needs of the hour drove Congress back into its proper sphere,—far within it,—and Mr. McKinley's way did the rest. But when



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SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES: A WITTICISM FROM THE CHAIR.

ordinary times return after a strenuous period, the steel bracelet and the chain are slipped back on the elephant's leg, and he returns to his trumpeting and swaying, cunningly devising means for tempting a stray legislative peanut his way.

The progressists, to borrow a term from our old ally and "sister republic," love to speak and to think of the Constitution as a "living organism," and it is true that they have made our institutions move on, sometimes to their betterment and sometimes to their injury; on the whole, it is probably true that whenever the motion is too rapid the effect is not happy. The law-making branch of the government was not intended to be all that it has become. Notwithstanding the eighteenth-century hatred and distrust of executive power by which the fathers of the republic were actuated, they supposed that the principal business of Congress would be the enactment of laws for the promotion of the general welfare. The legislators were indeed charged to keep a jealous eye on the executive; to repress his inevitable ambition to become an absolute ruler; to keep control of the army and the navy in order that he might not have the opportunity, which it was known that he would desire, to seize upon the government and to set up a throne. The framers of the Constitution, deeply impressed by Roman history and French philosophy, also knowing much of Magna Charta and the Bill and Petition of Rights, were jealous of the executive. The first grant of power to the Senate is that of jurisdiction over impeachments, while the President is the first to be mentioned as a possible accused. Other powers were granted to Congress which have enabled the legislative branch of the government to impair, and in some instances to destroy, the wholesome discretion of the President. Congress gives money for the maintenance of the army, for example, but it directs him to expend it for an army organized and drilled in accordance with its notions of formations and tactics. It permits him to build war-ships on patterns which it chooses. It makes him the paymaster of officers whom he commands, but whose rise in their profession is governed by its hard-and-fast rules of promotion, the commander-in-chief being denied the natural privilege of rewarding his subordinates for exceptional merit or conspicuous gallantry. "If you want



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A SUBCOMMITTEE MEETING, WHERE THE SERIOUS WORK IS DONE.

this man confirmed," says the Senate, "you must give us the right to name So-and-so; if you want this treaty ratified, you must insert in it these articles of ours." So the

The character of this power, its capacity for the work which it ought to perform and for that which it has absorbed, its methods, its manners, its intelligence, and its virtues



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"'DOUBTLESS ONE OF THE MOST NOTABLE SPEECHES.'"

independence of the President has been diminished, although his influence on the country may still be deep; the system of checks and balances has often brought about the very conditions which it was framed to avoid; and Congress, at present under the domination of the Senate, is the government.

and vices, are very well worth a more general investigation than they often receive. Skipping over the past, leaving behind us the First Congress, with its small-clothes and ruffles, its sectional jealousies, its prolonged debates about titles and precedence, its wisdom, for it had much, and its bargains over

debts and the site for the national capital, of which there were many; passing by the days of big events and of such giants as those over whose departure Benton grieved, we bestow only a glance upon the "great Senate" of our own generation, the Senate of Thurman, Edmunds, Carpenter, Matthews, and Bayard. It was the Senate into which the prodigal Southern son returned, with an utter incapacity to understand that questions had changed, an absolute refusal to put his mind to the knotty and confusing problems of the new order, but with an oratory which burned, and of which he and his friends were finely proud.

"Indeed, madam, it was; it was a remarkably fine oratorical effort—doubtless one of the most notable speeches that the Senate has listened to since befo' the wah, madam," said a former Confederate soldier, and then senator, to one who stirred his gallant pulses with feminine congratulations on one of his own speeches.

These old-fashioned Southerners are gone now, with their economic incapacities, their florid oratory, their childlike vanities, their gentle dignity and courtesy, and their warm patriotism; for it is true, and worthy of record, that, their struggle over, the best of them transferred to the nation the hot passion of loyalty which had inspired them in the battle for their States. Their successors are not like them, but are no less the products of their time.

TYPES OF THEIR SECTIONS—MEN OF FORCE.

It is with the lawmakers of to-day that we are to deal, and we look over the roll of the two houses to learn something of their fitness for their tasks—the task of making laws, which is theirs of right, and the other task, which is not theirs, that of prescribing, with minute detail, precisely how the President shall expend each dollar they bestow upon him. Most of them are lawyers, and many of them are business men. Lawyers should certainly know the ethics of legislation, the history of parliaments, the meaning of words, and the value of grammatical construction and lucid expression; business men are supposed to know the material needs of the country. On the other hand, none but high-minded lawyers ever get beyond their attorneyships, and none but great merchants can understand that the general welfare is not always expressed on the profit side of their own ledgers. We are not considering exceptional men, nor the average man, but men who are higher than the average and yet far from being the highest; because, under existing conditions, men of the highest character cannot get into politics, save by happy accident, and men of the highest intelligence, barring one here and there, do not want to get in. The mental activities of the period find happier employment in the wide realm of commercial and industrial adventure than they could possibly enjoy in the cramped ring of politics, and, so far as we can now see, this is likely to continue to be true.

On the whole, one sees the country in the senators and representatives. These lawmakers are types of their various sections. The New England member is racy of the soil. The Philadelphian bears the impress of his city. The time was when as much might be said of the New York member, but that is a remote day. The New York city member of the present is too often a person whose kind the stranger would be obliged to search for in parts of the town where he would need a guide. With the exception of these seeming strange folk from the metropolis and of certain far Westerners, the usual senator or representative suggests to one who has traveled through the country the section whence he comes to Washington. As for the far Westerners, though this is especially true of the senators, not including those from California, perhaps, or maybe Oregon, there is about them the air of the tall buildings, of the mining-camps of the Atlantic seaboard, and one is irresistibly inclined to think of their relations to things as proprietary. They have unmistakably the habit of ownership.

Still one would say, glancing down at these lawmakers from the gallery of either house: "Here is the country: that punctilious gentleman who is speaking on the subject of propriety is the same kind of man who displeased the querulous Maclay in the First Congress; he who listens with rumpled hair, endangering the fit of his broadcloth coat by his easy attitudes, is from the Middle West; and he who is so extraordinarily busy with telegraph- and cable-blanks is nominally from the Rocky Mountain region, although his name is on the glass door of a New York office, and his most occupied chair within the room behind that door." One will note the Southerner from the city, and will distinguish him from the gentleman from the Southwest to whom walking is only another means of expressing a preference for sitting down, but whose intelligence is alert enough, once he is aroused.

Having noted these distinctions by a glance, one will discover, on better acquaintance, that these legislators are, without question, almost without exception, from among the superior people of their States and neighborhoods; that they are men of probity and intelligence in their private affairs,—trusted counselors, loyal friends,—and if some of them have not always been good citizens, their offenses have been committed in obedience to the exigencies of party politics. Most of them are patriotic; at least, they have a pride in the achievements of the country, in its progress, in the place which it holds among nations, but especially in its wealth, in its mechanical ingenuity, its industrial enterprise, in its "resources" and its "output." There is no more apathetic body in the world than Congress when a question of political science is under consideration, but there is no more alert body when the question touches the pockets of the constituencies, or the wealth-producing powers of the country.

The oleomargarin bill was under consideration. It was the bill which the House of Representatives debated at the present session for several days immediately before passing by unanimous consent, and without any debate whatever, the bill abolishing seventy-five million dollars of our annual revenue. It proposed to tax oleomargarin in order to destroy the industry; in the language of the House, it was "a bill for the cow." A prominent member had spoken long and well, and on a high plane, against such vicious class legislation. He was opposed to the employment of the taxing power for any such purpose.

When he finished, the man whose seat was next to his rose to reply. He eulogized his neighbor's high-mindedness, but added that, in searching for the author of certain other bills of like viciousness, he had been disappointed in finding that this patriotic gentleman was the sponsor for every one of them. He had introduced, among other measures, a bill to punish people for selling any but pure wool unless the baser quality was clearly marked "Mixed wool." So drastic were the provisions of this bill that, under them, the tailor who made clothes from "mixed wool" was liable to imprisonment if he did not mark them as the law prescribed.

"Do you think that 's fair treatment?" asked the high-minded assailed, as the other took his seat.

"Why not?"

"You know well enough why I had to introduce that 'pure-wool' bill," said the victim of the disclosure. "Besides," he added, "your constituents wanted that bill passed. I 've got hundreds of letters from them."

"Who wrote them?" asked the oleomargarin member.

"Sheep-raisers," responded the wool statesman.

"Bah! I have n't got a sheep in my district. The fact is, Charles, that all the cows are in my district and all the sheep in yours."

It is in the nature of the human mind that constant dwelling upon material grandeurs induces a belief in the primacy of wealth, and in the righteousness of means by which wealth is gained. It was very recently that a statesman exclaimed, in hot eloquence, and in response to one who urged fair play to Cuba: "You are on dangerous ground, sir: in your talk about mere honor, you are likely to forget our business reputation."

How do these various elements unite in the work of government? In the first place, let us look at them as they carry on their proper work of legislation. The making of laws ought to be a very serious occupation, and their object should be the general welfare of the country; but nothing is less serious than the outward semblance of Congress when it is engaged in the task of legislation, and commonly the "general welfare" is as incidental an interest of the ordinary statute as revenue is of a modern tariff bill. In our time, so far as the House of Representatives is concerned, a statute is an edict. The old theory that legislation is the result of discussion, as I have said, is obsolete. This is not to say that there is no longer speech-making and occasionally real debate. Within a few years, votes have been changed even in the House of Representatives, and, what is more extraordinary still, on a contested election case, by the able argument of a member of the majority party in behalf of the sitting member, who was of the minority. But we cannot determine congregated character, any more than individual, by sporadic instances. Debate in the House of Representatives is rare, and, like that on the oleomargarin bill, mainly for home consumption. Legislation is not the formulation of the opinions of the representatives.

THE REED RULES.

THE order of to-day is of course a logical outgrowth. Not many years ago there was, in the House of Representatives, too much

of the kind of freedom which our fathers insisted on at the end of the eighteenth century. The basis of that demand for freedom was the assumption that every one having power is bound to become a tyrant. Therefore we tied up the executive so that he had no discretion, while the minority of the legislative branch of the government tied up the majority so that the whole body became afflicted with a sort of creeping paralysis which some twenty years ago naturally culminated in immobility. Then it was that Mr. Thomas B. Reed, the last great gladiator of the floor, took it into his head that the American Congress ought to possess the "go" of the American business man. This was an extreme position, for it did not recognize the enormous value to a democracy of the enforced inactivity of its representatives. Mr. Reed was so occupied by his wrathful efforts to escape the bonds with which Mr. Randall's minority was forever tying up the majority that he forgot, for the moment, the blessings which the country had often derived from the inability of Congress to move in the direction desired by the majority. He poured out his sarcasm freely on the obstinate Mr. Randall and the still more obstinate Mr. Holman, and once, urging a change of the rules which would give the majority the right to accomplish something, said that the whole business of the country was in the power of the minority; that nothing could be done without the consent of members who possessed the power and technical skill of obstruction, or filibustering.

"Why," he said (I write from memory, and recommend that the "Congressional Record" be not consulted for verification), "the gentleman from Pennsylvania, even with the distinguished aid of his friend from Indiana, cannot attend to all the business of the country; you can't pour Niagara through a pipe-stem"—a remark, by the way, which suggests a query. Why should Congress have usurped such a Niagara of jurisdiction? Notwithstanding the removal by the Reed rules of the obstructive valve at the intake, the pipe is no larger, while the flow grows in volume not only as population increases, but as the desire for government aid grows, a growth much more rapid than that measured by the decennial censuses.

Mr. Reed opened a new era, going back to a theory of a century or so ago, whence, however, Congress seems to be progressing toward a real reform, that is, toward the establishment of the responsibility of the majority party. One step more and the country will catch sight of its governors. Mr. Reed found the Speaker sitting at the fountain of all legislation, and therefore of all government; he buttressed him, adding greatly to his strength, giving him, in effect, the power of life and death over bills, and bestowing upon him the right to speak for the House when the question of a quorum to transact business was at issue. Then he constructed a hierarchy, of which the majority members of the Committee on Rules were the center, and to this hierarchy is now confided the control of legislation.

Long ago the work of bill-preparation was placed in the hands of committees. It was very early in the history of the present government that a Committee on Elections was established; and in the Third Congress there followed the Ways and Means Committee, appointed first for the purpose of reporting as to the ways and means to be adopted for the support of the proposed fleet which was to be formed for putting down the Algerine pirates. Very soon, too, came the Committee on Private Claims, fruitful breeder of a now pestilent brood. By virtue of necessity, the necessity being the growth, healthful and unhealthful, of congressional business, the House of Representatives was forced to give over the task of preparing bills to various other committees, which increased in number and gained in power until now they not only prepare the bills, but, as the phrase is, perfect them.

We are in the habit of saying that, in our Congress, no one is charged with the duty of preparing measures, as the government is in the British Parliament. This is in part a mistake. We began very early to leave this matter of preparation to selected bodies, and at the outset both houses founded bills on resolutions which were first discussed in Committee of the Whole. Bills were not introduced then in the Senate until the principle involved was first determined in committee, and in the House they could be introduced only by selected committees to which the subjects had been referred. The individual, however, cannot be kept down in this democracy of ours. Very soon he insisted on his right to draw his own bills, to present them, and to have them printed at the public expense. He knows, nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of ten thousand, that his bill will never get any further than a reference to a committee, but he sends copies of the printed bill to his constituents, and they are thus led to believe that their representative is on guard. He



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THE REPORTERS' GALLERY.

will get their post-office for them, and he will see that some federal money shall be spent on the masons, carpenters, and laborers of the district; he will have their stream improved, and the lumber company will do a bigger business and employ more of their fellow-citizens; or he is out trust-hunting, and will bag a few capitalists in the very act of growing richer. It is a great comfort to members to be able to present bills. Besides gratifying constituents, it makes a pleasant break in their regular occupation of running errands, and gives them momentary glimpses of statecraft.

Hundreds and hundreds of bills on the same subject are introduced. This year there was a run on anarchy. Some years ago the minds of congressmen were bent on currency and money subjects. In a few years we shall have a flood of irrigation bills. This frenzy of bill-drawing is not all wasted effort: if the congressman has an idea on a subject which is sure to be considered, the best way for him to get that idea before the country is to put it in a bill. All bills on the subject will go to the committee which is drafting the measure that will be passed upon by the hierarchy, and so his idea will be read and perhaps adopted. Therefore the practice of introducing bills is partly a survival of the older practice of debate. During the first week or ten days of the present session of Congress, more than three thousand bills and resolutions were presented and printed. Before the session is finished there may be thirty times that number, most of them interesting to individual citizens and to localities. A dozen of the subjects embraced in them may affect the general welfare, and of these three or four, outside of the great appropriation bills, will reach the stage of consideration, and may pass one or both of the houses. In nine years the annual cost of legislation has increased from $7,683,514 to $9,972,217. Included in this expenditure is the amount devoted to the Congressional Library, which in 1900 was about $650,000 less than it was in 1892. Therefore the yearly cost of legislation proper, including public printing, was in 1900 about $3,000,000 more than it was in 1892.

METHOD OF LEGISLATION.

THE method of legislation is now to be considered. A Congress never assembled without the avowed consciousness that "something must be done." The trouble is that there are always conflicting somethings, and until the Reed rules were put in operation, there was no one to select those which were essential—in other words, to cut out the work for Congress. There is no government to introduce a bill which shall express the party's policy, and for which the party is willing to stand before the country. Probably the framers of the Constitution believed that the information and advice of the President's message would be accepted and followed, at least by his fellow-partizans. But, in practice, any strong expression of opinion by the President is resented as dictation, his statements of facts are doubted, and his advice is discarded. If he procures what he wants, he makes terms for it; for, in their eagerness to provide against such corruption as that by means of which Walpole controlled the House of Commons, the fathers invented a system of checks and balances which furnished the executive and legislative branches of the government with ample funds for the corruption of each other. President Washington's effort to establish confidence between the two branches of the government, as is known, did not result happily. The "impudence" of the Senate in postponing consideration of his treaty with the Southern

Indians angered him, and we have a record of the impression made upon at least one of the senators by his appearance in the Senate accompanied by the Secretary of War:

"I cannot now be mistaken," wrote the ill-natured Maclay. "The President wishes to tread on the necks of the Senate. Commitment will bring the matter to discussion, at least in committee, *where he is not present.* He wishes us to see with the eyes and hear with the ears of his Secretary only. The Secretary to advance the premises, the President to draw the conclusions, *and to bear down our deliberations with his personal authority and presence.* Form only will be left to us. This will not do with Americans."

Therefore the presence in Congress of the executive and his representatives soon ceased. Hamilton sent in his own funding bill, and Knox a militia bill, but the legislative branch regarded measures prepared by experts and offered publicly as intruders, and looked sourly on them; still there is often manifested a willingness to adopt an executive policy which is presented at the back door and accompanied by a liberal offer of patronage. Mr. Charles A. Dana told a story which illustrates a kind of relation existing between the two "coördinate" powers. He wrote that he was employed by Mr. Lincoln to purchase, with patronage, Democratic votes for the admission of Nevada, the State being needed for the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment. Mr. Lincoln's death prevented the consummation of the bargain. Any one is at liberty to think, for the sake of all concerned, that Mr. Dana's memory was at fault, but no one who is familiar with Congress will be surprised by the inference that Mr. Dana expected to find his task an easy one.

The effect of patronage on the congressional mind is wonderful, but it is perhaps more wonderful that the fathers did not refuse to give to the dreaded executive so great a corruption fund. One of the most notorious of that noble breed called "watch-dogs of the Treasury" had secured a place for his son in one of the scientific bureaus of the government. After that, while he growled at every other appropriation, he was extremely kind to his son's bureau; so, one day, after he had argued in favor of an increase in the expenditures for that service, an inhuman member rose in his place and simply said:

'T is sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as he draws near home.

Until Mr. Roosevelt's coming, Mr. Cleveland was the last President to take the public into his confidence, and his victory over the minority of the Senate, which, by obstinate filibustering, by open violent war, and by treachery, sought to prevent the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act, suggests that there may be better legislation when the important work of Congress is all performed in the open, and when the country knows definitely which individual or group, or which party, is responsible.

THE CAUCUS AND THE HIERARCHY.

THE executive having failed to make an impression upon Congress by the weight of his authority or by the soundness of his advice, the majority party invented the caucus. It was a Democratic device of the Eighth Congress, and endured as long as party policies were not intersected by sectional or personal interests. When parties began to disintegrate, when Southern Whigs and Northern Whigs looked askance at each other, when there were Breckinridge and Douglas Democrats, when there were gold and silver Democrats, and when the tariff line ran through each party, the caucus became of little value, for congressmen will no more consider the interests of their party when advancement of them would threaten their own political fortunes than they will permit the general welfare to stand in the way of the material interests of their several districts.

The caucus has been followed by the hierarchy or the oligarchy, the origin and power of which I have already explained. There are other institutions than those of Great Britain which develop in the attempts to overcome old evils and to meet new conditions. A few years ago there was no power but the Speaker to determine the measure which the House should consider, and he accomplished all that was possible for him to do by permitting a member to "catch his eye." He could not always do as much as this. On one occasion, for example, Mr. Carlisle had promised to recognize the member having charge of the International Copyright Bill, in order that he might move to suspend the rules for the purpose of passing that measure. The motion was to be made on the last Monday morning of the session on which such motions were permissible. It was an exciting moment, for the representatives of the American Copyright League were in Washington in force; they had been there nearly all winter; knowing that their measure

of justice could command about seven eighths of the votes in the House, they were sure that their bill would pass: but once more they were doomed to disappointment, for a man from Illinois, who was recognized first "because his business could be so quickly disposed of," rose, and demanded the reading of a Pacific railroad bill. This consumed the hour devoted to motions to suspend the rules. I believe it was never definitely ascertained whether the Illinoisan's bitterness of soul was caused by the Copyright Bill or by a bill granting a pension to Mrs. Philip Sheridan. If he be still in existence, he is at liberty to take either horn of this dilemma that he prefers. At any rate, he succeeded in postponing enlightenment for a year or more.

When a committee chairman caught the Speaker's eye his troubles began. Every other committee in the House objected to the Speaker's choice, and other bills were offered. The House voted on the question of consideration. Generally there was no choice. If there was, and the bill got in motion before the House, it ran very slowly, and its race lasted a long time. Appropriation bills had the right of way, as a matter of course, but a score or so of committees were meeting behind closed doors, or holding public hearings for the purpose of formulating legislation for the "general welfare," or for the relief or profit of claimants, or of old soldiers not entitled to pensions under the general law, or of inventors who had something to sell the government, or of localities that wanted streams improved,—sometimes at a cost which, as General Grant said, would make macadamizing cheaper,—or new public buildings. And there was, as there is, the District of Columbia, the laws for whose government constitute about ten per cent. of the total legislation of Congress. Of all the legislation thus ground out in the committee-rooms, the only bills which were, and are, perfectly sure to reach the House, besides the appropriation bills, are the River and Harbor Bill, and other measures affecting the personal fortunes of congressmen, because they "do something for the District," or for the "old soldier," or for some still more selfish interest. If legislation of a purely general character reaches the House of Representatives, it does so in response to a loud clamor from the outside which the lawmakers are obliged to heed. Thus legislation advances. Dusty old bills creep out of committee-rooms where they have lain forgotten by the busy men whose chief occupation lies in remembering their constituents. They are brushed up and presented to the country in response to a demand which is always loud and occasionally angry. So it is not true that we never have legislation for the "general welfare." After years of hesitation we obtained a civil-service reform law, an international copyright law, the repeal of the mischief-working silver law, a gold-standard law. After the war with Spain was finished we secured a law which put an end to our eighteenth-century army and gave us a force which is moderately modern.

SECRECY.

THE work of preparing all measures is done in secret, and no one person or leader, and no party, is responsible for what is done or left undone. The country does not know why this item is inserted in an appropriation bill, why that economy has been practised, or what is the reason for some bit of extravagance. Sometimes the committee demonstrates that even it might be enlightened by discussion and criticism, and perhaps the letting in of light would show that advantage might follow if Congress and its committees should leave to the discretion of executive and administrative officers some of the details of expenditure. I have been told of a "breast-high stone wall" at West Point, for example. Years waxed and waned while superintendents pleaded for twenty thousand dollars for the construction of a "breast-high stone wall" on the road leading from the wharf to the plane, the road running along the edge of a precipice. At last Congress moved, and the twenty-thousand-dollar wall was built. Having moved, it was now impossible for it to stop, so it went on year after year appropriating twenty thousand dollars each year for a "breast-high stone wall," until "breast-high stone walls" became a drug at the Military Academy. They ran around the post, and threatened to choke it up. Superintendents begged Congress to shut them off, and finally succeeded.

When we find a special appropriation for five dollars and sixty-six cents for the repair of a harness belonging to the Treasury Department, and when we are told that once the State Department was unable to pay telegraph bills because the money appropriated for that specific object had been exhausted, although there were unexpended balances in other appropriations, we naturally wonder why Congress is so meanly suspicious of the

executive that it cannot trust a cabinet officer with discretion to mend his own harnesses, or to use the telegraph and cable as freely as the business of the country demands.

Another illustration of the distrust felt by the legislative branch of the government for the executive has a touch of humor in it, bitter though the experience was for the victim. Congress insists that no money shall be expended, in certain cases, except after advertisement for bids. An officer reached a lake-port late one afternoon with a quantity of public stores. He unloaded them and himself guarded them through the night. The vessel in which they arrived caught fire; the wharf and the stores were threatened. All other resources being exhausted and the danger increasing, the officer found a tug, engaged its services, towed the burning steamboat out into the lake, and saved the public stores. He paid for this tugboat from his own pocket, and when he rendered the bill to the Treasury Department, he was told that he could not be reimbursed for his expenditure, because he had not advertised for bids. Years and years passed, and finally the officer, or his estate, was paid by grace of Congress formulated into a special act. For forty years Congress has been directing the executive department with more and more minuteness as to the expenditure of every dollar.

Woodrow Wilson, nearly twenty years ago, recognized the essential power of committees, saying, in "Congressional Government": "It is now, though a wide departure from the form of things, 'no great departure from the fact' to describe ours as a government by the standing committees of Congress." To-day he could add that it is government by subcommittees of the standing committees, the whole directed by the hierarchy. The subcommittees number from three to five members each, the minority party being represented on each of them. The subcommittee formulates the bills, which are then presented to the full committee, and nearly always, especially the appropriation bills, these bills are accepted by the full committee as they are written. The subcommittees do an immense quantity of work. Their members are industrious, while the members of the Appropriations Committee are intelligent and well equipped. Those of the House of Representatives acquire a tendency to save, but real economy is impossible in a body nearly every one of whose members is eager to secure some government dollars for his own district. It is said that Mr. Cannon has saved the country seventy million dollars since he has been chairman of the Committee on Appropriations. Whether or not this be an accurate or only an approximately accurate estimate of his services, the country surely owes him a debt of gratitude, as it owed one to Mr. Randall and other chairmen and members of this committee. But if this be the saving, think of the magnificence of the loot! The subcommittees are the autocrats at the birth of legislation. When the full committee has occasion to discuss a measure, whether reported by a subcommittee or not, it is often the majority members alone who participate in the debate. This is always done when the question is one of party policy, as tariff bills are. When the majority has reached its conclusions, the minority members are sent for and vote on the measure.

Thus the bill is formulated, and now comes the task of the hierarchy. The hierarchy, as I have said, selects the measures of general importance which are to be presented to the House, determines upon the time which is to be allowed for debate, and fixes the day and hour at which the vote is to be taken. Now we encounter the substitute for the old-fashioned caucus. In this process of selecting bills for consideration the assistants of the hierarchy may be consulted. The hierarchy decides as to what measures shall be heard and passed upon. Thus far it is absolute, or nearly so, because, on the whole, the opinion of the leaders as to what is best for the party is sound; at least, it is usually accepted as sound. Their tenure of power is uncertain, however, because, like the committees and the subcommittees, they work in secret. The public does not know them, and party sentiment therefore cannot sustain them, because it cannot be appealed to in their behalf. They have, for the moment at least, the power of leadership without its responsibility. It would probably surprise the country to know how nearly Congress has become a disciplined body within a few years, and all on account of the spirit of power and of subordination bred of the Reed rules. A few men dictate to it. Two men, for instance, determined that a tariff tax should be imposed on Porto Rico. When the program is made, the majority members of the Committee on Rules call in the minority and inform them of the decree. The minority has long ceased to object; long ago the outcries about tyranny died out, except that perfunctory cry at the beginning of the session. The decree is obeyed, for obstruction is

not only difficult, but filibustering has grown unfashionable in both houses. The long struggle against the silver repeal bill was not an unmixed evil: it taught the filibusters a lesson, a lesson which they have learned too well in the Senate, for there many a minority senator now fears to express any opinion whatever, lest he be charged with obstruction.

A STEP TOWARD RESPONSIBILITY.

HERE is a step toward responsible government. When the House and Senate have each a committee, composed of none but members of the majority party, whose business it shall be to select the measures for consideration, who shall be responsible not only for the subjects presented to Congress, but for their purpose and their form, the country will know then, as it does not now, where rests the responsibility for failure or the credit for achievement. Such a reform would not be comprehensive or complete, but it would be a long step forward. It would concentrate responsibility, but no more than power has already been concentrated by necessity arising from existing conditions. The burden of the responsibility is due to those who hold the power as well as to the country. Let us know who frame and direct legislation, and who, therefore, under our system as it has been worked out, govern us. This is a reasonable demand, and its grant is essential, for mysterious and irresponsible power leads either to tyranny or anarchy. We have had a taste of both. Most recently it has been tyranny, but revolt against the hierarchy is always threatened, and revolt would be comparatively easy in the House of Representatives against a power the existence of which is unknown to the public, and which, therefore, cannot defend itself or give reasons for its conduct. At present the revolt of a member is not apparently directed against the party, but it will be recognized as so directed when the majority's full control of legislation is also recognized, and then a revolt for whimsical or personal or purely selfish reasons will be dangerous to the rebel. The party must then abide by the decrees of its chosen hierarchy, and stand or fall on its wisdom and virtue.

CONFERENCE COMMITTEES.

AT the other end of its passage the appropriation bill encounters another arbitrary legislative power—the conference committee. Three members of the Senate and three members of the House, the majority again dividing responsibility with the minority, meet together, theoretically for the purpose of reconciling and composing the differences between the two chambers. Very often they do much more than this: they insert legislation which has not even been considered in either house. A conference committee has been known to increase proposed rates of duty in a tariff bill above the rates determined on either by the Senate or the House. There is nothing more autocratic, and a conference is often concluded on the very last days of the session, when there is no possibility of debating the report. It is at this point, however, that the House Appropriations Committee saves a little of the public money. One of the attributes of the Senate is a large and generous feeling of utter irresponsibility for expenditures. The senators give and take munificently. "If one wants a million-dollar court-house, why, let him have it, if our streams can be deepened, our pools widened, or our fields watered. Are there not millions in the Treasury? And, since the Constitution gives to the House the sole power to originate money bills, our brethren the members can stand the outcry; we spend, and they take the consequences." Therefore the senators largely increase the appropriations in which, in the language of political commerce, there is "pork." And the House conferees must pare down or throw out what, in the same vernacular, are known as the "steals."

It had been a long and weary struggle when, toward four o'clock of the morning of a certain conference, Mr. Cannon said to the conferees of the Senate:

"The House will yield no further; the bill must go without the other amendments of the Senate."

"Well, well," exclaimed the expert senator, rising and buttoning up his coat, "if the House is to domineer, if our propositions are not to be listened to, we might as well report a disagreement. We can't tolerate dictation."

"That is so," said another senator; "we can't yield to a threat, even if we compel an extra session."

And the third senator also murmured of an extra session.

"Shall we call the old bluffers?" whispered Mr. Cannon to his young colleague, who was serving on his first conference committee.

The young colleague assented.

"Well, gentlemen, do as you please. The House will not consent to any further rob-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

A LITTLE DISAGREEMENT IN CONFERENCE COMMITTEE—"'WE CAN'T TOLERATE DICTATION.'"

bery. Let there be an extra session, and the Senate will be responsible for it."

So the conferees separated. The senators made doleful speeches about the tyrannical House, even going to the length of declaring that they were in danger of sinking to the level of the British House of Lords; but at length they yielded. Still, as the present evolution is progressing, the time is coming, if it is not already here, when the House will be unable to stand on any point against the Senate.

So we have an irresponsible autocracy at the beginning and at the conclusion of the bill's passage, and most of the members of the House, at all events, are mere recorders of a power undisclosed to the country. The hierarchy always yield, however, to the jealousies and the greed of their majority; that is, they are practical, and select for consideration the measures of whose success they are reasonably sure. Nearly every member of Congress (there are some fine exceptions) thinks first of his own political future. To promote this he seeks appropriations of money that will be expended in his district. Then he considers all general questions from the point of view of the district, or his State, or his section. Only a very few consider, first of all, the general welfare. Therefore the influences which tell most on legislation are selfish. The log-rolling River and Harbor Bill and public-buildings appropriation, pensions, claims, and all legislation with "pork" in it, must be given the right of way after the regular appropriation bills, which themselves contain abundant favors. When general legislation comes up for consideration, local opinion, newspaper opinion, bosses' opinions, the prevailing sentiment of the district, control votes, and all these must be taken into account by the hierarchy. A newspaper correspondent suggests a resolution: the member hastens to offer it. A militia colonel criticizes a regular-army bill: the bill must be changed to suit the militia. A prominent claimant has contributed to a campaign fund: his claim must receive attention, even an unjust decision. The unreasonable, improper, dishonest business goes through partly, at least, because no one can be held responsible for it. Why not let in the light, so that the country may know whom to charge with pernicious measures, with neglect of the public needs, and with undue extravagance, and whom to credit with the sound laws which are passed at every session? Why not work back, then, to legislation by discussion?



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

AN APPEAL IN THE LOBBY.

Toward the establishment of the right kind of responsibility the House seems to be drifting. It moves slowly, but just now in the right direction. It may not arrive; it may have halted; it may be diverted: but the outlook is that it will never again be without a central authority, that it will not again become an inefficient mob. Whether this be for the better or for

the worse remains to be seen. What has really happened is this: the hierarchy gives the House an opportunity to do what it desires to do. What remains to be accomplished is the focusing of public opinion on it so that it shall desire to do what it ought.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COX & CARMICHAEL.

GENERAL PORFIRIO DIAZ.

AN AUDIENCE WITH DIAZ.

BY ALFRED BISHOP MASON.

IN the center of the city of Mexico is an open square. Its western side is a mass of shops, the sidewalks covered by stone arcades, shops and sidewalks ablaze with color. The products dealt in, the persons buying and selling, make a myriad-tinted kaleidoscope. On the south is the palace of the common council. One of the marvels of Mexico is its aldermen. They are fitly lodged in palaces, while jails would better befit so many of their brethren across the border. To the north rises the great cathedral, which has for its foundations the ruins of the Aztec temple, shrine of a creed almost as cruel as were the conquerors who destroyed it. They introduced in its stead the Spanish brand of Christianity of the time, which taught the Indians that faith without working in the mines was of no avail. The eastern side of the square is occupied by the national palace, an ungainly building, its parts of differing dates and designs, only two stories high, but imposing by reason of its massive construction, its three great portals guarded by sentries, and the fact that at its northern and southern ends the two greatest men of Latin America steadily pursue their giant task of reform without revolution.

You ask for an interview with the President, either by a direct letter, in case he

knows or knows of the petitioner, or through your ambassador, or through some Mexican of position and influence. In reply, his secretary notifies you that the President will receive you on the afternoon of such a day.

You should drive to the central gateway in a blue cab. Be sure it is blue. For be it known that the cabs of Mexico are of three kinds. The blue cab is distinguished, the red cab is respectable, and in the yellow cab one catches smallpox or whatever infectious disease the populace most affects at the moment. You bow to the officer of the guard, who salutes in return. If you arrive in your own carriage the guard salutes without awaiting your bow, and the sentries present arms. The dollar is not without its devotees, even south of the Rio Grande.

Passing through the portal, you enter a spacious courtyard, several acres in extent, surrounded by a recessed colonnade, and surveyed on all four sides by the lofty windows of the second story. You ascend by the "stairway of honor," and find yourself in a broad hall opening toward the courtyard. At one end of the hall is a long gallery. Its duplicate can be found in any European palace. It has the crystal chandeliers, the heavy hangings, the gilt cornices, the marble tables, the French sofas and chairs, which weary the eyes of the jaded tourist from Great Britain to the Bosporus. The familiar speech of Mexico calls this particular gallery *infierno* (hell).

Hell is prophetically crowded. The President may see a dozen people this afternoon, but he has given appointments to at least a dozen dozen. They are gathered in groups with much hand-shaking, much gesticulation, and much muffled talk. Suddenly the door at the end opposite the entrance opens. The black-clad doorman steps to one side. A human humming-bird darts in. He is one of the President's aides-de-camp, short and stout (for these piping times of peace favor the fattening of warriors), and his gay uniform is striped and barred and crossed with vivid color. He reads aloud some score of names. Luckily yours is one of them. Followed by the envious eyes of the unchosen, the chosen few pass through the curtained door, which closes behind them, probably not to be opened again that day, though infierno will be crowded with the disappointed until, hours later, the clang of wheels in the courtyard tells the story of the President's departure for the castle of Chapultepec.

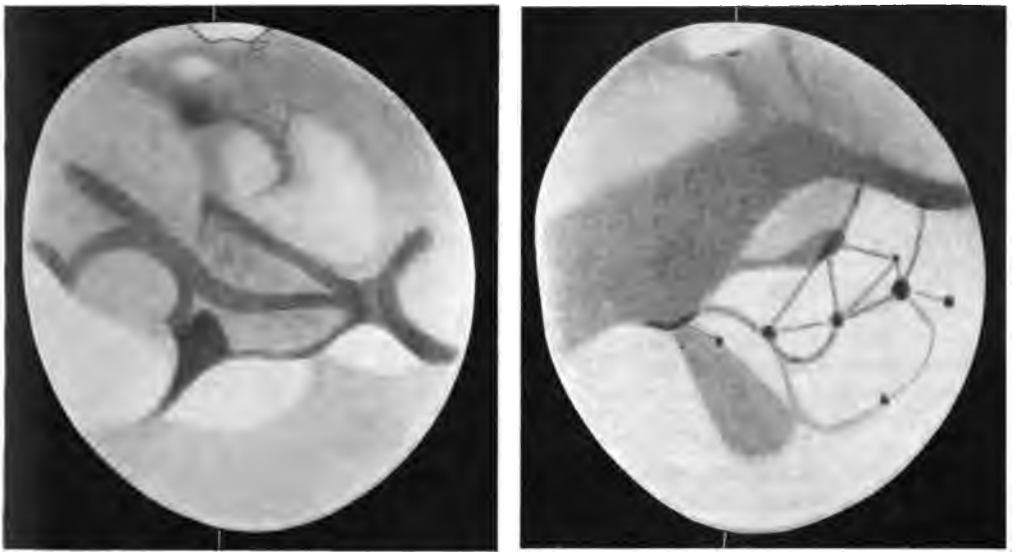
The door gives upon a second gallery, locally known as *purgatorio*. Purgatory is exactly like hell, except that it has fewer inhabitants.

Another wait, another humming-bird visit, another reading of names, and two or three of the twenty pass on. "Now," you think, "I shall surely see the President"; but you find yourself still on probation, for the square room into which you are shown holds only the President's staff, a gay group, full of that most delightful and rather magnificent Mexican courtesy. This room is *limbo*, so named, I am told, because of a theory of the future which finds in the Bible an intermediate place between purgatory and heaven called limbo, whence souls about to be blessed can catch a glimpse of glories yet to be.

A bell tinkles. One of the rainbow soldiers disappears. In a moment he returns. With bow, smile, and gesture he ushers you into your Mecca, the great room which Mexico has called heaven.

Heaven is roofed with dark beams, tricked out with gleams of gold. It is hung with red damask, which is interwoven with the Mexican eagle. Over every eagle is an imperial crown; for these magnificent hangings are a relic of brave and foolish Maximilian, who played the game of empire and won a bloody grave. Tradition has it that the last thing poor Carlotta did before starting on that dreary journey which ended in the grim tragedy of her insanity was to superintend the hanging of this damask, the color of her husband's blood. Beneath it, as you enter, there rises from an arm-chair, so placed that his face is always in shadow, a tall, well-built, strong, gray-haired, white-mustached man, carrying his threescore and ten years as lightly as though they were only forty, impassive, impressive, great. His hand is extended in ready courtesy. He bids you be seated. He listens with flattering attention, speaking little, promising less, but ever alert to do anything and everything possible for the Mexico he loves—the Mexico for which he has shed his own blood and that of many other men, the Mexico he has made, the Mexico he rules with a despotism as benevolent as it is absolute.

In this country Juarez was the man of the yesterday which ended with the fall of Maximilian. Porfirio Diaz is the man of to-day. At the other end of the national palace is the man of to-morrow, José Ives Limantour, Secretary of the Treasury, statesman, financier, gentleman, and next President of Mexico.



1—THE CANALS IN THE PLANET MARS—2.

THE CANALS IN THE MOON.

BY WILLIAM H. PICKERING,
Assistant Professor of Astronomy, Harvard College Observatory.

WITH PICTURES FROM DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

THE word "canal," as used in astronomy, is applied to a dark, narrow, straight or smoothly curved surface marking. The term does not necessarily imply the presence of water. Figures 1 and 2 represent the planet Mars. The narrow markings in Figure 2 are the canals. The coarser markings in Figure 1 seem to be analogous to them, but are not usually so designated. These sketches were made with the eighteen-inch telescope of the Lowell Observatory during my stay at Flagstaff, Arizona, in 1894.[1] They are drawn on a scale of $\frac{1}{100,000,000}$, or about 4.4″ or 1600 miles to the inch. In all the figures, as is customary in astronomical drawings, south is placed at the top, while the right-hand side of the picture is designated as east. Since two observers, seated at the same instrument, may represent what they see quite differently on paper, it is important in making a comparison of the surface markings of the different heavenly bodies that all the drawings should be by the same observer.

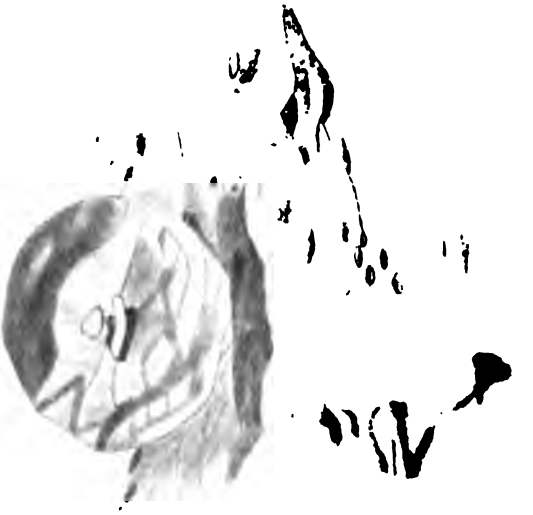
In the course of my observations of the moon made in Jamaica during the past year, on the expedition sent out by the Harvard College Observatory, special attention was paid to the crater known as Eratosthenes. This was due to the fact that it was known to contain extensive variable spots, and that being near the moon's equator, in latitude 15° north, it was considered highly probable that at some time in the course of the lunar day these spots would be subject to rapid changes. Moreover, being near the center of the moon's disk, in longitude 11° east, the crater could be well seen, and its appearance at different times would be unaffected by the slight apparent shiftings of the moon about its central position, known as librations.

Figures 3, 5, 7, and 10 are drawings of this crater made upon different dates, the hour being given, as is customary, in Greenwich time. Following the hour is a figure showing the number of terrestrial days which had elapsed since the sun rose upon the crater. In Figure 3, for instance, 1.0 day had elapsed since lunar sunrise, and therefore 13.8 days remained before sunset, the duration from sunrise to sunset on the moon being very exactly 14.8 terrestrial days. These drawings are all made on a scale of $\frac{1}{2,000,000}$, or about 28″ or 32 miles to the inch.

[1] "Astronomy and Astro-Physics," XIII, 645.

After the drawings were finished and in the hands of the printer, it occurred to me that it would be interesting to compare them with photographs taken at about the same intervals after lunar sunrise. The photographs would thus give a very interesting independent check on the accuracy with which the drawings were made, and would show, at the same time, in general, the kind of errors into which a draftsman is liable to fall.

Since one of the main objects of the Jamaica expedition was to produce a photographic atlas of the moon, we had negatives to select from in abundance, although none were taken with special regard to Eratosthenes itself. The advantage of photography as applied to the lunar surface is that it gives with absolute accuracy the size, shape, and relative positions of the various formations. Unfortunately, however, in the representation of the finer details it is at a hopeless disadvantage as compared with the eye. The best photograph of the moon ever taken will show nothing that cannot readily be seen with a five-inch telescope under favorable conditions. At first, therefore, it appeared doubtful if our photographs could be used to advantage.



3 — 1901, August 23, 13.3 hours (1.0 day).

THE CRATER ERATOSTHENES (TO WHICH THE FOLLOWING SEVEN DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS ALSO RELATE).

Four negatives were selected, however, and enlarged to the same scale as the drawings, and are reproduced in Figures 4, 6, 8, and 9. The first photograph, it will be noticed, was taken 2.6 days after lunar sunrise, or 1.6 days later than the first drawing. In the same way, the second photograph was taken 1.0 day later than the second drawing, the third photograph 1.5 days later than the third drawing, and the fourth photograph 0.9 day before the fourth drawing.

A casual glance at the drawings shows, in Figure 3, near the bottom of the picture and within the crater, a number of markings that may be described as more or less canal-like. At the same time there are numerous fine lines, which probably merely represent cracks in the surface, and which later disappear under a higher sun. In Figures 5 and 7, however, the real canals come out. In Figure 10 they have again become invisible. It is at first a little difficult to recognize any particular region on all of the different photographs and drawings, but a portion of the crater walls and the three central peaks can be found in every case, and starting from these the other regions may always be identified.

There is a dark kite-shaped marking on the planet Mars, shown near the bottom of Figure 1, which is known as the Syrtis major. If Figure 7 be inverted, at least two such



5 — 1901, August 28, 14.9 hours (6.1 days).



4 — 1901, July 26, 17.2 hours (2.6 days).

It has been said that the canals on Mars never end save in a sea or another canal. That this is not quite true is shown by a canal seen just above the center of Figure 1. This fading out into nothingness seems to be rather more frequent, however, upon the moon, several such instances occurring in Figure 7. In both Figures 5 and 7 rounded lakes or oases are found at the junctions of some of the canals. In Figure 7 a little lake is seen above and to the left of the center, without any connecting canals, but in Figure 5, drawn a month later, the canals belonging to it are shown intersecting like an X, although the lake itself does not appear in that sketch. The large dark areas known as seas upon Mars have their counterparts, too, in the dark regions surrounding the main crater.

dark markings will be found upon it. In Figure 2 of Mars a dark peninsula-like marking to the right of the center is known as the Solis lacus. Above it, and half surrounding it, is a dark semicircular region. Canals radiate from it in various directions. If Figure 7 be again inverted, the counterpart of this marking will be found just below its center. In both cases the canals radiate from the center to an incomplete dark circumference, and in both cases the intervening bright region is darkest on the side of the darkest exterior.

Figure 5 was drawn only 0.7 day before full moon. Figure 6 was photographed 0.8 day after full, and Figure 7 was drawn only 1.7 days after it. But from full moon until lunar midday at the formation in question, or 7.4 days after sunrise, it is geometrically impossible for any shadows to be visible, and for a day or two before and after that the shadows would be too small to be recognizable. Therefore none of the markings shown in these three figures can be due to shadow, but all must owe their origin to some surface discoloration whose intensity and shape vary with the interval during which it has been exposed to the sun. Figure 8 was photographed 2.7 days after lunar midday, but even here it is evident that most of the dark regions are identical with those in Figure 6, and are therefore not due to shadow. In Figures 3, 4, 9, and 10, on the other hand, the presence of true shadow is plainly visible, combined with, and in some cases indistinguishable from, the surface discoloration.



6 — 1901, March 5, 16.2 hours (7.1 days).

With regard to the so-called double canals of Mars I may say at once that, although I have often looked for them, and sometimes looked when others told me they were visible to them, yet I have never succeeded in seeing them. Since 1894 I have had little opportunity to examine Mars under favorable conditions, but a few years

ago I was able to show,[1] from the observations of others, that the double canals had this curious property, namely, that their linear separation was inversely proportional to the diameter of the object-glass of the telescope, and directly proportional to the distance of the planet. In other words, if we use a telescope of twice the diameter, we shall find the same canals will measure only half as many miles apart. Again, when Mars gets to be twice as far from the earth as formerly, we shall find that the canal-diggers have placed their second canal twice as far from the first as it was before! The inference that I believe must be drawn from these facts is that, while the canals themselves are undoubtedly genuine, their doubling is an optical illusion, due to some peculiarity of the eye, which many astronomers are capable of seeing, while many others are not. No double canals, properly so called, have been detected upon the moon.



7—1901, August 1, 15.8 hours (8.6 days).

Although the lunar canals are much smaller than those of Mars, and perhaps broader, on the whole, in proportion to their length, yet, on account of the nearness of the moon, its canals are much more readily seen than the Martian ones. At the time Figures 1 and 2 were drawn the apparent diameter of Mars was a little less than half the diameter of the crater of Eratosthenes, as shown in these drawings.

Besides this difference in actual size, there is another real point of difference between the lunar and the Martian formations. On Mars the so-called seas are green in the spring, gray in the summer, and yellow in the autumn. On the moon gray and yellowish white are the only shades visible: the markings merely darken and fade out again. This difference might very naturally be ascribed to the comparative lack of air and water-vapor found upon the moon.

In 1888 the writer suggested[2] that the markings known as the canals of Mars, as well as its seas, were in reality caused by processes of vegetation, and were in no way due to the presence of large bodies of water upon the planet.

In 1892 our Arequipa observations showed that in some instances the canals crossed the seas. This fact somewhat added to the difficulties of explaining them on the supposition that both were due to water. Latterly the vegetation hypothesis has been advocated by several astronomers, Mr. Lowell among others, and so forcibly and so widely have they propagated this idea that it is believed that at the present time there are comparatively few astronomers who are adherents of the old theory that Mars is a marshy planet, peopled by a race who devote their lives chiefly to excavating ditches and then filling them up again.



9—1901, August 4, 22.2 hours (11.9 days).

[1] "Annals Harvard College Observatory," XXXII, 149. [2] "Science," XII, 82.



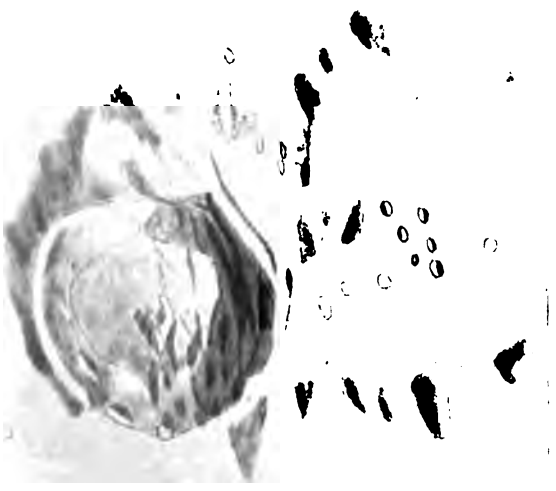
8—1901, May 6, 20.0 hours (10.1 days).

Applying this same hypothesis of vegetation to the moon, we must at once admit that its atmosphere is much more rare even than that of Mars, and that water can exist upon it only in the solid and gaseous states. Nevertheless, the quantity of carbonic-acid gas (which is to plants what oxygen is to animals) contained in a cubic foot of the moon's atmosphere may be quite as large or even larger than that contained in an equal bulk of our own. In the earth's atmosphere we find about three parts of this gas in ten thousand of oxygen and nitrogen. The moon's atmosphere a mile or two above the surface does not exceed one ten-thousandth of our own in density, but close to the small volcanic vents and cracks in the surface where the gas would be given off, and in the bottoms of the craters where it would collect, there is every reason to suppose that it would be much more dense.

It was first pointed out by Schlösing that the supply of carbonic acid in our own atmosphere is maintained chiefly by volcanic craters and springs, and that the quantity furnished by animal life is comparatively insignificant. As volcanic energy is undoubtedly diminishing upon the earth, this question of supply may in future ages become one of serious interest.

How vegetation can exist without water in the liquid state seems at first a more difficult question to answer than how it can exist in a rare atmosphere; but even here we find partial analogies upon the earth. That certain forms of desert vegetation can go for several years without water is well known, but whether they could continue to grow if the supply in the liquid form were absolutely cut off is very doubtful. On the antarctic continent, however, a certain kind of lichen is said to exist where the temperature rarely if ever reaches 32°—the melting-point of ice. This probably represents pretty closely the condition of affairs upon the moon, where it is possible that water-vapor, or hoar-frost, deposited upon the vegetation is sufficient to supply all its needs.

Looking at the matter now from another standpoint, we find that the lunar vegetation would have two distinct advantages over our own. In the first place, since the force of gravity is less upon the moon, the same leaves or fronds or branches would require but one sixth the effort to lift and support themselves that would be necessary were they transported to our earth. Secondly, since there are no high winds upon the moon, if it were any advantage to plant life to lift itself above the surface of the ground, it could do so with safety, instead of clinging close to the rocks like our own arctic and antarctic flora.



10—1901, August 5, 20.8 hours (12.8 days).

Turning now to the observed facts, we shall begin by describing some of the changes that are found to take place in these dark areas of vegetation as the lunar day progresses. It must be premised that the four drawings, Figures 3, 5, 7, and 10, are representative of some thirty drawings in all, made chiefly between June 25 and September 1, 1901. Each of these four drawings is confirmed in all its essential details by at least two others, made upon different dates, and frequently during different months. Therefore the more marked changes that are shown on them, for instance between Figures 5 and 7, cannot be ascribed to mere errors of drawing, or to defective telescopic definition.

We shall, in the course of the description, use the Martian terms—seas, canals, and lakes—which have been so generally adopted with reference to that planet, but with the full understanding that they do not imply in any way the existence of water in the liquid form.

Perhaps the most marked change due to the growth of the lunar vegetation itself is shown in the darkening of the region situated just to the right of the central peaks of Eratosthenes. In Figures 3 and 4 this region is comparatively light. In Figure 5 it has appreciably darkened, although still retaining in part the shape shown in Figure 4. The inner wall of the crater to the right of the spot has now begun to darken. In Figure 6 the shape of the spot on the floor has changed, the darkening of the crater wall is now well shown, and the spot itself has grown very much darker. The fact that in Figure 6 the region is intensely illuminated by the almost vertical sun, while in Figures 3 and 4 the sun was comparatively low, makes these changes still more striking. In Figures 7, 8, and 9 the spot is still dark, but in the last two the shading of the eastern wall by the setting sun has materially changed the shape of the spot as compared with its appearance in Figures 6 and 7. Figure 10 shows that the spot has now clearly faded, although a part of its area is already deeply enveloped in the heavy shadows that precede the absolute blackness of coming night.

Another spot, to the left and below the central peaks of the crater, first makes its appearance in Figure 4. In Figure 5 a dark marking connects it with the crater wall, and a second dark marking appears to be forming. In Figures 6, 7, and 8 the second marking is well shown, although in the last it has begun to fade. In Figures 9 and 10 it is no longer visible, and in the latter the spot itself has vanished. It is believed that we have here an illustration of the formation and destruction of a canal, a phenomenon never yet satisfactorily observed upon Mars.

A comparison of the upper portions of the central dark marking in Figures 4 and 6 further illustrates the formation and growth of a variable spot as the lunar morning advances, while a comparison of the upper portion of the same spot in Figures 8 and 9 shows how it fades out as the day declines.

Turning now from these changes that are so conspicuous that even the coarse, reliable photographs are capable of showing them, we will next examine a set of markings where, for the present, at all events, the human eye and hand must reign supreme. In the delicate system of canals shown in the upper part of Figure 5, by far the most conspicuous is the one which starts from a little lake near the center of the system. This lake is well shown in Figure 3, where it is found to be situated upon the very crest of the crater wall. The canal flows from it in a northeasterly direction, that is, downward and to the right, for about twelve miles, when it heads northerly, still following the crater rim, but apparently remaining chiefly on the outer slopes. This darkening may be due, in part, to shadow, but that it is really a canal is shown by reference to Figure 5, where, as we have already seen, no shadows are visible. If the canal could contain water, we should say that at this point it overflowed its banks, for the darkening now spreads out in all directions down both the inner and outer slopes of the crater wall. Whatever really occurs, it would be interesting to see what would happen to this dark area if the canal could by any means be cut off from it for a few weeks.

In Figure 5, to the left of the prominent canal, and nearly parallel to it, a lighter one is found, whose course follows in part the position of certain cracks seen in Figure 3. This same canal is well seen in Figure 7, but its companion to the eastward has shrunken and apparently moved away from it down the slope of the outer crater wall. This shrinking and shifting of position is confirmed by other drawings made during both July and August. The same thing has been observed on Mars, but owing to the difficulty of the observation, the shifting has generally been ascribed to defective drawings. The two canals are found to be equally dark 6.5 days after lunar sunrise, or about the time

of full moon. Before that date the western canal is found to be much the fainter of the two; after that date the eastern one. In Figure 10 the eastern canal has either entirely disappeared, or its place is occupied by a long, narrow line. A new dark marking, due, perhaps, largely to shadow, has appeared just to the west of the western canal, which now for several miles follows pretty closely *inside* the crest of the crater rim.

It seems to the writer that the importance of these observations lies primarily in the aid they may give us in the interpretation of the real significance of the markings on Mars, but incidentally, also, in exemplifying the tenacity with which life will exist throughout the universe in situations that seem to us, from our ignorance, most unfavorable and most unsuited to it. A study of these markings should assist us in the study of those upon Mars, for the following reasons: In the first place, as previously noted, the lunar canals are more readily seen than those upon Mars: the observer must not, however, expect to find them easy objects; it can merely be said that, with good seeing, they are not very difficult. In the second place, they are visible to advantage everywhere upon the earth throughout the year, hence many more observations of them can be obtained by the same observer. Thirdly, they go through more rapid changes, and the same conditions are frequently repeated, so that a failure to observe a particular phase on one evening is readily remedied by another observation made a few months later. Fourthly, a greater number of individual specimens occur, scattered mainly in the lower latitudes, giving opportunity for a greater variety of conditions, and therefore a better chance of discovery of some hitherto unknown fact: thus, a large canal exists in the western portion of Alphonsus; two small but well-defined ones are found in Hell. Fifthly, and most important, we are able to study the surface conditions and determine the relation of the various details to the natural elevations, slopes, and depressions of the surface. Sixthly, since no water in the liquid form can exist upon the moon, this fact will enable us to rule out many seductive but erroneous hypotheses. Seventh, and lastly, we know that so little air and water-vapor exist there that we can confidently also rule out all aid in the construction of these formations from intelligent or intellectual life.

While, from this point of view, the observations may have their disappointing side, still it must be remembered that they do not disprove that intelligent life may exist, either on Mars or elsewhere in the universe. They merely weaken the strongest argument hitherto found for the existence of highly intelligent life upon Mars. I do not believe that any astronomer will be tempted to use the inverse argument, that we now have evidence of such life upon the moon!



THE SECRET OF ROMANCE.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE dullest man will pluck the wild red rose
That, in our June, flaunts gay on every hedge;
The common birds find food among the sedge—
The eagle, soaring, to the high rock goes.
Color or scent in every flower that grows
Draws meaner men; but he upon the edge
Of human greatness, or who gives the pledge
Of life to fame, the eagle's longing knows.
The queen of Egypt's beauty was not all
That held Mark Antony unto the last:
She read his mystery—the higher dream
He never spoke. Fine souls that yearn and fall,
Like Dante's lovers riding on Hell's blast,
Thirst for great good, but miss the good supreme.



A WATER-COLOR SKETCH BY THE ACTOR.

THE HUMOR OF THE ELDER SOTHERN.

BY LUCY DERBY FULLER.

A YOUNG English officer was Mr. Sothern's guest at a large dinner. Two merry American girls shared between them the duty of making this diffident and reticent British soldier shine at his first function in a new land, and plied him with bright banter. It was a novel experience, and the limp and discomfited youth was retreating under fire when Mr. Sothern, swift in recognizing an embarrassing situation, turned to me, and in a hoarse stage-whisper exclaimed: "The only man who *ever* received the Victoria Cross three times . . . modest . . . modest to a fault . . . battle upon battle . . . twice carried from the field for dead . . . riddled with bullets." And then, as all listened to these snatches of martial exploits, he again added, "The Victoria Cross *three* times." It mattered little that all probabilities were against the pallid hero's having seen actual service: the evening's battle was won, and down the table was whispered from one to another, "Victoria Cross three times!"

This alert sympathy of Mr. Sothern's was almost mesmeric in quality, and his quickness of perception made him master of intricate situations. A humorous dilemma was irresistible to him; he could not stay his hand. His fun flashed like sunlight.

In turning over a large package of old notes and letters and sketches from Mr. Sothern's hand, it is hard to believe that this vital personality has vanished. More than twenty years have passed since the letters were filed away, and yet the amusing incidents they recall spring again into being as belonging to the present moment.

Here are delicate sketches in water-colors of pastoral English scenes, showing unusual gift with the brush, pen-and-ink illustrations of amusing experiences, rough drawings of camp life, and here and there a sketch boldly made on the back of an envelop to pass through the mails—all bringing back memories of a rare spirit whose joyousness triumphed over pain and sorrow.

His dramatic sense was always uppermost. On one occasion his card was brought to me inscribed "The Grand Duke Alexis." Descending to the drawing-room of the quiet home where I was visiting, I passed on the stairs the old English maid-servant curtsying and peering in through the crack of the door with round-eyed amazement. A week later a friend asked me: "What was happening last Tuesday afternoon when I tried to call upon you? The servant seemed greatly agitated, and bowed me away from your door with the words, 'Yes, they are at home, but

they are not receiving, as the Grand Duke Alexis is here.'"

On another occasion, in response to his card, I entered the parlor, but found no guest, until Mr. Sothern a few moments later emerged from the red plush curtain in which he had enveloped himself, making some casual remark about the weather.



DUNDREARY.

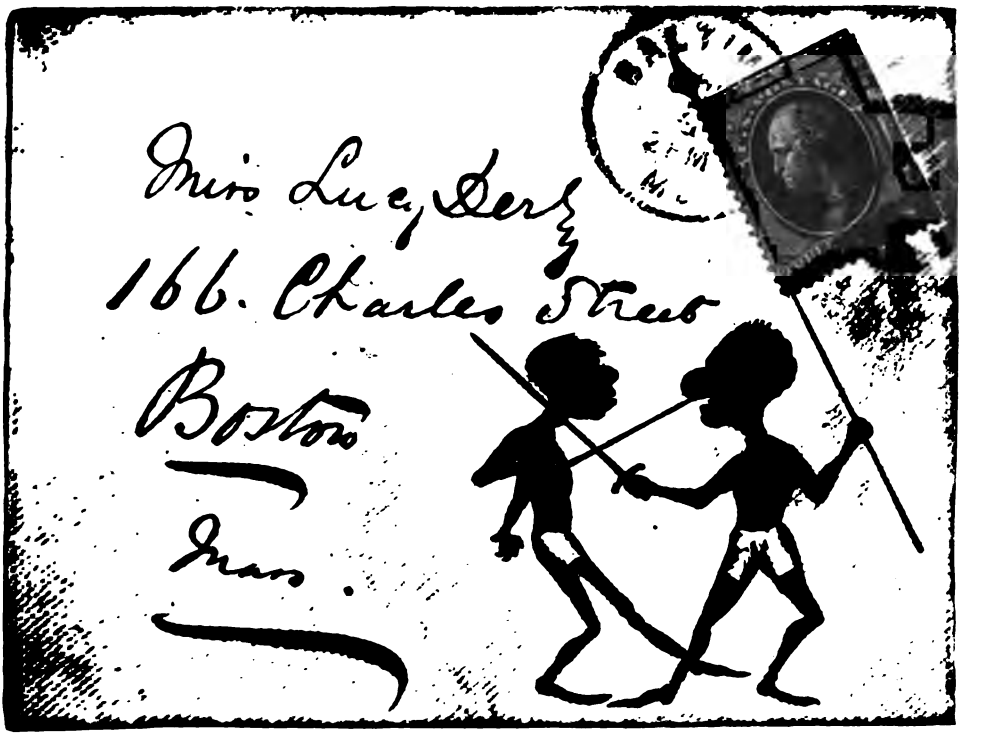
Mr. Sothern's letters are often written upon chocolate paper in purple ink, or in scarlet ink on white pages. Above the signature appears "Yours very," "Yours much," "Yours frantically," "Yours cringingly," "Yours very much," "Yours frightfully very much," "Yours fanatically," "Yours monstrously," "Yours very very," "Yours sadly," or "Yours extra very much." One letter addressed in red ink bears on the face of the envelop a sketch of two black figures vigorously fencing, and one waving a banner with the postage-stamp upon it.

On the back of an envelop sent through the mail is the following extraordinary rigmarole:

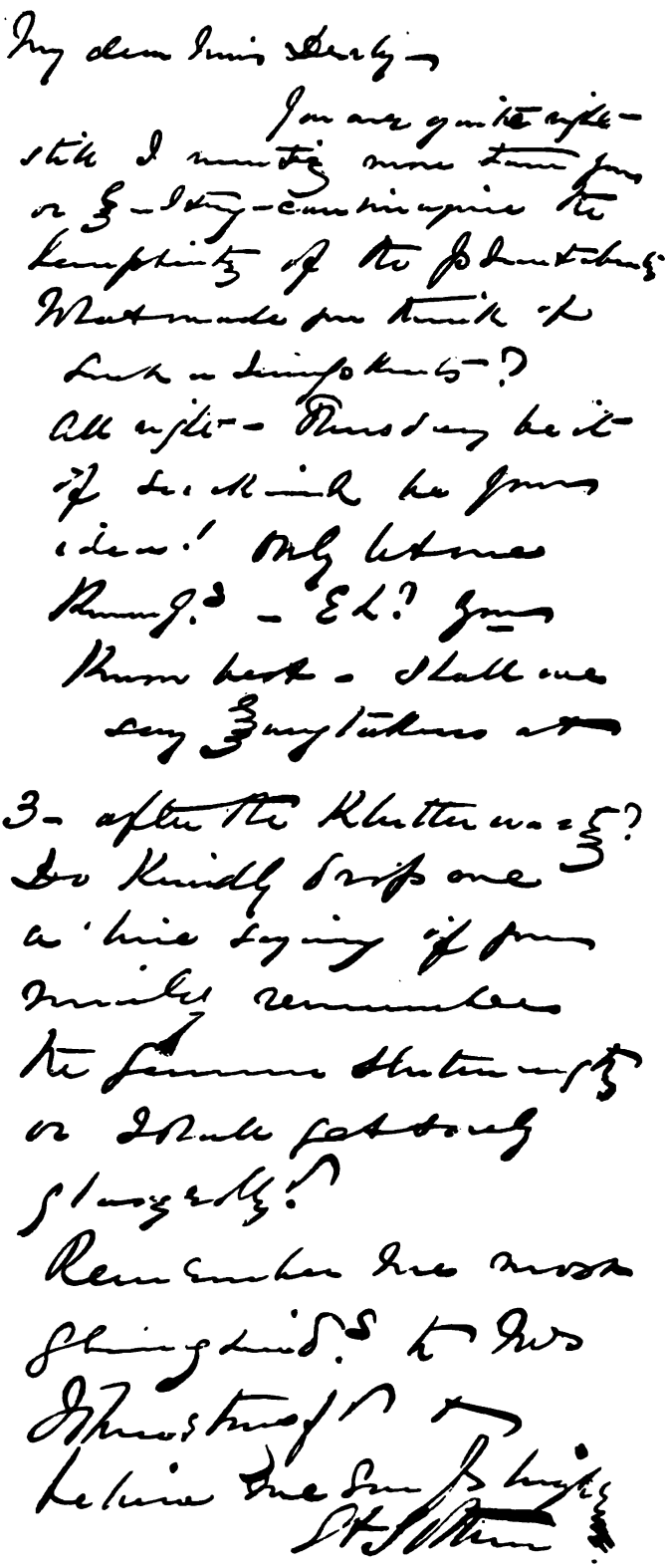
I act "Garrick" on Monday and Tuesday, and my new piece, "Hornet's Nest," on Wednesday and Thursday and Friday. They positively refuse your offer of $400,000 for the Brunswick Hotel here, but if you will make it $20,000 more I think I can secure it for you. Terms would be $250,000—*cash;* the balance on mortgage for three years at seven per cent. If yes, send me a telegram, and I will pay the deposit for you, though I cannot conceive what you will do with such a large house as a private residence. Poor old Shogner, your godfather, died this morning in great agony, having accidentally swallowed his tooth-brush as he was parting his hair. Don't worry yourself. I will see him buried, flowers, etc., etc.

Very, *very* sad, E. A. SOTHERN.

It is needless to add that the recipient of the letter had no interest in either the



AN ENVELOP SKETCH.



THE PUZZLE LETTER.

Brunswick Hotel or the imaginary Mr. Shogner.

Some of the letters were addressed to the "Countess of Derby." Some were scrawled with Chinese hieroglyphics. One sent from behind the scenes has no signature, save a sketch of Dundreary's head with flowing whiskers.

Abbreviations occur, such as, "The bearer bolted before I could scribble a ———," or "Keep your i on the newspaper," or "Did I catch your i at the performance last night?" or "I've your ☐ for Thursday." And many others.

One registered letter reached me which sadly bewildered all who endeavored to decipher it. It seemed easily read and entirely plausible, and to contain a thread of sanity; but the befogged reader continually encountered some difficulty, until after many efforts and several days of persistence it was found to be only another of Mr. Sothern's jokes; and whereas two or three consecutive words were legible, the greater part was made up of strings of letters and was absolutely meaningless. I recall Mr. Richard Grant White's determination to make sense from it, and his utter failure. Let the reader try his hand. (See the puzzle letter.)

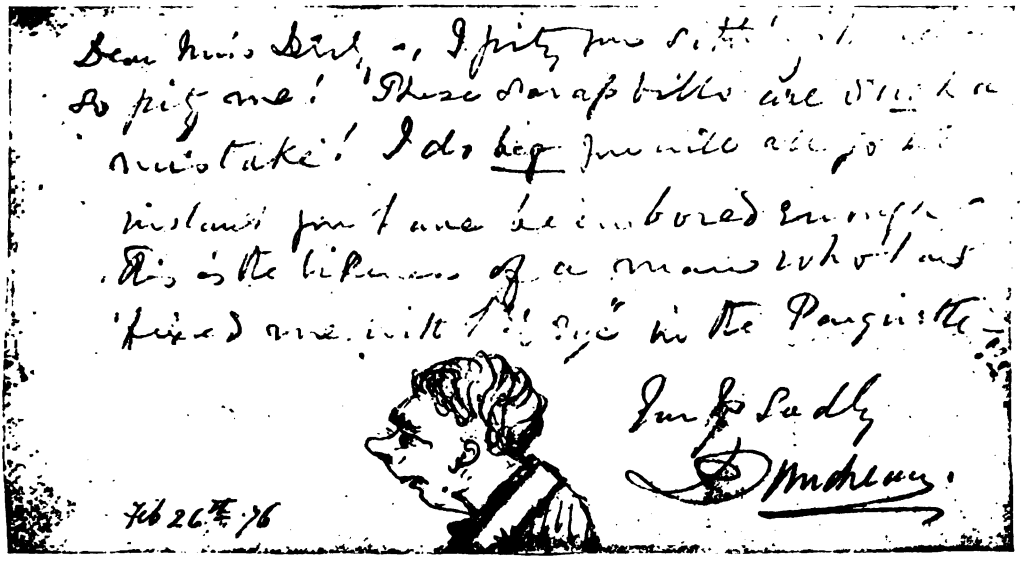
On one occasion when Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes dined at my father's house with Mr. Sothern and discussed views and experiments in regard to mesmerism, many stirring incidents were given of personal experiences, and some were very amusing. I well recall Mr. Sothern's making passes over the decanters, which Dr. Holmes admitted were certainly lighter than before the dinner. Later in the evening other guests arrived, and Mr. Sothern was urged to mesmerize one of

those present. He asked me quietly to be his accomplice in a pretense at mesmerism. With elaborate preparation, he then made the customary passes before my eyes and bade me follow him. Aware that I was surrounded by twenty or thirty friends who were skeptical of the sincerity of the effort, and impressed with the fact that I was attempting to play a part with a brilliant

again. Do they still believe you were mesmerized? You know you *were*, but you won't own it! Miss Howe is still slightly under the influence. As for me, I 've been obliged to give up combing my hair for fear of setting my head on fire! I shall be in Washington, D. C., on Monday for one week. Do send me a line telling me how your head feels.

Ever yours britannically,

E. A. SOTHERN.



THE MAN WHO FIXED HIS EYE ON THE ACTOR.

professional actor, I was seized with stage-fright, which at once aided our plan. Growing white, and with my hands cold, I was led by Mr. Sothern into the midst of the group, and then, asking sharply for water, ice, and smelling-salts, as if he himself were alarmed, he called attention to his success, and the rest was easy. Finding the belief general that the experiment had been a genuine and successful one, I begged, as the evening drew to a close, that Mr. Sothern would explain the deception. "Oh, but you *were* mesmerized!" he cried; and when I endeavored to make the situation clear, he protested earnestly, saying, "If I really want to mesmerize any one, I always ask them to be my accomplice, as I then get ready access to their minds without opposition." Nothing I could urge weighed against his own argument. A few days later I received the following letter from Hartford:

The enclosed will show you why I have not been in Boston. Incessant rehearsals and annoyance. I 've been scarlet with subdued rage ever since I left. I cannot tell you how I long to visit Boston

Many were the happy theater-parties during Mr. Sothern's visits to Boston. His valet or boy messenger, bringing notes and tickets for boxes, seemed to have taken up his abode in our front hall.

During the entr'acts at the play, a visit from the actor in our box added an intensified interest to the performance. We frequently took our friends into the mysteries of those intricate labyrinths behind the scenes.

On one of these visits to our box he gave us a merry account of Toole, the English comedian, bidding a friend an affectionate farewell in the dark. As Toole repeatedly clapped his friend on the shoulder in a familiar manner, he covered his back with small posters bearing his picture. After Mr. Sothern left the box the three gentlemen who had listened attentively to the Toole story found a small picture of Dundreary in the exact center of each of their own hats. His sleight-of-hand feats were many, but no one had seen him touch the hats, nor did it seem possible that he could have done so.

Once during the play of "Garrick," Tiger,



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ECKERSON & LYON. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

his small Italian greyhound, had been sent to us by his owner, and in the drunken scene it required more than one pair of hands to hold him back from a flying plunge from the box to his master's side on the stage.

One night we reached the theater during the second act of "Dundreary" in a medley performance. Scarcely were we seated when an envelop was brought to us with a pencil sketch of a rustic with distended eyes, retreating chin, and wide-open mouth. Above the sketch was written:

I pity you sitting there, so pity me. These scrap bills are such a mistake. I do beg you will all go the instant you have been bored enough. This is the likeness of a man who has fixed me with his eye in the Parquette!!!

Yours very sadly, DUNDREARY.

We soon discovered the man, seated not far from the stage, and as we were quietly passing the drawing from hand to hand in the box, fearful that we might attract attention by any "quiet noise," Mr. Sothern left the center of the stage, and crossing to a spot directly below our box, called up to me quite audibly, "That man has his eye on me now." Our sudden withdrawal, and the vanishing of all life in the box as we huddled together at the back, out of sight for the rest of the evening, drew the very attention we strove to avert. Had we remained quietly in our seats, the audience would have supposed the remark to be merely an incident of the play, and one of Lord Dundreary's many inconsequent utterances. The next day came a note saying:

It was kind of you sitting out that performance last night. Did n't *you* see that man in the Parquette? He mesmerized me!

Ever yours up to my elbows in dates, etc.,
E. A. SOTHERN.

Another note reads:

In case your box (which I will send you to-morrow) is too small, I enclose an order for two to parquette for Monday and an order for to-morrow afternoon. Give me a sign where you sit—something very quiet, say a maniacal yell, and waving of your hat above the crowd—something very mild and gentle. Yours much,
E. A. SOTHERN.

From the Junior Carlton Club in London he writes in May, 1875:

I 've been seriously ill since my arrival in England—so ill, it has been nightly uncertain whether I could act or not! I am much better now, thank goodness. I hope to see you in Mount Desert in July or August. This is one of the usual wild reports about me, not a word of truth in it. [Inclosed was a newspaper clipping which read: "E. A. Sothern and Charles Wyndham have just been engaged by a Russian nobleman, now in England, to play Dundreary and Brighton through Russia and Siberia.] . . . I do wish you could see "Garrick" at the Haymarket. It is *exquisitely* produced, and the houses are full. Three splendid calls every night after my drunken scene!

Give my love to any one who cares for me, and say I long to return to America and *particularly* to *Boston*. Ever yours sincerely,
E. A. SOTHERN.

I had asked his interest for a young actor, and received the following:

24 PARK STREET, PARK LANE, HYDE PARK,
LONDON, June 24, 1875.

MY DEAR MISS DERBY: Mr. H. has not yet called, but when he does you may be sure that I will do my utmost to help him—though London is a bad place for novices. . . . I take a trip in the Royal Yacht in August and expect it will make me better.

And in a later letter, referring to the same person, he says:

I did not want to tell him the truth, and I would n't tell him the reverse. So it was awkward. I can tell you the truth, and that is that my strong impression is that young H—— will never in England get more than $20 or $25 a week. He has a strong American Provincialism to get over, he 's in too great a hurry to play difficult parts, and he believes too much in his own abilities.

If he were my own son or brother, I would tell him this, but of course it would be utterly useless, as advice generally is! Ever yours very,
E. A. SOTHERN.

In a letter written in December, 1876, he says:

I am going to take a long seventeen weeks' rest. I 'm looking forward to it as a Baby expects a Doll. Send me your Album, and I 'll fill it with sketches for you. Yours very much,
E. A. SOTHERN.

The veteran actress Mrs. Vincent, of the old Boston Museum Stock Company, was a lifelong friend of Mr. Sothern's. She rejoiced with him in his successes, sorrowed with him in his griefs, and shared heartily in his merrymaking.

Beloved by three generations of playgoers, Mrs. Vincent held the esteem and respect of the community. The Vincent Hospital, one of the important charities of Trinity Church (of which Phillips Brooks was then rector), was founded in honor of her name.

Mr. Sothern's affection for her was shown by much consideration for her pleasure and many open-handed gifts to her charities—charities which often beggared her. Each year he quietly placed in her hands large sums of money for cases known alone to her. Her tenderness for all suffering, and her love for birds and animals, were well known to him. "The two beautiful canaries now singing joyously in their cages shall be *boiled* if you will not dine with us to-night," he would threaten.

Many stories are told of Mr. Sothern's original methods of entertaining his friends at dinner, and possibly the most amusing is that of the belated guest. When late in the dinner this friend was announced, Mr. Sothern exclaimed: "Let us all hide under the table"; and down they all went save Mr. Sothern himself, who remained seated. When the tardy guest entered, Mr. Sothern rose and received him with exquisite courtesy, saying: "When *your* name was announced, my guests, for some unaccountable reason, all hid under the table." After a few moments of discomfort one by one they crept out and back to their seats.

I heard from both Mr. Sothern and Mrs. Vincent this account of an outburst of fun at a dinner given by him in his parlor at the Revere House. As the guests, ten in number, were gathered about the open fire before dinner, a stout, pompous waiter, afflicted with short breath, added the last touches to his dinner-table, already spread. Ten large square pieces of bread were placed with mathematical precision one at each plate, and then he left the room to bring

the wine. Mr. Sothern saw his opportunity, and calling his dog, cried: "Tiger, the bread —quick, Tiger!" And the nimble little greyhound bounded lightly upon the table again and again, as he heard his master's imperative "Fetch the bread!" until each piece had been removed to a dark corner near the fire. Upon the waiter's return all was silence. The expectant look upon Mr. Sothern's face showed only that dinner was awaited. Standing for a moment bewildered, the waiter, seeing no bread upon the table, hesitatingly turned to the door, then retraced his steps to the table, examined it carefully, and hurriedly left the room. He soon reappeared with a fresh plate of bread, and again at each plate a piece was carefully placed, and he retired with the empty plate. "Quick, Tiger, fetch it again!" "More bread!" "More bread!" And once more each piece was removed before the grave waiter reappeared, and all were again silent. One look at the table and one at the guests, and there remained no doubt. Those poor hungry actors had *eaten* it! With a look of contempt he announced *dinner*, and after all were safely seated at the table he brought a third plate of bread, and with a fork placed it, with a gesture of scorn, piece by piece, for each person and for the host. The merry scene soon disarmed his hostility, and before the evening was over the bread in the corner was revealed.

Once at Manchester-by-the-Sea, as Mrs. Vincent sat on the sands in her fresh summer gown watching the bathers, I saw Mr. Sothern take a running jump from a slight elevation behind her, and, clearing even her raised parasol, alight at her feet, facing her as if dropping from the skies.

Mrs. Vincent's affection for him was that of a mother for her son, and when at length the day came which brought the news of his death in England, I went to her at once. Her gray curls were awry, her tears flowing; her grief was keen. "Oh, my poor, poor boy," she cried, "and my poor people! But mind you, dear, they shall not suffer, for look at this." And reaching for her tin money-box, she showed me a crisp twenty-dollar bill, still remaining from his last gift to her charities. "As long as I live it shall never grow less, and they shall have it many times over from my own pocket; it shall last as long as I do." And it did. Several years later a friend bought at the sale of Mrs. Vincent's effects an old English bureau. There, under the neat white paper lining of the top drawer, she found a fresh twenty-dollar bill. It was brought to me, and it was my privilege to carry it to the executors of the estate and to beg that it might be given to some one of her charities.

The graver and more serious side of Mr. Sothern's nature often appeared in his earnest discussions of subjects of public concern, and in the books which he chose to read.

In his "Rambling Reflections," published in the "Sporting and Dramatic News" of December, 1874, he expresses his conviction that the drama and novel-reading "have done more than railways or telegrams, more than gas or lucifer matches, to advance the higher civilization, and to extend the homogeneity of humanity."

Of the drama he says:

> It is left almost alone as a refining, elevating, and warning medium to that large majority of the world's inhabitants whose lack of time, opportunity, or taste for study prohibits any very profound views to originate with themselves, and who are therefore fain to accept the opinion of some guide, philosopher, and friend to mold crude views of things into shape and consistence.
>
> Let us then watch that it be not lowered by the prurient taste of the vulgar, or the caprice and vanity of its professors, but lend one and all our best endeavors to raise and purify it as the prop and mainstay of civilization.

In the same article he makes an earnest plea to abolish capital punishment. He questions the material of juries and their ability to sift evidence, and reminds his readers that the legal patriarchs who are still looked up to as exponents of British justice, not longer than a hundred years before, had burned old ladies at the stake as witches.

I find Draper's "Conflict between Religion and Science" and Flammarion's "Stories of Infinity" among books which he gave me.

From Charleston, South Carolina, he wrote in 1878 of a volume called "Birds of a Feather," edited by M. de Fontaine:

> The book is coming out, and is edited by M. de Fontaine, who took down in shorthand a number of my wild anecdotes. I am correcting the proof now. They may amuse those who know me; those who don't know me will think I 'm a hopeless idiot. I intend to send you a copy as soon as published. . . . On April 27 I start for England, and open at the Theater Royal, Haymarket, London, on the 11th May. I do wish you could have seen "The Crushed." I know you would have screamed at it. It 's a wild satire on the old School of Tragedy Actors.

Again, of the same play he writes:

> I was unfortunate in not finding any of you at home to-day, for I dashed to your house between

the acts of a rehearsal which occupied my time from eleven till four-thirty. I 'll make another dash to-morrow. I don't think this piece ("The Crushed") will suit your taste. It is a wild satire on a class of acting that you have never seen, but when I was a child of nine or ten years of age people wanted to see *acting;* they did n't care for nature on the stage. I think "The Crushed" has done some good. It has to a certain extent blotted out the old school of melodramatic acting, and this was my only motive. Have I succeeded in making it ridiculous?



FROM A PEN-SKETCH BY E. A. SOTHERN.

THE CRUSHED TRAGEDIAN.

In "The Crushed Tragedian" the pathetic contended with the humorous throughout. It gave Mr. Sothern a wide range for both bold and delicate expression of his art. It was not merely a burlesque.

There are many who, still recalling the exquisite art of the father, are led to believe that they will yet see among the brilliant achievements of the son the triumphs and successes repeated of their old friends "David Garrick," Lord Dundreary, and "The Crushed Tragedian."

The last letter which I quote is dated a year before Mr. Sothern's death, and I close with it because of his affectionate and tender reference to this son, Edward H. Sothern, the now eminent actor. In New York, on October 9, 1879, he writes:

MY DEAR MISS DERBY: I only received your letter after coming from the races, too late to send you my Private Box. Why on earth did n't you let me know you were in New York before to-day? Don't you know how short-sighted I am, and that I never see any one in the front? I shall be in Boston in four weeks' time for one month.

Eddy, my second son, is at the Boston Museum, playing very small parts by my advice. He has taken a fancy to try the Stage, and I wish him to commence at the bottom of the ladder. Make him do some sketches for you. He 's a dear, clever lad, and for my sake treat him as a brother. He will call upon you. He is as nervous as I am, so assume that you know him as well as you know me—at once.

Ever yours truly,
E. A. SOTHERN.

Early in January, 1881, at fifty-four years of age, the nervous energy ceased, and the eager, restless spirit yielded its faith in a "constitution of iron," and became acquainted with pain and death. Edward Askew Sothern, ministered to by those near and dear to him, ceased himself to minister to others.

THE EVENING WIND.

BY KATHARINE WARREN.

THE quiet dusk is broken through
With cool and rushing sound.
Some wingèd Presence passes by,
To farther darkness bound.

From out my heart are shaken swift
The day's delight and dole;
The garment of my life slips off
And leaves my naked soul.

My soul hath choked in others' dust,
My soul hath deeply sinned;
But this one hour it walks alone,
Pure as the evening wind.

THE ADVENTURES OF A PARROT.

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS,
Author of "Two Runaways," "De Valley an' de Shadder," "Isam and the Major," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY EDWARD POTTHAST.

IT was a week long to be remembered by Helen's little boy. For the first time he was having a house-party. Without warning, probably without intention older than the day, the major had returned from Milledgeville with the great Worthington coach loaded to its capacity with small boys and girls industriously gathered up about town from families known to him for a lifetime, and to whom he was a never-failing source of interest. The day ranks in the memory of the staid old inhabitants with the anniversary of Lafayette's visit, Henry Clay's speech, the entry of Sherman's army, and the removal of the capital to Atlanta. For, be it known, it had not occurred, in the experience of any living person, that a Milledgeville boy or girl had set foot in that sacred vehicle, the Worthington coach. The experience of the town juvenile had been limited to open-mouthed interest in the vast contrivance, and a stampede when, the door having been flung wide open by Isam, the unfolding steps tumbled down to the curb recklessly, and ended their performance with a defiant snap. It was a distinct local sensation when the major began to drive about town among the old residences and inquire for children; and many were the stories that emanated from the occasion, to be told over hard-wood fires, wine, and walnuts in the years to come. One of these will serve to illustrate the nature of the major's difficulties.

"De major's compliments ter de missus," said Isam, standing between the columns of Mrs. Throckmorton's old home, "an' he say won't she please, ma'am, let de chillun come erlong wid 'im an' stay out yonner ter Woodhaven wid Miss Helen's little boy er few days."

Old Mrs. Throckmorton came to the door, adjusting her lace cap and spectacles, her chin in the air.

"Why, bless my soul, Isam," she said, elbowing the housemaid aside, "whose children is your master talking about?"

"Don't know, ma'am; just any what might be lyin' roun' loose 'bout de house, I reck'n."

The major thrust his head out of the coach window, and called:

"Good morning, ma'am! Your most obedient! Want to borrow the children a few days, ma'am. Helen will take good care of them, and I shall personally return—"

"Why, Major Worthington, what are you thinking about? I have no children!"

"Is it possible? Why, madam, you used to have—and the prettiest I ever saw."

Mrs. Throckmorton laughed, with her hands on her sides, and then got out her handkerchief.

"Why, you dear absurd man, that was years and years ago! I have grandchildren. John has three little girls, and Lucy has a boy and a girl—"

"Good! Up this street somewhere, I believe. Drive on, Aleck. Madam, your most obedient! By the way, ma'am, do you know of any more in the neighborhood?"

Mrs. Throckmorton was laughing and crying by turns.

"Yes," she said, waving her hand; "I 'll tell Isam about them."

"Your most obedient, ma'am!" And so it was the major gathered his house-party.

The old coach never delivered happier faces at Woodhaven than greeted Helen when, astonished at the tumult in the yard at dusk, she ran down the steps and one by one lifted out the excited visitors.

It is not purposed to follow the fortunes of the borrowed juveniles during their stay at Woodhaven. Those were days, indeed, full of rapture, and garnished with egg-hunts, garret games, antique toys, and stories told while the blue flames hovered over the

smoldering oak log when the evening was chilly. It is sufficient to say that the supreme hero, the friend of every youngster, the vade-mecum of each child, was admittedly the smiling little old negro Isam, full of cunning inventions to amuse and a marvelous fund of adventures.

So it is not surprising that one day when he had rolled the great coach into the yard under the shade of the elms, where he could reach the faucet by the porch conveniently, and was cheerily removing the Baldwin County clay from the running-gear, he should have had the whole party about his ears. The little girls beamed through the windows of the coach, playing at visiting, while on the seat above outside, and on the one between the great carved leather springs behind, the boys gave imitations of coachmen, footmen, and tiger. On the porch, level with them, and but little above the head of the cheery old negro, the major was throned in his chair as usual, and near him was Helen, with a few of the older Milledgeville folks, who had dropped in for the day to look after the children and to replenish their wardrobes. A sympathetic remark from one of these concerning Isam's prodigious task gave the old fellow's conversation a new drift, and before he realized it he was arousing a general interest.

"Yes 'm," he said; "hit 's er sho-'nough job ter wash dis hyah ole care-edge. F'om fus ter las' I 'spec' hit 's mighty nigh on ter er half-mile erroun', an' worse ef you tek er short cut unner, fer de mud hangs heavy at de bottom. But hit don't happ'n often. Marse Craffud is er po' han' ter ramble roun' much nowerdays. Ef folks got business wid *him* dey got ter come *hyah*. Ef hit warn't fer de ole ladies 'bout de kentry what knows es judgment is good, an' keep er-sendin' fer 'im ter come erlong an' 'dvise dey-all, reck'n we 'd des natchully lay roun' an' go ter seed."

The children were not yet listening, but the older company smiled amiably, and one sweet-voiced lady dropped the busy man an encouraging remark touching the major's far-famed courtesy.

"Yes 'm; Marse Craffud is de bes' in de lan' when hit comes ter passin' de time o' day wid er lady. I heah 'im say de bes' way ter give er woman good 'dvice is ter fus find out des what she wants ter do, an' den tell 'er ter do hit."

The major laughed with the others at this; but perhaps he alone noticed that Isam's remark, begun on one side of the coach, was finished on the other.

"Ole Mis' Tomlinson," continued the negro, "sen' for 'im ter come, an' she say as how de lan' joinin' ter her is fer sale, an' she don't know des what is bes' ter do. Marse Craffud size her up quick an' say: 'Buy—buy, of course! Why, madam, dey ain't no better place ter put yo' money. Some years hit don't pay much, but lan' don't git erway f'om you. Hit 's allus right dere.' An' ole Mis' Lamkin sen' for 'im, an' say she done been offered good price for some outlayin' patches. Marse Craffud up an' say,—'cause he knowed money was scyarce wid her,—'Sell—by all means, sell, madam. Hit 's er bad plan ter be lan'-po'; an' ef you sell some, you can mek de balance do better.'"

The major took his foot off the balustrade and reached for his stick; but Isam was on the opposite side of the coach, and very busy.

"Let him go on, major," said one of the ladies, laughing; "we are greatly interested. Some day we may need your advice."

"Yes 'm," continued Isam, apparently ignorant of the by-play; "but one day we got word f'om ole Mis' Sykes ter please come over an' she 'd be proud ter have er talk wid us on business. Now dis was noos ter ev'y-body, 'cause ole Mis' Sykes don't set much store by dis hyah settlement. Some time back she let out dat in her 'pinion de place was right 'longside er de broad road ter—" Isam wrung out his sponge and glanced toward the children. "Well, Marse Craffud sont word back dat he liked de stand he had 'cause hit give him er chance ter see de las' of so many pious friends, an' some dat warn't; an' ole Mis' Sykes she took dis ter mean ole man Sykes, what died of er 'speriment wid er noo way ter mix es toddy. F'om dat day she ain' so much as pass de house widout pullin' de care-edge curt'ins down. Dat 's huccum I say hit was noos ter ev'ybody when she sont word of her wantin' ter talk business wid we-all. An' now, ef you ladies want ter heah 'bout dat trip, an' de parrot over dere, I reck'n I des 'bout got time ter 'splain it."

Isam nodded his head toward the major, who laughed aloud and began to stuff his pipe. The children heard the word "parrot," and scrambled eagerly over to Isam's side of the coach. The old man shot a quick glance toward his master, and opened the coach door, letting the steps roll down.

"Now," he said, "ef you little girls want ter heah 'bout dis hyah parrot, des set up an' down hyah an' wait tell I kinder work up de p'int, which ain't goin' ter tek long. No,

ma'am, we warn't 'spectin' ter heah f'om ole Mis' Sykes, but me an' Aleck got out dis hyah care-edge an' put off wid Marse Craffud for her house. We got dere safe an' soun', an' foun' her stannin' at de top er de steps wid 'er bes' lace cap an' black dress, an' smilin' like hit done her *so* much good ter see us at las'. Marse Craffud he tip es hat an' say, 'Madam, yo' mos' obedient!' an' work es way up ter de po'ch, while I drap down 'bout ha'f-way an' wait for ter see what de game was. Ole Mis' Sykes she smile an' shake 'er two curls an' say as how hit was mighty good of us ter come. An' Marse Craffud talk back des as perlite, an' say, 'Don't mention hit! De pleasure is ours.' An' wid dat he drap inter er po'ch rocker an' tek er long bref. Mis' Sykes looks like her conscience hurt her 'bout somep'n', an' she say hit pains her so much ter put we-all ter so much trouble. An' Marse Craffud bow as low as he could wid him er-settin' down, an' say: 'Madam, yo' mos' obedient! Hit 's er pleasure ter serve you, madam.' An' wid dat he begun ter fan wid es hat. Erbout dis time I got de shock er my life. Somep'n' right over my head up an' say:



"'WHAT DID THE PARROT SAY, UNC' ISAM?'"

"'Oh, sister, what is it? Where did you find it?'

"Bless God! but I jumped up, an' dere sot de ugliest bird my eye ever fell on—an' de fines', too. When I look in es eye an' face, my scalp feel like hit done been fros'-bit; but when I look at es jacket, hit was des natchully de prettiest—Lord! but de peafowl warn't nowhar! Green an' gol' an' red, an' es tail droppin' straight down erbout two foot! I stop erbout ha'f-way ter de gate, an' see ole Mis' Sykes run ter de bird an' give hit er nut an' sorter shoo hit erlong de rail. An' dere he sot. 'Bout dat time de bird look at me an' say, 'Git out, nigger!'"

The children clapped their hands and screamed, and Isam wagged his head.

"I begin ter hunt roun' erbout for de care-edge, when Marse Craffud mek me come back. I drap down erg'in on de step, wid my mouf lef' open an' my eye sot on dat bird. I heah Marse Craffud say as how hit was er fine bird, an' he seen 'em befo' in Mexico; an' I knowed den 't was de same he been talkin' erbout so much. Wid dat, an' de sun ershinin' on my bar' head, de scalp sorter begin ter tek on er little life. Den ole Mis' Sykes say, oom-hoo! dat 's what de matter. She done got her three little gran'-daughters stayin' in de house, an' de bird cuss an' swear an' talk so much badness she cyan't have hit roun', an' don't know des what she goin' ter do. Marse Craffud tell her ter wring its neck, but she throw up 'er han's so,"—Isam gave a comical imitation, much to the delight of the children,—"an' say de bird belongs ter her nephew, Mr. Jim Sykes, who been had 'er in Galveston fo' years, an' he thinks de worl' of 'er. Mr. Jim say de bird is one of de queens of de yearth, but ole Mis' Sykes say she don't see whar de queen comes in—dat she believes de bird is one of dem Mexican rebelutioners, an' dat she 's powerful pestered ter think she done got mixed up wid hit, an' mus' stay mixed up tell Mr. Jim gets back f'om whar he gone. Marse Craffud up an' say, 'Why 'n't you sen' hit out ter de quarters, madam, an' let de niggers tek cyar of hit?' But Mis' Sykes say, no; she done try dat 'speriment de day befo', an' ef she had n' stop putty quick, would n't been nair nigger lef' on de place. She say Ole Nelse, de driver, tell her dat de bird talk ter cats an' dogs an' chickens in dey own languidge tell es ha'r rise on es head. An' at night big owl come up in de cedar, roll es eyes, an' say, 'Whoo! whoo! whoo!' ter de parrot, an' de parrot up an' flung back cuss-words an' brash talk till de clock struck twelve an' de moon dodge unner er cloud. Ole Nelse is er persidin' elder, an' he say as how he been tole in es sleep dat dis was de painted Jessebel what de sojers flung out er de winder, come back on de yearth ter temp' de soul of man; an' dat settle hit. Dey brought de bird back in er cotton-basket covered wid er bag an' slung on er fence-rail 'twix' two niggers, de fus nigger sweatin' like er July mule, 'cause es back was nex' ter de basket an' er-burnin' wid onnatchul fire."

"What did the owl say, Unc' Isam?" asked one of the delighted girls, while the smiling old man was drawing a bucket of clean water from the faucet.

"'Whoo! whoo! whoo!' You see, honey, he ain't never seen nothin' like dat bird in all es born days. He seen de blue jay, de redbird, de robin, de sparrer-hawk, de game rooster, an' de peafowl; but dis hyah was er noo one on him. Look like de whole bird crowd been rolled inter one, an' got es nose mash down over es chin ter boot. De owl was des natchully tryin' ter strike up er 'quaintance an' pass de time o' day."

"What did the parrot say, Unc' Isam?"

"'Carrajo—corambo—bonum—noctum—oh, sister!' an', 'Git out, nigger!' Leastwise, dat 's what he say when I got nex' ter 'er de night; an' more besides. But, pshaw! hit ain't fit for you chillun to heah 'bout. Dat 's des de reason why ole Mis' Sykes tryin' ter git shet of 'er. Whar was I in dis story, anyhow?"

"They were bringing the bird back in the basket," shouted the children.

"Oom-hoo! das right. Well, Marse Craffud sot up in es chair an' cover es mouf wid es han'k'ch'ef, an' say: 'Madam, you int'rest me mightily. De case is an oncommon one.' Ole Mis' Sykes 'low dat hit sholy was. She say dat de bird out-talk her ole French teacher an' out-cuss er Spaniard pirate. An' she go on an' tell how de bird work erlong de fence ter de oak whar de pet squir'l come up f'om de grove, an' scyard 'im so wid er adj'-tive when he was peepin' roun' de limb whar she sot, dat little bushy-tail fell forty foot ter de groun', an' put out for es hole like de devil was reachin' for him."

A shout from the children gave the raconteur encouragement. He continued:

"You can laugh; Marse Craffud wanted ter laugh, too, but he had ter set dere an' swell up like er frog, while ole Mis' Sykes beat erbout an' 'splain how de bird got ter de chick'n-house at las', an' took up wid de crowd at night for company; an' how she quar'led wid de rooster tell he 'mos' lef' off

crowin' in de night. Ole Mis' Sykes say de trouble on her min' is dis: she cyan't let de chillun heah sech talk, not even f'om er bird, an' she cyan't 'spose of Mr. Jim's pet: an' dere you are!

tek de bird for er while; dat cussin' warn't no noo thing over hyah, an' would n't hurt nobody. Ole Mis' Sykes try ter be funny wid Marse Craffud, an' tell him mebbe he would like some company b'sides es own, an' mebbe



"'OH, MAJOR, MAJOR WORTHINGTON, YOU SHOCK ME!'"

"Well, sah," continued Isam, addressing everybody in general, "Marse Craffud sot dere an' 'bout ter 'splode, but he look like de head mo'ner at er funerul. Bimeby he up an' say, 't is sholy a bad case, an' how can he serve 'er in 'er great trouble. Well, chillun, de ole lady been waitin' fer de openin', an' she step right in. She say as how she unnerstan' dat Miss Helen an' de little boy was off ter Macon, an' mebbe de major would he could git some noo cuss-words, too. Well, I tek my eye off de bird, an' look back for somep'n' ter happen, an' hit did. Marse Craffud sot up straight, an' fix es eye on de ole lady. I ain't goin' ter tell you what he say, 'cause he was hot in de collar an' powerful aggervated; but ole Mis' Sykes clap her hands ter her head an' scream out: 'Oh, major, Major Worthington, you shock me!'

"'Bout dis time I like ter jump out er my

skin, for de bird raise 'er wings an' give er yell what start like er peafowl an' quit like er holy laugh. Den she say, sorter dancin' roun' on de rail an' talkin' th'ough 'er nose, 'Pour water on 'im! Burn es foot! He 's swearin'!' an' follered it up with forty-'leven kinds of cussin'. An' dere sot Marse Craffud, puffin' an' er-poppin' es eyes.

"'Young 'oman,' he say, des so, 'young 'oman, wait tell *I* get you home!'

"But hit did n' scyar dat bird, 'cause she ain't never met Marse Craffud befo'. She des cake-walk erwhile, an' den stop an' cock up fus one eye an' de yuther like she all of er sudden gittin' int'rested in es case. 'Sister,' she say to ole Mis' Sykes, 'who is de fat man?' Den she had ter dodge Marse Craffud's stick, what he flung, an' while I was er-fetchin' hit f'om de yard she was er-edgin' erlong de rail, sayin', 'Oh, my! oh, my! what a naughty, naughty boy! Put 'im out! put 'im out!'"

By this time, as may be supposed, the children were hilarious, and the older group greatly amused. The major smoked in silence, looking off across the fields. Isam took occasion to return to the side of the coach from which he had started, opening the door and letting down the steps for the children, who crossed over tumultuously.

"Dere, now, chillun, des keep yo' mouf shet, an' you won't git no soap-suds in it. Whar was I in dis hyah 'sperience, anyhow?" he said.

"Polly was telling her to put him out," said Helen's little boy.

"Oom-hoo! Well, Marse Craffud c'ntrol esse'f, an' say he don't blame Mis' Sykes er bit, an' de bird ain't fit company fer no lady, much less de chillun, an' he 'd tek 'er off 'er han's wid pleasure. He say he reck'n he will 'joy de company of so smart er bird, an' he promise 'er he ain' goin' ter let nothin' happen ter 'er, an' when shall he tek 'er.

"Den Mis' Sykes say dey done reach ernuther trouble. De chillun done got so 'tached ter de bird hit would bre'k dey hearts ef dey thought she 'd give 'er erway, an' 'fo' dey eyes. Ef somebody could come over in de night an' sorter pertend ter steal de bird, she 'd have somep'n' ter go on nex' day. De stealin' would be easy, she say, 'cause de bird roos' in de little hen-house, like I tole you; an' dere warn't no dog an' nair nigger nigher 'n de quarters. Marse Craffud catch de p'int quick, an' laugh er little. He say: 'All right, madam; I think de plan er mighty good one. I 'll sen' Isam over erbout nine ternight, or mebbe later.'

"'Who? Me?' says I, wakin' up. 'Who? *Me?*' says I, erg'in.

"'Yes,' says he, '*you!*'

"I look up at Marse Craffud an' quit talkin'; but I walk erroun' dat bird, an' look at 'er f'om head ter feet, an' dere warn't no way I can get whar she ain't er-facin'. 'Honey,' says I, 'mebbe I 'll be 'long atter you 'bout nine, an' mebbe I 'll be 'long erbout ten; hit 'pends on how I 'm er-feelin' ter-night.'

"Marse Craffud an' ole Mis' Sykes was up an' er-sasshayin' erroun' one ernuther an' passin' compliments. I pick up a little stick 'bout big as my finger an' lay hit 'cross de bird's mouf, which she was er-holdin' open while rearin' back f'om me. De mouf shet, an' de stick drap down in two pieces.

"'Git out, nigger!' says she.

"'Das des 'zactly what I 'm er-aimin' ter do, honey,' says I. 'Mebbe I might not come erlong baek befo' ten an' er ha'f; but lemme tell you, when I do come, you look close, an' you goin' ter see more hyah den me.' An' dere I lef' 'er.

"Marse Craffud look out of care-edge winder an' say, 'Madam, yo' mos' obedient!' an' de bird drap one of 'er rainbow wings down erbout er foot an' er ha'f, stretch 'er leg unner it, give er long gape, an' say, 'Sister, I foun' it, but you c'n play with 't.' 'Spec' you chillun tired hearin' Isam ramble 'long 'bout dis hyah ole parrot?"

"Oh, no, Unc' Isam! Did you go back for her? Please tell us some more!" The air was full of voices.

"Well," said the old man, holding up his hands, "I ain't said I warn't goin' ter tell yer. Hit 's des er way I got, an' hit gimme time ter ketch er bref. Whar was I?"

"You had just left old Mrs. Sykes," exclaimed a voice.

"Oom-hoo! Well, Marse Craffud insist on me trav'lin' 'long back for de Mexican bird, an' I b'gin ter steddy erbout hit. When I seen dat bird lop off de stick wid 'er mouf what look like er flower-shears, an' hit come ter me dat I got ter feel roun' in dat hen-house for 'er, an' in de dark, I knowed I mus' have help. So while Marse Craffud was er-noddin' up dere in de po'ch erbout sundown, I go over yonner. I don't reck'n nair one er you chillun ever met wid er nigger by de name of Sandy Cornelius. Ter be sho, you ain't; hit 's been fo' years ago. Sandy was hyah f'om de Shoulder-bone deestric' in Hancock, er-raisin' of some money ter buil' er frame chu'ch fer Macedony—leastwise, dat 's what he say. Er reg'lar back'oods nigger, an' aggervatin'! Lord, Lord! but

des ter heah dat nigger say 'Deah brother' was 'nough ter mek er man drap es han' on es hip or look roun' for er ax. Sandy Cornelius!" Isam's contempt was apparent but absolutely indescribable.

"Sandy," said the major to the ladies, as he reloaded his pipe, "was paying special attention to a friend of Isam's named 'Cindy." dat de chillun was so sot on 'im we mus' come an' git 'im atter dark, so she could sorter mek believe somebody done stole 'im. I 'splain ter de nigger dat de Mexican games was so pow'ful mean dey had ter cut de spurs off of 'em ter give de yuther chickens er chanst ter live, an' dat dey was 'bout as good at bitin' as kickin'. He tuk it all in



"'DE MOUF SHET, AN' DE STICK DRAP DOWN IN TWO PIECES.'"

"An' dat 's er fac'," said Isam; "but 'Cindy ain't so much as look at 'im twicst. Well, in my perdicerment 'bout fetchin' dat bird, I hunt up Sandy. I know dat 'bout dat time he 'd be ready for er chanst ter d'stinguish esse'f wid er present ter 'Cindy; an' de devil went erlong wid me ter find 'im. We foun' 'im, an' me an' him had er talk, wid de devil lookin' on an' sayin' nothin'. I tell dat nigger dat Marse Craffud done specialize him an' me for some work he could n' trus' nobody else wid. I 'splain as how ole Mis' Sykes had er Mexican game rooster she want ter git shet of de worse in de worl', but like er catfish swallerin' er worm. He was one er dese hyah know-ev'ything niggers. 'Dey tells me,' he say, 'dere is er game chick'n down yonner in Cheecago, which is de capital of South Afferky, dat when he fights des lifts er common chick'n off er de groun' by de back of es neck, an' sticks 'im full er holes wid fus one foot an' den de yuther.' 'Oom-hoo!' says I, 'dat 's de ve'y same Mexican game! Marse Craffud an' me is er-layin' out ter git de breed an' wipe out de Shawlnecks down-town what put us out er business 'bout fo' years ago.' 'Well,' says Sandy, 'I don't mind goin' erlong, seein' as

how hit ain't sho-'nough stealin'—an' dey ain't no dog! But dere 's er meetin' erlong de way at Smyrny Chu'ch. An', besides, whar does I come in?' says he.

"Now dat 's de fus' ques'ion you get f'om er nigger, an' I was er-layin' for 'im. 'De Bible,' says I, ''lows dat de laborer is worthy of es hire, an' ole Mis' Sykes mus' n't 'spec' ter git 'er work done free. I 'm goin' ter hol' de chick'n-house do' for you,' says I, 'an' ef you happ'n ter drap erbout fo' hens in de bag erlong wid de Mexican ter keep 'im company, dere ain't goin' ter be no witness. An' I heah 'Cindy say yestiddy dat she des er-honin' an' er-honin' for fresh meat.' Dat hit 'im, an' he stop ter steddy. 'How I goin' ter find dis Mexican game in de dark?' he inquire. 'Ain't no trouble 'bout dat,' I say. 'He got er tail two foot long. Des feel 'long unner de roos' tell you strike dat tail, an' den let yo' han' travel up ter es two legs whar de spurs been trim off; an' den drap 'im in de bag. An', nigger,' says I, 'don't you hurt dat bird, or let 'im holler an' wake de chillun! Tek 'im quick by es foot an' neck, an' drap 'im in de bag.' Sandy steddy some more, an' inquire 'bout de dog. Bimeby he say, all right; he go 'long ter keep me company. I got er bag wid er draw-string in de top, an' 'bout time de moon rise we put out for ole Mis' Sykes'. When we come ter Smyrny, Unc' Rich' was des er-linin' out de secon' verse of de hyme,

Travel on, travel on,
We 'll all travel on.

"But hit look like I warn't goin' ter git Sandy ter travel on pas' dat do'. 'Come on, nigger!' says I, des so. 'Come on! We ain' goin' ter be long er-gittin' back. 'Cindy ain' in dere yit, or you 'd done heah her putty voice lifted in praise.' De soun' er de gal's name start 'im ter thinkin' 'bout hens, an' es foot got light erg'in. We come erlong, putty soon, by Smyrny buryin'-groun', an' he pull up an' say, 'Hush! You gwine th'ough dat place?' 'Oom-hoo! honey,' says I, 'an' now you know des why I fotch yer erlong. Dere ain' nothin' goin' ter bother nobody in er buryin'-groun',' says I, 'but yer feel mo' sut'n erbout hit when yer travelin' wid company.' 'How far we got ter go ter git erroun'?' says he. 'Well,' says I, 'erbout er mile.' 'Is dat all?' says Sandy. An' he struck out up de big road, wid me er-treadin' on es heels.

"De moon hit was high when we got ter ole Mis' Sykes'," continued Isam, "an' de big house was plumb dark. De little hen-house do' slides up an' down in er groove, an' I hol' hit up an' sen' Sandy in wid de bag hangin' roun' es neck. Putty soon I heah er flutter, an' I say, 'One hen!' Den I heah ernuther flutter—'Two hen!' Den I heah ernuther flutter, an' I say, 'Three hen!' Den I heah ernuther flutter, an' I say, 'Fo' hen!' 'Bout de time I was er-gittin' ready ter try an' save ernough hen fer ole Mis' Sykes ter start business wid erg'in, dere come er mighty rustle an' er splutteration, an' I heah Sandy cuss. All of er sudden er voice f'om somewhar hollered: 'Help! Murder! Why 'n't yer crow? Let me out, nigger! Let me out!' I fell back, an' down drap de do', an', chillun, I heah Sandy inside say, wid er trimble in es voice:

"'Who dat talkin' ter—ter—ter—me?'

"De voice in dere come erg'in: 'Help! Help! Let me out, nigger! Let me out, nigger!'

"I could des heah Sandy feelin' roun' inside, his finger-nails er-huntin' cracks, an' he up an' say er little louder:

"'Wait er minute, honey, whoever yer is! Wait er minute, an' I gwine ter let us all out!'

"De voice holler louder an' louder:

"'Murder! Murder! Burn es foot! Po' water on 'im!' An' mebbe de parrot he sorter pinch de nigger's leg th'ough de bag wid es flower-shears—I dunno; but de nex' thing I do know, Sandy give er yell like de devil had 'im, an' come erg'inst de side of de chick'n-house so hard he knock down de whole business on top er me. Time I scramble out he was gone er-rackin' up de road ter beat de ban', de bird er-cussin' at ev'y jump. Well, sah," continued Isam, when the children were through with their laugh, "I begin ter git skeered merse'f. I say, ef dat nigger ain't headed off by somebody, he goin' ter bus' dat fool bird's brains out erg'inst somep'n', er fling 'er clean erway. But, pshaw! dat string done slip up roun' Sandy's neck, an' de mo' he pull de tighter hit git, tell he was mighty nigh choke down. I sighted 'im des as he struck de cemetery an' lodge in de wire fence, er-fightin' an' er-pantin'. 'Bout time I got dere he bre'k loose, an' I seen 'im run spang bang inter de white rock angel—de ole man wid er cyarved grass-hook 'twix' es knees what sets on top er ole man Toby's grave. Well, sah, what wid dat, an' de bird inside de bag hollerin' 'Murder! Stop, nigger!' an' mixin' up er lot o' Mexican talk, de nigger fa'rly lept er hunderd yard. I des heah 'im say, 'Leg, save de body,' an' yonner he go. I 'm er putty good mover in de night merse'f," said Isam,

looking round on his audience, "an' mo' expecial ef er man es tryin' ter lef' me in er buryin'-groun'; so I drap mer foot erlong in es tracks fas' ernough ter keep mer eye on 'im. An' den I seen he was er-headin' for Smyrny Chu'ch. When he struck de road he turn inter hit, but I kep' de paf, an' we git ter de chu'ch 'bout same time. Lord, Lord! Den we had hit—den we had hit!"

"Had what, Unc' Isam?" asked the oldest boy, eagerly.

"I dunno what yer call hit, but we sholy had hit. I lean up 'g'inst de do' fer ter ketch mer wind, an' Sandy run down de aisle ter de mo'ners' bench by de pulpit, tore at de string roun' es neck, an' drap down in er heap, puffec'ly pluralize an' proselyte on de flo'. Ole Unc' Rich' was in de ac' of prayin' for grace, an' some er de sisters was des startin' ter rock an' moan, when dey see de nigger Sandy, all mix up wid de bag, roll over on de flo' like er man possess of er sperrit. Dey jump up, crane deir necks ter look, an' 'bout dat time somep'n' in de bag squirm an' begin ter yell like er man in er cellar: 'Murder! Help! Carrajo—corambo—bonum—noctum! Oh, Jim! Let me out, nigger!' an' ter spit out all kind o' scand'lous cuss-words. Somebody's girl let fly er scream loud ernough ter split er plank, an' dat settle hit!"

Isam threw down his sponge and leaned up against the carriage, wagging his head, his face twisted into laughter-wrinkles.

"Dat *do* settle hit. Ole Unc' Rich' fall back'ds f'om de pulpit th'ough de winder, an' hit de groun' er-runnin'. De niggers inside dey fall over one ernuther an' me, an' fight for de do' tell dey 'mos' tromple what little win' I had lef' plumb outer me. What wid dey yellin' an' er-whoopin' an' er-breakin' down de benches, hit was ernough ter raise er dead man. But hit did n' raise Sandy. Did n' nothin' raise 'im tell I cut dat sack loose an' sot 'im up. He took er bref er two, an' one mo' look at de squirm in de bag, an' was gone. De niggers dey seen 'im comin' up de road, an' dey led 'im er race ter de quarters, whar ev'ry do' was barred. Dey do say dat at twelve o'clock nex' day dat nigger done reach es home on de far side er Hancock, forty miles f'om Smyrny!"

A happy smile fluttered over the old negro's face when the laughter and applause of his audience had subsided, to be suddenly chased away by mock-seriousness, as a little boy put the question:

"What became of the parrot and the hens, Unc' Isam?"

"Now des listen at dat! Chile, anybody 'd know yo' pa was one er de bes' lawyers in de lan', des watchin' *you*. Don't never lose sight er nothin'! Well, I fotched de bag erlong back ter Marse Craffud, an' Marse Craffud up an' say we mus' keep de business quiet, 'cause dere ain't nair nigger in dis settlement ever goin' inter er hen-house atter dark f'om now on; an' some er dis 'sperience boun' ter leak out an' spread roun'. An' we kept our end quiet, for Mr. Jim Sykes got back onexpected de ve'y nex' day, an' come er-bilin' over ter git es bird. Marse Craffud was mighty glad ter git shet of 'er. But de story of what happen in dat chu'ch—Lord! Lord! but hit 's still er-growin'! Dey warn't er nigger dere but smell sulphur; an' Unc' Rich' 'lows he seed er fiery han' reach out f'om de bag an' ketch Sandy by de neck. Aunt 'Mandy say when she look back f'om up de road, she seed somep'n' spout'n' fire f'om es eyes an' nose an' mouf tearin' back ter git in de cemetery."

"What became of the hens, Unc' Isam?" persisted the little boy.

The old man studied gravely the face of his questioner.

"Honey, when you done growed up ter be er jedge on de bench, too, dere ain' no nigger in dis county goin' ter be able ter keep esse'f outside er de rock-pile!"

"What became of the hens?"

"Well, chile, de hens was des so natchully bruise up an' 'turbed en sperrit dey warn't no good for nothin'. I let 'Cindy have 'em ter git some feathers for er piller she er-makin'."

The major coughed violently, and his pipe shot a shower of sparks into the air.

THE GREAT SOUTHWEST.

II. THE DESERT.

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER.

WITH PICTURES BY MAXFIELD PARRISH.

To science there is no poison; to botany no weed; to chemistry no dirt.
RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

AFTER all, there is no desert. Within the memory of comparatively young men a third of the territory of the United States beyond the Mississippi bore the name of the "Great American Desert." It was a region vast beyond accurate human conception, in extent as great as half of Europe, mid-ribbed with the stupendous, shaggy bulk of the Rocky Mountains, from which it descended in both directions in illimitable rolling plains and rugged mesas, rising here to the height of snow-crowned mountains, and falling there to the ancient salty beds of lost seas, lower than the level of the ocean. It was rutted by chasms and washes, the channels of rivers that thundered with a passion of water for a single month in the year, and were ash-dry for the other eleven. Some stretched eastward toward the Mississippi, some southward toward the Gulf, and some westward toward the Pacific. It was an empire of wild grandeur, of majestic heights and appalling depths, of silent waste places, of barbaric beauty of coloring, of volcanoes and the titanic work of volcanoes, of fierce wild beasts and wilder men; but it was a desert. Here, for months at a time, no rain came to moisten the parched earth, and there were few clouds to obscure the heat of a blazing sun. The earth became dust and ashes, all but uninhabited and impassable, here grown up to cactus and greasewood and sage, here to gray grass, here to nothing—a place where animals dropped in their tracks from heat and thirst, and shriveled there, undecaying, until their ragged hides crumpled like parchment over their gaunt skeletons. Many a pioneer bound for the El Dorado of California felt the tooth of the desert, and left his bones to whiten on the trail as a dreadful evidence of the rigor of these waste places.

This was the Great American Desert, the irreclaimable waste of forty years ago, the dread-spot of the continent. To-day you may seek it in vain.

When reduced to its essence, the work of every great explorer and pioneer in the West has consisted in showing that the desert was no desert. It was a cramped and mendicant imagination and a weak faith in humanity that first called it a desert, and it has required the life of many a bold man to dispel that error. The pioneer cow-man came in and saw the dry bunch-grass of the plains. "This is no desert," he said; "this is pasture-land," and straightway thirty million cattle were feeding on the ranges. A colony of Mormons, driven to the wilderness by persecution, saw, with the faith of a Moses, green fields blooming where the cactus grew, and in a few years a great city had risen in the midst of a fertile valley, and a new commonwealth had been born. A Powell came and disclosed the possibilities of the desert when watered from rivers that had long run to waste, and a hundred valleys began to bloom, and millions of acres of barren desert to grow the richest crops on the continent. Miners came, found gold and silver and copper in the hills, and built a thousand camps; the railroads divided the great desert with a maze of steel trails until it was a veritable patchwork of civilization; and timid tourists came and camped, and went away better and braver. To-day several million Americans are living in the desert, not temporarily, while they rob it of riches, but for all time, and they love their homes as passionately as any dwellers in the green hills of New England.

A traveler in the West must go far indeed before he find a place where he can

say, "This is a worthless and irreclaimable waste, the true desert." There is no faith left in him who speaks of waste places. I stand in the gray sand: nothing but sand in every direction as far as the eye can reach —sand, a few sentinel yuccas, a sprawling mesquit-bush, with a gopher darting underneath, and a cholla cactus, gray with dust. Here, I say, is the waste place of all the ages; no man ever has set foot here before, and it is likely that no man ever will again. But what is that sound—*click, click, click* —that comes from the distance? It is no kin to the noises of the desert. Climb the ridge there, the one that trembles with heat; take it slowly, for the sun is blinding hot, and the dry air cracks one's lips. Have a care of that tall sahuaro; it has been growing there undisturbed for two centuries, and it is not less prickly for its age. And in all its years it never has seen a vision such as it now beholds; for here are men come to the desert, painfully dragging water with them in carts and barrels. They have put up machinery in this silent place, having faith that there is oil a thousand feet below in the rock; and so they come in the heat and dust to prove their faith. You hear the *click, click* of their machinery; it is the triumphant song of an indomitable, conquering humanity.

Go over the next ridge, or perhaps the one beyond that, and you will see a still stranger sight—a great, black, angular dredge, a one-armed iron giant scooping up the sand, tons at a time, in his huge palm, weighing it in the air, and then, with outcrooking elbow, majestically dropping it upon the desert. There is a little black engine behind burning mesquit-wood, and a silent, grimy man chewing tobacco and grumbling at the heat. They entered the desert forty miles away at the bank of a great river, and they have burrowed their way through the sand, with the water following in a broad brown band.

"Yes, sir," says the man, in a matter-of-fact voice; "this canal will irrigate half a million acres of land in this desert. In ten years there will be a hundred thousand people settled here. You see that mesquit-tree over there? Well, that 's where we 're going to locate the city. The railroad will come in along that ridge and cross over near those chollas."

Try another ridge: there is yet a possibility of finding a waste that will be forever useless and irreclaimable. The huge dredge sinks out of sight, blurred by the vibrating heat of the plain, upon which the prophet in the grimy pea-coat saw blooming orchards and heard the throb of human life. The mesquit disappears, then the yuccas; the ridges have flattened themselves out in a low, level, endless plain: where were yellows and browns and smudgy reds, now all is a sodden gray. Even the cactus cannot here find food for life; there is not a spear of grass, not a gopher, not a bird, not a snake even—absolutely nothing. There are even no bones scattered here to bleach, for no animal could have come so far from water and lived. The earth is not only bare and flat and dry, but in places it is full of cracks, and the edges of each patchwork bit of soil are curled up like the lips of a man dying of fever. One's foot crushes through at every step, raising an impalpable dust which hangs in the hot sunlight like the smoke of a new fire. In the distance a shadow rises on the desert, sweeping faster and faster as it approaches; it is huge, flaring, and thin at the top, and small and dense at the bottom. It appears to whirl; it is as graceful as a tree in the wind. It is a dust-storm at play. Be thankful that its path leads it aside. More than one traveler who has seen the wind blow thus in the desert has not returned to tell the story of torturing heat, of blinding and stinging sand, of thirst, of slow suffocation.

This is also the place of evil illusions. Here totters a man, his flannel-coated canteen empty and open, his eyes red-rimmed, bloodshot, and glaring, his lips swollen and cracked, his tongue thick, black, protruding; he tries in vain to moisten the roof of his mouth with viscid saliva. His whole being cries out for water, water, anything for a few drops of water—and there, as if God himself sent it, lies a sweet blue lake, fringed with trees. Cattle are wading knee-deep in the shallows. It seems only a mile away, a half-mile, two hundred yards. He gasps inarticulately with joy, he waves his arms, he totters into a run. How he will drink and drink, how he will wallow there! Nothing shall keep him from it. It will be sweet and cool. He stops and gazes; his eyes deceive him; he runs again. No lake? No water? He dashes his benumbed hands into his eyes; he claws at his lips until the slow blood runs. No! No water, only illimitable burning sand. The mirage! He drops there, broken at last, and grovels and moans until unconsciousness blesses his spirit. This is the spot where he fell; it is as white as if struck with leprosy—all a glistening, blinding white,

perhaps lying flat and hard, perhaps heaped in long, billowy ridges that the first wind will utterly change. Afar off one's lips have been aware of a salty taste, which grows sharper and sharper until one sets foot on the leprous sand. For this is the salt-flat, the waste of all wastes, where nothing grows and nothing lives. The soil is dry and hot, the sky overhead brazen with heat, the wind promises storms, the mirage offers evil illusions: here, surely, is the true desert; surely man cannot come here.

Raise your eyes, O ye of little faith, and see the men plowing! There are four horses to each plow, and the furrows that they turn are as white as flour to the very core. The men themselves are white with dust; so are their horses, the plows, and the carts. This is nothing short of madness, nothing but illusion. Watch! Across the flat land stretches a trail of steel almost buried in the shifting sand: the men are loading the white soil of their furrows on cars; an engine is lying idle at one side breathing sonorously in the palpitating air; the engineer is lolling out of his window. They are waiting to carry a load of pure salt from the desert to the people of distant cities. A pioneer came here and learned that this spot was the bottom of an ancient sea, and that this was the salt of the waves which once dashed on these silent beaches, here precipitated; and he came in with men and plows to make the desert fruitful.

So you may go from ridge to ridge through all the great desert, and may find miners delving in the dry earth for gold; see herders setting up windmills; see farmers boring holes for artesian wells; see miners of wood digging in the sand for the fat roots of the mesquit; see irrigation engineers making canal-levels, and railroad contractors spinning their threads of steel where no man dreamed of living. And you will feel as you never have felt before, and your heart will throb with the pride of it—this splendid human energy and patience and determination. Here men separate themselves from their homes, from the society of women; they suffer thirst and hardship; they die here in the desert, but they bring in civilization. And the crying wonder of it all is that these are ordinary men, good and evil, weak and strong, who have no idea that they are heroic; who would laugh at the suggestion that they are more than earning a living, making a little money for themselves, and hoping to make more in the future. Yes, the time has come when humanity will not tolerate deserts.

Yet, judging by the limited vision of the individual man, there are still desert places in the West. A man is so small and weak, and his physical wants, his need of water and food and a resting-place, are so incessant and commanding, that he can see only a little way around him and creep only a few miles in a day. If he know not the desert, he may be lost within half a dozen miles of a ranch or within a hundred yards of a spring, and die there of thirst.

To him, in such cases, it is all as much of a desert and quite as dangerous as if there were not a human habitation within a thousand miles. But to the man who is reasonably schooled in the wisdom of trails and the signs of water, the desert has been robbed of nearly all its terrors. With proper care and preparation he may go anywhere without fear, although frequently not without acute discomfort and even suffering.

The term "desert" is applied rather indiscriminately in the arid West to all uncultivated land. The want of water, the extreme dryness of the air, and the hot sunshine, have come to signify desert, even though the soil may be capable, when moistened, of producing crops of unparalleled richness. Even the tree-clad uplands, many of which have all the beauty of parks groomed by human hands, and the meadow-like cattle-ranges with their rich brown grasses, are classed as desert, though they have few of the characteristics of the desert, as it is ordinarily conceived. Indeed, a traveler who goes West to see the desert will be astonished at the great diversity of deserts from which he has to choose, the bewildering variety of desert life, both of plants and animals, the strange and diverse geological and topographical features, possessing their own claims to beauty and grandeur, and the all but infinite variations of altitude and climate. We who have lived in the rich Eastern valleys, where spring signifies green fields and blooming trees, and summer is tempered with rain, are astonished to find that much of this land called desert is as full of flowers and plants as the country we have known; not so flauntingly luxuriant, it is true, but in their way equally beautiful.

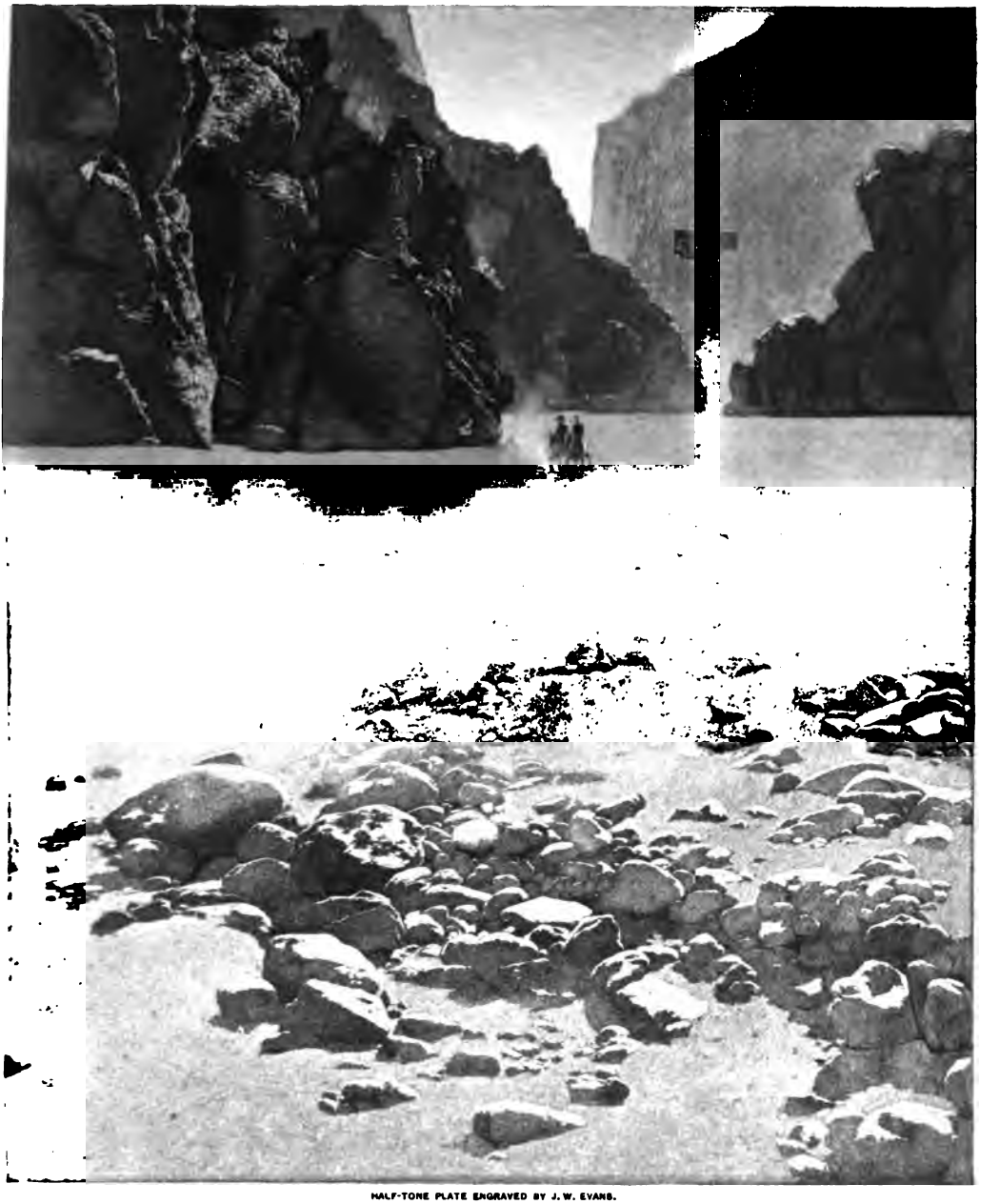
The desert still maintains its fastnesses in the West. There are some spots better entitled to the name than others, but each year these fastnesses are shrinking before the advance of human enterprise, as the water might rise over the land, leaving the high and difficult places to the last. So these

islands are scattered through several States and Territories, mostly in Arizona, New Mexico, California, Nevada, Utah, and Oregon, in the great valley lying between the main ridge of the Rocky Mountains, on the east, and the Cascades, Sierra Nevada, and the Coast Range, on the west. Chief among them are the Mohave Desert, in southeastern California, a territory as large as Switzerland; the Colorado and Gila deserts of southwestern Arizona and southern California; the marvelous Painted Desert of northeastern Arizona; and the Great Salt Lake Desert of Utah. Opening northward from the Mohave Desert lies Death Valley, perhaps the most desolate and forbidding spot in America, though comparatively small in extent. Yet there are few places even in these desert strongholds that are wholly without life of one sort or another, and a large proportion of them could be reclaimed, if water were available. Even as it is, not one can bar human activity: railroads have been built directly across three of the worst of them; mines are being opened, and oil-wells driven; land is being reclaimed by irrigation; and even in the fastnesses of Death Valley there are many mining-camps and an extensive borax industry. In all the West, look as you will, you will find no desert more pitifully forlorn, more deserted, more irreclaimable, and more worthless than the man-made deserts of northern Wisconsin and Michigan, where fire has followed the heedless lumberman and spread a black and littered waste thousands of square miles in extent, where once grew a splendid green forest of pine. One is beautiful with the perfected grandeur into which nature molds even the most unpromising material; the other is hideous, grotesque, pitiful, a reminder of the reckless wastefulness of man.

The natural desert, indeed, abounds in a strange and beguiling beauty of its own that lays hold upon a man's spirit, perhaps rudely at first, yet with a growing fascination that, once deeply felt, forever calls and calls the wanderer home again. In the spell that it weaves over a man, it is like the sea: the love of the sailor for his life is not more faithful than that of those bronzed, silent riders of the desert for the long hot stretches of their open land. The desert unfolds itself slowly, never forcing human admiration, choosing its own with rare discrimination, and to them opening all its secrets. From a car-window the desert seems an endless monotone in gray or red-brown, without character, without passion or purpose; and it suggests an endless continuation of this monotony, with dust forever blowing and glaring-white sunshine, its scant vegetation curious and repellent, rather than beautiful, its animal life fierce or repulsive. A green and hilly country forever lures a man onward, beguiling him with promises. "Just over that knoll," it whispers, "you will see new wonders: just a little farther, friend." But the desert never promises, never invites. Here is endless sand and cactus. Climb that ridge, if you will, but you will see nothing more. The desert has neither coyness nor artifice; it flings all its treasures before you, boldly and freely. If you see only with the outward eye, you will pass on, having received only an impression of unending dreariness and desolation; but if you see with the heart, a whole new world will open to you, the desert will take you to itself and teach you great, calm, wonderful things, and you will never again be free from its thrall.

The desert somehow gives one the impression of a strong man beset by a terrible weakness, but who is going forward with set jaws and straining muscles to conquer in spite of it. You, too, know that weakness; you feel how terrible it is, and your heart rises when you behold with what splendid cheerfulness, with what a long, long purpose, what patience and stanchness, the great spirit of the desert is going forward. In withholding rain from the desert, nature has deprived it of more than half the opportunities, the sweetness and ease, which have fallen to the rest of the world. Therefore it has none of the broad geniality, the wealth of beauty, and the comfort of the green land; but it has, nevertheless, a magnificent character and power of its own—a power born, as it often is in human life, of struggle and stress. Those who seek for the perfection of sensuous beauty, for softness of detail and coloring, for the soothing of the spirit, should not go to the desert; but those who love rude strength and power, picturesqueness, passion, will find it there. Underneath what seems a monotone in gray or brown lies splendid coloring and action; what at first suggests poverty proves a wealth of life, which is forever disclosing new wonders.

One who comes to the desert from the green land is awed, perhaps depressed, by what seems an immense vacancy. The land is flat or gently rolling; all the trees and shrubs cling close to the earth; the houses



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

THE BED OF A TYPICAL SOUTHWEST RIVER—A RAGING TORRENT PERHAPS FOR A MONTH, BUT DRY AS DUST FOR THE OTHER ELEVEN MONTHS.

are low and flat-roofed; there is a sharp sense of unprotectedness from space. All limits to life seem to have been removed. This is the first acquaintance with distance, the first communion with things afar off. I knew of a little girl who came to Arizona from the snug hills of New England. When she first stood in the midst of the desert, she dropped on her knees. "I am afraid," she said; "there is n't any place to go to." That blue hill rising at the edge of the desert promises refuge: you will walk there of an afternoon, you say to yourself, and then you learn that your hill is a great mountain, and that it is sixty miles away, a long two days' journey for a horse. At night the stars seem large and near, and by day there are no hills or trees to interrupt the long reign of the sun. A man feels crowded close to the great simple things of nature. Everything throws



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

A GOLD-MINE IN THE DESERT.

him back upon himself. That is the spirit of solitude; if he has no mental resources he is afraid. Here are great and everlasting silences. There is no silence like that of the desert—no rustling of wind in trees, none of the voices of the woods, or the sounds peculiar to man-life. One holds his breath lest he break the hush, and he understands now why the desert-dweller withholds speech, and rides or sits for long stretches without a word, seeming to be listening. Camp some night with a sheep-herder of these plains. He will be glad to see you, and will make you more than welcome; he will give you the best from his kit-box, and sit with you until the last coal of his mesquit fire is gray with ashes and the night air is keen: but he will not talk with you except in the barest monosyllables.

Strong men who have risen from low estate sometimes give one the impression of prickly independence, a certain armed suspicion, acquired when the whole world was leagued against them and they were ready to strike out instantly in any direction. One feels sharply the same aloofness in the desert, a sort of prickly exterior which hides a great nature. In the green hills one loves to lie on the grass, to brush against the trees, to pick a twig here and there and taste the tart sap; but the desert allows no such familiarity. Everything that lives within its confines is either armed or armored. Every cactus-stalk is covered with a myriad of spines and hooks as sharp as needles, that warn one to keep his distance. Tread not on the cactus with your heavy shoes even, for the barbed spines will often pierce thick leather; every rider of the plains has had the experience of picking cactus-spines from his bare flesh. The mesquit-tree, which is a near relative of the honey-locust, is covered with thorns, so that you trespass at your peril; the cat's-claw strikes at you as you pass, tearing your clothing and lacerating your skin. Even the agaves and the yuccas, the green foliage of which looks soft enough in the distance, are armed with leaves each of which is a double-edged sword with a spear-point. The leaves of the spreading bunches of bear-grass, which covers a thousand desert hills, often the only vegetation to be seen for miles, are so stiff, needle-pointed, and rasp-edged that no animal ever ventures to touch them. Even the greasewood and the strange paloverde-tree, —the "green-pole" of the Mexicans, a tree with branches, but with almost invisible leaves,—while having no spines, yet know well how to protect themselves. Break off a twig of either, and the smell of it that clings to your fingers will cure you well of further desire to meddle.

So the desert life goes well protected: it has had a long, hard struggle to acquire what it has, to reach maturity in this waterless waste, therefore it protects itself with grim determination. If it did not do so, hungry animals, storms, heat, and thirst would soon wipe it from the face of the desert. Even as it is, starving cattle will eat the cholla or even the prickly-pear, spines and all, though their mouths become a festering mass of sores. Nothing but the poverty and the struggle has produced this universal arming of nature. Grow the prickly-pear in rich soil, and water it well, and in a few generations of proper selection it will lose all its spines, each section becoming as smooth as an apple, and growing larger and larger, until it bears only a faint resemblance to its squat, creeping, spiny brother of the desert.

Nor shall you cast yourself with impunity on the sand, for here are often dead, dried cactus-joints waiting to impale you, or tarantulas or scorpions lying in the sand, so like little loose sticks or bits of stone that you are bitten before you are aware. Indeed, all the animals of the desert are either armed with sharp teeth, spines, or poison to make their enemies keep aloof, or else they are splendid runners or skulkers, so that by their own effort they can keep aloof. You hear of the horribly spined and repulsive Gila monster, of the horned toad, of the rattlesnake —all bidding you keep your distance. In most of the deserts there are also many lizards, big and little, not harmful, but so quick to dart from your path, tails oddly thrown in air, that your eye can hardly follow them. Even the cattle of the desert grow long horns and become as wild as deer, and there is no sting as sharp as that of the desert bee. Then there are prowling wolves, mountain lions, lynxes, and skunks. Perhaps the animal dreaded more than any other by cowboys, miners, and travelers who know the desert is the so-called hydrophobia skunk, the bite of which is sometimes followed by the terrible throes of hydrophobia and subsequent death. Among campers on the desert the talk often turns to this terror by night. No cow-boy ever makes camp without thinking either of rattlesnakes or of hydrophobia skunks. Camps and camp-fires seem to attract the skunk, and any cow-boy will tell you how his friend Jim once awakened in the dark to hear the steps of an



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

SUNRISE IN THE DESERT.

animal pattering about the camp, or, indeed, to feel it climbing over the blanket in which he was rolled. Jim instantly covers his head, for he believes firmly that the skunk will jump to bite him in the face, preferably seizing his nose.

Among the common animals of the desert that run and skulk are the fleetest of all the wild tribes, the antelope; the bounding black-tailed deer and other deer; the howling coyote, which is sometimes all too bold when hunger or thirst compels him to become an aggressor; the long-legged jack-rabbit, the cottontail, an odd fat gray squirrel, the badger, the gopher, the kangaroo-rat, and the prairie-dog. Of all these the prairie-dog is the commonest, a lively little sentinel of the desert, sitting with front paws up on the top of his mound, near the front door. He will watch you long and intently, turning his small brown head and blinking his beady eyes; but the moment you stir, there is a blur of brown, and he has gone into his hole. The gophers love to dig about the roots of a cactus or mesquit-bush, and they often raise up large mounds of dirt, which your desert pony, with sure instinct, sees afar off and shies to avoid, for he knows the danger of putting one of his slim legs into a gopher-hole.

In its enumeration the animal life of the desert seems somewhat extensive, but it is, in reality, scarce and very shy. A man may travel for days in the desert and see hardly a living thing, except possibly a huge hawk sailing slowly in the clear air above, or a gopher, or a prairie-dog. In some regions jack-rabbits are plentiful; you see them running afar off in long, graceful leaps that would put even a pursuing greyhound to his mettle. Once in a while you may also see a spot of yellow-brown and white in the distance, long legs below, and a trim head poised at the scent of danger. For a moment it is motionless, and then the antelope is away like the wind, the signal-spot on its rump blazing white as the animal disappears behind a ridge. As for the poisonous creatures, they are rarely seen. The Gila monster, the tarantula, and the scorpion are so seldom found that they have a money value in the market as curiosities, and one rarely hears of any one being bitten. The rattlesnake is the commonest of the dreaded creatures, but it always rings its alarm before it strikes. Many a traveler has been in the desert for months without seeing any of these poisonous animals.

You will see that the prickly vegetation is friendly enough when once you come to know it. The wild birds build most beautiful nests of yucca fiber in the cholla, and the cactus protects them from all harm of hawks or snakes. Of a night quail roost safely in the cholla or hide in a bunch of prickly-pear, and a rabbit will here run to cover. The mesquit furnishes a bean-pod that makes a rich food, and the bisnaga, that great, odd, pumpkin-shaped cactus, sometimes called the "niggerhead," with its spines and fish-hooks, has been hailed with joy by more than one desperate wanderer on the desert, whose lips are parched with thirst, and who, until that moment, has expected no mercy from the burning sand. His knife lays open the cactus, and there within is the silvery-white pulp glistening with water: no melon ever looked more luscious. He buries his face in it, pressing the water from the rubbery pulp and moistening his burning tongue. Then there are the pears of the tuna and the fruit of the sahuaro, or giant cactus, for food; the cat's-claw, mesquit, and cholla for fuel; the dry strips of the sahuaro, the bear-grass, and the yuccas for camp-building. But a man must know the desert's secrets before he can take advantage of them.

I have spoken of the aloofness of the desert from men; the life of the desert is aloof in another way. The desert has no love for crowding, for jungles and thickets; it sets each tree and plant by itself. It demands individuality; it hates herding. I have seen great stretches of greasewood-flat in which each bush was set by itself almost in rows and squares like an orchard, all of the same size, and as rounded and symmetrical as if trimmed by human hands. The mesquit, the cactus, the yuccas, grow in the same way, far apart, independent, each in its own space. The explanation of this strange condition is simple enough: there is so little water, and each plant is compelled to send its roots so deep down and spread them so far out in every direction beneath the surface, that there is no chance for any other plant to get a foothold near by. It gives the desert in many places a veritable park-like appearance, and one can hardly believe that men have not had the care of these wild denizens of the dry soil.

Water is the key to the desert. All the life of the desert rests upon its power of resistance to thirst. One marvels at the consummate ingenuity with which nature has improved her scant opportunities, turning every capability to the conservation of such little water as there is. Everything in the



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NIGHT IN THE DESERT.

desert has its own story of economy, patience, and stubborn persistency in the face of adversity. Therefore the individuality of desert life is strong; it is different from all other life. Its necessities have wrought peculiar forms both of plants and of animals, and in time the desert also leaves its indelible marks upon the men who dwell in its wastes. The cactus, for instance, is so constructed with thick, succulent stems and branches that when there is water it drinks greedily, gluts itself, and stores its supplies against a dry season. The leaves of all desert trees are small and thick, so that they will expose as little surface as possible for evaporation in the dry air; they also have a smooth, glossy surface, which reflects the sunshine instead of absorbing it, just as many of the reptiles are covered with scale-armor.

Everywhere there are evidences of the terrible struggle for water—a struggle in which men who come to the desert must instantly engage: every wagon that crosses the desert carries its barrel of water; every man who sets out takes with him a canteen; every ranch has its windmill and its water-barrel. Water is the only thing that is not free. Stop at a desert well, and a sign offers water at ten cents or five cents a head for your horses.

The desert is an opportunist in every tendency. It is patient to wait its chance, but when given its chance it makes good use of it. "Nature," says Emerson, "is immortal and can wait." Nothing can exceed the glory of the desert when the rain finally comes. For months, even years, the plain may lie scorched and dry, not a sprig of green anywhere in the gray dust. Apparently there never has been any life here—no seeds, no hope of blossom, no spring. A rain comes, and in a few days the whole land is gorgeous with color, a very passion of bloom. Never, in any other country, is there such a profusion of flowers or such a glory of coloring. Reds and yellows prevail, the desert seeming to delight in the strong contrast that this momentary flash of bright color presents to its usual sodden grays. Whole hillsides will be gorgeous with poppies; there will be acres on acres of short-stemmed wild sunflowers, daisies, both white and yellow, red-bells, Indian pinks, wild verbenas, blue lupins, and many other gorgeous flowers that have no common names. Then there are pale primroses that come out like moons in the evening, shine for a night, and are gone. The whole air is sweet with the scent of blossoms; nothing can exceed the fragrance of the mesquit bloom.

As you ride in the early morning, when the coolness of the night is changing to the sudden heat of the day, the warm sand seems to exhale a faint, sweet odor, which clings about you until the desert sun is high and all the hills begin to quiver with heat. "This," you say, "is no desert. This is spring and June." The desert, indeed, always seems on the brink of June, and always yields August. In a day the floral glories have faded, the blossoms fall, the plants themselves shrivel up; the wind comes and whips them from their places, bowls them in tatters across the sand, and heaps them in some distant arroyo. The land is bare again, dry and desolate, but the seeds of its passion are there waiting, and when the time comes, it flames forth.

Color, indeed, is one of the great joys of the desert, and one who has learned to love these silent places finds unending pleasure in the changing lights and shades, many of them marvelously delicate and beautiful. It is a place friendly to color-effects—a negative gray or brown background, often with pale blue hills in the distance, from which the eye is diverted by no detail of tree or stream or building. Upon so vast and simple a background the rising sun paints all the varying shades of gold, tinging each ridge, working color-mysteries in pale blue in each valley, and finally merging all in the hot white heat of high noon. Clouds come to the desert as well as to the rain country; often they seem to promise imminent rain, but rarely fulfil their promises. Usually they are thin, fleecy, and high, and their shadows flit back and forth over the plains, bringing new shades to the prevailing red-browns and grays. Here rises a sand-storm, floating along the horizon in the distance and leaving behind an impalpable mist, like a fog, which gives the familiar desert other strange new coloring, and paints a sunset of rare beauty. Nor should the endless and mysterious mirages be forgotten, with their glories in blue and pale, cool greens, when blues and greens are the rarest of all the colors in this thirsty land.

Who can convey the feeling of the mysterious night on the desert, suddenly and sweetly cool after the burning heat of the day, the sky a deep, clear blue above,—nowhere so blue as in this dry, pure air,—the stars almost crowding down to earth in their nearness and brilliancy, a deep and profound silence round about, broken occasionally by the far-off echoing scream of



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

FORMAL GROWTH IN THE DESERT.

some prowling coyote or the hoot of an owl? The horses loom big and dark where they feed in the near distance; here and there on the top of a dry yucca-stalk an owl or a hawk sits outlined in black against the sky; otherwise there is nothing anywhere to break the long, smooth line of the horizon.

You feel your smallness here, your utter helplessness in the face of the great, impassive, elemental things of nature; but it calms you like music. Crowded cities and the fever of men seem unreal, far-distant, improbable to you; you feel God, and you never forget.

There are times of water even in the desert, but, like the time of the flowers, they are short and intense. Not much rain falls in the desert itself, but the mountains round about are lashed with storms, and the water pours down resistlessly and sweeps out over the plain below. It is bone-dry and dusty to-day; to-morrow water may swirl over everything knee-deep, waist-deep, chin-deep; the next day it is bone-dry again. The water wears for itself deep arroyos, or washes, in the sand, changing their course with every flood, bringing down boulders, piling up embankments and tearing them down again, heaping the rubbish of the hills against the firm-rooted yuccas and mesquits that lie in its path.

And while the flood is on, how greedily the desert drinks! Every living thing takes its fill. Even the sand itself has an inappeasable thirst. Beginning a clear stream in the hills, the water soon becomes loaded with silt and sand; it wears thick like mud, rolling over the ground a red, warm, viscid mass, like molten lava. Finally it stops, and the hot air bakes out all the moisture that remains. In other cases the sand seems to swallow the river at one gulp. Here is a wide river; two miles below you cross the dry, dusty bed of the stream, every drop of water having been absorbed. There are wayward streams; they submit to no restriction; they choose their own way without reference to the desires of men. Several years ago the people of Florence, in central Arizona, built an iron bridge across the Gila River, where it flowed near the town. Costly approaches led up to it; it was on the main-traveled road. But the river would have none of it. It came in flood one spring and made a new channel for itself, so that the bridge to-day stands unapproachably high, spanning a bit of desert a quarter of a mile from the river it was built to cross.

You hear often from car-window observers of the "dreary" desert, the "hopeless," the "cheerless" desert. But the desert deserves none of these adjectives. It is dreadful, if you wish, in the way in which it punishes the ignorance and presumption of those who know not the signs of thirst; it is sometimes awful in its passions of dust, torrents, heat; it is even monotonous to those who love only the life of crowded cities: but it is never dreary or cheerless. Hopelessness may well apply to the deserts of Mulberry street and Smoky Hollow, with their choked and heated tenements, their foul odors, their swarms of crowded and hideous human life; but the desert of the arid land is eternally hopeful, smiling, strong, rejoicing in itself. The desert is never morbid in its adversity; on the other hand, it is calm and sweet and clean—the cleanest of all land. Not till man comes, bringing his ugly mining-towns and his destructive herds, does it bear even the vestige of the unclean, the dreary, the unpicturesque.

It is good to feel that, in spite of human enterprise, there is plenty of desert left for many years to come, a place where men can go and have it out with themselves, where they can breathe clean air and get down close to the great, quiet, simple life of the earth. "Few in these hot, dim, frictiony times," says John Muir, "are quite sane or free; choked with care like clocks full of dust, laboriously doing so much good and making so much money,—or so little,—they are no longer good themselves." But here in the desert there yet remain places of wildness and solitude and quiet; there is room here to turn without rubbing elbows, places where one may yet find refreshment.



LITTLE STORIES.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.,
Author of "Hugh Wynne," "François," "Circumstance," etc.

V. A GHOST OF GLORY.

IT was after dinner, and had just struck three bells. The ward-room of the *Oregon* was at its best. As I was not a navy man, but only a guest, all the sea-tales were let loose on me. They had been well salted through many voyages and perhaps through many centuries, but were always accepted as fresh.

At last there was a long pause, and the third-watch officer ceased to punctuate the talk with twang of the banjo.

The doctor said: "Is n't it your turn now, Mr. Smith?"

I said: "Yes, I will tell you a short sea-story no one of you has ever heard."

The first lieutenant said that was incredible, and bets of cigars were freely offered that it would prove an old forecastle yarn.

I took all the bets and said I hoped there would be no musical accompaniment. Then some one took away the third-watch officer's instrument of torture, and I told my story.

"In 1864 I was sent by our government to Great Britain on a certain legal errand which has no connection with my tale. Having got through with a tedious business, I wandered about England, and at last went to Scotland, where certain matters on the Clyde interested our people. For the purpose of hearing how the lower classes felt about our Civil War, I used to go of an evening into the inns in Glasgow where sailors collect, and take a pipe and a mug of ale.

"One night I fell in with a hairy old sea-dog just come ashore. A glass or two set him talking. After a while he asked me if I believed in ghost ships. I replied that of course I did; if we had ghosts on shore, why not on the sea?

"'Well,' he said, 'if you 'd 'a' said no, I would n't have went on.' He did go on, and this is what my sailorman said:

"'I was in a collier last week,—that was June the 19th,—runnin' up the coast. We were about eight miles off Flamborough Head. A Sunday mornin' it was, and just struck seven bells. It was rainin' solid and blowin' a gale; had n't no reefs in the wind, nuther. I was on the bow lookin' out ahead. On a sudden the rain let up a bit, and there on the port bow, plain as this pipe, was the darnedest-lookin' ship I ever seed. She was all a wrack and half covered with seaweed. Her stays was half gone, and sails tore, and ropes hangin' about. I sung out to the mate to come quick, and he come, and the master and me, all three, seed her. At first the mate said she was a derelict. There was no one on deck, and she was havin' pretty much her own way. Might 'a' bin a quarter-mile away, or less; anyway, she was plain to be seen. The mate looked at her with the glass, and he said she had guns on deck and was a kind of old-time-lookin' war-ship. The queerest of all was, she had a flag at her mizzen; I saw it easy. It was like that damned Yankee rag, but did n't have so many stars. Just as the rain was a-thickenin'—now, don't say I 'm a liar, 'cause I 'm not.'

"I gave that man my entire trust, and I said as much.

"'Well, just as she was gettin' dimmer, she began to let go with them guns. "My gosh!" says the mate, and save my heart, but we counted thirteen guns, one after another, and no time lost. Then the master he said he 'd had enough and too much, and we went about. We did n't see her no more. I suppose you don't think I saw that ship. I was n't in liquor, nor the mate nuther.'

"'And you heard the guns?'

"'I did, and them guns was heard ashore, too. I know two men and a preacher heered 'em.'

"After that my sailorman went away. I think the evidence good, because the man who saw the ship did not take it for anything except a strange sea-sight, and because he could not have invented just that number of guns as fired."

When I had told my tale the first lieutenant said: "That is a fine yarn, but what the deuce had the thirteen guns to do with it?"

Some of the others smiled, and the doctor said it was not very plain to him; such stories were common enough. The third-watch officer, who writes sea-songs and sonnets, said:

"I don't think one of you got on to it. Why, that ship was the *Bon Homme Richard*."

"Yes," said I, "and log this too, you unimaginative sea-dogs. The *Kearsarge* sank the *Alabama* off Cherbourg, that Sunday morning, at what you call seven bells."

They agreed that it was a first-class sea-story, and we were told of two other ghost ships, until at last the old engineer, who had retired into his beard and such a column of smoke as went before the Hebrews, remarked:

"It 's good and it 's true, but it 's only half new. Mr. Smith has lost his cigars."

I asked for proof, and the officer replied:

"Here it is: Tom Bushby, our old quartermaster on the *Hartford*,—he 's laid by now at the Naval Home,—Tom told me in 1850 that in 1812 he was a boy on the privateer *Rattlesnake*. They were before the wind, and off that very same Flamborough Head. It was seven o'clock in the evening on the nineteenth day of August. There was no fog. As they were in hostile seas, the lookout was smart. This same ship was seen a mile away; she fired her thirteen guns, too. He said they tacked to get a clearer sight of her, but, somehow, she was gone. Tom said she just settled down and sank quietly under the smoke of her guns, with that same old flag flying."

"Well, what then?" said the first lieutenant.

"What then? Why, just at that hour and on that day the *Constitution* disposed of the *Guerrière*."

"Bets lost, Mr. Smith," said the doctor.

The first lieutenant remarked skeptically that he would like to know whether in that last yarn there was any time-allowance for difference in longitude, as the capture of the *Guerrière* took place off the coast of Nova Scotia.

"Oh, don't!" said the gentleman who made verses. "You don't believe in anything."

"Yes, by Jove! I do."

"In what, sir? Trot out your creed. You don't own any one belief that is n't foggy with doubt. What do you believe?"

"I believe in the flag, and in rapid-firing guns."

"Good!" said I. "Let 's turn in."

And it struck four bells.



ART AND LOVE.

BY JOSEPHINE MARRS KING.

"AH, to be free!" I sighed. "My dream to live;
From all the world to take, and naught to give;
Then, as last gift, to leave it all my best
Of worth and beauty, and well lost the rest."

Free and alone, I learn to know too late
The wingless freedom of unfettered fate.
The vision dim, I kiss the broken chain
That all my tears can never weld again.



TRIUMPHS OF AMERICAN BRIDGE-BUILDING.

BY FRANK W. SKINNER, M.Am.Soc.C.E.,
Associate Editor of the "Engineering Record."

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

AMONG the elements of twentieth-century development none is more potent than facility of transportation, a prime factor of which is the modern long-span bridge. Fifty years ago it did not and could not exist. To-day it welds cities and States, crosses international boundaries, opens avenues to parks and boulevards, creates and increases commerce and razes its barriers, adds vastly to property values, modifies political powers, ameliorates the social conditions of millions of people, and saves thousands of lives.

It is almost incredible that in the many centuries required to develop the 1000-foot steel span of to-day from the swinging vine or fallen tree-trunk which formed the most ancient bridge there have been so few important changes in bridge-building, and that these have been so recent. The rude platform, a few yards long and barely able to support a single cautious horseman, was with difficulty and danger swung to place by the clumsy strength of naked savages. The modern span sustains without a tremor the rush of express-trains speeding across the swollen flood or deep chasm. Its complex structure demands the elaborate calculations of the mathematician, the skill of the chemist and the metallurgist, the work of giant engines and marvelous machine-tools directed by trained mechanics, the vast resources of the financier, and the keen analyses and practised judgment of the experienced engineer, who determines the strength of every portion of the structure, provides a varying measure of safety for every possible or accidental condition, and, like a great general, directs an army of specialists.

After ages of increasing intelligence and civilization the second great step of bridge-building was taken when a span was composed of several pieces instead of one. Then, for more than two thousand years, the arch was the only type of such structures, and its growth was very slow. Of the two earliest authentic examples one was a brick arch of a little less than three yards span, found in a Theban tomb, and supposed to date about fifteen hundred and fifty years before Christ. By the beginning of the Christian era many large and beautiful arches were built of brick and stone, some of which are yet standing. Their spans reached 100 feet, but probably none much exceeded that limit for several hundred years. The longest stone arch ever yet completed had an opening of only about 251 feet, and the longest now existing is the famous Cabin John arch, which has a 220-foot span and supports the aqueduct for the city of Washington, D. C.

The third step was to build an arch with a framework or truss of wood instead of solid blocks, and the first recorded example was built by Trajan across the Danube in the year 104. The principles of such structures were imperfectly understood, and only occasional specimens were built. The greatest step in bridge-building was made when a 100-foot cast-iron arch was built in England in 1779. This was the beginning of metal bridges.

Not until the nineteenth century were timbers braced and tied together to make long, self-supporting frameworks called trusses, which were not arches. When this was finally accomplished, the first essential of the modern long-span bridge was evolved, though its development was slow, and spans were short and weak. A span of 100 feet was notable, 200 feet was immense, and 300 feet was not attained until the latter part of the century. The greatest development and most of the largest structures were made in the United States, where the elementary prin-

ciples were analyzed and applied, and there was rapid progress in designing. Methods were found for calculating the stresses caused by given loads in different members of the structure, and these were so proportioned as to have uniform strength and efficient fastenings.

Soon wrought-iron rods became available, and American bridge-builders were the readiest to see the advantage of combining them with wood, so as to take the tension-strains, while the wood acted, as it was better suited to do, in compression. This, more than anything else, promoted the scientific and mathematical treatment of designs, and caused each member of the bridge not only to be fitted for its utmost efficiency in performing one service, but arranged it so that it was impossible for it to perform any other service. Later, wood was replaced by cast-iron; but that was found brittle and treacherous, and gave way to riveted wrought-iron beams and struts, and forged bars pinned together, with flexible joints hinged on immense bolts, a feature eminently characteristic of American practice. European designs, on the contrary, are almost always made with few forgings, and the members are riveted together in such a manner that much of their strength is lost and their action is uncertain.

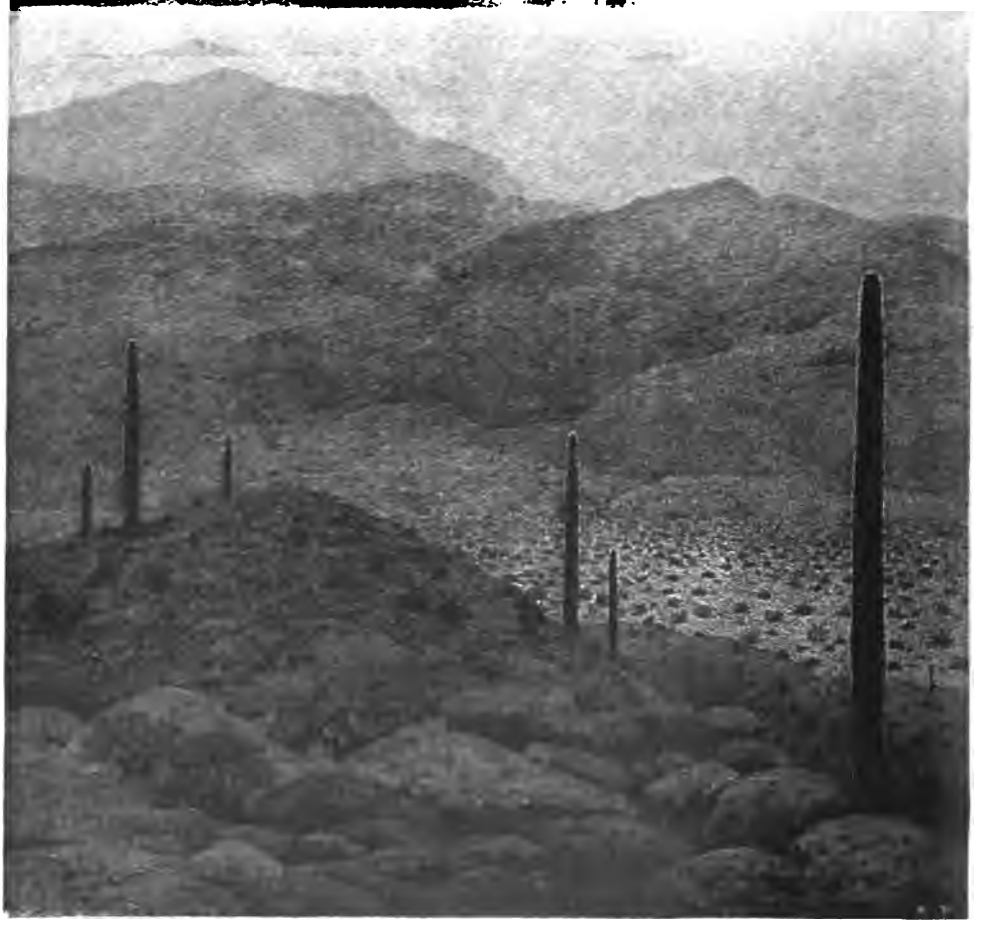
With wrought-iron construction began the era of long-span railroad-bridges, which may be said to date from the building, in 1863, of a 320-foot span across the Ohio. Since then the production of high-class structural steel and the invention of powerful hydraulic, electric, pneumatic, and machine tools have revolutionized standards of size, strength, and precision, until forged and riveted steel has entirely superseded all other materials for long spans.

All existing railroad spans of over 500 feet have been built since 1870, and probably more in America than in all the rest of the world together; and certainly these are much better and cheaper, and have been more rapidly and safely constructed, than those of any other country. In a word, American engineers have built most of the greatest and most difficult bridges in the world, and in less than half a century, largely within the last quarter-century, have developed the art of bridge-building to a perfection that no other sort of construction has reached in hundreds of years. They have brought it to practical limits that cannot be greatly extended until some radically new material is provided that is notably stronger, cheaper, or lighter than steel. This is the triumph of the profession of bridge-engineering.

The design of a long bridge-span is one of the most elaborate mathematical problems that arises in constructive work. The stresses produced by its own weight, by the weight of traffic, by locomotive drivers, by the hammering of flattened wheels, by the action of brakes on an express-train, by high speed on a curved track, by the wind, and by the expansion and contraction of the steel in summer and winter, are all accurately calculated. The deflection of the loaded and unloaded bridge is determined, and complete drawings are made of every member in it. The bars of steel are tested in machines which will pull in two a horse-hair or a steel bar strong enough to lift half a score of the heaviest locomotives at once, and which will crush an egg-shell or a steel column, and accurately measure the stress in each case. The different kinds of members are forged, riveted, bored, or planed in perhaps half a dozen remote shops, and, although usually not fitted together there, are examined and measured by specialists to see that they are correct, and are then shipped by scores of car-loads to the site of the proposed structure, where steam-derricks unload them and pile them many feet high in stacks covering acres of ground.

The bridge piers may rise above the water, hundreds of feet apart. It remains to place on them a 1000-ton structure, high above a savage chasm, over an impassable current or roaring tide, where the water is deep, the bottom of jagged rocks or treacherous quicksand, or where an old bridge must be removed and the new one built in its place without interrupting navigation or obstructing continuous traffic on the bridge. To accomplish this the engineer has timber, bolts, and ropes, hoisting-engines, derricks, and a band of intrepid builders who have perhaps followed him for years through more hardship and danger than fall to the lot of almost any other calling.

The complicated framework of a great span is a skeleton with many accurate joints and thousands of steel sinews and bones, each of which must go in exactly the right place in exactly the right order. The builder must weave into the trusses pieces larger, heavier, and far more inflexible than whole tree-trunks; swiftly hoist and swing them to place hundreds of feet high; fit together the massive girders and huge forged bars with watchmaker's accuracy; support the un-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

SUNRISE IN THE DESERT.

warning, and the men, each running for his life, may hardly escape before the lofty mass of timber and steel, yielding to the enormous pressure, undermined by the scouring flood, or crashed into by a floating tree or wreck, quivers, sways, and collapses. The timber is overturned down-stream and floats off, while the steel, twisted and distorted like bars of lead, crashes through it to the bottom of the river, crushing and mangling its victims, or pinning them under water, to be drowned without possibility of rescue. Such an accident is the greatest peril of the bridge-builder, but sometimes disaster comes unexpectedly through the breaking of a tackle or the fall of a steel girder, which crushes part of the falsework, and with its collapse causes the destruction of the other parts in almost instant succession.

The Ohio and the Missouri are especially treacherous rivers, with unstable bottoms and subject to sudden floods, which have destroyed so much life and property that bridge-erection is seldom undertaken on them except when a season of low water may be expected. In the Ohio the water may rise a foot an hour, and reach a stage more than forty feet above low-water level. When the first very long span, that of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, was built across it in 1877, the falsework, with all that it supported, was twice swept away, and not until the third attempt was the bridge completed which now carries trains in safety from shore to shore over the fiercest floods.

A few years later a half-finished span at Wheeling was washed out, and hundreds of tons of steel were sunk to the bottom, but were recovered comparatively uninjured, together with the timber, which was caught a few miles down-stream. Still later two great spans of a bridge at Louisville fell in a violent wind-storm. One of them began to go down at one end while the men were at work trying to strengthen the falsework. Row after row of the supporting piles successively collapsed, allowing the men a minute or two to get ashore, so that only twenty-one out of a hundred were killed.

Passing down the Monongahela River, there can be seen, through the foliage which covers the mountains on each side, the black mouths of many soft-coal mines from which inclined railways carry loaded cars to fill the waiting barges. These are arranged in fleets of half a dozen rows, with four or five barges in a row, and all are pushed down-stream by a single stern-wheel steamer puffing along behind. Whenever a little freshet deepens the water enough to float them over the shallows, hundreds of the clumsy fleets hurry down into the Ohio, where they join rafts of logs from the Allegheny, freight-boats from Pittsburg, Cincinnati, and Louisville, and great and little steamers and tugs threading their way between these cities on their trips up and down the river. Such crowded and often unmanageable traffic is not adapted to pass through the narrow openings in falsework, and so, when a few years ago a great bridge was to be built across the river at Brunot's Island, a daring expedient was resorted to in order to avoid possible injury to falsework from fleets, floating masses, and sudden flood. The engineer decided to eliminate entirely the dangers of the position by building the bridge at a distance and transporting it bodily to its place—no small matter for a structure twice as long as a city block, as high as a five-story residence, weighing as much as a long freight-train, and to be seated on slender stone towers as high as many church steeples.

In shoal water, sheltered by an island, cross-rows of piles were driven and capped a few feet above water-level, with sets of steel girders nearly as long as the span. The girders supported an ordinary timber falsework, on top of which, eighty feet above the water, with its ends overhanging, was erected the steel span, 523 feet long, 25 feet wide, and 65 feet high. When every bolt and plate was fitted, every rivet driven, and the trusses were finished, nine barges, sunk almost to their gunwales by water-ballast, were towed under the falsework, between the rows of piles. Powerful pumps rapidly emptied the water from their holds until sufficient buoyancy was developed to lift the steel girders and the lofty falsework, with the span on top, free and clear of the solid piles. Tackles reeved with twelve miles of cables multiplied the power of several hoisting-engines, and slowly pulled the floating mass away from its former foundations. The long, flexible line of barges, with their top-heavy burden weighing nearly 4,000,000 pounds, was swung around 90°, like the stately wheeling of a rank of towering skeletons, supporting aloft their canopy of ancient shields. In slow, short stages they were pulled across the guarded channel until the 1000-ton span swung exactly into place between its piers and just above its seats on their tops. Then the barges were scuttled, and slowly sinking, deposited their burden safely in its final position, and a bril-

liant feat had been added to the triumphs of American bridge-engineers.

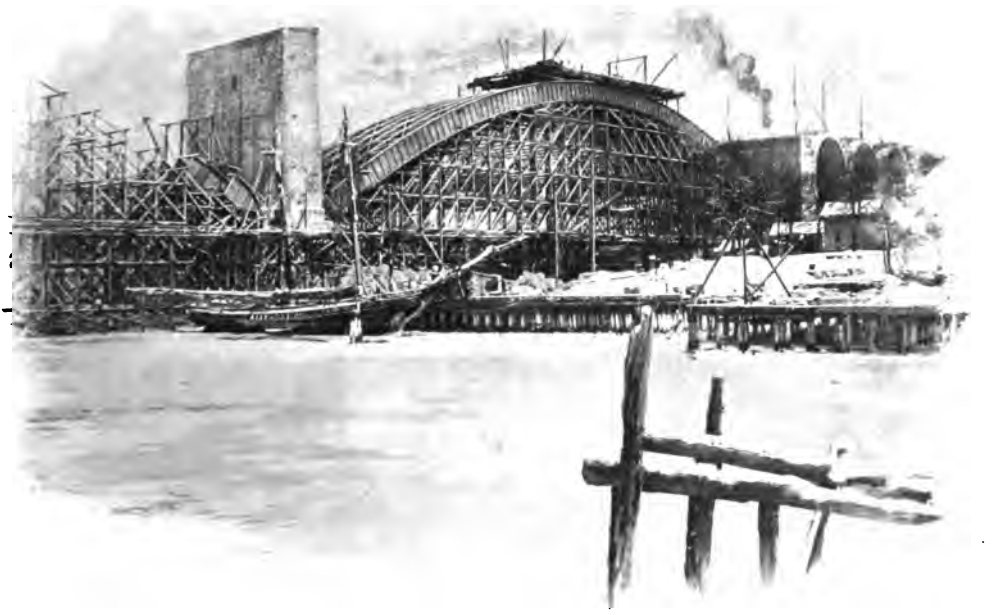
The first all-steel bridge in the world was built across the Missouri River at Glasgow, Missouri, more than twenty years ago. After long service it became inadequate for the greatly increased weight of traffic, and most of its piers and the five river spans were replaced without interrupting the train-service or being endangered by floods. The new piers were built alongside the old ones, and at mid-spans temporary piers were made to support quadruple-truss wooden spans. On these, well above the surface of the water, a regular falsework was built up to the tops of the piers, and on it the railroad-track was supported, the old structure was taken apart, and the new spans built. As fast as one span was rebuilt, the temporary trusses were removed from under it, floated about on barges, set under the next span, and so on.

The double tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad cross the Schuylkill River at Girard Avenue, Philadelphia, on a stone-arch bridge with a single steel-truss span over the middle channel. This was recently replaced in fifteen minutes, without the least delay or interruption to the almost continuous traffic of long, heavy freight-trains and high-speed expresses which cross the bridge every hour in the twenty-four, and without obstructing the river. A temporary steel span was built alongside the old one and at a lower level, so that its top was a little below the bottom of the old structure. On this was erected, in the usual way, the complete new span with the tracks laid on it. Powerful hoisting-engines were set on platforms at the ends of the old span on the opposite sides of the bridge, and operated four sets of tackles, by which, after the tracks had been cut, both spans, weighing together nearly 2,000,000 pounds, were pulled sidewise on double tiers of long horizontal rails, with over three hundred solid steel rollers between them. In this way the old span was displaced by the new one, which followed it like a very substantial shadow, until permanently seated in exactly the same position. Two and a half minutes after the last train crossed the old span, the connections were broken, the engines were started, and in two and a half minutes more had pulled both spans simultaneously the full distance of about 37 feet. In eight minutes more the first train had passed over the new span, and it was in regular service. The engines and tackles were shifted, and a set of greased rails was arranged at a low level, on which the temporary span was pulled to a position directly below the old span, and served as a support while the latter was taken to pieces. The great weight of the spans, the difficulties from incessant traffic, and the speed and accuracy with which the spans were moved, make this one of the most remarkable of feats.

The history of the first railroad-bridge across the Niagara River below the falls is a romance of daring successes and brilliant innovations of bridge-engineering. In the fifties, when Stevenson and other eminent European engineers pronounced it impossible to span the Niagara gorge with a railroad-bridge, Roebling built masonry towers eighty feet high on opposite sides of the chasm, supported on their tops four massive cables, anchored them in chambers quarried in the living rock, and suspended from them a highway and a railroad 240 feet above the seething rapids. As years passed, first one and then another part of the structure became impaired, and were replaced, until scarcely a member of the original bridge remained. The great cables were opened, and the corroded parts of the slender wires of which they were composed were cut out, and new pieces were spliced in and adjusted to take their exact share of the strain. The anchors were torn from their rocky tombs, rebuilt, strengthened, and sealed up again. Stones that had been crushed under the tremendous pressure were removed from the faces of the tall towers, and new ones were inserted, like pebbles in a mosaic. The wooden floors and trusses were replaced by steel, greatly lightening and stiffening the bridge, and finally new steel towers were built up about the stone ones, and the loaded cables were quickly and gently lifted clear of their old supports, and seated on the new ones, and the original towers were removed. All these changes were made year after year by the same silent, thoughtful engineer, who studied every strain and change and possibility of accident in advance, and was prepared for any emergency, but never stopped the ceaseless line of trains and carriages for more than a few minutes, and never lost a workman's life.

Finally the time came when, notwithstanding all its renewals, the old bridge was doomed, and exactly in its place was built the present splendid double-deck, steel-arch bridge, which, with its heavy trusses curving up from the bases of the cliffs, is the very antipodes of the structure with thread-like cables which

drooped gracefully from the tower tops against the sky line. The shore ends of the arches were set on huge pins, and their trusses were assembled together piece by piece, and connected by steel bolts as thick as stove-pipes. Long and massive steel bars formed the links of chains which anchored the over-

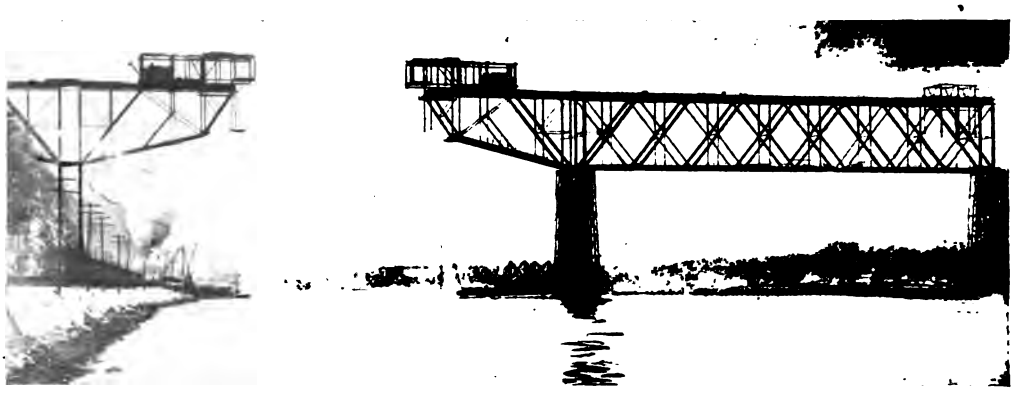


BUILDING THE MAIN SPANS OF THE WASHINGTON BRIDGE ACROSS THE HARLEM RIVER, NEW YORK CITY.
Each of the two 510-foot arches has six solid steel ribs, the longest of their kind in the world.

hanging ends of the trusses back to steel beams bedded in concrete placed in rock-hewn chambers. The semi-arches were simultaneously built out from opposite shores, so that their upper parts formed the side of a trough which inclosed without displacing the old suspension-bridge. The cross-beams for the lower roadway projected on each side, and supported temporary railroad-tracks on which the steel was delivered from shore to the derrick-towers, which, rolling on the level top of the arch astride of the highway and the railroad, built the new bridge about the old one until at last its two halves met in the center, the key of the arch was set, and another bridge triumph was won.

A little below the cataract of Niagara, springing in bold and graceful curves more than 200 feet above the wide, eddying pool, there stands an arch 840 feet long, the greatest in the world. The opposite halves of its curved steel trusses were balanced at their lower ends on steel hinges, and as they were simultaneously built farther and farther out and up over the water, were tied back to the tops of the banks by long inclined chains of steel bars connected to them at successive points. A hundred men worked, through severe winter weather, so close to the face of the cataract that the clouds of perpetual spray were often blown over them like drenching rain, and freezing, clothed them in ice, which also coated the steel so thickly that it had to be chopped and scraped off; yet not a life was lost by a man slipping from the great height.

The most characteristically American type of bridge is the cantaliver, the principle of which is essentially that of a beam supported in the middle and loaded at one end so as to balance a weight placed on the free projecting end. Usually a span consists of two cantalivers, which, with their middle piers, are

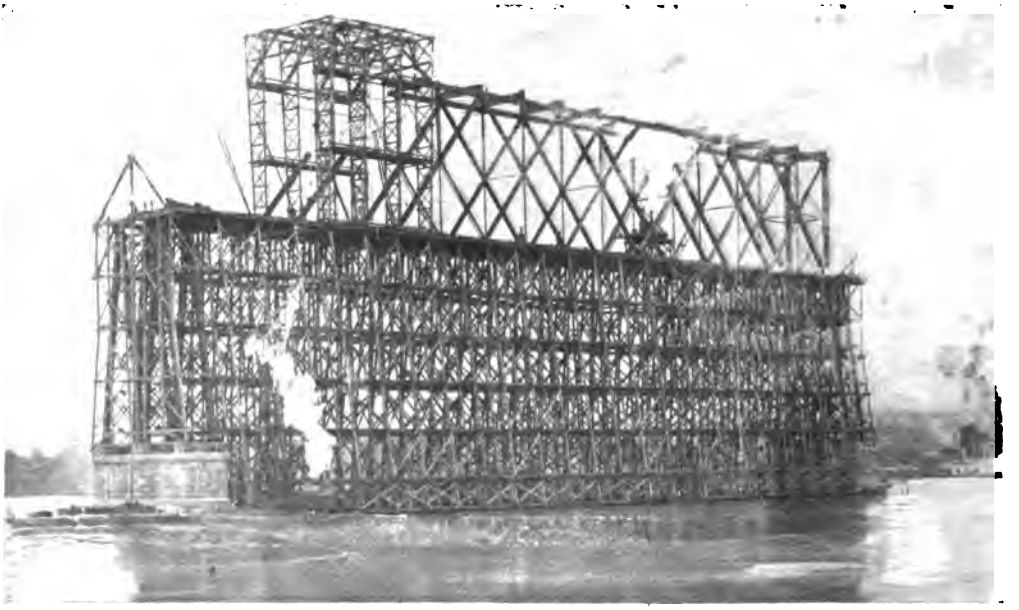


BUILDING THE CANTALIVER SPAN OF THE POUGHKEEPSIE BRIDGE.

like letter T's, each with an anchor arm toward shore and a river arm projecting toward the middle of the channel, but not meeting there, the space between their extremities being closed by an entirely separate and independent connecting-span hung from them. An important advantage of this type is that the river cantaliver arms are self-supporting after the anchor arms are finished, and can be built out, piece by piece, with derricks moving on the completed portions and reaching one section in advance. Thus they can be erected at any height and in any position, without any sort of temporary supporting platforms. Usually the anchor arms are complete spans in themselves, built in the ordinary manner and loaded by the masonry which forms the end piers; and although supporting the span, they have beams built into the lower part and connected to the trusses with vertical bars, so that the whole weight holds the end of the span down.

Cantalivers were employed for alternate spans of the railroad-bridge across the Hudson at Poughkeepsie, the intermediate spans being first built, as already described, on lofty falsework, so as to serve as anchor arms. From them the cantalivers were projected simultaneously toward each other, high above the river, without any other support than that of their own strength.

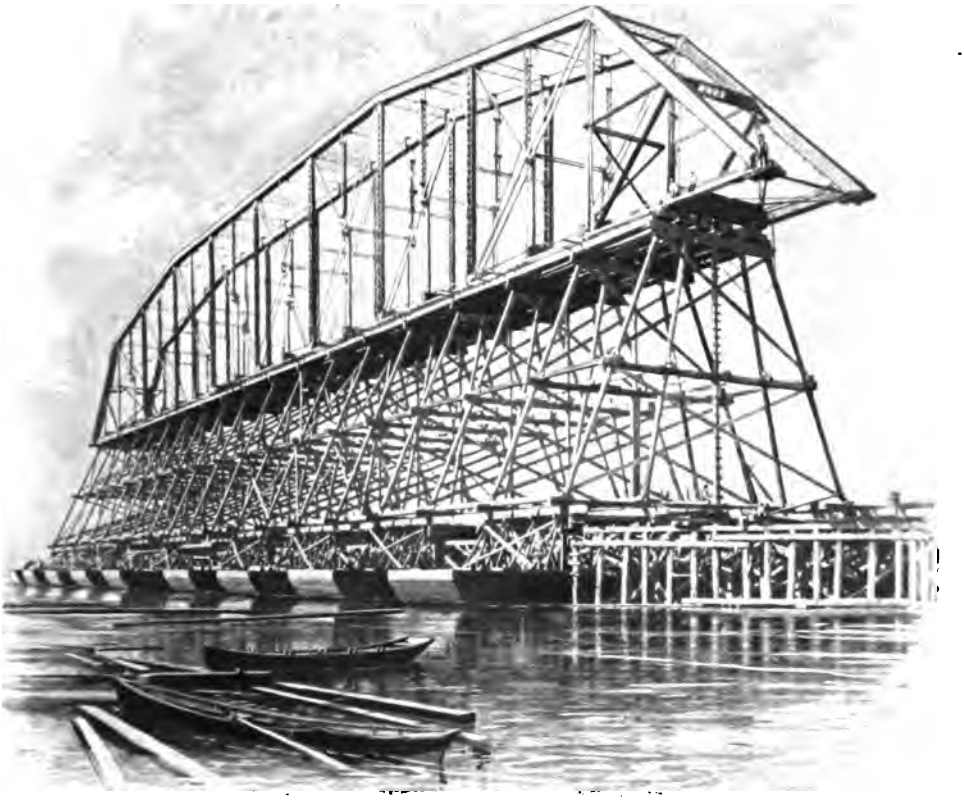
Just above the furious Lachine Rapids in the St. Lawrence River long cantaliver arms were built from both shores toward the middle of the river, and terminated in mid-air, 400 feet apart. From the top of a slender pier in the center of this space two other long cantaliver arms were built out simulta-



BUILDING ONE OF THE CHANNEL SPANS OF THE POUGHKEEPSIE BRIDGE.

neously in opposite directions, keeping the overhanging trusses accurately balanced high above their narrow base until they finally met the shore arms and were locked to them.

In a bridge across the Youghiogheny, can-



FLOATING INTO POSITION A SPAN OF THE BRUNOT'S ISLAND BRIDGE ACROSS THE OHIO RIVER NEAR PITTSBURG.

taliver arms were projected from opposite shores, and the connecting-span was assembled on barges, floated to the middle of the river, hoisted by the four corners, and fitted to its place between the ends of the cantalivers.

The new East River bridge, New York, with its towers 1600 feet apart and 450 feet above their foundations, is surpassed in length of span by only one bridge in the world, and is far superior to that one and all others yet built in the magnitude and importance of its traffic. A capacity unprecedented in long-span structures is provided by its two-story platform, twice as wide as many city streets, and carrying six trolley and elevated railroad tracks, two wide carriageways, two promenades, and two bicycle-paths. Its cables are made of steel of fully six times the strength usually required for the best railroad-bridges, and so marvelously strong that from a rod of it no thicker than a man's thumb there could be suspended a car containing an army of fifteen hundred men.

The foundations were built in steel and timber diving-bells, sunk through rushing tide and deep mud to solid rock more than 100 feet below the water-level, where the men worked, beyond massive double steel doors, in an atmosphere of condensed air, under a pressure which crushed against their bodies with a force of many thousands of pounds, and would certainly have been fatal if it had not always been very slowly and gradually applied and relieved. The submarine chambers were filled solid with artificial rock, and masonry piers were built above them, inside water-tight walls, to above water-



REBUILDING THE GLASGOW BRIDGE ACROSS THE MISSOURI.

level, to receive the steel towers, which rise 335 feet above the water. It was no trifle to build these massive structures with girders and columns weighing 40,000 pounds each; but they were rapidly swung far aloft and riveted together high in air at the rate of nearly 4,000,000 pounds a month, until at last they were crowned by 76,000-pound castings (each a load for twenty teams on good roads) lifted 300 feet high in fifteen minutes by more than a mile of steel cables arranged to multiply the strength and reduce the speed of the hoisting-engines nine times.

Twelve twisted steel ropes of a combined strength of 5,000,000 pounds, enough to lift two battle-ships like the *Oregon* with full complements of men and ordnance, were temporarily laid across the river under water. At slack tide revenue cutters patrolled the river to stop the navigation, and in three minutes each of these ropes was hoisted 200 feet above the muddy bottom and carried over the towers, to support temporary suspension platforms. On these hundreds of men are now at work building permanent main cables as thick as a barrel and costing $1,398,000. Each of them is made of thousands of fine, straight wires, spliced together in an endless line, wound back and forth, like a skein of yarn, and finally clamped together in four solid cylinders, each able to lift 50,000,000 pounds. The steel trusses and floors will be suspended from them above the endless procession of ships. The four land spans and the viaduct approaches having meantime been finished, a thoroughfare for millions of passengers will have been built in six years, at a cost of about $9,000,000. The tribute of human life which is inevitably levied by any great construction has already claimed about twenty victims here, most of whom fell from high places on the work.

Not all the splendid American bridges are notable for long spans: those of unusual height are quite as wonderful and impressive. For many years the Kinzua viaduct, on a coal branch of the Erie Railroad in Pennsylvania, was famous as the highest one in the world, the track being no less than 301 feet above the water. It had many short, light spans supported on the tops of towers built, in 1882, without the use of any falsework, the work being built from the ground up, and each piece lifted from poles lashed to the highest one already set. The slender structure became inadequate, and has recently been replaced by a more massive one, which was built in exactly the reverse way, from the top down. A long wooden bridge

was rolled on top of the viaduct at each end, and reaching from one tower to the second in advance, supported the tackles with which the intermediate tower and adjacent spans were removed piecemeal, while the heavy new pieces were carried out on trolleys, lowered to place, and assembled together for the new tower and spans. Then the wooden bridges rolled forward to the next tower, and so on, until they met in the middle of the valley and completed the work.

Very different from the building of the Kinzua viaduct was that of the Gokteik viaduct, which, although in Burma, four hundred miles from Rangoon, was built for British capitalists by American engineers, because their courage, ability, and superior methods and shops enabled them to undertake the performance of the work most quickly and cheaply, and capture a valuable and important contract from numerous European competitors. It is nearly the highest viaduct in the world, carrying almost half a mile of highway and railroad-track on a floor of solid steel plates at a height of more than 800 feet above the water of the Chungzoune River, which it crosses. It is built on top of a natural bridge of solid rock 500 feet thick, and has a series of 60- and 120-foot spans supported on fifteen steel towers, the tallest of which is 320 feet high. Nearly 10,000,000 pounds of steel, enough to load a train over a mile long, were shipped from New York to Rangoon, and thence four hundred miles farther to the site in little narrow-gage cars, of which it took a whole train to carry what was loaded on two cars in the United States. Thirty-five men from the American shops arrived at Gokteik six weeks later, and in a few months completed the work, which to them was not unusual.

An inclined plane was built to the bottom of the valley, and part of the steel was lowered down it and distributed along the line. Then there was built on shore the traveler, a steel framework like a bridge, mounted at one end on a rolling tower, which advanced on top of the viaduct as fast as the latter was finished. Its projecting 160-foot arm, almost as long as a city block, reached far beyond the last finished tower, on which it was seated, and overhanging the foundation-



REBUILDING THE GIRARD AVENUE BRIDGE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD ACROSS THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER, PHILADELPHIA.



THE 840-FOOT STEEL-ARCH HIGHWAY BRIDGE AT NIAGARA FALLS—THE LONGEST ARCH IN THE WORLD.

BUILDING OUT ONE HALF OF THE GREAT NIAGARA FALLS ARCH.

piers, built upon them the next lofty tower, and set the long girders on it, thus preparing its own support in advance. It was the largest traveler ever built, weighed 90 tons, and had a 150,000-pound counterbalance in the rear to offset the 50,000-pound loads which might be suspended with tremendous leverage from its long arm. The steel members were run on a railroad-track through the body of the traveler, swung out on its overhang by trolleys, and lowered to place by numerous tackles, or were lifted up from the ground by the same tackles, an operation which was considered easier than lowering. The handful of American workmen entirely manned the traveler, performed the most difficult and dangerous labor, and supervised about five hundred coolies and natives from Lahore, the Punjab, and Calcutta, many of whom were good riveters or fair mechanics, although very rigidly divided by caste, so that one man could perform only a single detail of labor.

To facilitate the arrangement and selection of the thousands of steel members, which were stored in piles and handled by the natives, each class of the scores of kinds of pieces was painted with distinguishing colors and stripes in almost endless ingenious combinations, which could be recognized at a glance by Yankee or coolie. The work was completed in about nine months, without a single fatal accident, and though it was carried on through the rainy season, no death or serious sickness was attributable to the climate. The work was exposed to tornadoes, which sometimes swept through the gorge, tearing away the awnings which were fixed over the traveler to protect the men from the 120° heat of the noonday sun. The Americans wore pith helmets, and as long as they abstained from intoxicants they kept well. They had every reason to enjoy the year's outing at high wages.

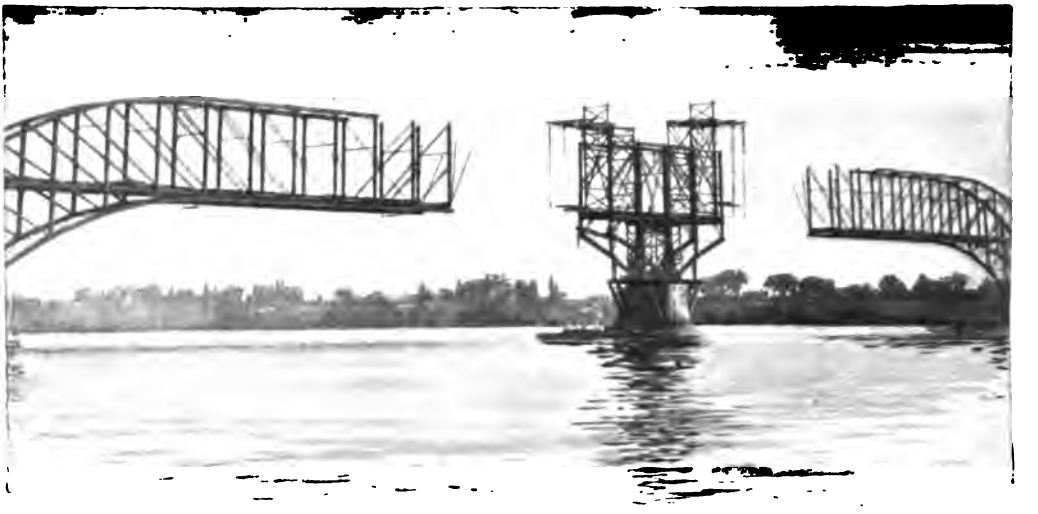
A costly plant was sent from the shops to drive the thousands of rivets with pneumatic pressure; but the natives distrusted the evil little machines, like clumsy pistols at the ends of squirming, hissing, snake-like tubes, which rattled off a couple of thousand blows in a minute, and enabled one man to do the work of three in a quarter of the time. They strongly preferred to rivet in the good old way, by laborious sledging in the fierce sun, and their labor was so cheap and good that it cost little more than was allowed for machine-work.

About fifty years ago the famous Victoria

Bridge across the St. Lawrence at Montreal was built in the unscientific and now obsolete form of a rectangular wrought-iron tube over 9000 feet long, weighing 20,000,000 pounds, and costing $7,000,000, twenty-six lives, and the labor of about three thousand men for six years. Four years ago it was replaced on the same piers by steel trusses carrying a projecting floor as wide as many city streets, with two railroad-tracks, two carriage-roads, and two footwalks. It has about five times the capacity of the old bridge, weighs twice as much, cost less than $1,500,000, and was erected by one hundred men in about nine months, with the loss of only two lives. The new structure was built around the old tube without for a moment interrupting the passage of trains through it. This was accomplished in a very ingenious manner by the use of two movable temporary steel spans, one on each side of the river, which inclosed the tube and rested on the piers. The new floor was first temporarily suspended from these spans, and sup-



REPLACING THE NIAGARA RAILROAD SUSPENSION-BRIDGE WITH A TRUSSED STEEL ARCH.



STEEL BRIDGE OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILROAD OVER THE ST. LAWRENCE AT LACHINE.

ported the tube and the trusses of the new spans during their erection. After each span was completed and self-sustaining, the temporary span inside of it was rolled along on top of the tube until the end rested on the next pier in advance, and it was ready for the erection of the next permanent span. The old tube was left supported from the new spans until it was convenient to cut it apart and remove it piecemeal.

Work has been begun on a bridge across the St. Lawrence at Quebec, which will have a channel span of 1800 feet, equal to the length of seven New York blocks, nearly 100 feet longer than the spans of the famous Forth Bridge, the longest yet built, and 200



LIFTING INTO PLACE THE COMPLETE CENTER SPAN OF THE BOSTON BRIDGE ACROSS THE YOUGHIOGHENY RIVER, PENNSYLVANIA.

feet longer than the two great East River bridges. Its enormous dimensions, the perfection of its design, and the rapidity, simplicity, and economy of its construction will make it, when completed, one of the great monuments of the world. It will carry two railroad-tracks, two electric-car tracks, and two carriageways, and may cost about $4,000,000, of which probably $1,300,000 will be for the piers and foundations. The weight of steel will be about 60,000,000 pounds. The huge trusses will be about 300 feet high above the tops of the main piers, and will not look unlike, or be very much smaller than, pairs of Eiffel towers, set horizontally, base to base, on each pier, and supporting between their approaching extremities a 600-foot suspended span, which latter, alone, will be among the dozen longest and largest spans in the world.



THE NEW EAST RIVER BRIDGE FROM THE BROOKLYN END, SUMMER OF 1901.



ONE OF THE 335-FOOT TOWERS OF THE NEW EAST RIVER BRIDGE.

One of the most interesting of recent bridges, but one of no importance whatever as an engineering structure, is the Atbara Bridge, which, a year or two ago, gained much notoriety and caused no little British vexation. The English government needed a military bridge in the Sudan; English builders required several months to deliver it, but an American firm, offering to ship it in forty-two days and for a very much smaller price, secured the contract. The calculations and numerous accurate drawings were made; the steel was rolled; the members were riveted, forged, machined, painted, and loaded on shipboard in New York on time. The 1,500,000 pounds of steel were unloaded and reshipped at Alexandria by a foreman and seven men sent from the shops. They went over a thousand miles up the Nile, diverged toward the Red Sea to a small native town in the Nubian Desert,



BUILDING THE GOKTEIK VIADUCT, BURMA.

where, in forty-eight days, they built the bridge, which was more than 1000 feet long.

Number two of the seven 150-foot spans was first temporarily erected on blocking on shore beyond one end of the bridge, and being loaded with 100,000 pounds of rails, served as an anchor arm from which span number one was built out as a cantaliver, overhanging the abutment until it was landed on the first pier. Then the second span was taken down and rebuilt in the same way, without supporting falsework, as a cantaliver anchored to the end of the first span. Number three was erected from number two, and so on, until all the spans had been put in place by from two hundred to four hundred Sudanese

convicts and soldiers under the direction of the eight white men. This work was done so much more quickly and cheaply than the English could perform it because in England each designer makes a bridge according to his own fancy,—perhaps the only one in his life,—and it is built in any iron-works or boiler-shop. In this country regular standards of the simplest and best construction have been developed by specialists, and such



THE OLD KINZUA VIADUCT, REPLACED FROM ABOVE.

bridges conform very closely to them, and are built by thousands from material always ready in the market, and manufactured by special machines and skilled labor devoted entirely to such work. Besides this, the bridge was adapted for the easiest and quickest erection.

Few great bridges have been built without a baptism of blood, but fatalities are wonderfully few in view of the perils to which the builders are exposed. In ancient times a human victim was immolated by the priests on the corner-stone of the bridge, and even in the nineteenth century an infant was entombed in a pier of the Kerventhal Bridge, Saxony. The lives now sacrificed in this country in the erection of bridges are generally lost by individual carelessness or in the rare great disasters. Experienced bridge-men seldom fall through missteps or dizziness, but may do so by stepping on an insecure plank. They walk rapidly and confidently on narrow, springing boards at great heights, carrying awkward loads, or swing heavy sledges on swaying platforms. They will ride up hundreds of feet astride an iron beam as it is hoisted, swinging and whirling, or, in sheer bravado, they will perform gymnastic feats on top of a derrick-mast, guyed a hundred feet above a lofty bridge. They will keep at work when exposed to the fiercest sun, or when every beam and plank is rounded over with ice, or when the wind is so violent that they actually have to lean far out against it in walking a narrow plank. Woe to the man when the gust suddenly abates before he can recover himself!

Coming down from a high bridge is often more difficult and tedious than going up, and no bridge-builder will climb down if he can find a tackle suspended near by, with the great pulley-blocks drawn up close together. Mounting the lower one, he grasps the fixed part of the rope, and spins merrily down, actually falling, with the velocity retarded to a safe but exhilarating degree by the friction of

the stiff rope as it overhauls with a rattle and rush, and the steel pulleys whirl faster and faster with the increasing weight. If a tackle is not at hand, he will not disdain a thin pendent line used to pull up the water-pail or rivet-box. Grasping it in his bare hands, he winds it twice around one leg, and holding it between the hollows in the soles of his boots, can descend safely at moderate speed, and stop at any time without danger of lacerating his hands. This is a method which should be generally known, if only for its value as a ready fire-escape.

Often the men climb to the top of a bridge-truss by running up the steeply inclined end post on all fours. A fellow stupidly essaying to descend in the same way, immediately fell, but instead of dropping straight down, curled up and rolled along the almost vertical surface until near the ground, when he dropped clear, and struck with great violence on a tightly stretched rope. He bounded up several feet, was tossed over the side of the pier, and fell much farther to the dry river-bottom, where he landed without broken bones on a pile of stones.

Bridge-builders, as a class, are men of strong character, standing high in the ranks of skilled labor. They bring a large measure





CONNECTING THE MOVABLE TEMPORARY TRUSSES OF THE VICTORIA BRIDGE.
REPLACING THE TUBULAR SPANS OF THE VICTORIA BRIDGE AT MONTREAL WITH TRUSS SPANS.

of courage, fidelity, and resourcefulness to their dangerous calling, are quick and cool in emergencies, brave in peril, enduring in hardship, and vigorous in difficult tasks which require strength and hardihood. They are usually good mechanics, and after a few years' service become foremen and superintendents; but the life is a hard one, and few gray-haired bridge-builders are seen. Scarcely a large bridge is now erected but has men on it who can tell of their experiences on almost all of the greatest bridges which have been built on this continent; so short is the history of modern bridge-building.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF ENGLAND.

BY OSCAR BROWNING.

IT is a common idea, not only in England, but in all parts of the British empire, and indeed among all English-speaking people, that the sovereign of England reigns, but does not govern, and some might go so far as to say that the government of England is a monarchy in form, but a republic in fact. This is an exaggeration of the truth. No change, indeed, could be more momentous, if such a revolution were conceivable, than that from a monarchical to a republican constitution in England. For nearly a thousand years the monarchy has been bound up intimately with every department of the national life. The king appoints his ministers, his bishops, his judges, and is, unlike the President of the United States, an integral part of Parliament. He declares war and concludes peace. All communications with foreign courts run in his name. The difficulty of dispensing with the monarchy in England is shown by the example of the only occasion in which it was attempted. After the execution of Charles I a commonwealth was established in these islands; but, besides the difficulty of getting the new order of things recognized in Scotland and in Ireland, Cromwell soon found that it was almost impossible to carry on the machinery of administration without the authority of the crown. The desire of the Protector to make himself king was based, not upon personal ambition or hypocrisy, but upon the necessity of reviving the only basis upon which acts could legally be done or obedience readily secured. Not only is the crown the only tie which binds together the motley complex of dependencies, differing in language, religion, laws, and history,—indeed, in everything which makes a nation,—which compose the British empire, but the sovereign is aware of this every day, is intimately acquainted with everything that happens throughout the extent of his dominions, and feels a personal interest in everything which may affect the happiness of his subjects.

The writer of the present article has had unusual opportunities of observing the conduct of the court, as the first forty years of his life were spent at Windsor or in its immediate neighborhood. His first recollection as a child is that of the fireworks which were let off at the end of the Long Walk on the evening of the Queen's marriage, February 10, 1840. He saw, day by day, the gay cavalcade pass from the central gates of the castle down the fourfold avenues of elms to the "statue," or "copper horse," as it was vulgarly called, an equestrian statue of George III, which terminated the vista. In early days, the young sovereign rode with her court and councilors about her, like "Susanna and the elders," as it was said, with Lord Melbourne on her right hand and Sir Robert Peel on her left. The Duke of Wellington, the Queen's most honored subject, was often of the company, and Lord Brougham exhibited his Scotch countenance in his Scotch dress.

From the first days of her marriage the Queen lunched at two and dined at eight, in those days the fashionable dining-hour being six. Every evening the castle windows gleamed like a beacon over the country, dominated, for miles about, by the royal cliff on which it stands. The Prince was never absent from the earlier meal. When hunting with the Queen's stag-hounds or his own harriers, he would turn aside in the heat of the chase, and ride back to keep his tryst. Not that he was a good horseman, or perhaps a keen sportsman. We have seen him dismounted by his horse leaping a low hedge, and dragged ignominiously over a heap of stones. "So unfortunate—before the ladies, too," he remarked.

Another notable sight was the promenade on the East Terrace on Sunday afternoon. George III and William IV used to walk all round the terrace, talking to those whom they knew, and taking special notice of Eton boys. The Queen confined herself to the broad asphalted passage which ran north and south beneath the windows of the castle. Two bands, of the horse- and foot-guards,

played alternately on the lawns below, their music held before them by Windsor ragamuffins, who crowded to receive the expected sixpence. The terraces were thronged with people, and at four o'clock all eyes were fixed upon the castle. A little door, flush with the wall, opened, and the procession poured forth from the Green Drawing Room. The bands played the national anthem. The Queen came first with her ladies, and Prince Albert (as he was then called) with the gentlemen. The men were all dressed in the "Windsor uniform," a hideous livery of blue, with red facings, which made them look like twopenny postmen. Descending the steps, the Queen walked briskly along the promenade—a short, robust, healthy-looking figure, upright, and somewhat stern, her hands buried in her muff. When she reached the end she turned; the crowd of men divided and made a passage, standing with their heads bared, the Prince among them, none more respectful than he. The Queen passed through the line, scarcely acknowledging the salute, and the throng of liveried courtiers closed behind her. So they marched up and down for nearly an hour, the intellect and the power of England, a rare sight for youthful eyes. When the promenade was over, the Prince started off for a country walk with his favorite equery, Colonel Grey.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES.

Nothing could be happier or more united than the married life of the royal couple, but absurd stories came from the hill to the villages below. Once the Queen and the Prince had quarreled, and the Prince had locked his door. The Queen knocked. "Who is there?" spoke a voice. "We," was the answer. The door remained closed, and another knock elicited the same question. "The Queen of England," was the reply. The door still remained shut, and a third knock came, accompanied by a slight sob. The question, "Who is there?" was answered by, "Your loving wife," and the two rushed into each other's arms. Such silly stories at the beginning of the reign only showed how difficult it was for the people to imagine, from previous experience, that a royal household could be a model of domestic felicity.

From the first the Prince identified himself with the Queen in all her labors. They had one mind and one soul. Rising every morning with the dawn, the Prince went into his workroom, where their two tables stood side by side, and read all their correspondence, arranging everything for the Queen's convenience when she should arrive. He knew all her thoughts and assisted all her actions, yet so adroit and self-sacrificing was his conduct that all the merit and popularity came to her. The people had no idea that he interfered with public affairs, yet, had they reflected, they must have known that it was inevitable. Once during the Crimean War, when the notion got abroad that the Prince had intervened, there were tales of treason and of sending him to the Tower; yet on the day of the Prince's death, on that cold, ice-bound Saturday, Charles Kingsley said to the present writer: "He was King of England for twenty years, and no one knew it."

The beneficial activity of the Prince Consort has so often been treated of that little need be said about it, but perhaps insufficient stress has been laid upon his influence on education. He was chancellor of the University of Cambridge, and had a large share in establishing the moral sciences tripos, which has been the parent of modern literary education in the university. Just below the terraces of Windsor lies the royal college of

Eton, and the Prince's attention was from the first attracted to it. He labored to turn the instruction given there into more useful channels, and founded the magnificent "Prince Consort prizes" for modern languages, which are every year producing more abundant fruits. The successful exercises were, on each occasion, sent up to the Queen for her inspection, and she not infrequently accorded a personal interview to the prize-winner. The Prince attempted to establish friendly relations with the authorities of the school, but his efforts did not always meet with success. One day he called upon the provost, and the door was opened by a little "buttons." The provost was not at home.

"What name shall I say?" asked the page.

"Say that Prince Albert called."

"Walker!" said the boy. "I know I am young, but I am not so green as all that."

The Prince used to bathe frequently at the masters' bathing-place, and he found there, on one occasion, two of the staff whom he knew to be accomplished divers. Having a passion for statistics, which he had derived from Professor Quételet at Brussels, he asked how long they could remain under water, and desired to witness a specimen of their ability. In the middle of the stream was a small island, covered by a willow-tree. One of the bathers, afterward a most distinguished bishop, jumped in and swam under water to this island, coming up under the branches of the tree. After resting a few minutes, he entered the water again, and arrived panting at the steps. The Prince was gazing at his watch, and acknowledged that this was a longer dive than he had ever heard or read of.

The Queen's interest in and oversight of public affairs did not cease with the Prince's death, although, in the first years of overwhelming sorrow, it must have been difficult to carry out her conception of duty. All important resolutions were taken by her; the personal notes in the "Court Circular" were written by her own hand, and were seen by no one else. When Sir Henry Ponsonby became the Queen's private secretary, she said to him: "Remember this: no advice! I am older than you are, and have had more experience." In after years, historians will have much to say upon the Queen's personal share in the government of her dominions. All her papers have been most carefully preserved and arranged, and some day, perhaps, will be accessible to the inquirer. On the other hand, there is not a single paper belonging to George III which is known to be in existence. All trace of them has disappeared, and the Queen, when consulted, said that no one remembered having seen any of them, and her memory was most tenacious. A few account-books of Queen Charlotte are all that the oldest members of the royal household could collect. The papers of George IV are in the vaults of Coutts's Bank, and are to be consulted only with the permission of the heirs of his executors, which will probably never be given. Whatever documents they contain are mixed up with faded bouquets and shriveled kid gloves, the relics of one who loved not wisely, but too much.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GHÉMAR FRÈRES, BRUSSELS. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

To the published accounts of the Queen's political activity it is possible to add something from private recollection. When Lord Lytton, as a young man, was chargé d'affaires at Copenhagen in 1864, he received a despatch from Lord John Russell, who was then foreign minister, ordering him to inform the Danish ministry that England would help the Danes if they should be attacked by Germany. Mr. Lytton (as he then was), with


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ALBERT EDWARD
PRINCE OF WALES
NOW
KING EDWARD VII

rare courage and sagacity, put the despatch in his pocket, and said nothing about it. A few days later another despatch arrived, saying that the assistance promised would not be given. What had happened in the meantime? The first despatch, presumably of a preliminary character, had been sent with the approval of Lord Palmerston, but without the knowledge of the Queen. When a final despatch in the same sense was submitted for the Queen's approval, she refused to agree to it unless she received a request in writing signed by the united cabinet. She knew that such unanimity would not be forthcoming, and the despatch was withdrawn. The Queen saved England from a war which would have been most disastrous and opposed to the best traditions of English policy, and Mr. Lytton's prescience was fully justified.

We know from the famous incident in reference to Lord Palmerston that, in the Prince Consort's lifetime, not only were the Foreign Office despatches submitted to her Majesty, but she expected to be informed at the earliest opportunity what was the line of policy which the foreign minister intended to adopt in a particular crisis. Despatches came back from Windsor or from Osborne corrected in the Queen's own hand, and when such papers arrived at the office there was a general rush to see them. The same principle was observed ever after. The sovereign corresponded directly with the Viceroy of India without the intervention of her ministers. She knew every event which passed in that distant and mysterious country, and followed it with breathless interest. On one occasion, when the death of the Ameer of Afghanistan had been falsely reported, the Queen, in a single day, sent down three special messengers to the Indian Office for news, although reflection might have told her that there would be none forthcoming.

A naval officer who was commanding the guard-ship off Osborne had shortly before hoisted the British flag in New Guinea and annexed a tract of that country. Invited to the royal table, the Queen not only asked him the most particular questions with regard to the event, together with the loan of his diary, but showed so intimate a knowledge of that obscure part of the world that the officer could scarcely believe that she had not specially prepared herself for the occasion.

The Queen was a great letter-writer. There are few personal friends of hers who are not conversant with those constant and welcome missives, written on innumerable sheets of rather small note-paper, in her large, clear, and beautiful hand, in later years sadly shaken by age and infirmity. Her correspondence with her prime minister was incessant. When Parliament was sitting, it was his duty to send off every night an account of the debate to the Queen. She wrote to him on every matter of public policy, often suggesting legislation or action, but confining herself to departments of social beneficence. These letters were treated with the highest respect, and were always the first matters of business discussed at the ensuing cabinet council. No one can say how many of the Queen's letters will appear in Mr. Morley's life of Mr. Gladstone, but it is certain that his collection of royal letters was enormous and of the highest importance.

The sovereign, as is well known, is head of the English Church, and the crown has always taken a large share in the appointments of bishops. There is a story that a dean of Windsor, as he was sitting at dinner, was informed that a gentleman, who would not give his name, wished to see him. The dean somewhat reluctantly went out, and found King George III in the hall. The King said: "The Archbishop of York is dead. Will you have his place? You must decide at once, for, if not, Pitt will come down to-morrow morning and make me give it to Tomline." Tomline, already a bishop, had been the private tutor of William Pitt at Cambridge.

The influence of the Queen was not less important, but was less brusquely exercised. Bishops are generally appointed from among those who have been educated at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and there is a tradition that something like equality of patronage is preserved between the two establishments. Some trustworthy person is deputed by the prime minister to keep a list of eligible candidates at both these places. For many years information about Cambridge was supplied by Mr. Spencer Walpole. But it was necessary that any one destined for the high office should be personally known to the Queen, and that she should have some knowledge of his character and abilities, and the means of forming a judgment upon his merits. This was effected by the machinery of the royal chaplains, who preached before the Queen every Sunday. For a long time the appointment of these chaplains was entirely in the hands of Dr. Gerald Wellesley, the Dean of Windsor. He was a remarkable man. He had been brought

up by the famous Duke of Wellington, and treated in every respect as his son. Indeed, had issue of the duke failed, his name stood next for succession to the family property.

Dean Wellesley had a fine, strong face and a noble, independent character, frank and outspoken, as the Queen loved to have her most intimate friends. Next to Arthur Stanley, Dean of Westminster, he was the most intimate adviser whom the Queen possessed. He was permeated with loyalty and devotion, but that did not prevent him from speaking his mind. Their correspondence was incessant, and not always uncontroversial. "Did n't I write her a tickler!" he once observed in private, when the Queen had done something of which he reasonably disapproved. Dean Wellesley, from his simplicity of life and manner, and from his large acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of men, was admirably fitted to discover, often from the least-expected sources, who were the rising lights in the English Church. If a name attracted him, the bearer of it would be asked to preach at Windsor; he would stay over Sunday at the deanery, so that there would be full opportunity of forming a judgment about his merits. If he was liked, the invitation would be repeated, and when the Queen's wishes had been ascertained, he would be appointed chaplain. From the ranks of the chaplains the bishops were generally taken.

The Queen's share in the appointment of Dr. Tait as Archbishop of Canterbury has often been related. Mr. Disraeli, who was then prime minister, wished to appoint some one else, probably Dr. Ellicott. The Queen withstood him bravely, and succeeded in seeing the nomination of the man of her choice. We read in the life of Bishop Wilberforce: "The Church does not know what it owes to the Queen. Disraeli has been utterly ignorant, utterly unprincipled; he rode the Protestant horse one day, then got frightened that he had gone too far and was injuring the county elections, so he went right round and professed views never heard of. . . . He recommended . . . for Canterbury! The Queen would not have him, and then Disraeli agreed most reluctantly and with passion to Tait."

Although Disraeli had this serious difference of opinion with his royal mistress, he ended by gaining a profound influence over her. It is supposed that the Prince Consort had a prejudice against him, and the Queen objected to his being in high office in 1846. When he first became prime minister he was not much known at court, and not overmuch liked. He presented the Queen with copies of his works, magnificently bound, with a somewhat fulsome dedication written on the fly-leaf. The Queen did not keep the books in her private rooms, but sent them to the castle library, where she would not be likely to see them again.

This library occupies a suite of rooms looking on to the East Terrace, which were built by Queen Elizabeth. The bust of the lion-hearted Queen is seen over the fireplace, and it is said that her ghost still haunts the rooms and is occasionally observed, a figure in black, with a white veil flowing down her back. The rooms were inhabited by Charles I just before his execution.

It was here that Queen Anne received the news of the battle of Blenheim, and Marlborough's penciled message is still preserved in them. Here also the blind King, George III, spent the last years of his life, and men are now living who have seen him at the windows, a pale, sad face, with a long white beard.

The library was catalogued and arranged by the Prince Consort, who decided that the Eton masters might be given the first use of it, as they were excluded from the Fellows' Library of the college. Hither also were sent the innumerable books of spiritual consolation which poured in upon the Queen after the death of her husband. Once, after sending large batches of them to this depository, she asked Mr. Woodward, the librarian, what had become of them; but recollecting herself, added: "By the way, one never asks what has become of the blind puppies which are given to be drowned." It will be seen that the bestowal of Disraeli's works was no great compliment to the author, yet by the time of his death Lord Beaconsfield was one of her most trusted advisers, and his portrait hung in a position of honor in her private apartments.

The sovereign nominates the prime minister, and commissions him to form a government. The precise extent to which the Queen was accustomed to interfere with the appointment to individual offices will not be known until the records of the reign have become accessible. As we have said, she objected to Disraeli in 1846, and she vetoed the appointment of Lord Palmerston as leader of the House of Commons in 1852. It is reported that she objected to Mr. Labouchere having a seat in the cabinet in 1892. Toward the close of her life it must have been strange to her to accept as public ser-

vants persons of whom she had scarcely heard, and whom she had never seen.

One can imagine a privy council at which the new ministers had to be enrolled. The admitted members stood round the room; the novices knelt in the center. The Queen looked wistfully at those who were technically her servants, but who were really her masters, wondering what her relations with them would be, and whether they were fit to bear the burden intrusted to them. Some who accept office are perhaps surprised at the details of the ceremony. One whose duties necessitated that he should be for some time absolutely alone with the Queen, in a small room without a single attendant, wondered what she would say to him and he reply to her. The difficulty was solved by his saying nothing, and the Queen only remarking, when she had to sign his commission: "What a tremendously long way they have put the ink off!"

Nothing has been as yet said about the social influence of the court, partly because it is the most obvious and potent function which attaches to royalty. English society is organized in a manner very different from that of a republic in which all men are equal, and the occupant of the throne is the summit of the gradually ascending scale. In 1837 the court was in need of reform. George III and his queen led a simple and homely life, but the effect of it was weakened by the careless dissoluteness of their eldest son. George IV as a monarch was beneath contempt, and William IV, an honest but undignified sailor, although lawfully married, was surrounded by his illegitimate children. The Queen and the Prince not only exhibited a pattern to every family, but they rigorously excluded from any participation in the court circle those against whose character there could be the faintest breath of slander. The benefit thus wrought has been incalculable, and it has been exercised in an age when wealth has been rapidly increasing and when laws of social distinction have had a tendency to relax.

Not only was the Queen the accepted standard on which rank and fashion modeled themselves, but she was the idol of the middle classes. This was brought about, in a great degree, by her unaffected and broad-minded piety, which could reverence the Church of England in England and the Church of Scotland in Scotland, and give Gordon's Bible an honored place among the treasures of Windsor Castle. But it was greatly influenced by her care for all her servants, her personal knowledge of them and their affairs, her sympathy with everything that might affect their joys and sorrows. The notes which accompany the Queen's books are full of little biographies of her domestics. She would dance at their weddings, or sit by their bedsides when they were ill. At Osborne every Christmas-tide saw a huge Christmas tree lighted and decorated for the servants. The branches were laden with presents destined for the highest and the humblest, and each of these had been chosen by the Queen herself, and was presented to the recipients by her own royal hands.

The Queen spent so many of her widowed years in retirement that the burden of social duties which attach to the crown was performed by the present King as Prince of Wales. By no one could they have been more admirably executed. It has often been asserted that the Prince more than once desired to take a more active part in practical politics, but that the leading statesmen on both sides always discouraged this ambition. The question of the marriage with a deceased wife's sister is, if I remember rightly, the only discussion in which the Prince actively intervened in the House of Lords, and the Commission for the Housing of the Poor was the only one on which he sat. This abstinence, whether voluntary or enforced, gave emphasis to the social influence which he always exercised on the largest scale. He had, of course, his own friends, "the Prince's set," and his own club, the Marlborough, to which no one was admitted unless his candidature was approved by his Royal Highness. But his exuberant vitality, his goodness of heart, and his devotion to the welfare of his country, have always led him to take an interest in every department of national life.

Nor was this a passive or mechanical interest. There is probably no one in England who has played an important part in any department of affairs who has not been brought into personal relations with the Prince, and has not felt that something like a tie of friendship existed between them. This would be amply shown if it were possible to give a list of the Prince's engagements for a single week. Such a list could indeed be compiled with tolerable exactness from the columns of the daily press. We will mention a few items taken from the crowded days of a London season, full, we may imagine, of private engagements which cannot be recorded. He presides at the

standing committee of the trustees of the British Museum; goes to a garden-party given at Hatfield House, the residence of Lord Salisbury, where he stays over the Sunday; on the same day a number of royalties pay him public visits, and some rising musicians play before him and the Princess. He visits the Fine Art Gallery, and inspects the work of Benjamin Constant, the great French painter. He journeys to a country house which he has hired for the Ascot races, but returns in the evening to hear "Faust" at Covent Garden. He visits the Royal Agricultural Show at Maidstone,—one may be sure no perfunctory or formal inspection,—and is chosen president of the society. He presides at the regimental dinner of the Gordon Highlanders, inspects a collection of water-color drawings, and then travels to Cambridge to stay at Trinity Lodge and to dine at the annual commemoration with the contemporaries of his college career. He lays the foundation-stone of the savings-bank at Kensington and of the Royal School of Art Needlework. He presides at a meeting of the governors of Wellington College, attends a review at Aldershot, and then leaves town for his racing-stable at Newmarket.

The King's interest in the stage, and the influence he has had in raising the social position of actors and actresses, the more distinguished of whom are invited to all court functions, is well known. Very marked and very successful have been his efforts to develop and enhance the study of classical music in England. The Royal College of Music, of which he is acting president, owes its foundation and the continuance of its success to him. Every year he presides at Marlborough House over the annual meeting of the council, and also over the meeting of the delegates who represent the college and the academy in different parts of the empire. Each new delegate is personally presented to him, and pains are taken to show that devotion to the management of musical art is considered by him as a personal service to himself. In this manner the example of the sovereign is spread through the community, and every one is stimulated to exhibit that public spirit and readiness to assume unremunerated burdens which are initiated by the pattern set by the highest in the land.

The British School at Athens, sister to the similar school established by American enterprise, owes its initiation to him. It was founded at a meeting of some forty persons held at Marlborough House, where all the "illustrations" of the kingdom were brought together, and all the antagonisms. It would have been impossible to have collected elsewhere within the walls of a single room a more distinguished body of men, as their differences would probably have prevented them from meeting. Lord Dufferin collected the autographs of those present for his little daughter, and the document must indeed be valuable. The tact with which the Prince presided over the motley group of celebrities was most noticeable. Lord Salisbury, Mr. Gladstone, Sir Stafford Northcote, the Duke of Devonshire, were all pressed into the service of speaking, and the result was worthy of the effort.

The position of the Prince of Wales enabled him to extend hospitality to many persons of all complexions whom the strict rule of court traditions might have excluded, and unless some means can be found for supplying the gap under his reign, the loss will be severely felt. Of the dinners at Marlborough House, and of the visits to Sandringham, no published record exists, but no one can live in London society without knowing how widely and beneficially these agencies have been used to reward every merit and to bring together every form of patriotic endeavor.

The lists of guests invited to the Marlborough House garden-parties are communicated to the papers, and the study of them will show how little has escaped the attention of the royal host. Fifteen years ago the guests would be confined to about two thousand, a number easily accommodated; but the garden-party which preceded the Duke of York's wedding comprised six thousand, a crowd so inconvenient that the experience has not been repeated. The gardens of Buckingham Palace, which will now be available, will hold this assembly, or even one of more ample dimensions.

The Princess received her guests. The gardens were bright with marquees, and a long buffet, loaded with every luxury, stretched along the side of the house. There were at least two military bands, and sometimes an additional attraction, such as a company of Russian singers. Perhaps the Shah of Persia was present, or the German Emperor and his wife. At last the Queen arrived and passed to the little tent prepared for her. In earlier days she leaned on the arm of the Prince as she passed through two rows of guests drawn up to welcome her. There could be no pleasanter sight than this

—the aged lady beaming with benevolence and sweetness, sustained by the affectionate arm of her stalwart son.

The hours passed happily away in the converse with many friends and the unrestrained strolling through the beautiful grounds. No burden was imposed upon the throng beyond that of forming a lane when royalty approached, and the removal of the hat. All grades of men were brought together. The flower of the British aristocracy and the smartest members of London society met on equal terms with the heads of the church, the bar, the universities, the civil service, art, literature, medicine, the press, and the stage. Those who were wise went early and stayed late, and no one was heard to say that he had not enjoyed his afternoon. It is difficult for any one not thoroughly acquainted with the mechanism of English social life to estimate the amount of good wrought by these gatherings—the acknowledgment of eminence and public spirit, the disregard of jealousy and narrow-mindedness, the healthy national enthusiasm which inspired the mass. The feelings thus engendered, besides the devotion to the royal hosts and to the crown as the summit of social life, were, far more, the pride in and the enthusiasm for a common country.

The younger members of the royal family have followed conscientiously in the steps marked out by their mother and their eldest brother. We have said nothing about the present Queen, because she is beyond all praise as a pattern of womanhood, a wife, a mother, and a sovereign. The Duke of Connaught has led the life of a hard-working soldier, exposed to all the dangers and hardships of his profession in India, in Egypt, and in command at home. The Duke of Edinburgh was esteemed as a first-rate sailor by those who were most competent to judge, while his Russian consort left memories of maternal kindness among the officers of the fleet that he commanded. Princess Christian has always lived at Windsor, and her name is a household word in that neighborhood for good works and for unobtrusive hospitality. She has given much of her thoughts to the higher education of women. She has founded and fostered colleges for this purpose, and when, many years ago, lectures for women were first established at Windsor, she not only assisted them, but attended them herself. She is also devoted to music, and has given special encouragement to the development of tapestry and art needlework. Further, the modern progress of nursing, which has become a fine art for the combating of disease and for the relief of suffering, is greatly due to her efforts, and perhaps in a larger measure to those of the present Queen. Her life has been cheered by the gradual growth of a family of children worthy of her, though saddened by the death of her eldest son in South Africa. It is said that no loss was more bitterly felt by the Queen than this, and that the bereavement of her favorite grandson, simple, manly, and devoted as he was, dealt the fatal blow which brought on her final illness.

Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, is one of the leaders of all that is intellectual and artistic in London society. Perhaps the most literary mind of the family was possessed by the Duke of Albany, who closed a life of suffering by an early death. Had he lived, his tastes would have led him to cultivate the friendship of poets and men of letters, and have attached them more closely to the crown.

We hope that we have said enough within the limits at our disposal to show that the royal family is an integral part of the life of England; that they spend their time in a round of public duties which would exhaust persons not accustomed to them from their youth up; that they do this in no mechanical or perfunctory way, but with their whole heart and soul, responding to every emotion of the people over whom they are set, and forming personal ties with all who assist them in their efforts, or appear to them to deserve encouragement for their devotion to noble ends. The example given by the Queen and the Prince Consort has been worked out fully by their descendants.

We are apt to underrate the amount of ability needed for the successful carrying out of this idea of life and duty. Mme. Mère once said to her son Napoleon that he belonged to a family of distinguished talents. "You, of course," she remarked, "are altogether extraordinary, but your brothers are kings of no common caliber and are far superior to the average occupants of a throne." Something of this praise may be given to the royal family of England, especially if we include the eldest sister, the Empress Frederick of Germany. Nor is there any fear lest the tradition should die out. The Duchess of Cornwall, the worthy daughter of a distinguished mother, whose sweetness, generosity, and bright intelligence won the hearts of all who were admitted to her friendship, bids fair to carry out the inherited

ideal of the family, and to impress it upon her children. Without entering into the question whether a monarchy or a republic is the better form of government, we may say that England enjoys a dynasty which combines the maximum of advantage with the minimum of inconvenience, and that kingship, as we know it, while presenting the firmness and the concentration of a monarchy, allows full scope for the energies of an ever-changing and ever-advancing democracy.

THE FAMILY LARAMIE.

BY WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND,
Author of "The Habitant" and "Johnnie Courteau."

HSSH! look at ba-bee on de leetle blue chair!
W'at you t'ink he 's tryin' to do?
Wit' pole on de han' lak de lumberman,
A-shovin' along canoe.
Dere 's purty strong current behin' de stove
W'ere it 's passin' de chimley-stone;
But he 'll come roun' yet if he don't upset,
So long he was lef' alone.

Dat 's way ev'ry boy on de house begin
No sooner he 's twelve mont' ole.
He 'll play canoe up an' down de Soo
An' paddle an' push de pole,
Den haul de log all about de place
Till dey 're fillin' up mos' de room,
An' say it 's all right, for de storm las' night
Was carry away de boom!

Mebbe you see heem, de young loon bird,
Wit' half of de shell hangin' on,
Tak' hees firse slide to de waterside,
An' off on de lake he 's gone!
Out of de cradle dey 're goin' sam' way
On reever an' lake an' sea;
For born to de trade, dat 's how dey 're made,
De familee Laramie!

An' de reever she 's lyin' so handy dere
On de foot of de hill below,
Dancin' along an' singin' de song
As away to de sea she go.
No wonder I never can lak her song,
For soon it is comin' w'en
Dey 'll lissen de call, leetle Pierre an' Paul,
An' w'ere will de moder be den?

She 'll sit by de shore w'en de evening 's come,
An' spik to de reever too:
"O reever, you know how dey love you so
Since ever dey 're seein' you.
For sake of dat love, bring de leetle boy home
Once more to de moder's knee."
An' she 'll answer de prayer I 'm makin' dere,
An' back dey 'll come safe to me.

A GREAT CIVIC AWAKENING IN AMERICA.

THE ORGANIZED INSTRUMENTS FOR THE CREATION AND PRESERVATION OF BEAUTY IN PUBLIC PLACES.

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER.

WITH PICTURES BY JULES GUÉRIN.

THE wide-spread and growing interest in the development of civic beauty, in both its rural and its urban aspects, is shown in the numerous and varied instrumentalities now existing for such ends. This fact is full of promise; the country is manifestly at the dawn of a great civic awakening. Never before has there been such a general sense of the value of beauty in the life of a people; never before has there been such organization to that end. We may therefore with confidence look for a splendid fruitage from these efforts.

In the first place, at the foundation of the movement, we have the local improvement associations. These represent the organized voluntary effort that gives shape and strength to the impulse of individual initiative. On the other hand, embodying organized public activities, we have the park commissions of cities and towns, and in certain great cities, as in Boston and New York, art commissions to safeguard the functions of public adornment. Then in various leading cities there are active municipal art associations engaged in the promotion of civic embellishment. Foremost among such bodies stands the Fairmount Park Art Association of Philadelphia, which has expended many hundreds of thousands of dollars in the beautifying of that city's parks and squares with monuments and sculpture of the highest class. Again, in various cities, public works of the kind are promoted and kept in right directions by the activity and vigilance of various voluntary organizations: municipal leagues, civic clubs, park and playground associations, etc. Bodies like these do invaluable service in organizing and influencing public sentiment to insist upon needed undertakings and to protect the public against encroachments upon and perversions of what has been achieved, so often threatened by selfish interests or by political corruption. Central Park in New York and the historic Common in Boston have been repeatedly saved from spoliation by timely efforts on the part of such associations.

As an instance of the enormous value of creative work set on foot in such ways may be cited a remarkable sequence of activities that have been centered in Boston. A strong organization of lovers of nature, of sylvan ramblings, and of mountain exploration, the Appalachian Mountain Club, responding to the pregnant suggestion of an individual member, instituted a movement for the preservation of beautiful and historic places that resulted in the organization of the Massachusetts Trustees of Public Reservations. If there is a beautiful or historic spot anywhere in Massachusetts that people may be interested in preserving for public enjoyment, it may be placed in the hands of this corporation for safe-keeping and proper administration, provided the necessary funds for maintenance accompany the gift. Numerous embodiments of beautiful natural scenery have in this way already been preserved for the perpetual enjoyment of the public.

Moreover, the example thus set was acted upon in England by the organization of a similar society which has done like service in preserving historic old buildings and beautiful spots in various parts of that country. Then this was soon followed by the organization, primarily for New York State, of a like association, which has grown into a body of national scope under the name of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, which, besides acting as a public trustee for the administration of property of picturesque or historic interest, serves State or municipal governments as a cus-

todian of public property set apart for scenic or historic purposes. A great value of this latter activity is that the society is entirely removed from the danger of political interference in the discharge of its duties. Another object of this society is to promote the beautification of cities and villages by the adornment of their open spaces and thoroughfares, the creation of new parks where desirable, the erection of historical memorials, and the bestowal of significant and appropriate names upon new thoroughfares, bridges, parks, reservoirs, and buildings. The society also conducts an educational propaganda through free lectures, correspondence, and the distribution of literature. Its record of work accomplished includes the purchase by New York State, at its instance, of thirty-three acres of the battle-field of Stony Point on the Hudson, committed to the custody of the society with an appropriation for its improvement; the purchase by the State of a tract of about thirty-five acres at the head of Lake George, the scene of notable events in the French and Indian and Revolutionary wars, and the principal scene for Cooper's novel "The Last of the Mohicans"; causing the creation of the Interstate Park Commission for the preservation of the Palisades, with an appropriation of four hundred thousand dollars from the State of New York and fifty thousand dollars from the State of New Jersey to realize that purpose; inducing the embellishment of the surroundings of the ancient church in Salem, New York; and securing the purchase by the city of New York of the fine old colonial mansion where Washington lived in 1776. The society has also been active in the steps for preserving such historic monuments in New York city as Fraunces' Tavern, the home of Alexander Hamilton, and the cottage of Edgar Allan Poe, the Phillipse Manor Hall in Yonkers, the mansion of Sir William Johnson in Johnstown, and the ruins of the forts at Crown Point and Ticonderoga. A feature of the society is the organization of a Women's Auxiliary, which has performed effective service.

The Appalachian Mountain Club also enlarged its functions to include the holding in trust, for public enjoyment, of property of scenic or scientific interest, and to these ends it has acquired certain important spots in the mountains of New Hampshire. Strange to say, the New Hampshire legislature recently refused to exempt from taxation property so held by the club for the public benefit, although the State would be poverty-stricken but for the money annually expended there by summer visitors attracted by the beauty of the scenery which its government has always perversely neglected to protect. It should be mentioned that, like the American Society in New York, the Massachusetts Trustees of Public Reservations act in an advisory capacity for the State government, and, in consequence of their report made to the legislature, the historic Province Lands, covering four thousand acres at Provincetown, on Cape Cod, have been taken in hand for improvement as a public forest to avert destruction by advancing sand-dunes, and the consequent threatened ruin of the important harbor.

Again, in response to individual suggestion, the Trustees of Public Reservations, seeing the need of some public instrumentality for securing, for public use and enjoyment, the reservation of important features in the landscape about Boston, set on foot a movement which resulted in the organization of the various Greater Boston municipalities into a metropolitan parks district, under a commission which, in the course of the last eight years, with the greatest efficiency, has expended over twelve million dollars in the development of an already world-famous system of metropolitan parks. This system embraces many thousand acres of magnificent woodland, picturesque spots of rare beauty, many miles of ocean shore, the banks of three rivers, and the margins of beautiful lakes, as well as a series of parkways that unite all these varied features in a recreative network which has given permanent shape to the development of the New England metropolis along artistic and truly economic lines of civic growth.

This magnificent object-lesson in consistent metropolitan development has exerted great influence elsewhere. It has caused the consideration of coherent schemes of improvement for various other American cities. The first practical outcome was the adoption in New Jersey of the Essex County park scheme for the comprehensive improvement of Greater Newark along similar lines, with important parks and connecting parkways in that city and the adjacent municipalities in the same county. Responding to the same example, the City Parks Association of Philadelphia has recently taken steps toward instituting a similar work for that city. The City Parks Association has been of invaluable public service in securing the establishment and improvement of numerous small



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

THE PALISADES PARK ON THE HUDSON, IN CHARGE OF THE INTERSTATE PARK COMMISSION.

parks and playgrounds in various parts of the city, and it has lately originated a strong movement toward preserving and developing, for recreative and sanitary purposes, the charms of natural features of the suburban landscape. The project now under consideration is a magnificent one, involving the girdling of the city in its rural environment with



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

A CHURCH AT WINCHESTER, MASS.—A PART OF THE PARK SYSTEM OF BOSTON.

a connected series of parks and parkways, particularly with reference to the banks of the several minor watercourses tributary to the Delaware and the Schuylkill. The scheme is well within the bounds of practicability, and would be of immense hygienic value. Some of these watercourses are becoming so defiled through the character of neighboring developments that they are not only nuisances in their more immediate neighborhoods, but are endangering the health of the great city by the pollution of its water-supply from the Schuylkill River. The proposed improvement would convert them into features of great and enduring beauty as rural and aquatic pleasure-grounds for the surrounding populations, and as essential elements in a long succession of connected parks and pleasure-ways, while it would avert all danger both from local nuisances generated by noisome swamps and unclean waters, and from water-supply pollution.

The lesson of these vast results, spreading throughout the country, that have proceeded from the initiative of two persons, lovers of art and nature, and possessed of what may be called the faculty of civic constructiveness, is full of encouragement for all friends of progress in these directions. Therefore, let any one be duly impressed with the desirability of some improvement for the community where he lives, and the way can be found to give it opportunity. Moreover, it will mean not only the doing of that one good thing, but the doing of many other good things that otherwise would remain undone—good things in that place and in many other places, perhaps from world's end to world's end.

Architectural organizations have entered into the field of civic activities with results that already have had telling practical effect. Probably the first instance of work in this direction was when the Boston Society of Architects instituted a competition for plans to improve the great civic center of Copley Square, the effect of its monumental surroundings suffering for want of design in that important open space. In connection

with the exhibition of the plans submitted was one of plans and photographs of notable formal squares and gardens in various parts of the world.

It is largely owing to the influence of the American Institute of Architects that the project for the comprehensive improvement of the city of Washington by a scheme of parks and parkways, with proper provision for monumental architecture as represented by new public buildings, has been entered upon by the appointment of a professional commission of the highest artistic character to study and report upon the subject. Conditions now seem so favorable to the public appreciation and approval of a great work of the kind—especially when it relates to the city in the greatness and beauty of which all patriotic Americans take a natural pride—that there is good reason for confidence that the scheme (as described in THE CENTURY for February and March) will be adopted and carried out.

It is only a few years since Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted remarked to the writer, in discussing the great projects for civic improvement recently taken in hand, that, in view of the opportunities for the preservation of natural features of scenic beauty lost by the growth of great cities, it seemed a pity they could not have been undertaken fifty years sooner; but then, on the other hand, they were now taken up so much more comprehendingly and understandingly, and public appreciation of their value had so developed, that, after all, it seemed better that the work should have been delayed to the present time.

This scheme for the artistic development of Washington is one of the outcomes of the wise step taken by the Institute of Architects in selecting, a number of years ago, the na-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

A MANUFACTURING PLANT, WITH TREES ARRANGED FOR PICTURESQUE EFFECT.

tional capital as the permanent gathering-place for its annual conventions. It has thus gradually been able to make its influence felt in a national way by coming into contact with leading men from all parts of the country. The first great fruit of this step was the enactment of the law, after some years of persistent agitation, that changed the administration of the important office of the supervising architect of the Treasury Department from that of a "national plan-factory" to one which has resulted in the present system, whereby the best architectural talent of the country has a fair chance to be employed in the design and erection of monumental national buildings in all parts of the United States. The system has already resulted in the building of a noble edifice like the Mint at Philadelphia, and in the designing of structures like the new post-office now under construction at Chicago and the new custom-house building at New York. If it could only efface certain examples of massive ungainliness that represent the youth of the office, like the post-offices at New York and Boston!

There is room for the continuation of the same propaganda in bringing the structural work of the other great departments of the national government—work that has always been regarded as primarily of an engineering nature—under like architectural supervision. In the designing of lighthouses, for instance, there are beautiful architectural opportunities that are wholly lost sight of under present conditions. The War Department, aside from its fortification work, always has on hand extensive building operations that would be more suitably carried out under architectural supervision, as, for instance, the construction of barracks, which thus would tend to be less stereotyped in character, and better adapted to conditions of locality and climate. A national bureau of architecture, to take in charge all public building operations for the government, would doubtless meet the case.

Another architectural body has done effective work of a national character. It was the Architectural League of America that prevented, by timely agitation, the adoption of a plan for the enlargement of the White House that would have sadly marred the tasteful original design of the Executive Mansion. The league is also paying particular attention to municipal improvement. It has a standing committee on the subject, and the discussion of the reports on what has been done in this direction constitutes a regular and important feature of the annual conventions. One of the members of this committee, Mr. Charles Mulford Robinson, is the author of a valuable book on the subject, recently published. It is called "The Improvement of Towns and Cities; or, The Practical Basis of Civic Esthetics." The local Architectural Leagues, responsive to the spirit that thus actuates the federative body, are showing a disposition to enter heartily into the work of civic improvement by advocating desirable municipal projects—even taking the initiative in bringing them forward—and opposing detrimental propositions. The value of having bodies like these, composed of men of artistic sympathies and with a goodly proportion of talent in their ranks, participate actively in work of the sort, gives high promise to the future.[1]

Another national body, the American Park and Outdoor Art Association, has likewise entered the field of civic improvement through the organization of a Women's Auxiliary for that express purpose. The association has a large proportion of artist members in the persons of landscape architects, together with others professionally or officially interested in outdoor art, such as park superintendents, park commissioners, engineers specially connected with park work, etc. The proceedings of the association are therefore of particular value in their bearing upon all questions relating to the designing, construction, and care of parks and other public grounds, and also of private grounds, together with the suitable embellishment of such grounds with architectural, monumental, or decorative works. The annual reports of the association, containing the papers read at the convention, often appropriately illustrated, together with the records of discussions, already form highly important contributions to the literature of the subject. The fact that the women take a particular interest in the surroundings of the home, and that probably a large proportion of the flower-gardens about our houses would not exist but for the care taken of them by the women of the family, gives promise of practical service to this idea of a Women's Auxiliary; for it is felt that the interest and pride that women take in their own home surroundings can easily be ex-

[1] The Public Art League of the United States is a society organized for the purpose of establishing a national art commission, and pending this establishment it uses all possible influence for the improvement of art conditions at the national capital.

tended to include a like pride and interest in the appearance of the community as a whole, of which their homes are the units. It is therefore suggested that local societies —either women's clubs, or improvement associations when the latter are, as is not infrequently the case, composed wholly of women, or perhaps have departments controlled by women—may with advantage become identified with the work of the Park and Outdoor Art Association by having one of their officers—say the president or secretary —become a member of the Women's Auxiliary. In this way the reports of the association, with information of special value in relation to work of local improvement, would be at the service of the local society. Moreover, any specific information bearing upon a particular problem in hand could be obtained from the auxiliary. For instance, advice as to the proper way to beautify the surroundings of houses in a village might thus be obtained.



BARTRAM'S HOUSE AND GARDENS, THE FIRST BOTANICAL GARDEN IN AMERICA, SAVED TO PHILADELPHIA BY THE INFLUENCE OF THE CITY PARKS ASSOCIATION.

The suggestions made by the secretary of



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

GOVERNOR HUTCHINSON'S FIELD, MILTON, MASS.

This field was set apart by Governor Hutchinson for public use, so that the people of the village could always have an unobstructed view of the Neponset valley.

the Park and Outdoor Art Association, Mr. Warren H. Manning, when its Women's Auxiliary was organized, are of particular value in this connection. Mr. Manning showed how it might be possible to secure as gifts to a town or to an organization such attractive elements of landscape as a bluff, a shore, or an elevated spot, which may be upon land of little or no commercial value, but which, improved, would add greatly to the impor-

tance of the locality. He pointed out the desirability of adding to the charm of a community by giving attractive surroundings to railway-stations, and indicated the value of better architecture and of attractively and consistently arranged grounds for school-buildings. As to the surroundings of homes, Mr. Manning put a few simple questions which, if properly answered, would make a vast difference in the enhancement of domestic taste. He asked: "Have they correctly grouped shrubs and flowers about the base of dwellings, or are the vines properly trained upon them? Are not the lawns bare, or spotted with single plants, instead of being framed in with masses of foliage? Are not the yards in the rear exposed to the gaze of every passer-by? Is there an artistically planted garden, with flowers blooming the entire season, or only one or more pie-shaped beds with a few tender plants which will exhibit discolored foliage in the late summer?"

Other points upon which Mr. Manning dwelt were the surrounding of business and manufacturing places with trees and shrubs; good art and suitable locations for public memorials; the importance of understanding the kind of trees and shrubs that grow best in the soil of a locality; and the desirability of organized effort for the correction of abuses in public advertising.

In its few years of existence the League for Social Service has made a strong impression with its comprehensive work for social and industrial betterment. The league, which has its headquarters in New York city, is an organization of national scope. Among its activities it includes the encouragement of village improvement. To that end it has issued an admirable leaflet on the subject, setting forth the advantages and scope of such work, and giving a draft for a suggested constitution for a village improvement society. It is concisely pointed out how work of the kind promotes the general health and lowers the death-rate of a place, because cleanliness is sanitary; how beauty, thus encouraged, has an elevating and refining effect; how beauty, likewise, has market value, its encouragement in a community tending to bring prosperity; how such work cultivates public spirit and inspires generous benefactions, stimulates public foresight, and cultivates kindly interest among neighbors. In encouraging such work the league gives the advantage of its exceptional facilities in the shape of collections of lantern-slides, photographs, models and plans, charts and maps, as well as its lecture-bureau service.

Where there is a will for civic improvement, with all these means at hand, it certainly, therefore, ought not to be difficult to find the way to carry it into effect. Suppose an active-minded and public-spirited person in some village is impressed with the desirability of carrying out such a work there. There is probably a women's club, which might be induced to organize a local improvement section, to coöperate, perhaps, with an improvement society, when established. Then, by joining the Women's Auxiliary of the American Park and Outdoor Art Association, the experience and accumulated information of that organization could easily be made available, and by communicating with the League for Social Service the best way to organize an improvement society could be ascertained. Another slight expenditure for membership in that body would make it possible to interest the public and give a good idea of possible results by obtaining the use of the league's rich collection of lantern-slides and other illustrative material. If it is desired to give to the public some beautiful or picturesque spot for a pleasure-ground, or a piece of property to be improved and cared for as a local park, playground, or public garden, should the local authorities either decline to assume charge or be deemed of a character undesirable for a responsibility of the kind, or should there be no local improvement society to take charge, then the property might be given into the keeping of the Trustees of Public Reservations, should it happen to be in Massachusetts. If anywhere else in New England, the Appalachian Mountain Club would probably be willing to undertake the trust. Or, under like conditions, the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society of New York would doubtless perform the office for any place in the country at large. It might be considered that, to take advantage of such instrumentalities, located perhaps hundreds or thousands of miles away, would be to place administrative control in hands too remote to deal properly with the specific requirements of the case. It is, however, the practice of these organizations, upon accepting a given property in trust,—the gift necessarily accompanied by funds sufficient to assure proper care and maintenance,—to place it in charge of some suitable agent on the spot. In this way local conditions are easily met.

Local improvement societies may properly



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

TEMPLETON INN, AN ARTISTIC HOSTELRY PRESENTED TO THE TOWN OF TEMPLETON, MASS.

have charge not only of public grounds secured by their own effort or purchased expressly to be given into their hands: it may often be the case that such grounds belonging to a village, town, or city in its municipal capacity can best be cared for by such organizations. Formed expressly for work of the kind, the management of an improvement society might possibly have a better appreciation of the conditions of tasteful design and adaptation to public needs than would the persons who might be designated by public authority for the purpose. In Massachusetts this fact is recognized by law. The enactment to that end provides that in any county, city, or town ten or more persons associated to encourage agriculture or horticulture, or for improving and ornamenting the streets and public squares of any city or town by planting and cultivating ornamental trees therein, may become incorporated, and may be intrusted by any town with the care and improvement of its public grounds and of such open spaces in its highways as are not needed for public travel. Among the Massachusetts towns which, under this law, have given public grounds into the management of village improvement or park associations are Amherst,—whose beautiful old Common of ten acres is thus cared for,—Belchertown, Bernardston, Chelmsford, Huntington, Lenox, Lunenburg, Petersham, and Tewksbury. In that part of the city of Northampton called Florence three public grounds, owned by the municipality, are in charge of the local improvement association; and in Fairhaven the Fort Phœnix property, belonging to the United States government, is intrusted to the Fairhaven Improvement Association for management as a public resort.

There is also in Massachusetts an instance of a unique function exercised by a local improvement association in the shape of the trusteeship of a publicly owned hotel. It happened very recently that a wealthy Boston merchant, Mr. Moses Richardson, a native of the beautiful hill town of Templeton, in the central portion of the State, expressed to some prominent citizens of the place his desire to do something for the good of the town where he had had his start in life. The town was already fortunate in the possession of a fine public library, and his friends represented that the greatest need of the place was a good hotel to accommodate the summer visitors whom the beautiful scenery of the region would naturally attract were the right kind of accommodations existing. Mr. Richardson therefore decided to build a fine hotel and give it to the town. The result was the Templeton Inn, an ideally picturesque and artistic hostelry, with charming surroundings and an interior of quiet elegance. Since the town itself could not very well go into the hotel business, the property was given in trust into the hands of the Village Improvement Society, which, by

special legislative enactment, was authorized to hold estate of corresponding value free of taxation.

The various instrumentalities for civic improvement heretofore enumerated appear to cover the ground remarkably well. So far as office or functions are concerned, little more seems needed. It remains only to make them as numerous as may be desired, and to give them plenty of work to do. And there is certainly plenty of work needed to be done. One thing, however, may be suggested. In villages and in cities of ordinary size local improvement associations can probably occupy the entire field very effectively. In the great cities something more is yet needed. In such centers there may be organizations instituted for various special forms of civic utility and for the promotion of beauty and good taste among the public. But while each may have its own particular province, there are certain things that can best be done by united endeavor. It is here that the federation idea finds admirable application—a principle under which many good results have been achieved in recent years. Therefore all these organizations can vastly increase their capacity for public usefulness through the formation of a central or federated body in which each shall be represented. Then, when there is any important movement for civic improvement to be promoted, when some noble object is to be attained or some threatened harm needs to be averted, there would exist a strong central organization, whose business it would be to forward the work. In this way the united strength of each interest, sympathetic though separate, could be brought to bear in the strongest possible manner, backed as it would be by the influences behind each organization.

FIRDUSI.

BY CONSTANTINA E. BROOKS.

THE Sultan Mahmud, 'mid his courtly throng
At Ghazni, struck his forehead with his hand:
"It grieves me that I did the poet wrong,
Firdusi, glory of the Persian land.

"'T is not too late; go load the caravan
With bags of gold, and stuffs, and precious things,
And seek the exile. Say to the old man
I honor him above all earthly kings."

The loaded camels toiled o'er hill and plain,
And came to Tus, the city at the north.
There at the gate they met a funeral train—
The mourners bearing the dead poet forth.

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE.

BY MARY ADAMS.

PART THREE.

November the third.

THERE is no doubt about it that happiness is an occupation. When I see how long it is since I have added anything worth adding to the Accepted Manuscript, and when I try to define to myself what it is that gives me such a sense of being busy all the time, I find that it is scarcely more than the existence of joy. What I have lost is the leisure of loneliness; what I have gained is the avocation of love.

They teach us that only in heaven can we expect to know happiness. It is not true! I summon mine—a singing witness in the courts of life. I fling down the glove of joy, a challenge to such dismal doctrine. There are whole weeks when I live in poems, I breathe in song. There are entire days when I float in color, and seem to be set free in space, as a bird is, knowing the earth and loving it, but citizen of the skies and homing to them. I fall asleep as if I were a sunset, and I wake as if I were a sunrise, so near am I to Nature, so much a part of her beatitude. Nature *is* joy—I perceive that now. I used to think she was duty. How wonderful it is to live in harmony with her, out of sheer joyousness—not conscript, but volunteer within her mighty and beautiful forces!

I am always reading new chapters in the Story Without an End. Every day I turn a fresh page in the book of love. I did not think that it would be so absorbing. Really, it has plot. For, what is the plot of incident beside that of feeling? A tame affair, as thoroughly displaced as a piece of sensational fiction by the great drama of the gospels.

Dana and I have been reading the New Testament together on Sunday evenings. He said yesterday: "What a complete situation!" From a histrionic point of view he thinks the life of Christ the most tremendous and well-balanced plot ever conceived. He admitted that he had forgotten how fine it was.

"Morally fine, at least," I said.

"Morally fine, at most; spiritually, if you will," he answered. He spoke quite soberly for Dana. He is a very merry person; he laughs more easily and more often than I do. I am afraid, sometimes, he thinks me too strenuous. (He said so one day, but I felt so badly that he kissed the word savagely away.) He is not at all religious. Why does this make me feel as if I ought to become so? I have never thought much about the philosophy of Christianity—I mean as a practical matter that had anything in particular to do with myself—until lately.

"You are a sumptuous little pagan," he said to me Saturday. Now, this did not please me, as he seemed to expect. It left a little dust, like ashes of roses, in my heart. I feel as if I had failed him somewhere.

"I am afraid I am too happy to be religious," I said.

"Then stay irreligious!" he cried. The plea of his lips smothered that spark of sacred feeling; and against the argument of his arms I cannot reason.

How fearful is the philosophy of a kiss! When I think of poor girls—young, ignorant, all woman and all love—I never thought of them before except with a kind of bewildered horror.

I wonder—to anchor to my thought; see, even my thought casts off its moorings as well as my feeling; I seem to be adrift on all sides of my being—I wonder if it is in the nature of suffering to make people in so far divine as it is in that of joy to keep them altogether human. I begin to see that there is a conflict as old as the axis of the world. Around its fixed and invisible bar every soul of us revolves—so many revolutions to an ecstasy, so many to a pang; and the sum and nature of these revolutions is the sum and nature of ourselves. When I am old and sad, shall I turn penitent and think about heaven? Oh, I am young, I am glad, I am beloved, and I love! Earth is enough for me, for he is in it.

IT would be impossible for me to put into words the quality of his consideration for me. It is something ineffable and not to be desecrated by expression. It is my atmosphere. His treatment of me is the very devoutness of love. I breathe a devotion for which any tender woman in the world would die. Though I am wife, thus am I goddess, for he deifies me.

> But while his soul looks up to mine
> My heart lies at his feet.

The difference is that now I am willing he should know when he has my heart at his feet. Once I kept the secret to myself, and confided it only to this dumb paper. There are some delicate lines in the poem when Radha and Krishna were married—the one that begins:

> But when the music of her bangles passed the porch—

November the seventh.

MRS. GRAY talked to me a little last week. She said: "My dear, your mother kept your father at *her* feet. She held him there to the last breath. I tell you a secret, since she cannot. The happiest marriages are those where a wife loves her husband less than he loves her."

"How many such do you know?" I asked her, rather hotly, for my cheeks burned.

She gave me a keen look.

"You have more knowledge of the world than I supposed," she answered slowly, and I thought she sighed.

"Would you have a woman coquet with her husband?" I demanded. "Is marriage an intrigue or a sacrament? You don't know my husband!" I cried—proudly, I suppose, for I was touched a little.

"There, there! Never mind," said Mrs. Gray, as if I had been a pouting child. She began to talk about Robert Hazelton's wedding-present. It was a very odd present. Nobody quite understands it. It is just a gold candlestick made in the shape of a compass, with the candle set at one side as you see them, Dana says, on real compasses. Within is the needle, a black point upon a white enameled dial, pointing to the north. I cannot help liking it; it is so like Rob. Dana asked me if it were meant to convey the fidelity of superfluous affection, and I could not help laughing, it was so like Dana. Yet, when I had laughed, I was a little sorry. Robert has always thought me a much better woman than I am, poor fellow! Dana invited him to dinner once, but he went away early to see some patients. I believe he has an excellent practice. I wish he would marry Minnie Curtis.

I am writing somehow pettily this evening. I don't know why. My soul seems shriveled a little. Dana is dining out with some gentlemen: I believe it has something to do with politics. It is the first time. I would not have believed that I could be so ridiculous about it. I have devoted myself to Father the whole evening, but the more devoted I was the worse it grew.

It seemed to me all the while as if the sky were put out, and the earth had stopped, and Dana were dead. Then it seemed as if there never had been any Dana, and never would be or could be. Father was so pleased with having me to himself again that it was quite touching. He even called Job, and told him to stand on his head; and nothing could be more pathetic, for Father is not one of the dog people. He is polite to Job, for he recognizes that Job is a gentleman, too; but he has never loved him. On Job's part it is a wholly unrequited attachment.

But for me, I could have cried all the evening. And Job would not stand on his head; he has forgotten how.

He is up here with me now, just as he used to be, quite by ourselves. Poor Job! He kisses me as if he had not seen me for six months—not obtrusively, but with a shy rapture of which no being but a dog is capable. He does not get used to sleeping in the bath-room, but Dana prefers to have him there. He says if we cannot have a home to ourselves, at least we can have our own rooms as he likes them, which is perfectly reasonable in Dana. I find he is always reasonable when he has his preferences consulted. I hope Job will overcome that air of settled melancholy which he wears whenever he regards my husband. It cannot be denied that he never "meets him with a smile." Sometimes I think this vexes Dana. I used to think he loved Job as much as I did.

Dana is very late. It is more than half-past ten. I admit I am rather tired of petting Job. This occupation does not seem as absorbing as it used to be. I cannot read,—I have tried,—but I listen so that I understand nothing I read. I hear his footsteps on the concrete walk, past the electric light in the street, whose cool, fair light falls into our room and across it when the gas is out. (Dana likes that light as much as I do; it was a delight to me to find that he understands the way I have always felt about it.)

As I sit here alone I hear him and I hear

him, but they are not his footsteps at all, only the footsteps of my heart. I have seen a picture of "Eurydice Listening,"—it was Burne-Jones,—and her whole body was curved like an ear. It is as if I had become an ear—heart and body; I seem to hear with my forehead and my hair. A lifelong invalid told me once that she heard with her cheeks.

It is eleven o'clock. Job barks in his dreams of the grasshoppers at Sanchester; he has distinctly a grasshopper bark. I know politics stay out late nights, but I did not know Dana meant to go into politics. He told me to go to sleep. Men say such singular things to women.

Job is asleep on my lounging-gown; I hate to move him. I did not have a new one, for I 'm fond of this; but Maggie trimmed it up for me very daintily with yards of fresh chantilly. Dana likes me in this gown. He likes the lace, and he likes the color. He says it is the shade of my ruby. I think that *must* be Dana this time.

It was a caller coming away from the Curtises'. Perhaps by the time I get into the gown, and get my hair brushed and braided, and warm my red slippers, and fix his candle and all his little things the way he likes, he will be here.

I have put fresh wood on the fire, for it is quite a cold night. The blaze springs, as if it laughed. Crossing before the pier-glass just now, I was half startled at the figure I saw there—tall, all that lace and velvet, and all that color, and curved a little, like Eurydice—bent so, just an ear.

I wonder if Orpheus was in politics?

The leaping fire flares upon my ruby; deep, deep, without a flaw, guardian and glad above my wedding-ring. I think a ruby has never been quite understood. I see now—of all the jewels God created one for women. A ruby is the heart of a wife.

Oh, there! After all! He is striding up the avenue. How he swings along! As if he had the world beneath his ringing feet.

I will not run down. I will make believe that I am asleep, or not pleased that he was out so late. And when he gets to the top of the stairs, and as far as the door—

"DEAR LOVE: Was I cross with you to-day about your golf-stockings? Believe, I did not mean to be. I have had a hard headache, and the sore throat, ever since we went in town to the Grays' in the storm, and I wore the lace dress because you like it; but it was pretty thin. And I had darned the stockings myself,—I would not leave them to Maggie, —and I was so sure I had filled every single cavity! What a poor dentist I should make! See, I am trying to laugh. But, really, I have cried. It is the first time you have ever spoken so to me, darling. No woman ever forgets the first time that the man she loves speaks sharply to her: of that I am sure. Everything else would go out of her consciousness first.

"I was so afraid I should cry on the spot, and that would have shamed me before you and to myself, for I don't like people to see me cry. And I think it was because I tried so hard not to cry that I 'answered back' a little.

"Dear, I am sorry. I was wrong. Forgive me, my own! Love never needs to answer back; it is too great to be so small. Silence would be the nobler way. It is, I think, the stronger weapon. But there need be no weapons, God be thanked! between yourself and

"MARNA, your Wife.

"P. S. I have been all over them—the brown ones, and the green, and the gray, and the speckly kinds that are so hard to find the holes in; I have worked over the whole pile for a long while, to be sure there are none of those tiny places the barbed-wire fence bites between the pattern. I hope you will not find me so careless and stupid again. I am not much used to mending stockings. Maggie has always done it for father. But I will see to yours, if you wish me to; of course I will. One day you said so,—had you forgotten?—'Marna, I wish you would mend my clothes yourself. I have always thought how nice it would be to have my wife do such things for me.' So I tried. Dear, I am more than willing to please you about these little things. I care for nothing else but to please you. My heart leans to you all the time. Waking and sleeping I dream, and all my dreams are yours. All my being has become a student in the science of love; and all my art is to learn how skilfully to make you happy. Your frown is my exile. Your smile is my Eden. Your arms are my heaven. Once, ah, once I was—who could believe it now?—your Wilderness Girl. Now, your happy captive, I kiss my chains. Hold them lightly, Love, for I wear them so heavily! Yet lock them; I shall but love you more. Do you remember the day I told you to throw the key away?

"Oh, but you took me from my tribe, you Son of Battle! You hurled me over your shoulder and ran. Do you know how Father

misses me, though we are in the very one selfsame house? You have torn me from him, from my own life, from myself. From a depth that you knew not, you drew me, and you slew me; for I tell you in a love like mine is a being slain. To a depth that I know not, you drag me. Ah, be merciful—I love you!—for love's sake!

"If ever the time should come when I could not pour out words like these upon you, if ever the day should dawn when I should be sorry that I had written so to you, or that I had suffered you so to see the beating of my heart, for indeed such words are but drops of my heart's blood—but I scorn myself for that unworthy 'if.' When thought moves without a brain, when blood leaps without a heart, when the moon forgets to swim on summer nights above the tree-house where my lips first drank your kiss, then may I be sorry that I, Marna, wife to Dana, have written as I write to-night to you.

"And I am sure you will never speak again as you did to-day. It was the first time, as it will be the last. I thought if I told you, if I showed you how it slays a woman, if just this once I should put by something in myself that stands guard over my nature and says, 'Do not let him know,' I thought that perhaps it would be worth while. You might, I can understand, you might hurt me, not knowing. Knowing that you flayed me, you, husband of this wife, I 'll swear you never would, because you never could."

December the third.

DANA has gone into the law office of Mrs. Gray's brother, Mr. Mellenway—J. Harold Mellenway. He is so busy that I see him only evenings, and not always then. I am trying to get used to it. Father says he is making a remarkable beginning in his profession, and that if he sustains his promise I shall have reason to be proud of him. Father repeats that he is a brilliant young man. Dana does not have much time to devote himself to Father now. He seems to be whirled along. We all seem to be whirled along like the figures in the Wheel of Life drawn by some ancient Oriental people,—I forget who,—all ignorant that they are helpless, and all hurled on to a blind fate.

I have been married nearly seven weeks. If he came in some night and said, "Marna, do you know it is seven years?" I should not feel surprised. It is as if I had never existed before I loved him, and it is as if I had lived cycles since I became his wife. I have traversed worlds that astronomy never knew, and I am transmuted into a being whose nature I do not recognize.

Here in my own room, where I have been such a happy and solitary girl, I see everywhere the careless, precious signs of him—his slippers on my hearth, his necktie tossed upon my bureau, the newspapers that he always flings upon the floor, and that I go and pick up; a messenger from heaven could not have convinced me six months ago that I would ever do it.

So, upon my heart, upon my brain, he flings the traces of his presence, the impress of his nature. It is to me as if my soul were a nickel plate on which is etched a powerful and beautiful picture, of which I know that I know not yet the composition or the scope, and though I love the picture, I fear it, because it is unfinished. But he—he dips a rosebud in a rainbow, and paints him garlands and Cupids, smiling steadily, so debonair he is. There are times (dear Accepted Manuscript, you will never tell) when the lightness of his heart seems to me disarranged from mine—only for the moment, of course, I mean. But yet I love him for the rainbow in him. And perhaps, as Dana says, there is a zone of twilight in my soul. A man does not like to be loved too solemnly; whereas I think a woman builds within her heart an altar to an unknown god, and leaves her happiest hour to steal away and worship.

December the tenth.

I HAVE discovered a new planet: Dana has a real though untrained musical nature. He has flitted to the piano off and on, of course, and I have sometimes said, "What a touch!" But he has never truly played for me before. Last week he came home with a violin. It seems he sent it somewhere to be mended a year ago, and forgot it (which is quite like him); and now that he has remembered, I am half jealous of the violin, he so devotes himself. He plays with a kind of feeling that I do not know how to define, unless to say that it is passionate, imperious, and fitful. If I said the utter truth to my very soul, perhaps I could not call it tender music. But why say? I have already found that the first lesson a wife must learn is not to admit the utter truth about her husband to her own soul. If she mistranslates, she is unhappy; if she overvalues him, she may be more so. Marriage needs something of the opalescent haze such as betrothal breathes, and daily life goes a beggar for the element of romance. This vanished something Dana's playing seems to be about to recall to us.

Just now he has gone music-mad. From violin to piano, and back to violin, he sways like a mast in a storm. As I write he is singing; there are beautiful notes in his voice, and tears are on my cheeks as I listen. He comes to an unaccountable stop, and runs, dashing up the stairs, to see me. I am staying in my room with a headache and a kind of foolish languor. He is so kind to me that I could weep for happiness. What wife was ever so cherished as I? Listen! He sings that exquisite thing which his voice seems to have created, and for me.

In point of fact I believe it is Handel's.

Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade;
Trees where you sit shall crowd into a shade.

And now he dashes into the superb "Bedouin Love-Song" that he often chooses:

From the Desert I come to thee,
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
. . . . .
I love thee, I love but thee!
With a love that shall not die!

His voice peals through the house like a triumphal procession. Even Father has opened the library door to listen. Job is lying perfectly still in the hall, with quivering ears, music-smitten, as delicately organized dogs sometimes are. The eternal bridegroom rings in my husband's singing—joyous, imperial, master of the present, and dauntless of the future. Oh, I love thee, master of my heart and of my life!

I cannot stand this any longer. What 's a headache? I think if I get into the warm red gown, and steal down very softly, and up behind him before he knows it, and just put my arms about his neck, with no sound at all, and lay my cheek to his, though the tears are on it still— Oh, hark! How sure and glad he is!

I love thee, I love but thee!
. . . . .
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!

December the twelfth.

DANA was displeased with me about something (a little thing, too small to write) to-day, and went to his day's work without kissing me. It is the first time. I shut myself in here and cried half the morning. Job's head is quite a mop, for he tried to comfort me.

Awhile ago I went down and telephoned to the office, for I could not, *could not*, bear it. This is the veracious record of our interview:

HE: Oh! That you, Marna? Glad to hear from you. What a lovely telephone voice you have! Well, what is it?

I: I have felt so unhappy, dear, all the morning! I thought—perhaps—

HE: Unhappy? What in thunder *for?*

I: Why, of course, Dana, you know—

HE: I have no more idea what you are talking about than you have of the English common law. Do be quick, Marna! I 'm busy.

I: Oh, have you forgotten that you went off without—without—

HE: I went off without my handkerchief, if that 's what you mean.

I: *Dana!*

HE: *Marna!* Go find it, dear, and dry the tears out of your voice. I tell you I 'm busy. Good-by. Oh, by the way. Don't wait dinner for me if I 'm not home on time. I am rushed to death to-day. Good-by.

I: But, *Dana* dear—

HE: But, Marna dear! Don't bother me. Good-by.

I am thinking of an old French saying: "*Elle en meurt; il en rit.*" Once, to think of it—to think of it, I mean, in a way that could possibly have any relation to myself—would have brought the blood stinging to my cheeks. Now it brings only the tears starting to my eyes.

December the seventeenth.

DANA is obsessed with an idea. I find he has a good many ideas. Father was a little vexed with him to-day, and called them notions. In point of fact, Dana wants to build a house, and Father thinks it quite unnecessary and expensive. He wants Dana to wait until his legal income is more assured, offering us till such time our present home in his own house. It is large enough, I admit; we have our own suite, and every comfort, and no more care than if we were figures on a fresco.

Father's old Ellen looks after everything; she has been in the house since I was a baby, and rules the family like a Chinese ancestor. I do not think of Ellen any more than I do of the atmosphere. I don't think I have ever so much as mentioned her in the Accepted Manuscript; she is a matter of course. I suppose my life has been more free from care than that of many girls, especially motherless girls, and that I shall have a

good deal to learn if I keep house. But if Dana wishes it I should not mind the trouble; I should like to please Dana. I asked Ellen whether she thought I could do it so as to please him. She looked at me and did not say anything, only she patted me on the head with her wrinkled hand; I could n't make out at all what Ellen meant. Then I asked Maggie, quite confidentially, whether she would like to work for me if I kept house; for I suppose we could not afford more than one servant, or two at the most. But Maggie said:

"Is it the lady's-maid ye 'd be wantin', Miss Marna? It 's not a housemaid I am accustomed to call myself."

I never felt uncomfortable before the servants before. Sometimes I think they don't like my husband as much as they do me. I never should have believed that it could make any difference to anybody whether they did or not.

I have left the two gentlemen talking it out in the library. Job and I hear their voices as we curl up here upon my lounge to rest. I don't know why I am so tired. Everything seems to agitate or excite me, and then I am tired because I have been agitated. I feel things too much; I am surcharged, like a Leyden jar, and every now and then there is a crash, a sort of explosion of the nerve-force, and I find I am a little weak and spent. I live all the time in an electric world, where everything is tense, and am liable to accidents of feeling for which I can never be prepared. Dana is always in a hurry, and a more nervous man than I thought him. I think he wants calm and comfort all the time. Sometimes I wonder if he did n't need a serener girl than I am—some one quite poised and comfortable—a girl who does n't mind things. It would break my heart if I thought any woman in the world could have made Dana happier than I can.

Father's voice is quite low and controlled, perfectly modulated, always; he never loses himself. Poor Dana must be disturbed about something. All those tones in his voice that I love least are uppermost to-night. I feel as if I wanted to go down and put my arms about him, and put my lips to his, and kiss part of his voice out of his nature.

December the eighteenth.

IT is very suddenly decided—for that is Dana's way—to do things at once. We are to build a cottage of our own here on Father's place. Father will deed the land to me, but Dana builds the house. We shall have to mortgage it, he says. This seems to me somehow a little disgraceful. Dana threw back his curling head and laughed when I said so. I told him he laughed like the young god Pan, so I laughed, too. Dana's spirits are contagious; that is, all but sometimes. Once in a while I feel as if he tried to laugh away things which are not laughable, and then I am not merry. Father is rather quiet; he does not talk much about the cottage. He only said that it was perfectly natural for a man to want his own home; he finds no fault at all with Dana.

"It will be a good deal of a care for you just now," he said, but that was all.

Dana's voice—his best voice—soars all over the house. He is singing:

> Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;
> The bird is safest in its nest;
> O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
> A hawk is hovering in the sky;
> To stay at home is best.

Now he has slipped into a discord, and stopped the music with a crash. Now he will come running up-stairs, two at a time. I know what that means: he misses me. He will come bounding in. There will be a kiss, a laugh, his arms, his love, and paradise. We shall have a long, happy evening by ourselves. The fire is fair; the sweeping crimson curtains are drawn; there are jacqueminots on my dressing-table; the expectant room is solemn. The winter night is like the angel Joy, strong and beautiful. It is as I said those first few weeks beside the autumn sea: Eden waits in every weather. Oh, I love him! I love him so that it is as if I could perish of loving and not know that I had been slain.

December the twenty-fourth.

WE are all so happy to-night that it seems a kind of theft from joy to take the time to say so. The angel of life is bearing us along on quiet wings. Father is quite well, better than usual, and Dana has done some brilliant thing at court which pleases the governor. The ground is to be broken to-morrow for our new house; it is to stand just behind Ararat, in the garden, near the wall and the electric light. Dana is very merry and kind; no one *can* be so kind as Dana. For me, I am better, and I am happy, too. The doctor (old Dr. Curtis) has quite talked me out of the blues I was in awhile ago. And to-morrow—I thought I had pages to say about to-morrow; but my pen is deaf and dumb. I find I cannot speak, even to

my own heart—only to his. I will leave a note upon his pillow; I hope he will like it. At first it was a joy to write them because it was clearly such a joy to him to read them. My brain seemed to be stimulated, as well as my heart, by happiness; thought itself was sharpened, and all my feeling and expression refined. There is no inspiration like that which comes of being beloved. I think, if I had been born a writer or a poet, I could have written a great book or song in my bridal weeks.

Dana has been so busy lately that I have not written him many love-notes. It is quite a while since I left one upon his pillow. I put this blank white paper to my lips, and I breathe words upon it, and love them into meaning.

"DARLING: I should like to say that to you which fails me in the saying, for it is our first Christmas eve together, and to-morrow will mean something for us which no other Christmas in our lives can mean. Just this little time while you are reading to Father (I am glad you thought to offer him that pleasure) I am taking the leisure of my heart to write you a wife-note. Do you remember how you used to kiss them? I shall put this you know where.

"The night is strong and still. There is not much wind, and a mighty frost. The snow is like the shield of the great Venus (supposing her to have been a Victory; you know I always fancied that idea; I like to think that she lost her arms trying to defend herself—she, Victory, vanquished). See! the pagan is not drowned out of me yet, though you have n't called it 'sumptuous' for quite a time, and to-night how can imagination cherish any but the Christian images?

"I admit that the others ring rather hollow. Even the great Venus, solemn and strong, ideal of Unattained Love,—perhaps, who knows? of the Unattainable,—woman from the first heart-beat, but goddess to the end, even she, the glory of paganism—she bows with the shepherds before the Child of Bethlehem. Can't you see just how she would look, the awful Venus, on her knees? I can.

"I am writing by the firelight and the electric street-light, crumpled upon a cricket between the two, the paper on my lap and, dear, the tears upon my cheeks. I am thinking of the strange light that blossomed on the sky that night in Palestine. I have always thought it was deep pink, like a bursting rose. I am thinking of the village khan and the grotto stable; it flits before me like the plates in a sacred magic-lantern at some religious scene, now this slide, now that, returning on themselves and repeating the effect, and always centering upon one group.

"Dear, I have done all my Christmasing for Father, for the servants, for Job, and for everybody, and I have not much for you; only one thing. I shall fold it in this note, it is so small. For when I tried to think what I could give you, it seemed to me that there was nothing left. I have given you all I am. How can I, who am so spendthrift of myself for your dear sake—how can I offer you any small thing on this, on *this* first Christmas of our life together? I chose the little gold Madonna for your watch-guard because I could not bring myself to anything else. It was made for me in Paris (if you care to know), but it is to me as if Love had ordered it for me out of heaven. Wear it, dear, because you love me, because you love *us*.

"I find I cannot write to-night; I cannot think; I dare not dream. I find it out of my power to admit your soul altogether to my own. For I begin to feel now, as I used to do before we were married, that a woman must not exact too much of a man; she must not expect him to understand; she must remind herself that he is a man and cannot. For a time we have been one, you and I, husband and wife, and the eternal and almighty difference has been smitten out between us by strong love, which makes of twain one being.

"Now, at the very time when we begin to be dearest to each other, closest, most sacred, now we begin again, for I do perceive it, while most united, to deviate, nature from nature, sex from sex. Already, thou dear lord of me and of mine, I feel with blinding tears that I stand apart from thee, when most cherished by thee. Already I see that I begin to tread a separate and a solemn road.

"Dana! Dana! My heart reaches out to you with an unutterable cry. Try to interpret its inarticulate meaning.

"Forgive this too solemn letter, my dear love, and love me better for it if you can. If your love does not advance with my need of it, I shall perish of that pause.

"For I can see nothing in all the world of visions this Christmas eve but the Mother with the Child upon her breast.

"Oh, be gentle to

"YOUR WIFE."

May the fifteenth.

WHEN I see how long it is since I have opened this book, I do not know whether to laugh or cry. As a rule I find the former works better. Masculine tenderness is said to respond to tears. I do not find it so. Rather, I should say that a man's devotion fades under salt water, like a bathing-suit, proving unserviceable in the very element for which it is supposed to be adapted.

I never used to be a crying girl; I am quite ashamed of the number of times a week I lock myself into my own rooms to have it out with myself. I suppose it is a physical condition. Nobody sees but Job. He jumps into my lap, more gently than he used to, and kisses my wet face. Heaven knows how he understands that drops on a cheek mean grief in the heart. Sometimes I think that perception of the finer states of one we love is in relation to dumbness. Words, protestations, impulses of the lip, come to mean less as love means more. One of the sages was he who said that conduct is three fourths of life.

Our cottage is done, and we move in to-morrow. It is the night before I leave my father's home for our own. There has been too much to do, and I am not quite equal now to the tax upon my strength. I was always such a well, strong girl—poised, I think, in soul and body. Physical malaise is a foreigner to me, and there is no common vocabulary between it and myself. No girl thinks of *this*. When I expected to be most comforted I find myself most solitary. I suppose it is a common, or at least a frequent, experience. Men are so busy and so insolently strong. There is something cruel in their physical freedom.

No woman deity could ever have constructed this world. I wonder is there not somewhere, softly whirring through space, a planet that the Ewigweibliche has created? There must be a feminine element in Godhead, or woman would not exist. Suppose this were given its untrammeled and separate expression? I like to think what a world that would be, or may be yet, for aught we know.

I am tired—oh, I am tired! I do not feel much enthusiasm about this new house. The sheer strain of building and furnishing has shaken the romance all out of it. A sensible, middle-aged woman once told me that she and her husband came to the brink of a divorce over the first house they built (they are rather an unusually happy couple), and that the only way she prevented the catastrophe was by saying, "Have it all your own way; I will not express another wish about this house." Yet they lived in it comfortably for fifteen years. She has seven children, most of them born in it.

Dana is happy about the house, quite happy; and I suppose this ought to make me so. It would have, once. But I see so little of my husband now that the proportions of feeling are changing. I am afraid they are changing in me as well as in him. I don't mean—no, no! I could not mean that I care less. But I enjoy less and I suffer more. He is away from home all day and many evenings; sometimes most evenings of the week. And he travels more or less on his professional business or on political errands. I try to think that this is all right, and that it is always necessary. In my soul I know it is not. I am already very lonely. I am perplexed and troubled. I used always to feel beloved. Now I feel hurt much of the time. Such a state as this chills a woman to the heart. My husband sometimes calls me cold; he will say this when I am quivering with wounded love, when I am nothing but one nerve of passionate tenderness bruised. I do not reply; I let him say so. I have tried to make him see how it really is. I have tried so often that I have got through. I am beginning to think that he *cannot* understand.

Perhaps I shall be happier in our new house. And by and by—in October, when I am well again—perhaps he will be different; he will stay at home more; we shall be together as we used to be; and he will be so happy, we shall be so united, that I shall be glad again. I must hold this truth fast; for, from very physical weakness, and a little, I think, from loneliness, it eludes me. The kingdom of love is within us, and "only our own souls can sever us."

I AM too rebel to the primal laws. No Wilderness Girl should ever be married, I think. Oh, the silence and the freedom and the sacred solitudes of maidenhood! I think of them with a passionate hunger and thirst. I remember how Gwendolen, after one of her scenes with Grandcourt, complained to herself that she could not even make a passionate exclamation or throw up her arms as she would have done in her maiden days.

But she did not love her husband. I never thought to see the time when I should thank God that I do love mine. But now I perceive that if I did not the foundations of

the great deep would be broken up. And I should— What should I do? What *could* I do?

Job just pulled something from the basket on my sewing-table and brought it to me, wagging rather piteously. It is the little blue blanket that I am trying to embroider for my son. It grows slowly; I never liked to sew.

Let me learn to be divinely patient, as women can, as women must. I must remember that happiness has not fled from my life at all. The angel Joy will return with a sweet and solemn face. "And a little child shall lead them."

Eleven o'clock.

I HAVE spent most of the evening with Father, for he, too, feels, I can see, the emotion of this last night before I leave his house. I had read him to sleep, I thought, before I slid up-stairs. Just now the front door opened (with some unnecessary noise), and I ran to the head of the stairs to tell Dana that Father was asleep. But he had gone on into the library before I could attract his attention.

He stays so long that I wonder why. I believe I will go down.

I went. My red slippers are quite mute, and my old ruby gown never whispers. I did not think that they would not hear me, and I came upon them quite suddenly and unnoticed.

The two men were standing in the dim library, for Father had got into his dressing-gown and had come out to meet my husband; I am afraid he had been listening for his son-in-law to come in. He held Dana's hand in his own. Dana looked very handsome and debonair in his evening dress, with his nonchalant eyes, and smiling steadily. Father did not smile; his face worked. As I stood silent and wondering, I saw the sacred tears stream down my father's face.

"Oh, be kind to her!" he said. "Be kind to her!"

May the sixteenth.

Too tired to sit up, I write this lying flat on my new bed in my new room, in our new house. It seemed a pity not to sanctify the date by one warm word; for we moved over in a cold storm—one of my own northeasters. All the garden trees are tossing like masts in a gale, every green sail flapping. The old apple-tree, on a level with our little library, turns a strange, familiar face to me in the rain, like the face of a friend whom you had never seen cry before; there seems to be no way to wipe off the tears, and they stream on steadily. This is the more noticeable because we really are not sad at all.

The cottage is quite comfortable, and I should not have thought it would seem so attractive by gas-light; it is very bright, and all the colors are warm. There is rose in my own room. Why is it that color means something less to me than it used to do? Once I should have responded to the tinting of this room (it is really very good) in every nerve. Now, somehow, it does not seem to matter very much. I suppose that is physical, too. Most things are, to women. Who said, "There is a spiritual body"? Paul, I suppose. Nevertheless, there is philosophy as sound as it is subtle in those five words.

The new maids are buzzing about the new kitchen. It seems like a doll's house. Maggie has gone to Mrs. Gray. Old Ellen takes care of Father, and he has connected the two houses by telephone. Job is plainly homesick, and will not go to bed. Every time the apple-tree hits the tree-house he barks in a melancholy manner, and Dana cuffs him for it, for Dana cannot bear anything melancholy.

There is a banshee in my house, I find. My speaking-tube to the cook's room catches the wind and wails beyond belief. Job growls at the banshee.

Dana is so happy that I wonder I do not feel happier. There is a new piano, and he sits singing. Somehow, he seems to me like a new husband. But I am quite aware that I do not seem to him like a new wife. I wonder if I ever shall again? He plays with his nonchalant touch:

> Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
> Home-keeping hearts are happiest.

Yes, here it comes; I hoped he would not forget it. I really do not know why I did not want to ask him for this song. Something of the bondage of maidenhood seems to remain in a wife, a kind of impossibility, —I do not know how to express it,—a power not herself which makes for silence, the terrible law which takes from a woman's love even that which it hath, and forbids her to woo even her own husband. I do not know whether this is a right law or a wrong one, a tradition or an instinct. I do not think women are alike in this. Perhaps it is relative, too—so much freedom in her nature to so much love in his. The banshee is quite overborne as he sings joyously:

From the Desert I come to thee,
On a stallion shod with fire.

May the twentieth.

THE new maid (her name is Luella) hit the new sofa *bang!* against the new library wall to-day, and bit two bites out of the new old-gold calcimine. Dana was very angry. I did not know for quite a while after we were married that he was such a quick-tempered man. I feel very sorry for him; it must be so uncomfortable to be quick-tempered. I am differently constituted myself: I grieve.

I think he thinks it is my fault when he is angry. I wonder if it is? Of course I am not always right; and then, a woman is in such physical discomfort most of the time. To-day I answered Dana very positively. He scolded Luella so that she gave notice on the spot. I never heard a girl give notice before, and it was a disagreeable experience. We never had any trouble with our maids in Father's house. I have always grown up with the feeling that families who changed servants were not quite respectable. I told Dana that he ought to leave the management of the servants to me. He said, "D—n!" Then he put on his hat and went out. There is no music to-night. Luella and the cook are conspiring in the kitchen, and Job and I are tête-à-tête, exchanging confidences.

May the twenty-first.

DANA was charming this evening. I think he is sorry. I had found some good old prints of Landseer's dogs, and cut them out and pasted them up over the breaks in the calcimine, above the sofa, something like the frieze of a dado; really, they have quite an effect of their own.

"You always were clever," he said, and kissed me twice. Job was positively jealous of the Landseer dogs. We held him up, and I stroked the dogs, and Job growled and snarled and flew at them. Dana was immensely amused. He named one of the dogs David and the other Dora. We have had a happy evening, and Luella has consented to stay.

The night is all a palette of pale greens and fair blues and grays after the storm, and there is no banshee. The apple-tree is in blossom, and the tree-house is drifted with snow of pink and pearl. Dana asked me to come out into the tree-house with him. "Subpœna Job for witness," he said. "He can testify—what you have the air of forgetting, my lady—that I took the first there. Nothing can undo that."

"I wonder if anything can ever undo anything?" I said, laughing too. So I climbed up into the tree-house to please him; but I was so tired and physically wretched that I am afraid I disappointed him, and I could not stay very long. I think Dana really tried to reproduce something of the old glamour, and when he found that it was missing, he thought it was I who failed to supply the materials of romance. No wonder.

I read a story last week in which the author took upon himself to remark that the experience of prospective parentage was equally hard to husband and to wife, because, "while she bore her sufferings, he bore her complaints"! It is unnecessary to observe that this piece of fiction was written by a man. This paragraph is quite superfluous,—I believe women *are* superfluous by nature,—for Dana has been very kind to me to-day. I have just telephoned to Father that I am quite happy.

"*June the tenth.*

"DANA MY DEAR: I do not think it will be necessary for you to hurry home if the trip is doing you good. And if there is any professional reason, as you say, for prolonging it a few days more, never mind me. I cannot say, to be honest, that I am very well. The hot weather has leaped upon us like a tiger from a jungle; I never was torn by it before. But I am not suffering for anything in particular, except you. I suppose a husband's presence is one of the luxuries that a wife must learn to go without. That seems to be the modern idea. And I am too busy to mope or sentimentalize about you.

"Things are going after a fashion in the house. The room being smaller than I am used to, I think I feel the hot nights more. And Luella has given notice again, and again consented to remain.

"Father is a little troubled about the effect of this weather on me, and has been doing something about the Dowe Cottage for August and September. What do you think? He asked me to ask you to telegraph if you approve. The idea is that we should go there (to visit him), and stay till all is over. Dr. Curtis urges it. I must say I should like to go. On these breathless nights, in my stuffy little rose room, I seem to see waves breaking on the window-sill; but they never get over. I can almost smell the salt, but I never feel the spray. And, then, we were so happy there! I can't help feeling as if the old joy were shut up in that cottage, like a tenant who was locked in, and

would fly to meet us, and take us in his arms, and bless us both for now and forever.

"I am your loving and your lonely

"WIFE."

June the tenth.

I HAVE just written to Dana about the Dowe Cottage. I am afraid it was not exactly a love-letter; somehow, I could not. If I had let him know how much I miss him, I do not think he would quite like it altogether. Why is almighty Nature forever laying a coal of fire upon a woman's lips?

So I wrote quite stiffly and serenely; and when I had finished the letter I cried, for nobody but Job could see.

I just got up and went into his room, and touched all his little things—the brushes on his dressing-case, his slippers lying where he tossed them (for he never likes to have me move them to put them away), his ash-receiver, with a half-burnt cigar just as he left it. Then I went into the closet where his clothes are hanging, and put my cheek to them all, one after the other. His blue velveteen smoking-jacket hung inside the door; he wore that one day when he seemed to love me more than usual, and—I could not help it—I kissed the velveteen coat. I kissed it several times.

June the fifteenth.

I WENT out about the grounds to-day to oversee some workmen who were grading, but was quite overcome by the burning weather, and I think I had something like a faint, or touch of the sun. When they helped me indoors the house seemed to rock and reverberate with Dana's voice, and it was as if he were singing:

Trees where you sit shall crowd into a shade.

I could scarcely believe that he was not there.

"*August the tenth. West Sanchester.*

"MY DEAR HEART: You have been very devoted and kind to me ever since we came here, and I want to bless you for it. I know that you have been working too hard and need a change, and I am sure it is quite safe for you to be away for a little while. If you want to try the mountains after Bar Harbor, I would not prevent it on any account. As long as you keep within reach of the telegraph it will be all right. I thank you for giving up the Adirondack trip, for I do think that was too far away just now. Continue to write and telegraph as faithfully and lovingly as you have done. I depend on that more than you know. A wife is one of the foolish folk; you cannot exact man's poise or wisdom of a woman's heart and body. I never love you so much as when you remember to love me and to comfort me in little ways.

"How handsome you looked the morning you left, my beautiful! You went swinging down the avenue. I wanted to go to the station with you, and because I could not I cried a little; but not till you had quite gone. I watched you till you were out of sight. The light was splendid on your hair and forehead as you lifted your hat and kissed your hand. I thought: 'If I should never see him again, what a vision to keep with me in this world, or to take with me to another!' Women will have such thoughts, my darling; we *wait* too much to take life lightly. Be patient with

"MARNA, your Wife."

(*Copy.*)

TELEGRAM.

"*West Sanchester, August* 17.

"*To Dana Herwin,*
"*Maplewood House,*
"*Bethlehem, New Hampshire.*

"Come at once.

"FRANCIS TRENT."

(*Copy.*)

TELEGRAM.

"*West Sanchester, August* 18.

"*To Dana Herwin,*
"*Care of Conductor, White Mountain Express, en route for Boston. Try Portsmouth.*

"Don't suffer. I am not in any danger now. But the blanket ought to have been pink.

"MARNA."

"*August the eighteenth.*

"DEAR FATHER OF MY DAUGHTER: They let me write, in pencil, for I insisted. Father will give it to you at the station. I convinced the doctor it would be better for me than to talk—at first. I don't want to speak. I only want to be touched and kissed—and for you not to go away again. All I want, all I want in this world, is you. I shall get well. There will nothing go wrong now you are here. Oh, I cannot say that it was not hard—without you. At first I thought of everything—motherless young wives, and women with drunken husbands, and the

poor, unwedded girls: all womanhood seemed to pass by me in a pathetic procession, drifting through the room. And I thought, 'I am one of them.'

"But after that I thought of nothing—nothing in earth or heaven but you—not of the baby at all, only you, *you*.

"Stay by me when you come, darling! Don't let them persuade you that it will harm me. It will save me, and it is the only thing that will. They thought that I should die, but I could not die when you were so far away. That would have been impossible.

"Dana, Dana, I live, and I love you. For I am

"THE MOTHER OF YOUR CHILD."

August the thirtieth.

THIS is the first time I have been allowed to write (to amuse myself), and I am limited to eight lines. "Being happy," I remember Hawthorne said, "he had no questions to put." Being happy because my husband gives me every moment that he can beg or steal from time, being happy because he is so happy, because he blinds me with tenderness, I have no letters to write. Instead, I record the fact that my daughter is two weeks old to-day, and that Job is so jealous of her that we cannot keep them in the same room. I think he is planning definite hostilities. Job finds her more objectionable than David and Dora.

(To be continued.)

A NOTE ON "L'AIGLON."

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

THE night-scene on the battle-field of Wagram in "L'Aiglon"—an episode whose sharp pathos pierces the heart and the imagination like a rapier—bears a curious resemblance to a picturesque passage in Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." I am convinced, however, that the conception of the incident was in the main original with M. Rostand, and perhaps not even indirectly suggested by the elder poet.

It is the one intense great moment in the play, and has been widely discussed, but so far as I am aware none of M. Rostand's innumerable critics has pointed out the resemblance in question. In the master's romance it is not the field of Wagram, but the field of Waterloo, that is magically repeopled with contending armies of *spooks*, to use the grim old Dutch word, and made awful to the mind's eye. The passage occurs at the end of the sixteenth chapter in the second part of "Les Misérables" ("Cosette"), and runs as follows:

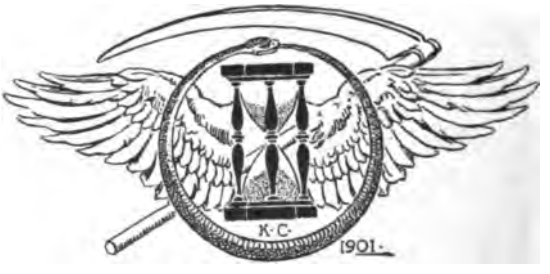
Le champ de Waterloo aujourd'hui a le calme qui appartient à la terre, support impassible de l'homme, et il resemble à toutes les plaines. La nuit pourtant une espèce de brume visionnaire s'en dègage, et si quelque voyageur s'y promène, s'il regarde, s'il écoute, s'il rêve comme Virgile dans les funestes plaines de Philippes, l'hallucination de la catastrophe le saisit. L'effrayant 18 juin revit; la fausse colline-monument s'efface, ce lion quelconque se dissipe, le champ de bataille reprend sa réalité; des lignes d'infanterie ondulent dans la plaine, des galops furieux traversent l'horizon; le songeur effaré voit l'éclair des sabres, l'étincelle des bayonnettes, le flamboiement des bombes, l'entre-croisement monstrueux des tonnerres; il entend, comme un râle au fond d'une tombe, la clameur vague de la bataille-fantôme; ces ombres, ce sont les grenadiers; ces lueurs, ce sont les cuirassiers;

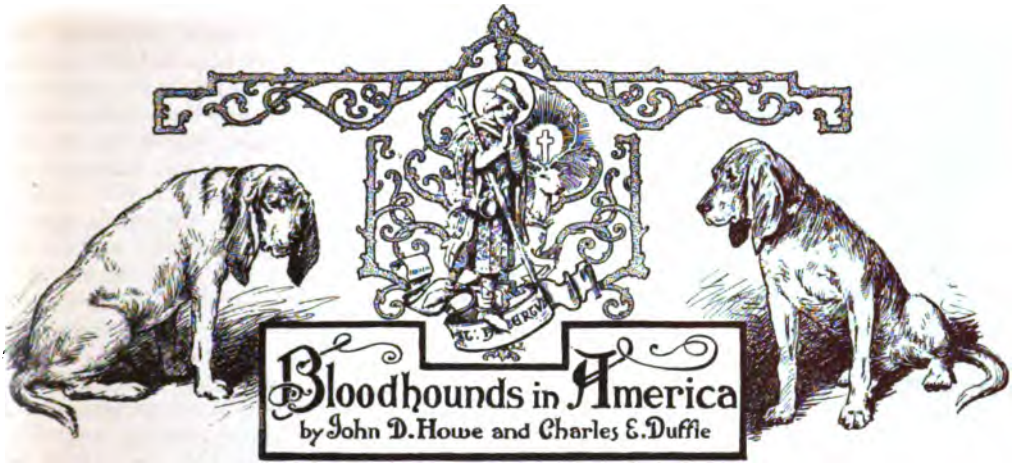
. . . tout cela n'est plus et se heurte et combat encore; et les ravins s'empourprent, et les arbres frissonnent, et il y a de la furie jusque dans les nuées, et, dans les ténèbres, toutes ces hauteurs farouches, Mont-Saint-Jean, Hougomont, Frischemont, Papelotte, Plancenoit, apparaissent confusément couronnées de tourbillons de spectres s'exterminant.[1]

Here is the whole battle-scene in "L'Aiglon," with scarcely a gruesome detail omitted. The vast plain glimmering in phantasmal light; the ghostly squadrons hurling themselves against one another (seen only through the eyes of the poor little Duke of Reichstadt); the mangled shapes lying motionless in various postures of death upon the blood-stained sward; the moans of the wounded rising up and sweeping by like vague wailings of the wind—all this might be taken for an artful dramatization of Victor Hugo's text; but I do not think it was, though it is just possible that a faint reflection of a brilliant page, read in early youth, still lingered on the retina of M. Rostand's memory. If such were the case, it does not necessarily detract from the integrity of the conception or the playwright's presentment of it.

The idea of repeopling old battle-fields with the shades of vanished hosts is not novel. In such tragic spots the twilight always lays a dark hand on the imagination, and prompts one to invoke the unappeased spirit of the past that haunts the place. One summer evening long ago, as I was standing alone by the ruined walls of Hougomont, with that sense of not being alone which is sometimes so strangely stirred by solitude, I had a sudden vision of that desperate last charge of Napoleon's Old Guard. Marshal Ney rose from the grave and again shouted those heroic words to Drouet d'Erlon: "Are you not going to get yourself killed?" For an instant a thousand sabers flashed in the air. The deathly silence that accompanied the ghostly onset was an added poignancy to the short-lived dream. A moment later I beheld a hunched little figure mounted on a white horse with housings of purple velvet. The reins lay slack in the rider's hand; his cocked hat was slouched over his brows, and his chin rested on the breast of his great-coat. Thus he rode slowly away through the twilight, and nobody cried, *Vive l'Empereur!* The ground on which a famous battle has been fought, I repeat, casts a spell upon every man's mind; and the impression made upon two men of poetic genius, like Victor Hugo and Edmond Rostand, might well be nearly identical. This adequately explains the likeness between the fantastic silhouette in "Les Misérables" and the battle of the ghosts in "L'Aiglon." A muse so rich in the improbable as M. Rostand's need not borrow a piece of supernaturalness from anybody.

[1] "The field of Waterloo has to-day the peacefulness which belongs to the earth, the impassive support of man, and is like all other plains. At night, however, a kind of visionary mist is exhaled, and if any traveler walks there, and watches and listens, and dreams like Vergil on the sorrowful plains of Philippi, the hallucination of the catastrophe takes possession of him. The terrible June 18 relives; the artificial commemorative mound effaces itself, the lion disappears, the field of battle assumes its reality; lines of infantry waver on the plain, the horizon is broken by furious charges of cavalry; the alarmed dreamer sees the gleam of sabers, the glimmer of bayonets, the lurid glare of bursting shells, the clashing of mighty thunderbolts; the muffled clamor of the phantom conflict comes to him like dying moans from the tomb; these shadows are grenadiers, these lights are cuirassiers . . . all this does not really exist, yet the combat goes on; the ravines are stained with purple, the trees tremble, there is fury even in the clouds, and in the obscurity the somber heights—Mont-Saint-Jean, Hougomont, Frischemont, Papelotte, and Plancenoit—appear dimly crowned with throngs of apparitions annihilating one another."





BEYOND all question, the least-understood dog of the present day is the bloodhound.[1] To the majority of persons the mere mention of his name suggests an extraordinarily large and ferocious brute. Instinctively the mind pictures an animal whose eyes glow with hatred, as bloodthirsty as a man-eating tiger, always eager to hunt down a fleeing human being and tear him limb from limb. As a matter of fact, almost the reverse is true, for the English bloodhound, the most intelligent of his species, and the one here under consideration, is not large. He weighs from eighty-five to a hundred pounds. Instead of being vicious, he is most affectionate and trustworthy, and he is only beginning to be truly valued in this country as a companion and friend. He is the protector of man, not his enemy.

The bloodhound is popularly endowed with miraculous powers. His actual performances are startling enough; but the tales told of his wonderful feats, while credited by nearly all who hear them, exist, for the greater part, purely in the imagination.

For two things only is the bloodhound noteworthy—his extremely acute sense of smell and his never-failing courage. He possesses an extraordinarily keen nose; yet while he can follow the trail of either a man or a brute long after it is imperceptible to any other known animal, he cannot achieve the impossible.

In the West the bloodhound is now extensively used in the detection of crime and the capture of criminals. The modern criminal is a very elusive person. He is always abreast of the times, and, quiet, skilful, and often courageous, he has this advantage, that he usually does his work at night. When he has completed his task, he silently makes his escape, frequently leaving behind him no clue by which his movements may be traced. So, at least, he believes; but try as he will, he must leave some clue. Intangible, invisible as it is, it yet exists—the peculiar odor of the human body. It is a certain guide to his footsteps; science cannot efface it, ingenuity cannot wipe it out. This odor is as distinctive as the features of the face. No matter where a person moves; no matter whether his trail is crossed by a thousand others of his kind; no matter whether the rains have fallen, or hours have elapsed since his foot pressed the earth, the trail is still there, and may be followed. There is only one animal, however, which can infallibly trace out the scent after it has been on the ground for several hours, and that is the bloodhound.

When the bloodhound was first brought to the United States is a matter of doubt. Certain it is that he was known here before the War of the Rebellion, although he was not extensively used, as many suppose, to track fugitive slaves. It is doubtful whether ten per cent. of the seventy-five million people in this country have ever seen a genuine bloodhound. The huge brutes which are carried about the country by the various "Uncle Tom's Cabin" companies are not the true bloodhound, although advertised as such. They are what are known in the South as the "nigger-hound," a cross between the bloodhound proper and the Great Dane, or some equally powerful dog. These brutes are vicious in the extreme. They possess some of the powers of the bloodhound—

[1] See also in THE CENTURY for June, 1889, "The Bloodhound," by Edwin Brough, with illustrations by R. H. Moore.

enough to enable them to follow a fresh trail—and the ferocity of the other strain of blood. The bloodhound proper will follow the trail with unerring accuracy, but, contrary to popular belief, he does not destroy his quarry once he overtakes it. The true bloodhound will, unless specially trained to viciousness, merely evince signs of joy at having tracked down his game.

There were a few genuine bloodhounds in the United States prior to the Rebellion, but the war worked their extinction. Union veterans say the troops had orders to kill at sight every one found. Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy, was known to have imported a pack for breeding purposes. They were ordered destroyed. The man detailed for this work was a brother of Mr. George S. Meeker of Beatrice, Nebraska. He performed his task well, for it is said that he found and killed no fewer than forty-seven blooded animals at Mr. Davis's home.

After peace was declared, the bloodhound was, so far as can be ascertained, extinct in this country. It was not until 1888 that the breed made its reappearance. In that year the Westminster Kennel Club gave a bench-show in New York city, and among the dogs exhibited were three true bloodhounds,—Belus, Rosemary, and Brough's Daisy,—brought over by Mr. Edwin Brough of Scarborough, England, probably the principal breeder of the dogs in Great Britain. At the show Mr. J. L. Winchell of Fair Haven, Vermont, saw the dogs, and being himself a breeder of fancy strains, was at once impressed with their beauty. He entered into a partnership with Mr. Brough, and is now one of the well-known breeders in America. There are also other prominent breeders in the country, notably Dr. C. A. Lougest of Boston, Colonel Roger D. Williams of Lexington, Kentucky, and Dr. J. B. Fulton of Beatrice, Nebraska.

There are now a number of hounds in the United States that are used exclusively in tracking criminals, the best-known pack in the West being owned by Dr. Fulton, who has for many years devoted himself almost exclusively to this business. His pack at present consists of thirteen animals, most of which have been bred and trained by the doctor himself. They have become celebrated all over the territory west of the Mississippi River, and their services are constantly sought by the officers of no fewer than seven States. They have brought many a criminal to justice in Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, and South Dakota. They have worked on some of the most difficult cases that have come to light, and never yet have failed to run down their man when placed on the trail within a reasonable length of time after the crime was committed.

Doubtless the most important case in which the dogs ever took part was the robbery of the Union Pacific train in Wyoming a few years ago, when the Adams Express Company's safes were plundered and a large amount of money was stolen. The robbery was one of the most daring on record. Perhaps that is why it was so successful. The robbers secured their plunder with little difficulty, and then made their escape without hindrance. Posses were at once placed on the trail, but the robbers made for the "Hole in the Wall" country, where it was impossible to follow them with any prospect of success. The officials decided to run them down, determined to make an example of the outlaws. The officers of both the railroad and the express company were willing to spend three times the amount stolen, provided the thieves could be apprehended. After it was seen that the outlaws had decidedly the advantage, Dr. Fulton was notified by telegraph that a special train was coming after his dogs, and a request was made that he send his best hounds in charge of trusted trainers. Realizing the desperate character of the undertaking, he first exacted a promise from the companies that armed posses should follow within a few feet of the dogs. He did not care to lose the four best dogs he possessed. The pledge was readily given, and the dogs were placed on the train, which proceeded at once to Casper, Wyoming. Here the dogs were unloaded and taken to Tisdale's ranch, which the outlaws were known to have passed.

In order properly to appreciate the difficulty of the undertaking, it must be borne in mind that the trail led over rocky ground, which is not adapted to holding the scent for any length of time, and that the dogs did not arrive at the ranch until more than fifty hours after the robbers had passed. Notwithstanding all this, the dogs, after circling around a few times, found the trail, and almost pulled their trainers off their feet, so eager were they to follow it. Toward the mountains they ran, never pausing for an instant. The posses followed close behind. For thirty-six hours the chase continued, only being stopped long enough to allow the dogs to take a drink of water, or



DRAWN BY J. N. MARCHAND. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

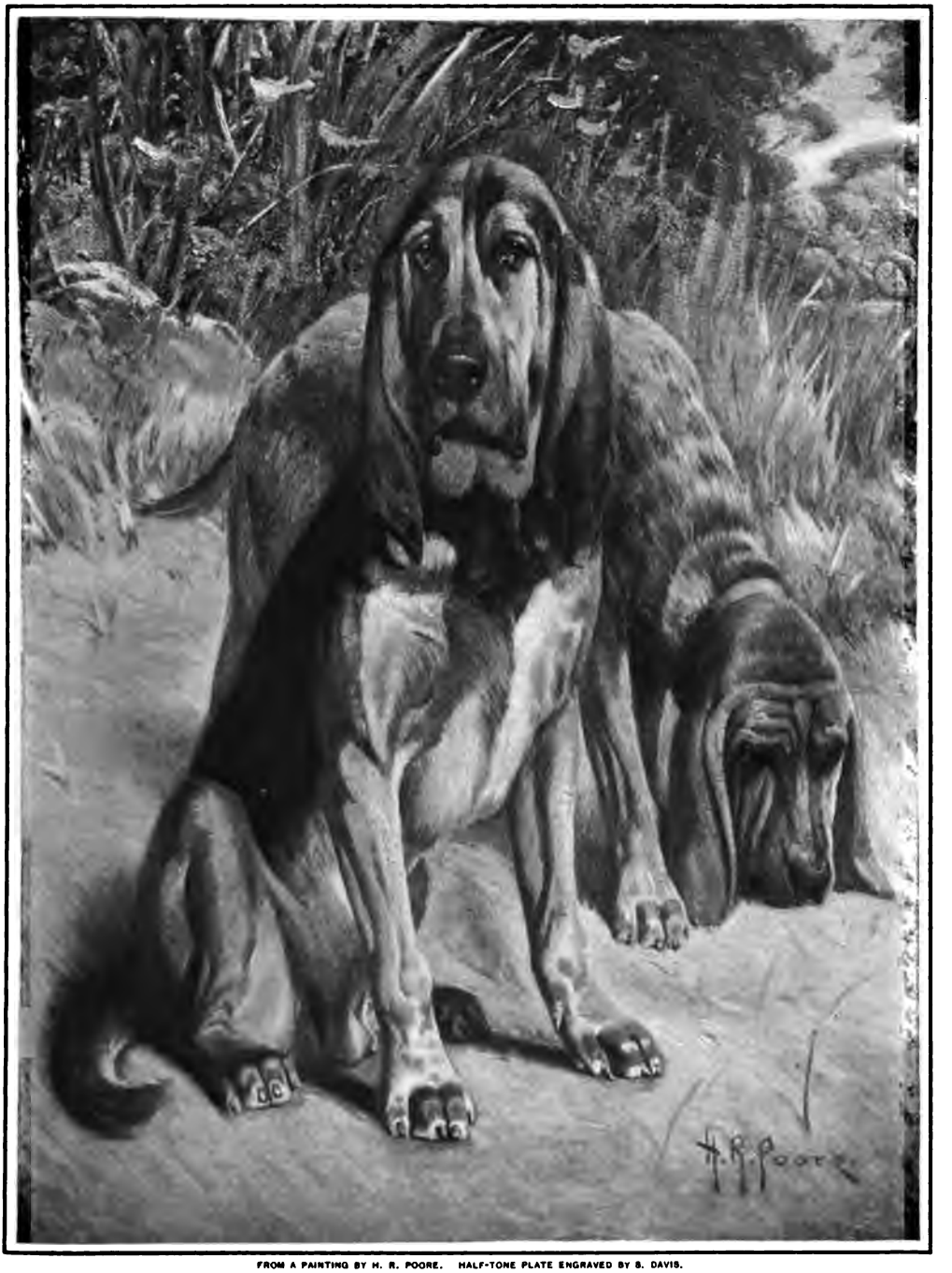
THE END OF A CHASE AFTER TRAIN-ROBBERS.

the weary men following them to regain a little of their strength. At last the dogs cornered two men. They were instantly covered with a dozen rifles and ordered to throw up their hands. They surrendered without resistance. Indeed, so readily did they yield that the posse had doubts about their being concerned in the robbery at all. The men protested their innocence. They were, they declared, merely two herders looking for stray cattle, and did not even know that a robbery had been committed. The use of bloodhounds had been ridiculed by the Wyoming officers. They now insisted that the animals had taken the wrong trail and had tracked down two innocent men. The trainers had the most implicit confidence in their dogs, as well they might have, for although they had perhaps never been on so difficult a trail before, the ease with which they

followed it convinced them that the animals had not strayed from the proper scent. It was not considered wise to insist too strongly, however, and so, merely remarking that some day the officers might have occasion to alter their views, the trainers went back to Casper, boarded the train, and returned to Beatrice. Time has verified their prediction and vindicated the dogs, for it has been learned beyond the possibility of a doubt that the two men were implicated in the robbery, if not actual participants. The officers have acknowledged their error, and have paid the highest tribute possible to the four-footed detectives by calling on them several times since for assistance. They have worked on some knotty cases since that time, and always with success.

Perhaps the most sensational case on which the dogs ever worked was that of the murder of G. W. Baker and wife, who lived near the little town of Fairbury, Nebraska. It is a case which is still widely discussed, and the climax of the chase was melodramatic. The crime was particularly atrocious. The couple were deliberately assassinated in their own home by a brother of the murdered man. Upon receipt of word from the county attorney, Dr. Fulton at once despatched his most intelligent pair of dogs —X-Rays and Jo-Jo—to Fairbury. Virtually every inhabitant of the town was at the depot to witness the arrival of the dogs, and the task they were called on to perform was made extremely difficult by the fact that hundreds of trails had been made across the one left by the murderer. The dogs were taken to the home of the suspected man, where they were given the scent from one of his coats. Working rapidly, they nearly circled the house before they picked up the trail. Then, with a bay of satisfaction, they bounded forward with eagerness. There was not the least hesitation. The dogs led the way through the town, and across a field of winter wheat, followed by the now silent but excited mob. At the main-traveled road they turned and headed for the home of the murdered couple. Being now satisfied of the identity of the murderer, and also that there would be no difficulty in again picking up the scent at the house where the tragedy occurred, the hounds were placed in a wagon and driven to the scene of the crime. Arrived there, the dogs again resumed the chase. Circling the house, they picked up the trail at the northeast corner. Then they set off toward the north at the top of their speed. Two hundred yards north of the house they stopped for an instant to sniff at some object—an empty shot-gun shell. As the hunted man was known to be a desperate criminal, the chase was discontinued for the moment, until a party of well-armed men could be organized to follow the hounds. This accomplished, the dogs were given their heads once more, and the chase was resumed. They ran up the road, and paused at a culvert. The posse was certain that the quarry was run to earth, but the trainers knew differently: the dogs were not showing the usual signs. The animals went through the culvert, and, emerging on the other side, led across a little ravine. Still tugging at their chains, the hounds pulled their trainers along at breakneck speed for a mile and a half. Here they turned into a farm gate, and then ran the trail to a corner of the fence, where they paused. It was apparent that the murderer had taken refuge there for a time. It was also plain that the hunted man was not far away, as the dogs were becoming frantic with excitement. From the fence corner they started toward the barn, which stood a short distance away. They worked without the least noise, and the posse was cautioned to maintain the strictest silence. The hounds ran the trail to the door of the barn, and then stopped and looked at the trainers, as though to say, "He 's in there!" The trainers took the dogs away, and the posse surrounded the barn. They had had a long chase, and the time was far past midnight. There was a moon, however, and the barn and its surroundings were brightly illuminated. While the men were discussing how best to proceed, Baker was seen to come to the window and look out. Some instinct had warned him that he had been run to earth. For a few seconds he stood peering at the line of determined men who hemmed him in, then his face disappeared. Three minutes afterward a shot was heard from the interior of the barn. By common impulse the party rushed forward and threw open the door. The body of the murderer was found stretched on the floor. In desperation he had ended his own life.

In the month of May, 1900, a clothing-store at Sabetha, Kansas, was entered and robbed. The authorities were unable to obtain any clue to the robbery, and the Fulton dogs were pressed into service. Miss Columbia and Beauregard were taken to the place, and although the trail was over twenty-four hours old, the dogs had not the slightest difficulty in picking it up. They ran the trail from Sabetha to Salem, Nebraska,

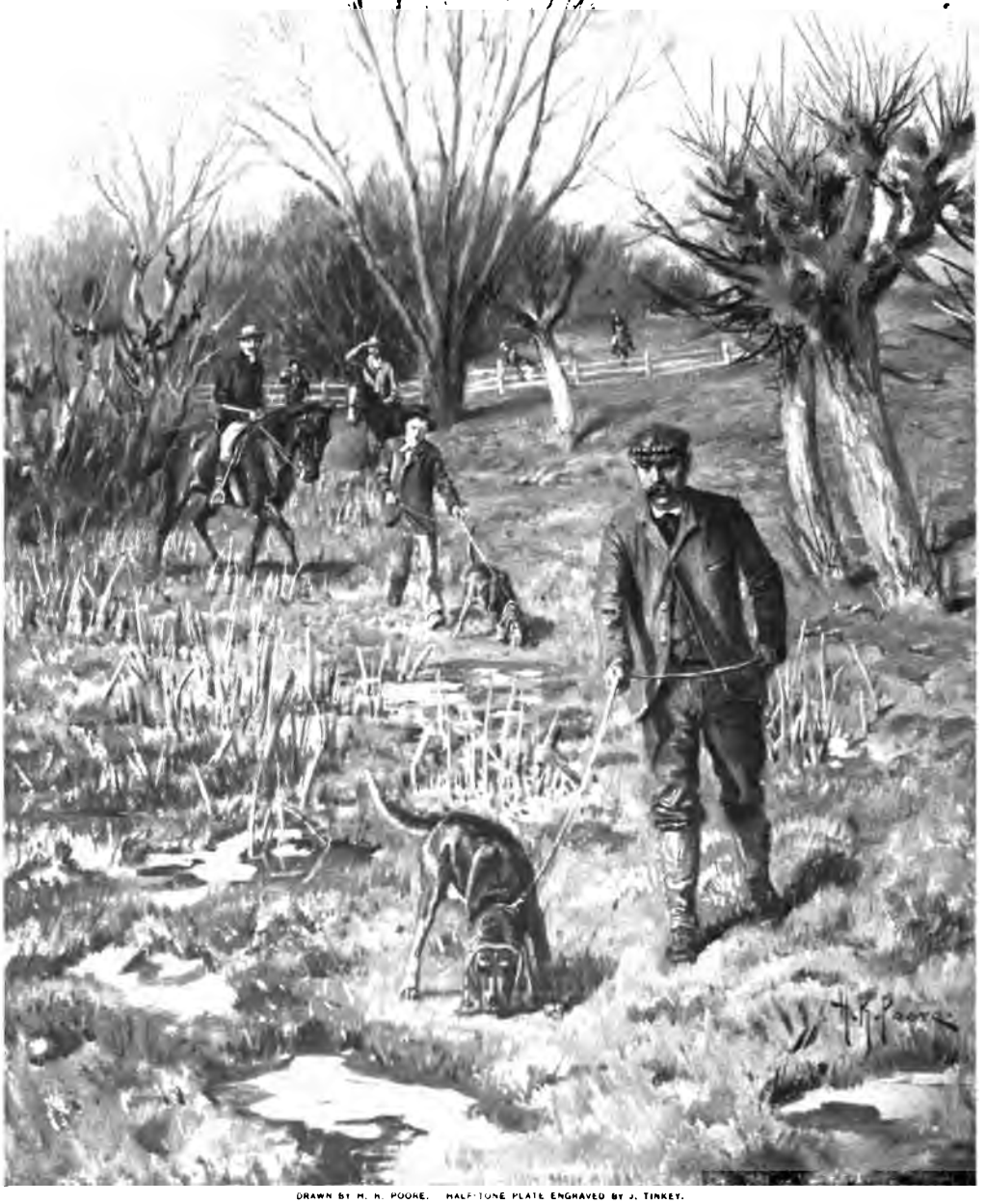


FROM A PAINTING BY H. R. POORE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

TYPICAL BLOODHOUNDS—BURGUNDY AND MATE.

even crossing the Nemaha River in order to follow it. The men—there were four in the party—were overhauled while eating breakfast. One was convicted and received a five-year sentence, the other three escaping on a technicality.

Two years ago, Mr. E. D. Laughland of Ashland, Nebraska, lost a valuable mule. The dogs were sent for and placed on the trail. It was impossible to run the thief, as there was no article from which the hounds could get the scent. There was no difficulty, however, in tracking the mule, and after being given the scent from a harness it had



DRAWN BY H. R. POORE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

TRAILING WITH A POSSE AFTER CRIMINALS.

worn, the dogs started on what proved to be one of the most difficult chases of their experience. The thief evidently feared that the hounds would be placed on his trail, for he endeavored to throw them off the scent by padding the hoofs of the mule, overlooking the fact, however, that in stopping to do this he left his own trail. The hounds could not now follow the mule, but they could trace the man, which they did, overhauling him at Loveland, Iowa, after a chase of over thirty miles. It was one of the hardest tasks ever set for the dogs, for although the distance was not great, the cunning of the thief in baffling detection was so ingenious that it required six days of constant work before he was finally run down. This was at last accomplished, the mule was recovered, and the thief was sentenced to a long term of years.

When a bloodhound is once placed on the trail, he will suffer death rather than give it up until he has followed it to the end. To this fact Dr. Fulton owes the loss of one of his most valuable dogs. A series of daring "hold-ups" had been committed at Pueblo, Colorado. The local authorities did everything possible to end the depredations, but without success. They finally decided to obtain bloodhounds, and accordingly Dr. Fulton was asked to send a pair of his most experienced trailers to the city, in charge of a competent trainer. The dog Jo-Jo and another younger animal were taken to Pueblo. It was not long before they had work. The collector for an insurance company was robbed one night, and the dogs were placed on the trail. They ran it to the railroad-tracks, and then followed down the road. The trail lay over a long trestle-bridge. The dogs and their trainer were in the middle of the structure when he was horrified to see a train bearing down upon him. He waved his hat, and ran as rapidly as he could, but the train continued at full speed. There was only one way of saving his life—to leap from the bridge. It was night, and he could not see how far he must jump, nor on what he would alight. Taking the chains of the hounds firmly in his hand, he swung himself over the side of the trestle and dropped. The younger dog he was able to pull with him. Jo-Jo, however, refused to give up the trail, hung back, and was run over by the train. The trainer dropped about thirty-five feet, alighting on the stony bottom of the river, which was low at the time. He was fearfully bruised, but fortunately no bones were broken. An investigation followed a report of the matter to the railroad officials, and the engineer was called upon for an explanation. "Yes, I saw the man on the trestle," he said; "but I thought it was only a negro who had been stealing some valuable dogs. I thought I 'd teach him a lesson, so did not put on the brakes or shut down."

Not long ago a prosperous farmer living near Craig, Nebraska, came to Dr. Fulton and asked the assistance of the hounds in solving the mystery of a long series of outrages that had been perpetrated at his place. Flower-beds had been destroyed, fences leveled, evergreen-trees chopped down, and other damage inflicted on the property. The farmer had his suspicions, but they were merely suspicions at the best. What he wished was positive evidence of the identity of the person responsible for the wanton destruction of his property. Dr. Fulton advised the man to return home, as it had been several days since the last outrage, and the trail could not be followed with any certainty.

"Telegraph me the next time anything of the kind occurs," he said, "and I 'll send you some dogs that will clear the matter up."

The following Sunday, late in the evening, Dr. Fulton received a laconic message. It merely said, "Another outrage." As the farmer had previously insisted that there must be no mistake, Dr. Fulton sent two trained man-hunters, Miss Columbia being one, as she had never failed on a trail. The next morning, when the trainer arrived at the farm, six miles from Craig, he saw a pitiful sight. It was a magnificent country home, the grounds having been laid out with all the skill of the landscape-gardener. Flower-beds lined the drive from the front gate to the house. On each side had once been a line of beautiful evergreen-trees. The hand of the vandal, however, had been at work. While the family were at church trees had been felled, the drive ruined, and the flower-beds laid waste.

"I do hope you can find him," said the enraged owner, as he looked about the scene with tearful eyes. "If you can positively locate the scoundrel, I 'll—"

"Well, we 'll try," said the trainer, leading the dogs to the far end of the drive, where the trail was supposed to lie. It was easily picked up, there having been no people about to cross and foul it, and the scent was fresh. The dogs followed it without hesitation, about three quarters of a mile, to the house of a neighbor. Arrived there, they sat down, and looked significantly at their trainer. As he was debating how best to proceed, a young



DRAWN BY H. R. POORE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

TRAINING YOUNG DOGS.

man came to the door. Miss Columbia at once sniffed the air, but made no demonstration. The trainer knew that he need look no further.

"Your dogs have made a mistake," said the young man, abruptly. "We are harboring no criminals here, and I am not 'wanted' for anything."

"No, you are not the man I want," said the trainer, "but he whom we seek is inside that house."

The young man protested, and just to humor him, the trainer took the dogs back some distance and again ran the trail to the door. Then he circled the house, but the hounds could not pick up the scent anywhere save at the front door.

"Do you see that?" inquired the trainer. "These dogs never make a mistake—never. However, I have no authority to enter your house. All I can do is to return and report to the person who hired me."

This he did, and a warrant was sworn out for the arrest of the neighbor, on a charge of malicious destruction of property. The case, however, never came to trial, the suspected man compromising and paying the sum of five hundred dollars to settle.

"But," he said grimly, as he was writing out the check, "if it had n't been for those blamed hounds, you would never have caught me."

One of the longest chases the hounds ever had was after a burglar who sacked a store at Oneida, Kansas. After completing his job, he stole a horse and buggy, and escaped. Sheriff Campbell wired for the Fulton hounds, which were at once sent to the scene of the crime. Owing to the fact that many persons had been in the store, it was impossible to pick up the scent of the man himself. It was different, however, with the horse. A sniff at the currycomb used in caring for the animal enabled the dogs to find the trail easily. The hunt began Wednesday morning. The dogs ran the trail steadily, pausing only for a drink of water occasionally, or to allow their trainers to obtain a

short rest, until Friday night. They pursued their quarry through White Cloud, and finally, on Friday evening, stopped at Elwood, Kansas, just across the river from St. Joseph. Here the thief was captured, and the horse and buggy were located the next morning in St. Joseph. All told, the dogs traveled a hundred and thirty-five miles before they ran down their man.

The dogs had another chase in St. Joseph, which was remarkable. A negro had broken into a dwelling and ransacked it. He left no visible clue, and the dogs were pressed into service. When taken to the house they picked up the trail easily enough. This was at one o'clock of the morning following the crime. The dogs ran the trail all over the city, as the thief had pursued a devious course, perhaps looking for other houses to enter. What makes this performance so remarkable is the fact that several hours had elapsed between the time the burglary was committed and the placing of the hounds on the trail. To add to the difficulty, the trail ran through streets where thousands of people had passed. Yet the keen-nosed brutes did not fail. They took their trainers along at a good speed, pausing now and then, but never losing the trail for more than a few minutes at a time. They even followed it into the passenger-depot, through which perhaps five thousand people had passed after the thief did. Leaving the station, they went through the railroad-yards, and finally ran the criminal down in a little hut on the outskirts of the city.

There is often a touch of the romantic in the cases on which the dogs work. Not long ago Dr. Fulton received a message to bring his best dogs to Colby, Kansas, as the matter needing their attention was one of life and death. Two hounds were at once sent to the place. A young girl had been the victim of an attempted kidnapping. While the family was absent, a young man had come to the house, overpowered the girl, and forcibly carried her away. After covering half a mile of ground, the young woman recovered sufficiently from her fright to make a desperate struggle for liberty. It was successful, for the abductor left her in a wheat-field and made his escape. When the young woman's relatives returned and found her missing, a search was immediately instituted. She was found wandering about in the field where the kidnapper had abandoned her, but the horror of the situation had rendered her temporarily insane. The hounds were taken to the wheat-field, and there took the scent. This was at two o'clock in the morning. They easily followed the trail, and at one o'clock the following afternoon reached Atwood, Kansas. The presence of the dogs caused some excitement, and business was suspended while the citizens of the town gathered on the streets to learn the reason for bloodhounds being sent into their quiet little city, and, incidentally, to see them work. The kidnapper was among those who turned out to watch the dogs, little thinking that they would be able to pick him out of the crowd. When the dogs stopped and sniffed at his clothing, a hand was placed upon his shoulder. "You are the man I want," said the sheriff, slipping a pair of handcuffs on the man's hands before the crowd realized what had happened.

When taken to the sheriff's office the man confessed, pleading that he loved the young woman and wished to make her his wife. She had, however, rejected his advances, and, becoming desperate, he conceived the idea of kidnapping her, under the belief that, after a few days, she would consent to become his wife.

The Fulton dogs are uniformly successful in their work. Still, as has been pointed out, they cannot work miracles. Of the last twenty-three cases which they have handled, the dogs have run down every trail, and in eighteen of these cases the offenders have been tried and convicted in the courts. This record clearly demonstrates what an invaluable aid they are to the officers of the law.

The dogs are not, as is generally believed, turned loose and allowed to proceed at full speed. This is not considered advisable, for they might, in their eagerness, distance their pursuers, and, coming up with their quarry, be killed; or on a long hunt they might work themselves to death if not restrained. They are, accordingly, worked on chains, the trainers following them on foot. In a hunt extending over two or three days, across difficult country, it is not an easy task to keep pace with the eager animals.

Bloodhounds are extremely intelligent. Those who own them contend that they can reason, and some of their performances seem to substantiate this. Dr. Fulton has one animal whose performances are little short of marvelous. This is Miss Columbia, sired by the famous Jack Shepard. Miss Columbia is always eager for a chase. When less than six months of age she was placed on a trail eighteen hours old, and ran it to a finish. While she has never yet failed to run down her man, she at the same time

apparently realizes that there is no use doing more work than is necessary. She is the only dog Dr. Fulton has which is allowed to work without a leash. When placed on the trail of an animal—a stolen horse, for instance—she will run it from the stable whence it was taken to the road. Here she will follow it for a short distance, until satisfied that the thief is pursuing the main highway. Then she will sit down and await the arrival of the buggy. The dog will ride until the buggy reaches the first crossing, when she will spring out, pick up the trail, and follow it, either straight ahead or around the turn, as the case may be, and then once more wait for the conveyance. She apparently reasons that a horse will keep in the road, and the only difficulty with which she has to contend is that it may turn off at some branch. So, without instructions, she leaves the conveyance and follows the trail until satisfied in which direction it leads, when she jumps into the buggy, to ride until the next cross-road is reached.



TREED.

It is very seldom that a bloodhound will forgive an intentional injury or an insult. Step on his toes accidentally, or otherwise carelessly inflict pain on him, and he will merely reproach you with his big, sad eyes, and bear no malice; but wilfully insult one, and it is better to keep out of the way ever afterward. Mr. Winchell, the Fair Haven, Vermont, breeder, relates an incident which occurred at his kennels, which will illustrate this characteristic. Rosemary, one of the most famous dogs in the United States, belonged to him. She was as affectionate as a child. One day the kennel-man, who had cared for her for over a year, and with whom she always had been on the most friendly terms, began painting the yard fence. Rosemary thrust her nose through an opening, and the man thoughtlessly jabbed the paint-brush into her nostrils. It was well for him that she could not reach him, for she was wild with rage, and from that day to her death she never forgave the insult. The sound of his voice would cause the hair on her back to become erect, and her eye to flash with indignation. He tried in every way to placate her, but without avail, and she died hating him as relentlessly as an Indian.

The bloodhound is much like a child in some respects: he loves to be petted, and is extremely jealous. If he does something wrong, he realizes it instantly. For such acts he is willing to suffer. He will take a reasonable amount of punishment without a whimper, but attempt to chastise him for something of which he is not guilty, or be unjustly severe for some slight fault, and he will fight for his rights instantly. He gives fair warning when he thinks he has borne sufficient punishment. If it is disregarded, he will attack his tormentor, no matter who he may be.

In gathering the data for this article, the writers had occasion to visit Dr. Fulton at Beatrice. To demonstrate thoroughly what his dogs were capable of doing, a mock man-hunt was suggested. Two of the younger hounds were chosen, and to make the task as difficult as possible, a young man whom the dogs had never before traced was engaged and sent away. He was given a good start, and a horse and buckboard were sent after him. He was instructed to proceed on foot for half a mile, then to take the wagon, ride for some distance, dismount, double on his trail, and use any other devices he might think of in order to puzzle the dogs. In justice to all concerned, it may be well to state that the trainer knew nothing concerning the instructions given the "fugitive." As the day was rather warm, and the writers were not used to following the hounds, the man was requested not to cover more than three or four miles.

Away he started, the buckboard following. When the party had been gone about half an hour, the two young dogs were brought out and given the scent from the young man's pocket-handkerchief. There was a sharp bay, and away they went, so rapidly that those

following had to break into a run. As the trail was fresh, there was no difficulty in following it. The dogs proceeded swiftly through the eastern part of the city of Beatrice, and then emerged into the open country. As they came to a barbed-wire fence with a wooden gate, they paused for an instant, and then went through. The trail had certainly been made as difficult as possible. The young man had made his way through a hedge, but the dogs followed as readily as though he were in plain sight. The men following the hounds suffered. When they emerged, their hands were scratched with the brambles, and they were perspiring freely. The trail was run into the cemetery, and after taking a devious course, again followed into the open. Along a well-traveled road the dogs went at headlong speed for perhaps one hundred yards, then they paused, looked puzzled, and whined.

"Here is where he got into the wagon," explained the trainer. "Find the man, pups! Find that man!" he added.

The dogs began working in a circle about the place where it was plain the buggy had stopped to allow the fugitive to enter, as the tracks of the wheels, where they had been cramped, were plainly visible in the dust. Around and around they worked, finally coming back again to the same spot, looking at their trainer as though asking what it meant. The only effort he made to assist them was again to order them to "find that man." After perhaps a minute's pause the older dog, with a slight bay, started down the road, following the track of the buggy at full speed. This was kept up for perhaps the space of three city blocks, when the animals again showed they were at fault. The trail had apparently stopped short. Without awaiting orders this time, the hounds again began working in a circle. First they made a little detour, then a larger one. On the third attempt the trail was again struck, some distance from the road. From this time on the fugitive went on foot, and the chase was easy. As it neared the end, the dogs became excited, but not once did they give tongue. They worked silently and steadily. After another sharp run through the outskirts of the city, the dogs led the way to Dr. Fulton's house, in front of which, in a tree, was found the man. The dogs sprang to the tree, trying to get at him.

"Come down, Jack," said the trainer. "Come down and let them get you."

While the writers were wondering whether the dogs would mutilate the lad so badly that he would need the doctor's services, he grasped a limb, swung free, and dropped. Instantly the dogs sprang upon him, but they did not offer to injure him in the least. They merely snuffed at his clothing, and then, satisfied that he was the right man and that he had been captured, they turned to the trainer and sat down, their eyes still bright, their tongues hanging from their mouths.

It was the first time these dogs had tried to trail a man from on foot to a buggy.

The explanation of the fact that they were at fault for an instant after following the track of the buggy was that the fugitive had stood up and jumped as far to the side of the road as possible.

The bloodhound makes a good, though a rather expensive, pet. Little children may play with him without danger, and as a watch-dog he has no superior. So watchful is he that he will not allow a stranger to enter the house after dark without permission from those occupying the premises.



THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A PLAYER.[1]

BY J. H. STODDART.

SECOND PAPER.



N reaching the Mobile company, then playing in Montgomery, Alabama (1858), I found Mrs. Stoddart delighted with the South. Humphrey Bland was the stage-manager, and Mr. and Mrs. George Pauncefort were the leading man and woman. The company was a good one. It was arranged that I should begin as *Max Harkaway* in "London Assurance." My wife brought the part to me, and with it a letter telling me of the death of my mother, a sufferer for years, without hope of recovery, from the dreadful malady of cancer. The letter told me how thankful she was to be released, and how, at the end, she had blessed her three sons and my father, who had stood by her bedside, and had desired her blessing to be conveyed to her "boys" in America, and while expressing the assurance that she knew the separation would be but brief, she passed away. A better woman was never called to a better place. Of course I had expected this news, and when I thought of her years of misery, I ought to have felt relieved that she had done with it all, but I could not feel so. I cried like a child, and it was in this state of mind that I had to take up my new character, and endeavor to learn the words for the following night—a breezy, laughing, jolly part, for which I was in but poor humor. Many actors have been similarly placed, and upon like occasions have had to take up a laughing part with a sad and heavy heart.

I have omitted to say that my father's coming to America, so late in life, proved to be a mistake. He played for a short time in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. He had acted with Miss Agnes Robertson, before she became the wife of Dion Boucicault, and, when a company was made up by Mr. Boucicault to play in New Orleans, my father was engaged in it. At the end of the New Orleans season he and my mother had returned to Liverpool. I never saw my mother again.

WITH EDWIN BOOTH IN BALTIMORE.

WE accepted an engagement for the next season with Mr. John T. Ford at Baltimore, and, in the meantime, went to Montreal for the summer. Mr. Buckland, who had managed the Montreal theater for many years, was accustomed to begin his seasons at the close of the theatrical season in New York. Buckland's season having ended, we returned to New York, and from there went to Baltimore to enter on our engagement with Mr. Ford. Edwin Booth was the first attraction. This was the first time I had ever met him, and I had the pleasure of acting with him afterward at the Winter Garden in New York. He played a long time in Baltimore that season, and I acted with him in all his plays. For a person so eminent and so greatly admired, he was the most gentle, unassuming, unostentatious man I had ever met. During this season I participated in an exceedingly interesting performance of "Richard III," with Edwin as *Richard*, and his younger brother, John Wilkes Booth, as *Richmond*. Both performances were superb. I shall never forget the fight between *Richard* and *Richmond*, in the last act, an encounter which was terrible in its savage realism.

Our season was nearly over when Mr. Dion Boucicault and his wife Agnes Robertson came. I was cast for important parts in all their plays, and, I suppose, must have acquitted myself satisfactorily, as Mr. Boucicault told me, toward the end of his engagement, of his intention to build a theater in New York, and offering to engage Mrs. Stoddart and me in his com-

[1] These extracts from Mr. Stoddart's manuscript do not even make mention of many characters which he has impersonated, or of many prominent artists with whom he has been associated. Their purpose is rather to produce an outline sketch of the actor's life and personality, suited to the limited space of two magazine articles.—EDITOR.

pany. Mrs. Boucicault, who had acted so much with my father, was kind to me during these days. On one occasion she said of me, in the hearing of Mr. Boucicault, "Mr. Stoddart is very good in this part, and he puts me in mind of his father." I thought it a great compliment. I had seen my father when he was acting with her in some of these pieces, and had admired his acting, not altogether, I hope, from the fact that he was my parent.

AN ATTEMPT TO BE SOMEBODY ELSE.

MR. BOUCICAULT caused me to feel a little less cheerful by remarking that, in his opinion, my principal fault lay in the fact that I was "always the same" in everything I did. "Stoddart," said he, "is always Stoddart." He then said that an artist, a true artist, should sink his personality, even leaving the audience in doubt as to his identity. There was some truth, I suppose, in his remarks regarding "Stoddart always being Stoddart," but, having been a stock actor all my life, and having, as a stock actor, of necessity played many different kinds of rôles, it was not very gratifying to be told that I turned up the same old six and eightpence on every occasion. I took this criticism to heart, and tried hard to metamorphose myself somewhat in accordance with it.

That my efforts at change, at least in my personal appearance, were not altogether successful, the following incident may serve to illustrate. At the old Union Square Theater, during the run of "Ferreol," in which I played *Martial*, a gamekeeper who has committed a murder, there is a fine trial scene, in which another person is accused of the crime. The gamekeeper, during this scene, is seated down the stage. He has not many words to say, but can, by looks and facial expressions, convey much to the audience. On the first night I put on a heavy beard. After the performance, Miss Ida Vernon, who had seen the piece from the front, said to me: "Oh, Mr. Stoddart, what did you wear that abominable beard for? It took away all your expression." The next night the gamekeeper was beardless.

Again, when we played "Alabama" at the Madison Square Theater, I was *Colonel Preston*. I remember discussing the matter with my wife and children one evening before the opening. "How do you think you will be in your Southern dialect?" said one. "Well, I don't know," I replied. "You know I have been in Mobile." "Well," said my son, "you can alter your face a little this time, anyway. As this character is a colonel and a Southerner, why not appear, for once, in a mustache?" And so I was persuaded to wear one, thinking that it would alter me and be much in character.

I made *Preston* a very old man, wearing a bald white wig and a heavy white mustache. Before the production I dressed at home, as was my custom, and presented myself, in costume, to my family. "By Jove!" said my son, "I should n't know you." I believed him, for I scarcely knew myself. Upon the opening night, and before the curtain went up, I had adjusted my wig and mustache, when Mr. Augustus Thomas, the author of the play, came into my room. "Ah, governor," he was just beginning, when he noticed my make-up. "Good Lord!" said he, "what have you got on your face?" I ventured to explain that my family were of the opinion, which had also lately become my own, that in every part I undertook I always looked the same, and that, "Alabama" presenting a favorable opportunity to alter my face a little, I thought it advisable to wear the mustache. Mr. Thomas would have none of it, and insisted that I should take it off, saying: "God bless you! the people want to see you just as you are." So off it came.

I have often seen one or the other of my associates thoroughly disguised in acting, so that recognition was difficult. I am afraid, though, I should have to change myself to a great extent before I could conceal my identity. It has been my good fortune to meet most of the really great men and women of my profession, and I recall that many of them had unmistakable mannerisms and marked personalities; some of them were wonderfully talented, but no one of them ever left the observer for a moment in doubt as to his individuality. So I have tried not to worry over the fact that I am so much like myself.

A REAL-ESTATE COMEDY.

I REJOINED Laura Keene in 1862. By this time we had saved a few hundred dollars, and, Scotsman-like, I had made up my mind, as soon as circumstances would permit, to try to buy a home for ourselves. Miss Julia Gould, a professional friend of my wife's, had bought land at McComb's Dam, near High Bridge, over the Harlem River, which at that time was far out of town. Here she had intended to build, but circumstances had prevented her doing so, and we

bought the property. I went to look at it, and was delighted with the location; I think I went to view it every day for several months, gloating over our new purchase, the site of our prospective home. There was an old woman living in a shanty on a lot next to ours, who was most anxious to sell.

After my mother's death my father had again come to America, and was living with us in Hudson street, at the corner of Leroy. Many and many a time we walked together to the High Bridge property, admired it, and then walked back. My father, in his sanguine way, would say: "Jim, if you can only raise enough money to secure that old woman's lot, you will have an ideal home, and I don't see why you cannot act, and live in it all the year round. The Eighth Avenue cars will take you a long way out, and then the walk for the rest of the way is trifling. I have n't forgotten my trade, my boy [father, it will be remembered, had been apprenticed to a carpenter], and I 'll assist in building your house." I had agreed with the old woman on a price for her property, my father had prepared a plan for a house, and we were very enthusiastic and confident. In a most cheerful frame of mind, away we went to select a site for the house.

My father had just finished pacing off the number of feet, when there appeared upon the scene an uncouth young person who said to my father, "Look here, old man, what are you doing?" My father said, "Jim, you had better talk to him." I endeavored to explain that it was our intention to build a small house, but he interrupted me with: "Yes, I have been watching you both bobbing around here for some time, and trying to get my mother to sell you her lot; but that lot ain't hers. It 's mine, and it ain't for sale. You will have a high old time if you try to put up any house near me. And if I find you and that old scalawag"—indicating my father—"coming around my mother, trying to get that lot away from me, I 'll put a bullet into the pair of you."

I do not remember our reply to this polite young gentleman, but I do recall that we lost little time in leaving High Bridge and its beautiful surroundings. My father, when we had reached Eighth Avenue, said, his views regarding the desirability of High Bridge as a residential district in the meantime having completely changed: "Jim, I don't think it will do. That fellow means what he says. Besides, it is really a long way out; I don't see how you could possibly act, and live so far from the theater." How characteristic of the man! Some years after, I sold the lots to Mr. Charles Hale, in those days a well-known actor.

ALL THE DELIGHTS OF A HOME.

I HAD, however, no intention of giving up the idea of acquiring a home. It so happened that one morning, soon afterward, we read in a newspaper an attractive advertisement, from which it appeared that a Mr. William Elton had purchased a portion of the estate of Gouverneur Morris, of the well-known New York family of that name. This he had laid out into lots, which he purposed selling on the instalment plan. He called his property "Wilton," and it comprised five or six acres of land, situated between One Hundred and Thirty-sixth and One Hundred and Thirty-eighth streets, and bounded on the east by what is now the Southern Boulevard and on the west by St. Ann's Avenue, then known as Cherry Lane. Through it, at that time, flowed a pretty little stream, which has now become Brook Avenue.

Mrs. Stoddart and I went out to see Mr. Elton. I thought myself in luck, he met us so pleasantly. I made known to him my plan, and was advised to take six lots in One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street. He would let me have them, he said, on the crest of the hill overlooking Port Morris, the cream of the property. Mr. Elton walked with us to show the lots. I do not think I had ever seen a more beautiful site. The time was spring; the roads and lanes were lined with cherry-trees, all in bloom. Gouverneur Morris's mansion stood on the right, and Mr. Crane's villa on the left, with the little St. Ann's Church near by. The Brother Islands showed in full view in the Sound. It was all very beautiful, and a sight long to be remembered. It was from here that we saw the *Great Eastern* after her first trip.

We lost no time in buying the property. I think we were to pay two hundred and fifty dollars per lot. As we had only one hundred dollars, Mr. Elton kindly agreed to accept that amount, and to receive the rest in instalments, giving us a little book in which he would credit the sums we should pay as the payments were made. This was in the spring of 1859. We went home rejoicing, and week after week I journeyed out to Wilton and gave Mr. Elton as much money on account as I could spare. My wife had a friend who had advised us to build, and he offered to meet the payments neces-

sary for that purpose as they fell due, taking a mortgage on the property as security. I availed myself of his kind offer, and made my contracts for building. I was to pay two thousand dollars for the work. I also made a contract to dig a well, at seventy-five cents per foot for excavating dirt and five dollars per foot if excavation should have to be made through rock. When the house was under way, and the first payment due, my wife's friend wrote to say that circumstances would make it impossible for him to advance the money as agreed, and at the same time word was sent to us that after digging out a few feet of earth the contractor had encountered rock in the well. Here was disappointment. I thought my second attempt to secure a home was not only a failure, but also that I should find myself deeply in debt. But "it 's a long lane that has no turning," and honesty of purpose usually comes out all right in the end.

On explaining our position to Mr. Elton, he told us to go ahead with our house, and that he would foot the bills. He did so, and thus in the spring of 1860 we were enabled to move into our new home.

I was happy in being able in a small way to repay Mr. Elton for his kindness, for I was instrumental in bringing others of my profession to Wilton. Milnes Levick bought property and built there, as did also Edwin Eddy, Mark Smith, Henry F. Daly, Mr. and Mrs. France, and others. I being the pioneer, Mr. Elton gave me the credit of bringing them all to his property. We lived in Wilton for seven years, part of my Winter Garden career, and a great part of the time while I was with Laura Keene and Mrs. John Wood.

The journey from the theater to my home was long, and in those days tedious. It took an hour and a half to reach Wilton by way of the Third Avenue street-cars, from Bleecker street to Harlem Bridge, which was of itself, in the old horse-cars, a long journey, added to which was the discomfort of frequently having to stand up all the way. On reaching the bridge, the worst of our journey was yet to come, for, there being no means of conveyance on the other side of the river, we had a walk of about a mile and a half before reaching our house. I thought very little of it at that time, but now, as I look back upon those days, I wonder how we ever accomplished the task. We had to face this journey in all sorts of weather. Mrs. Stoddart for a time was also obliged to endure a like hardship, but, as my position improved, we decided that it was better she should leave the stage, and so, thereafter, I trudged up and down the road alone. In all weathers, by moonlight, in darkness, in rain and snow, for seven years, I nightly pursued my pilgrimage to and from the theater. I was resolved that nothing should stand in the way of accomplishing my purpose of having a home of my own, and not being able to afford it in the city, this was the best thing I could do.

UP AND DOWN MANHATTAN ISLAND IN HORSE-CAR DAYS.

DURING this time I encountered two very disagreeable experiences. One was in the month of March, 1862. I was with Laura Keene, and one night there was a tremendous snow-storm. After the performance the storm had become so fierce and the snow so deep that no cars ran upon the Third Avenue line. I stood, with Charles Peters, James G. Burnett, and Miss Couldock, who all lived in Yorkville, at the corner of Bleecker street and Third Avenue, waiting, but in vain, for a car. At last we started to walk, hoping a car would overtake us; but none came, and we kept on until we reached Yorkville, looking as though we had arrived from the arctic regions. We saw Miss Couldock to her home, and Burnett and Peters did all they could to persuade me to remain with them until the morning. I knew, however, that my wife would be worrying about me, so I pushed on, and walked the remainder of the distance to Wilton. I arrived at home at four o'clock in the morning, and was a sight to behold. I had on a loose talma coat, which stood out as stiff as a board, and my hair and eyebrows were covered with ice. After having taken a glass of hot grog, I felt little the worse for my venture, although many people would think it an undertaking to walk from Bleecker street to One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street even on a pleasant day. The next morning the sun came out in all his glory, the sky cleared, and soon scarcely a vestige of the storm was to be seen.

On another occasion, during my stay at Wilton, while I was going home on a dark night, I heard footsteps approaching me from behind, a thing that always made me uncomfortable. I accelerated my speed, and so did the person following me. It was so dark and lonely that I did not know exactly what might occur, and I thought I would get rid of my pursuer by crossing to the

other side of the street. He dogged my footsteps, however, never speaking a word, nor did I, until we came to Cherry Lane and the burying-ground of St. Ann's Church. Then he crossed over to my side of the way and approached nearer. I must say I felt very creepy. He was tall, with a pale face, and he wore a slouch-hat, and had his arms crossed upon his breast, his hands in the inner pockets rattling something that sounded like keys. For some time he did not speak, but at last he said, "You are not afraid of me, are you?" I felt my hair gradually rising, but managed to say that, as I had never done any one any wrong, I ought not to fear. He then told me that he had been confined in an asylum, and that people thought him mad, but that he was not. I now made sure that the supposed keys were fetters. However, by this time I had reached my own gate, which, as I opened, he tried to enter. I succeeded in getting inside and closing the gate, but he still persisted in endeavoring to get in. I told him that he could not, as he would frighten my wife. "Ask her if I can't come in," he said. I eluded him, however. The door of the house was opened; I bolted in, and quickly fastened the door. For more than an hour he walked up and down on the piazza, to our great discomfort. My wife's brother, who was visiting us, and was a strong fellow who had been a number of years at sea, and therefore bolder than I was, volunteered to get rid of the intruder, and going out with a stout stick, drove him away. Next morning we learned that the houses of two of our neighbors had been broken into and robbed, and although we had no positive proof, we suspected that my road-companion was the burglar.

This was my early experience of Wilton. In time the place grew a little, Mr. Levick building next to me, Mr. Eddy below him, and Mr. France putting up a house, as did Mr. Daly. Mark Smith sold his lots. There were others of the theatrical profession who located there, and the place came to be known locally as "Actorsville." In the course of time my cottage became, in its modest way, a beautiful place. I planted trees and many shrubs and vines, and had a little orchard of dwarf pears, and a trellis of grapes around three sides of the house. Moreover, the position of itself was so rural that one could imagine one's self miles and miles from New York. My two little chaps were born here. The house stood on a hill overlooking the Sound, and, despite the long tramp from Bleecker street, I always felt well repaid for my fatigue on seeing the light in the window, which served as a beacon to guide me to the home I had struggled so hard to obtain and so greatly loved.

That I was the owner even of so modest an estate filled me with pride. I thought I should never leave it, but, ah, how little we know of the future! Mrs. Stoddart's health began to fail, and as the doctor told me that the salt air from the Sound was injurious to her, she suffering from asthma, I decided that we must leave the place. A person living at West Farms had taken a fancy to our property, and was anxious to purchase it. At first I scouted the idea, but as my wife's health was now the main consideration, I finally yielded and sold the place. We then returned to New York.

A HIT IN THE CHARACTER OF "MONEYPENNY."

I REMAINED with Laura Keene until she retired from the theater, and Mrs. John Wood became the new manager. After Mrs. Wood retired, Mr. Leonard Grover took possession of the house, and several members of the company continued with him, of whom I was one. Following "The Master of Ravenswood," Boucicault's drama of "The Long Strike" was produced. I had some disagreeable words with Mr. Grover, in consequence of his having cast me for the part of *Moneypenny* in this play. I had read the criticisms on the London production of the piece, and Mr. Emery, who played *Noah Learoyd*, was highly commended. As he occupied in London the same position that I did with Mr. Grover, that of character-actor, I considered that it was not proper for Mr. Charles Wheatleigh to play the part of *Noah*, for which he was specially engaged. I thought it unjust, and said so, but the manager would not alter his decision. After the first performance I was glad that he had not done so. In searching for some means of making the part of *Moneypenny* as effective as possible, I hit upon a nervous, crabbed, and fidgety way of playing it, that made the character stand out and did me more good, in the way of advancement, than anything I had previously done. Mr. Wheatleigh was capital as *Noah Learoyd*, and so it turned out that Mr. Grover knew better how to cast the play than I did.

"The Long Strike" was a success. McKee Rankin, James Ward, Charles Vandenhoff, and Kate Newton played in it, and contrib-

uted largely thereto. Our manager had arranged to bring in his opera company, and we had to give place. It so happened that Mr. Tilly Haynes, the proprietor of the theater in Springfield, Massachusetts, witnessed a performance of "The Long Strike," and being pleased with it, he sent a note to my dressing-room, inquiring if, on our closing in New York, we would bring the play to Springfield for a week. Our season at the Olympic having been brought thus abruptly to an end, we were all glad of this chance to prolong it, so we got together and agreed to start out on our own account, as a sort of commonwealth. We opened in Springfield, and played to fine business for a week. Afterward we visited all of the New England cities, making a long season, and returned to New York rather better off than if we had been employed there all the winter.

A COUNTRY HOME IN NEW JERSEY.

AFTER leaving Wilton, and in pursuance of my ruling passion, I had made another venture and bought a small farm near Rahway in New Jersey. I was still bent on having a country home, but this time we had decided on living in the city during the winter months. We had not resided long in the city when we lost our elder boy, and having an idea that had we remained in Wilton we might have escaped so great an affliction, and fearing that something similar might befall our other children, we determined to make the country our permanent home. We therefore took up our residence at "Avenel," as the farm was called, where we remained for twenty years.

I rejoined Mr. Wallack in 1867, remaining with him for seven years, and all that time living at Avenel. My opening part at Wallack's (the house afterward called the Star, and recently razed) was *Marall*, in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," in which E. L. Davenport was the *Sir Giles Overreach*—a masterly performance. When a youngster in Aberdeen, I had played *Marall* with Gustavus V. Brooke, and his performance made a great impression on me; but Mr. Davenport's impersonation, I think, was equally great with that of Brooke. Mr. John Gilbert played all the principal old men, and therefore I found myself allotted to a line of eccentric characters, splendid parts, but such as I never expected to be called upon to play. Some of them were *Acres* in "The Rivals," *Dr. Ollapod* in "The Poor Gentleman," and *Dr. Pangloss* in "The Heir-at-Law." Not having had the advantage of a classical education, I dreaded *Pangloss*, filled as it is with quotations from the dead languages; however, I obtained a letter of introduction to a skilled linguist, who coached me in the pronunciation and meaning of the Greek and Latin quotations, and, as no fault was found with my efforts, I presume I could not have been altogether bad.

I often wonder how I succeeded in mastering the words of all my parts. Living as I did in the country, I was a commuter on the railroad, and, during all the time, attended to my duties at the theater, including rehearsals, after which I went by street-car to the ferry for Jersey City, and then nightly by train to the station at Rahway, which was distant from my home about two miles. There my man would meet me, sometimes with a carriage, and at others, when the roads were bad, with an extra saddle-horse, on which I would ride home, often arriving there as late as two o'clock in the morning. And this I did for twenty years. Many of my associates at the theater frequently said that they would not go through such an experience for all the farms in Jersey. Alas! many of them are dead, and I scarcely need say that I am much alive yet.

AN EXCURSION INTO HORTICULTURE.

I HAD been so fortunate with my few pear-trees at Wilton that now, being in possession of about forty acres, the opportunity presented itself to go into it "big," and I resolved to do so. I read all sorts of agricultural literature—"Ten Acres Enough," and "Pear-culture for Profit," written by Mr. Quinn, who lived on Professor Mapes's old place at Waverly, New Jersey. I understood that Quinn had a splendid pear-orchard, and as pear-culture was my ambition, off I went to interview him. He took me through his pear-orchard, a grand sight, with thousands of trees all in bloom. I was enchanted. As Mr. Quinn was a theater-goer, he knew me, and I having told him of my ambition to become a pear-grower, and having asked his advice, he gave me good counsel as to what varieties to plant. I explained that it was my purpose, when the orchard became sufficiently remunerative, and I had reached the age of sixty years, to leave the stage, and to pass the evening of my days in attending to the marketing of my fruit, in communion with my family, and at peace with all mankind. Mr. Quinn thought my plan an excellent one, and advised me to plant only two

varieties of pears, the Bartlett and the Duchesse d'Angoulême, telling me that I could grow the latter as easily as potatoes, and that in the market they were worth five dollars a barrel. I was delighted and flew home to Mrs. Stoddart, growing enthusiastic over my interview with Mr. Quinn. She thought there might be something in it, but did not take the same rosy view of the matter that I did. It was her idea that I should plant a few at first, and see how they turned out. "Why, my dear," I said, "that would be of no use at all; it is the great quantity planted, and all coming into bearing at the same time, that is going to do the trick."

Mrs. Stoddart was always the treasurer, and seeing my anxiety, she fell in with my views, dear soul, as she always did, and surrendered what cash we had on hand available for my project. I ordered pear-trees by the thousands. We planted our orchard on a beautiful eastern slope, where we could overlook it from our veranda, and when all was completed, I surveyed the work with satisfaction, saying to my wife, "There, my dear; by the time I am sixty our orchard will be in full bearing, and then I need act no more." Ah, the fallacy of human hopes! At seventy-four I am still acting. The orchard—well, the orchard has gone.

I pitched in manfully every moment I could spare, and was always to be seen, hoe in hand, among my trees. Year after year it was my custom to leave the farm early in the morning for rehearsal at the theater, after which I would return home, remaining there only a short time, and again retrace my steps to the city for the evening's performance, closing my day's work by the midnight trip home again. I had by this time an important position in the theater, long parts in nearly every piece, and a frequent change of program. I have of late so often been nervous and ill at ease, in spite of having ample time for study and weeks of preparation in rehearsal, that I have wondered how I got through the work in those days under the circumstances that I have mentioned. Perhaps it was because I was then forty and in the prime of life.

TOO LATE AT THE THEATER.

IN all the years I lived upon my farm and took those long journeys, I never failed but once of being on time for duty at the theater. This was during the run of "Rosedale" at Wallack's, in which I was playing *Bunberry Cobb*, a part originally acted by Mr. George Holland. My train was on time, but something happened to the ferry-boat that caused us to flounder and float about in the North River. It got to be a quarter to eight, then eight, then half-past eight o'clock, and I was distracted. I rushed first to the captain, then to the engineer. "I am," I said, "an actor; I belong to Wallack's. Oh, can't you do something to get me ashore? My absence may interfere with the entire performance." The captain was too busy about his boat to listen to me. The engineer did, however, and laughed. We eventually reached Desbrosses street after half-past eight. As I found no car at the ferry-house, I ran all the way to Broadway, got into a stage, and finally reached the theater, at Thirteenth street. Charles Fisher and I dressed together, and we had a dresser known as "old Edward." Fisher was not acting, and Edward had neglected to report my absence from the theater, so that my cue to go on had been given, and I was not there. I was in my dressing-room, and all excitement, when Mr. Wallack came in and began to blow up poor old Edward for not reporting my absence from the theater. I interceded for him, saying that I alone was to blame. Mr. Wallack interrupted me by saying: "I won't say anything to you, Stoddart; I see the state you are in; but, d—n it, you should n't live in the country." I dressed and played the remainder of the part, and the incident closed.

Lester Wallack, like his father, conducted his theater on the most liberal principles. For a whole season James W. Wallack and E. L. Davenport were stock members, dividing the business, giving and taking, and all in the most agreeable way. Charles Mathews also played an entire season, and without more prominence being given to him than to the most minor member.

A lady of my acquaintance was talking to me, not long ago, about the old days at Wallack's, and of the plays produced there. She mentioned particularly Robertson's plays, saying she should never forget the performance of "School," the beauty of the stage setting, not so often seen then, with its rural landscape and fountain of real water, the young school-girls, etc. Then she went on to name the players in the cast, calling them all "dear." There was "dear Mr. Gilbert," "dear Mr. Fisher," "dear Owen Marlowe," and "dear Mrs. Vernon," "dear Mrs. Jennings," and "dear Effie Germon"; and there was Mr. Stoddart as the hateful old teacher *Krux*, who, she said, was not dear

at all. Ah, the old days and my old companions! I was glad to hear they were not forgotten by my friend.

A TWENTY YEARS' ENGAGEMENT.

WHEN I returned to New York after a luckless starring tour which began in the fall of 1873, I happened to go to the Union Square Theater to see "Led Astray." During the interval between the acts I met Mr. A. M. Palmer in the lobby, and he asked me if I had as yet had enough of starring. I told him that I had not found it profitable. "You had better come to me," he said. The result was that, after some discussion regarding terms, I was engaged as a member of the Union Square Theater Company, and the association thus begun lasted for nearly twenty years. It was thus that I dismissed the notion of being a star.

In this matter of starring, I often think how conditions have changed since the old days. It is not now so much the ability or the reputation of the aspirant for stellar honors which so much avails as it is the attractiveness of the play in which he appears —not so much the individual as the material in which he appears: now, as never before, "the play 's the thing." I suppose if I had been provided with a new and attractive vehicle for my venture the result might have been different. However, what I lost in dollars I have certainly made up in comfort. I have been enabled to remain almost constantly in New York, the haven for which we all strive; I have had the longest metropolitan career of any actor now upon the stage, and I have had the pleasure of being associated with the best companies; I have also served the best managers, from the elder Wallack to the present time; and, above all, I have been enabled to pass a long life at home, in domestic happiness. So, when I look backward to the beginning of my career in New York, I feel that I have much cause for gratitude as that career draws near its close.

THE ROMANCE OF A STAGE COAT.

I HAD been thrust into eccentric comedy with Wallack, and upon my advent in the Union Square Theater Company I was obliged again to change my line of business, for Mr. Stuart Robson was the comedian of the company, and therefore I was put on for character work. In the old days you had to try to make yourself like the part allotted to you, whether you were really suitable or not, so that my early training helped me at this time.

"Rose Michel" was the play in which I appeared at the Union Square. In this I was *Pierre Michel*, a character of the class known as "heavy villains." I told Mr. Palmer I thought the part somewhat out of my line, but he thought otherwise, and circumstances eventually proved that he was right, for I received much credit for my performance. I have an impression that I was largely indebted to the coat I wore for any success which I achieved. I had been told to order my dress, making my own selection. I described to the costumer what I wished, directing him to make a long gray coat which should reach down to my heels, explaining that my part was that of an old miser, and that I wished my dress, as far as possible, to convey the character of the man. So I said, "Make it loose and heavy, so that I can slip out of it in a second." He professed to know exactly what I wanted, and set to work to make the garment. When I received it I was disgusted. It was a clean modern overcoat, with a bright muslin lining. However, I determined to make it what I wanted, so I took it out to my farm and spoiled its beauty with Jersey mud. Mrs. Stoddart then tackled it, lined it with some heavy old material, jagged it with her shears, and then threw it into the cellar and made a mat of it until it was required. There is no difficulty in obtaining a handsome coat, but it is difficult to get one that will have the appearance of great wear and look old, moldy, and weather-beaten, such as was necessary for the miser *Pierre Michel*. When we got through with that coat it was all I could desire, and afterward it was much extolled when I used it in the play.

I sent my costume ahead from the country to the theater the day before our opening. We had no rehearsal, so I did not go in until evening. On reaching the theater, what was my consternation to learn that my clothes had not arrived! I was almost distracted; the overture was about to be rung in, and I had nothing to wear. I went to Mr. Palmer and explained my plight. He said: "Keep cool; don't excite yourself. You don't go on until the second act. Hunt it up. If nothing else can be done, some one must lend you a wig, and you must get what you can out of the wardrobe." The things had been sent by Adams's Express, and away I rushed to the company's office, some distance from the theater. There I was told that the packet had been delivered. I flew back to the

theater almost maddened. It was my first appearance in New York since I had left Wallack's. I had a new part and a new manager. I had played only comedy parts, and was now to appear in an entirely different character, so I was naturally nervous; and I had no costume. At the theater my costume was nowhere to be found. I tried the Morton House without success. I do not know what possessed me to look for it at the Union Square Hotel, but I did look for it there, and there I found it. The packet had been delivered at the wrong address by the express company—a mistake occasioned by the similarity of names. The porter at the hotel volunteered to send it to the theater for me, but, once having recovered it, I would not give it up, so I seized it, hurried to the theater, and luckily was able to get myself dressed in time. Mr. Palmer was glad to see me, and the company congratulated me on the recovery of my "props."

The play made a great hit, and my part went well, my reception being generous. And oh, that beautiful coat! It proved all that I could have wished. Before committing the murder I threw it from my shoulders, and it slipped down to the ground and lay at my feet like a bundle of old rags. Mr. Nat Goodwin, who afterward played imitations, gave an excellent one of the way I used to throw this coat from my shoulders during my performance.

A DRAUGHT OF KEROSENE FOR STAGE WINE.

MY contracts with Mr. Palmer at first were for a period of three years each. I think this arrangement was renewed three or four times, until Mr. Palmer said that he thought formal contracts between us were unnecessary, and so they were discontinued. I needed no written documents from him to the effect that he would do as he said: his word was enough for me. I always tried, during my long service, to be as honest and straightforward with him.

On January 23, 1878, "A Celebrated Case" was brought out. This was a notable production, and had a long and prosperous run. It enlisted the services of Charles Coghlan, Frank Hardenbergh, Parselle, Agnes Booth, Linda Dietz, Sara Jewett, and Mrs. G. H. Gilbert. I played *Sergeant O'Rourke*. I have reason to remember this character. In the prologue I had a scene with Mrs. Booth, who played the wife of *Jean Renaud*, the hero, in the course of which she was supposed to give me, as the *Sergeant*, a cup of wine, which I had to swallow. It so happened that the property-man had been using kerosene on the stage during the day, and had left the bottle containing that liquid upon the dresser, where Mrs. Booth was in the habit of finding the drink for the *Sergeant*. During the business she poured a full cup from this bottle, handed it to me, and I swallowed the contents at a gulp. "O Lord!" I said, as I received the potion. "What have I done?" said Mrs. Booth, under her breath. I could only gasp out, "Kerosene," and made a hasty exit. For almost a week every one avoided me, owing to the presence of the noxious fluid. I drank such a quantity that the odor and taste remained with me until I thought I should never be rid of it. Otherwise it did me no injury, and my physician even said that it did me good.

COURTESY FROM THE PULPIT.

"DANIEL ROCHAT" was produced October 15, 1880, and ran until December 14. Thorne in the title rôle and Miss Jewett as *Leah* each contributed a notable performance. The other parts afforded fine opportunities, and were well played by the principal members of the company. This play, which is religious in its character, concerns itself with the struggle between the disciple of agnosticism, *Daniel Rochat*, and the Christian faith depicted by *Leah*, and it caused considerable discussion among clergymen as well as laity. We performed it in San Francisco, and when there the rector of Grace Church and the members of his vestry came to see it. I forget the clergyman's name, but we all received invitations to attend his church on the Sunday following his visit to the theater. These invitations were addressed, not to us by name, but to the characters we represented, mine, I remember, reading, "To *Dr. Bidache*," which was my name in the play.

I availed myself of it, as he said in his note that it was his intention to make a few remarks by way of comment on the play. After hearing him I was glad that I had attended. He spoke of the great literary merit of the play, and how ably the argument between the Christian and the free-thinker was handled by the author. He also drew our attention to what each had done for the benefit of the world. The agnostic's religion claimed, he said, to benefit his fellow-men. He then went on to point out that all institutions of a charitable nature every-

where were undoubtedly the work of the Church, and owed their life and origin to Christianity, which is truly the case. He concluded by saying that he was almost as much interested, when at the theater, in the demeanor of the spectators as in the performance itself, and was much gratified to notice that all the approbation and all the sympathy of the people were gained by the Christian girl. His remarks laid such hold on me that on every future occasion when I visited San Francisco I regularly took my place in Grace Church.

HOW MANSFIELD WON FAME IN "A PARISIAN ROMANCE."

"A PARISIAN ROMANCE" was produced on January 10, 1883. *Baron Chevrial*, a striking and peculiar part, has since become well known as one of Mr. Richard Mansfield's strong impersonations. The peculiar attributes of the part caused Mr. Palmer some doubt, for a time, as to a correct and judicious cast for it. Mr. Mansfield had been engaged, but as he was comparatively untried in legitimate work, his position in the theater was thought to be a minor one. After the reading of the play, the company were unanimous in their opinion that "A Parisian Romance" was a one-part piece, and that part the *Baron;* and all the principals had their eye on him. After some delay and much expectancy, the rôle was given to me. I was playing a strong part in "The Rantzaus," and my friends in the company congratulated me upon the opportunity thus presented of following it up with so powerful a successor. Miss Minnie Conway, who was a member of the company and had seen the play in Paris, said that she thought the *Baron* a strange part to give to me. "It 's a Lester Wallack kind of part," she said.

This information rather disconcerted me, but I rehearsed the part for about a week, and then, being convinced that it did not suit me, I went to Mr. Palmer and told him I felt very doubtful as to whether I could do him or myself justice in it. He would not hear of my giving it up, saying that he knew me better than I did myself; that I was always doubtful, but that he was willing to take the risk. He also read a letter which he had received from some one in Paris, giving advice regarding the production, in which, among other things, it was said that *Baron Chevrial* was the principal part, that everything depended on him, and that "if you can get Stoddart to look well in full dress, he is the man you must have play it."

I left Mr. Palmer, resolved to try again and do my best. Mr. Mansfield was cast in the play for a small part, and, I discovered, was watching me like a cat during rehearsals. A lot of fashion-plates were sent to my dressing-room, with instructions to select my costume. As I had hitherto been, for some time, associated with vagabonds, villains, etc., I think those fashion-plates had a tendency to unnerve me more than anything else. So I again went to Mr. Palmer and told him I could not possibly play the *Baron*. "You *must*," said Mr. Palmer. "I rather think Mr. Mansfield must have suspected something of the sort, for he has been to me, asking, in the event of your not playing it, to give it to him. I have never seen Mr. Mansfield act; he has not had much experience here, and might ruin the production."

At Mr. Palmer's earnest solicitation I promised to try it again. I had by this time worked myself into such a state of nervousness that my wife interfered. "All the theaters in the world," said she, "are not worth what you are suffering. Go and tell Mr. Palmer you positively cannot play the part." Fearing the outcome, I did not risk another interview with my manager, but sought out Mr. Cazauran and returned the part to him, with a message to Mr. Palmer that I positively declined to play it.

The result was that Mr. Mansfield was put in my place; he rehearsed the part next day, and, with only a brief time for study and few rehearsals, made his appearance in it on January 10, 1883. The result is well known. His success was instantaneous and emphatic, so much so that, from then until now, *Baron Chevrial* has remained one of his strongest embodiments. Mr. Palmer was delighted, and I consoled myself with the thought that my refusal of the part had proved not only far better for the interests of the production, but was also the immediate cause of giving an early opportunity to one who has since done much for the stage.

IN RECOLLECTION OF CHARLES COGHLAN.

OUR next season at the Union Square began with Bartley Campbell's play called "Separation," a good production and a long run. During this season Mr. Palmer went abroad, and the firm of Shook & Collier, composed of Sheridan Shook and James W. Collier, took possession of the theater. They retained

it for nearly two seasons, but were not as successful as they deserved to be. Sheridan Shook had been long associated with the theater. He was a straightforward, good-hearted man, bluff and without polish, but generous to a fault, and many were beholden to him for frequent kindnesses that have never become known. It was my privilege to be intimately acquainted with him in those days. When "Separation" had run its course Mr. Coghlan left the company, and it was our last professional meeting. I do not know that I ever met an actor that I admired more. During the run of "A Celebrated Case" I had frequent long talks with him. He was kind enough to speak well of my efforts on more than one occasion. I knew he was sincere, so regarded it as a compliment. "Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed."

I remained with Shook & Collier until they gave up the theater, in 1884. In the meantime Mr. Palmer had returned to America and resumed the management of the Madison Square Theater, in Twenty-fourth street. He had arranged with Mr. Henry Arthur Jones to bring out his play of "Saints and Sinners." He sent for me and offered me an engagement, which I accepted, as I had ascertained from Mr. Shook that he meant to retire from the theatrical business; so I signed a three years' contract with Mr. Palmer for the Madison Square Theater Company.

A HUMOR OF THE DOUBLE STAGE.

THE Madison Square Theater at that time was fitted with a practical or double stage, the invention of Steele Mackaye, which worked upon the elevator principle. As each act ended, one stage descended and the other, that had been set for the next act, came down and took its place, thus obviating the necessity of long waits. One evening, during the most pathetic scene of the play, that in which the minister hears of his daughter's flight, when I was plunged in the deepest grief—by some mistake of the carpenter, the stage upon which we were acting began to descend, and it continued to do so until only my head and shoulders were visible to the audience. I kept up my grief, however, until the mistake was rectified, and by the time I had reached the climax the stage was in its proper position. Of course the seriousness of the situation was done for. The other members seemed to enjoy it all from the wings quite as much as did the audience; I think I was the only one who did not see the joke.

STALLED IN THE GREAT BLIZZARD.

WE produced a very pretty play called "Heart of Hearts" at the Madison Square on January 16, 1888. I had a long and very good part in it. I remember this play more vividly than any other of my experience, for it was played in the year of the great blizzard. I was living at the time on my farm in New Jersey, and on a Monday afternoon, in the height of the great storm, I left home for the theater, some hours before my usual time, fearing difficulty in reaching the city. The snow, however, was so deep, and the sleet and snow were drifting in such a furious and blinding manner, that I could scarcely see a rod before my face, and the cold was intense. I had a splendid, strong man with me who had been a Danish soldier and feared nothing. We started for the station at Rahway, two miles away, in a two-wheeled cart, thinking that the best sort of vehicle to get through the drifts. We had proceeded only a short distance when, in plunging through the drifts, the shafts of the cart broke short off. Nothing daunted, we returned to the stables, and directing the man to saddle two of my horses, I determined to endeavor to get through on horseback. So mounting, we started a second time. The drifts of snow were up to the horses' shoulders, but being strong animals, they plunged through it for some distance, until, reaching the house of a farmer, about half-way to the village, the animals gave up and could go no farther. I cannot begin to describe the difficulties and the pain we suffered. I wore a huge comforter about my shoulders and face, and that, together with my gloves, and in fact all my garments, were as stiff as a board with ice and snow. The horses being completely fagged out, we were obliged to put them into the farmer's stable.

As I was determined, however, to reach the theater at all hazards, I directed my man Hans to remain with the horses at the farmer's until he could get them home again, and I started alone to reach the railway-station on foot. I will not try to describe my difficulties on the way. The distance was about three quarters of a mile. I was frequently up to my waist in drifts of snow, holding on to the top of the picket-fences as I crawled along. Finally I reached the village and the railway-station, only to find

that all travel by rail had stopped. The telegraph wires were all down, and communication with the city was therefore cut off; so I could do nothing. I went to the hotel, where I remained for two days, being able to reach neither the city nor my home, and when at last I reached New York I could scarcely recognize it. Broadway looked like the arctic regions, with its mountains of snow, which in many places were tunneled, and fires built underneath to get rid of the enormous drifts. The theater was closed one night, so I missed only one performance of "Heart of Hearts," and reported for duty the third day after the storm.

About this time I made up my mind that amateur farming and fruit-growing were not the most rapid way of obtaining fortune, so I parted with my farm. My pear-orchard had proved sadly disappointing; but anticipation of a better result was for many years a fruitful source of pleasure. My love for the country has, however, never diminished; but I am contented to indulge it upon a smaller scale, so even now I may be seen wending my way to Sewaren, another home place in New Jersey, where I have—at least I think so—a charming cottage overlooking Staten Island Sound, of course a garden, a yacht, and dear friends with whom I hope still to pass many pleasant days.

On February 3, 1892, "The Broken Seal" was produced. It had been played by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, in London, under the title of "The Village Priest," and I believe successfully. It did not fare so well in America. It was in this play that Miss Julia Arthur made her first appearance with the company, and it was also the occasion of the first appearance of Mr. James K. Hackett in a part of any prominence on the professional stage, although as an amateur he had been well known for some time.

In April of this year, and during the run of this play, I received the saddest blow of my life, in the death of my dear wife, and my necessary absence from the performances gave to Mr. Hackett an opportunity which he much desired, for he was put in my place.

On New Year's eve of 1894 the drama of "The Fatal Card" was produced at Palmer's Theater. I was loaned for this production by Mr. Palmer. I had heard rumors that Mr. Palmer would give up his theater and that he would retire from management, so I sought an interview with him, and found that the reports were true. Mr. Palmer told me that he found it impossible now to secure new and attractive material for his theater, and so thought it better to withdraw. He had been my manager for more than half of my American career; during all this time he had been uniformly kind and generous with me, and however great his regret may have been in parting with me, I am sure it could not exceed mine in saying good-by to him.

A LOVING-CUP.

THE following season I was engaged by Mr. Charles Frohman to play *Joe Aylmer* in the original production here of "The Sporting Duchess." During its run at the Academy of Music, Mr. Henry Mann, the business manager, came into my dressing-room one evening, and informed me that Mr. Frohman and my associates contemplated presenting me with a loving-cup, and wished to ascertain from me a few facts about my career, how long I had been on the stage, and so on. As I have never forgotten my début in "The Rent Day," when I was five years old, I told Mr. Mann that I had been sixty-three years on the stage. "Good Lord, man," he said, "how old are you anyway?" Of course I explained that I was not actually as old as the statement would seem to indicate. The episode of the presentment of the cup was an unexpected compliment. Mr. Frohman's kind consideration in having my old manager Mr. Palmer make the speech of presentation, and his invitation to all the ladies and gentlemen of the various theaters to meet on the occasion, and my old manager's complimentary remarks upon our long association, together with Mr. Jefferson's kind gift inscribed "For Auld Lang Syne," are incidents in my life which will never be forgotten.

"BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH."

DURING my engagement with Mr. Charles Frohman, a friend of long standing had been reading with a great deal of pleasure the tales of Ian Maclaren, and was particularly interested in "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." He came to see me at my cottage at Sewaren, and said: "Mr. Stoddart, before you end your theatrical career I want to see you play old *Dr. MacLure*. He is a great character." I told him I thought it would be difficult to get Dr. Watson's consent to having his stories put into dramatic form and produced. "Oh," said my friend, "I know MacArthur of the 'Bookman.' He 's a Glasgow chap and a friend of Dr. Watson's, and I am sure he can arrange it." But MacArthur, like myself, thought that Wat-

son, being a Scotch minister, would scarcely consent to having his stories reproduced for theatrical purposes. My friend was persistent, however, and at length prevailed upon MacArthur to write to Dr. Watson, and we were all surprised and delighted at receiving his reply. It was to the effect that if the story could be dramatized effectively and well, he had no objection. On receipt of this letter, MacArthur, in conjunction with Tom Hall, set to work and produced a manuscript, which, when completed, MacArthur brought out to my cottage and read to my daughter and me. We liked it. It read well.

It was the intention to make *MacLure* the prominent character of the piece, and the part was written for me. And he certainly is the most delightful person in the story; but in the play he lacked situation, and the dramatic worth of *Lachlan Campbell*. I told the authors so, and for some time it remained a disputed question which of the two parts I should play, which was settled only by my refusal to play the *Doctor*. Since its production, I feel that I did not err in my judgment. It was pointed out to me, and I realized the truth of the remark, that during my long career I had wept over many daughters that had proved disobedient and sometimes worse; in fact, one of my friends, quite an admirer, had said: "Poor Mr. Stoddart! I never see him act but he is heartbroken over the misconduct of some wayward and disobedient child. The last time I saw him, in 'The Sporting Duchess,' he was in a most forlorn condition regarding the fate of his daughter *Mary Aylmer;* and the time before he was completely upset at the imprudent behavior of his child in 'Saints and Sinners.'"

A little of "the same old man again," I confess, but I console myself with the reflection that in my time I have played so many rogues and vagabonds, with quite a sprinkling of cutthroats and murderers, that as I near the end of my professional life it would be prudent to make my final bow in something of a more respectable nature. Besides, *Lachlan Campbell* is not altogether a sympathetic or lovable person; before his transformation he is quite the reverse.

I had that fact brought home to me in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. One of the stagehands, watching the progress of the piece, was highly incensed when in the second act I erase my daughter's name from the Bible and forcibly eject her from the house. "Oh, the old devil!" said he to one of my associates. "Them religious fanatics are the worst. I 'd like to knock the old villain on the head.' In the third act, when *Lachlan* sorrows over the loss of his child, he found a better place in that critical gentleman's esteem, and at the end of the piece, where he takes his daughter lovingly in his arms, was heard to exclaim, "The old man is not so bad, after all."

"The Bonnie Brier Bush" I regard as a pretty little play. It is a simple story, and its atmosphere is peculiarly congenial to me, reminding me of that part of Scotland (Perthshire) wherein its scenes are laid, and where as a boy I began my career as an actor. And if *Lachlan Campbell* is to be my last effort, what better vehicle than "The Bonnie Brier Bush," which reminds me so lovingly of the beginning of it.

THE OLD TIMES AND THE NEW.

I HAVE been frequently asked for my opinion regarding the relative merits of performances and performers of the present day as compared with those of the old times. In fact, very recently a friend said to me: "Mr. Stoddart, you are an old-timer; I remember you when you used to be at the Broome Street Theater with Wallack. Why can't we have such performances and such companies nowadays?" I was unable to make a satisfactory reply. I endeavored, however, to explain that, although my long experience and my age truly classified me as an old-timer, yet as I had been in harness continually since 1854, trying always to keep abreast of the times and the younger element, and as far as possible to avoid being considered antiquated, I scarcely thought myself a proper judge. The scenical part is now much better than in the old days. The same old stock scenery, formerly used year after year, would be looked upon as a poor apology in these days of grand stage sets. The same advancement has been made in incidental music, and in fact in all the details connected with the conduct of the theater.

To those, however, entering the theatrical profession, I say that I think the old system immeasurably better than that of the present time. As in all occupations it is well to be grounded in the rudimental portions of the work, so no less does this rule apply to the theatrical profession. There was no royal road to position in the old days, but most people had to begin at the bottom of the ladder and gradually ascend it; and if one never climbed very high, yet the very strife and endeavor of itself gave to him that re-

pose, that ease of deportment, essential in the actor. Such discipline was formerly deemed necessary, and if, after submitting to it, you were not found particularly brilliant, you were at least experienced, which sometimes means much.

In reviewing my career I see much to condemn, but, as an old-timer, having to try to keep pace with my younger companions, and thus to assume many parts of a varied character, it is scarcely to be expected that I should have proved satisfactory in all. I think, however, I can in all truthfulness assert that to whatever has been allotted to me I have endeavored always to bring sincerity of purpose, and whether good, bad, or indifferent, have tried to serve the public to the best of my ability. Upon the eve of a new production I have often left home muttering over the words of some long part, and very doubtful as to the result of my efforts, and on my return my wife—who I think was really more nervous for me than I for myself—would say, "Well, how did you get on?" And if I answered, as I frequently did, that I feared I had not done very well, "Nonsense!" she would say. "How did your part go with the audience?" When I would reply that I had received a good deal of applause, "Then, dear," she would add, "you are all right."

And it is that thought of being all right with the public, that kind consideration and indulgence on its part under all circumstances, ever lenient toward my faults and quick to show appreciation of any merit I might possess, that has ever been my main support during a career of many years. So I said to my friend that although I endeavored to avoid being what is known as stilted or stagy, yet the old times, the many brilliant comrades who have left me behind, and the old days must ever hold the first place in my recollections.

Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.



WAITING FOR THE RING.

A MONOLOGUE.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

SCENE: *A lady's sitting-room.*
TIME: *The present.*

(*The lady is discovered. She speaks.*)

OH, how silly he did look! How *silly* he did look! A great, broad-shouldered young fellow like Raymond to get down on his knees before little me, and to beg that (*imitating*) he might call me his own! And yet it was lovely of him, too. So many of them— (*Breaks off abruptly, with a reminiscent smile.*)

I do like romance; it does make books seem so real. Why, when I was listening to Raymond it was just like getting to that delicious last chapter where all the love-making comes, without any of the trouble of wading through the horrid descriptions and character-stuff. Not that I do read much of that, anyhow. Those writing-persons could save themselves an awful lot of work if they knew what *I* read of their old books. Of course you have to gallop through some of it—enough to know whether the hero is tall and dark and raven-haired, and kind of melancholy grand, you know, or whether he 's the blond Hercules kind, that is going to have

things his own way because he 's big and strong and fighty—like Raymond.

I must say it 's nice to have a good strong man around the house. I 'd just hate to marry a smart young man with a bulging forehead who could n't shove the piano around when you wanted it put into the middle of the room for a musicale or an afternoon tea. Raymond has just elegant shoulders! I saw a prize-fighter once, and I believe his coat would have fitted Raymond without a bit of making over.

And to see a man like that on his knees before you!—well, it 's like a novel, or a play. It gives you thrills—don't you know? I remember one play where the hero—it was elegant Fitzmorrice, the one all the girls went wild over the year I came out—where he used to propose to the heroine just after he 'd thrown the blacksmith out of the window. That was a scene, I tell you! I wish I could act like Fitzmorrice. (*Lowering her voice and imitating.*) "Miss Radcliffe—Blanche!—forgive me for this act of violence in *your* presence. Alas! I fear that you will think me a ruffianly fellow, coarse and insensitive to the higher, nobler—" (*Breaks off, and resumes her own voice.*) Why, when Raymond got down on his knees this afternoon I could n't get Fitzmorrice out of my head for a moment. It was just like a play. Oh, I wish he 'd do it all over again! What a good idea!—maybe he would, if I refused him. And next time I could do my own part ever so much better. I acted like a little fool, I really did. Just think of my saying—I blush when I think of it, but I really did n't think then, and I said (*laughs hysterically*)—I said, "This is so sudden." How I came to be such a ninny I don't know; but I suppose it was reading it so often in newspaper jokes. He must have thought me a regular fool. For it was n't so specially sudden, you know; rather slow than otherwise. The idea of his asking me if I had seen the conservatory! Why, it *is* a proposal to ask a girl to visit the conservatory with you. No man would ever go so far as *that* unless he had the most serious intentions.

In fact, when we got there, we found that odious Miss Anderson showing the orchids to Van Sutphen, who knows about as much about orchids as he does about—well, about anything. So then Raymond had to ask me whether I knew what a pretty view there was from the billiard-room, and then we had to drop all the pretty things we had thought up about flowers, and get ready to talk about landscapes. When we reached the billiard-room, there was a couple in each window, and Raymond was so mad I heard him say something sudden to himself.

I think it 's only fair to help a man sometimes—if it 's the *right* man, of course; and so then I asked whether he did n't think it would be pleasanter out on the glassed-in piazza. You should have seen the poor boy's gratitude; you would have thought he was a shipwrecked mariner, perishing for a glassed-in piazza. So off we went, neither of us saying a word, for *he* was thinking what he 'd say, and I was wondering whether we 'd run into any more of the people about the house.

It was really funny, but when we opened the door to go outside, we saw one of the maids sweeping, and we had to go back again.

"It 's really too chilly to go outside," I remarked; and Raymond said he thought so too, and when, in despair, I led the way to the library, he followed like a lamb. I did n't say a thing. It was too absurd! When I build my house, I shall have a proposing-room for young lovers, and it shall always be ready.

There was nobody in the library, but we had been so bothered that Raymond was in no mood for proposing just then, and so we sat down before the fire and talked about books and things. I believe he asked me whether I was fond of reading, and I told him that it depended. Of course there were some books I liked, and some I did n't. And he said that it was queer, but that he was just like me in that, and he liked some books a great deal better than others, and others not so well. Then I said I thought as he did, and that some girls seemed to read anything that came along. He said he liked Thackeray, and I asked whether he did n't think Thackeray was a little cynical at times; and from that we began to talk about love-stories. He said he used to think them silly, but that was before—before he met me! So then I asked him what difference that made, and then he was fairly started.

Oh, the silly things that boy said! But when he fairly went down on his knees to me, then I knew it was *real*.

So now we 're engaged, I suppose, though I can't realize it. When I put on the ring—oh, I do think an engagement ring is just the very sweetest thing in the whole wide world! (*Bell rings.*) Here it is, I 'm sure.

CURTAIN.

THE OVERLOOKING OF HEFFY.

A STORY OF THE POSTAL SERVICE.

BY LUCY BAKER JEROME.

SAUNDERS was undoubtedly a bully by temperament. He realized it dimly at times himself, his friends realized it at all times, and the outside world suspected it. Big, bluff, and powerful, he was probably nearer a cowboy's idea of incarnadined virtue than any other ideal.

His superiors in the office liked him, but they feared his tongue, which ran on oiled wheels when there was mischief to be done. His fellow-employees in the postal service found his supine indifference to all interests save his own tiresome; and his inferiors either worshiped him from afar or hated him cordially at the same distance, according to the strength and tendencies of their respective temperaments. This last Saunders returned with interest.

There was one "sub" in particular whom he hated for his meek submission to the series of evils that Saunders had, in some mysterious way, managed to accumulate about him. The sub's name was Heffmeyer, "Heffy" for short; but Saunders, more ingenious than the rest in devising torments, had bestowed upon him the sobriquet of "Longlegs," and perceiving at once that it cut, had taken pains to bestow it frequently. The sub was undersized, had a long, thin body supported by a pair of wide, chunky legs, and hence the appellation.

He was a faithful little fellow, not overburdened with brains or with education, but he had a heart as big as his body was small, wrote a hand like copperplate, and was trusted implicitly by the entire office, from the postmaster down to the colored porter who swept the floors. His first appearance in the registry department had been during one of the regular rush seasons, and the other clerks, knowing his capacity for hard work, had hailed his advent with unmixed joy.

Toward the end of November the yearly rush began. Crowds of eager package-senders besieged the post-office from morning till night, and the force of overworked clerks within had all they could do to handle the immense amount of matter that came rushing through the mails like resistless torrents. Heffy, at his post, checked fourteen hours a day. Saunders, with the perspiration streaming down his face in the middle of winter, wrote and entered, stamped and billed, with inexhaustible energy, and an intermission of ten minutes for lunch. The other clerks were on the edge of nervous prostration; for the holiday trade and the numberless registered letters and packages, containing gifts and sums of money, sent the record of the registry staff well up into the thousands daily. The responsibility at this season was greater than usual, and the strained, anxious faces of the clerks showed it. An error in despatching was a thing almost impossible to avoid, and Hazeltine, billing New York straights and foreigns one afternoon, paused a second to draw his hand wearily across his aching eyes.

"Take a rest, old man," suggested Barton. "You need it."

The suggestion met with no response, but Hazeltine rose, and going to the water-cooler behind the opposite table, took a long draught. As he passed around his own desk on his return, his trained glance, falling on the open ledger, detected, as if by instinct, a New York straight billed in among the New York foreigns. Instantly realizing his error, he hastily laid the letter in question, No. 1704, as he noted at the time, to one side, and continued billing the New York foreigns. Five minutes afterward some one spoke to him, and Hazeltine never thought of the New York straight again till two o'clock that morning, when he sat upright in bed with a start, and, holding his aching head between his hands, tried hard to reflect what he had done with it.

He remembered laying it aside, but there his memory failed him. It had probably gone on to Europe, he thought grimly. He had not noticed whether the letter was an important one or not; but, under these cir-

cumstances, he said crossly to himself, it would certainly turn out to be the most important one that had ever passed through that office. These reflections occupied him fully till the clock struck four, when, having remembered that the bill for the fourteen New York straights in that particular package would not be returned for eleven days, and that he would have time to think, he turned over and slept.

He would not have slept as calmly as he did had he known that the letter causing him all this trouble was at present reposing snugly under Saunders's buttoned coat. Apparently unseen by all save Saunders, it had slipped to the floor, and been hastily picked up by him, with the intention of playing a practical joke on the unfortunate Hazeltine. He had meant only to give Hazeltine a good fright, and to restore the letter in ample time for the closing of the New York mail; but since he had decided, impulsively, upon playing this stupendous joke, it had seemed as if every eye in the office were fixed upon him. It had been Saunders here and Saunders there the whole afternoon, and yet Saunders had not found courage to take from his pocket that unfortunate letter, which, he really felt, burned him like fire.

"If it only was n't a registered letter," he thought angrily. It contained money, of course, and the whole office knew it. If he should restore it to Hazeltine now, how could he tell that Hazeltine would believe his story? In fancy he saw the growing look of uncertainty and disbelief on the familiar faces. He read doubt and suspicion in their eyes. What a fool he had been, he said to himself, with a rapidly growing conviction of the complete idiocy of his attempted joke. How could he have dreamed of running such a risk! He felt that he hated Hazeltine, the innocent cause of it all. He hated everybody. If he could only get away and think! The clash of a closing door aroused him from this morose brooding, and a second later the clatter of a wagon rattling over the cobblestones told him that his chance had gone with the closing of the New York mail. He heaved a sigh of relief. By to-morrow Hazeltine would certainly have the letter, and the whole absurd affair be ended. He looked up quickly at the sound of his name. "Telegram for you, Saunders! Here!" And a dozen hands passed the yellow slip along. He tore it open, and the one line stood out in inky blackness before his eyes: "Your wife is very ill. Come home at once."

For three days and nights Saunders scarcely left his wife's bedside. The one thing on earth on which he had not exercised his bullying proclivities was the frail personality of his wife, whom he really loved. Isabel Saunders was Scotch, and although not inheriting the robust frame of her race, her physical weakness served only to offset the moral rigidity of her character. She had certainly never done a wrong thing in her life, and it was hardly conceivable that she had ever even thought one. Her husband's jovial, easy-going ways had been as a thorn in her flesh since the early days of their marriage, now some six years ago. Calvinistic and doctrinal to the last degree, Saunders had found in her a stay and balance-wheel which kept him, like a pendulum, from swinging too far. Her nature was the opposite and yet the fitting complement of his, and these few anxious days had made Saunders's face look strained and haggard as he rose to greet the old doctor, who just then entered the room.

The doctor saw his anxiety and hastened to relieve it, his kind, rugged face beaming with pleasure.

"She 'll do nicely now, Mr. Saunders. I 'm thinkin' the crisis is past, and that the lassie will be here yet for many years."

Saunders choked. Giant as he was, the tension had been hard for him, and, without speaking, he wrung the old doctor's hand.

"She 'll need every care yet awhile, man, and if ye could take her to some wee bit place near the sea-shore, where the salt breeze—"

"Yes, of course, Dr. MacIntyre, it must be managed someway. I know the very place, and you 'll run down and see us there?"

The closing door cut the doctor's assenting promise in two, and Saunders, knowing that his wife was sleeping and that the nurse was with her, turned into the tiny parlor and sank wearily upon the nearest chair.

Go to the seaside! Yes, but how? All the difficulties and perplexities of the situation rushed on him in a formidable array. He had married on a small salary, and all of his wife's steady thrift had failed to check his improvident habits. "Some day," he often repeated, "we will have an increase of salary, and then we can start our bank-account comfortably." But so far the expected increase had not come, and the bank-account remained a hopeless myth. Yet Isabel must go. He could see her now, as she lay on her low bed, her face as white as death, her wide

eyes closed, and her soft brown hair straying over the pillow. Isabel had always had pretty hair. He even remembered the glint of the sunshine on it that certain day in April when they had spent their Saturday on the banks of a brawling little stream rushing merrily down to meet the ocean.

A great wave of thankfulness broke over him as he realized that she was yet alive, yet near him; and still so much depended on the furthering of the doctor's orders. If he had only a small reserve fund! he thought moodily, pacing the floor, his brows knit and his eyes lowering. There was no one from whom he felt that he could borrow. His few friends were all in straits themselves. He went to the window and looked harassedly into the darkening street. Plunging his hands deep into his pockets, he turned impatiently away, when he felt a piece of paper crackling under his fingers. He pulled it out and looked at it. It was a letter, and the address read:

C. A. ADAMS,
—— West 32d Street,
New York City,

and in the lower corner was the registry stamp, No. 1704.

With the swiftness of a lightning-flash, memory returned to Saunders. He saw, as in a mental vision, what must have happened since he had left the office that afternoon. He saw all the trouble and excitement that his foolish act had caused. He knew the details well. They had not been able to balance that night, and the fact of a missing letter had been discovered. Inquiries would be made, a tracer put on the trail, and when all else failed, the inspector would be notified. All this passed through Saunders's mind like a dream, as he held the crisp envelop and stared at it mechanically. He examined it more closely. The paper was of thin, foreign manufacture, and the shape and size of the inclosure could easily be seen. Saunders's quick eye caught a glimpse of certain marks in the upper right-hand corner which looked like figures, and he peered sharply at them, holding the letter between him and the light. The figures were barely discernible, but they flashed before Saunders's wearied brain with the sharpness of steel lances, opening a way to the seaside of which he had never dreamed. The two figures, a five and a naught, stood out with almost cruel distinctness. There were two bills. He could almost separate them with his naked fingers.

Saunders was frightened at himself. He stood dazed and helpless, as he gazed into the unknown depths in his own nature, the volcanic forces of which were swaying him like a reed to do their bidding. He heard the light footstep of the nurse approaching, and turned to meet her with a pale, set face.

"Mrs. Saunders is awake, sir, and asking for you," she said quietly, and Saunders, with a muttered word, went quickly past her, up the stairs.

His wife was awake, as the nurse had said, and as he entered she smiled wanly at him. Saunders bent over her, the immense feeling of gratitude overwhelming him again and blotting out every other emotion. But his wife's keen eyes were not easily deceived. She knew every line and expression of her husband's heavy face, and she recognized immediately the rare signs of mental conflict. She put out one thin hand and drew him feebly toward her.

"What is it, Saunders, man? Tell me," she said, speaking scarcely above a whisper.

Saunders started, but made a valiant effort to throw off the overpowering sense of guilt that enveloped him as he met her clear gaze.

"Tell you what, Belle? You 're weak and ill, my girl, and you imagine things," he said in his usual masterful way.

"I 'm no imaginin' things," she said calmly. "There 's trouble in your face, Saunders, and I 'm main strong to help bear it. Tell me," she said again, but this time with a ring of authority in her weak tones.

The relief from the immediate tension of the letter was so great that Saunders burst forth as if exploding:

"Dr. MacIntyre says you 're to go away, Belle, and I don't see how to manage it."

"Is that all?" returned his wife, calmly. "I 'm surprised at your worryin' aboot that. What 's that bit letter in your hand?"

This time Saunders started in earnest. He had completely forgotten that he still held that fateful letter. He handed it with assumed carelessness to his wife, and made a strong effort for self-control.

"It 's nothing, Belle. Just a letter that I was working on in the office the day that you were taken ill," he explained, but without lifting his eyes. "I must have put it in my pocket without knowing it, for I only came across it half an hour ago."

His wife regarded him with a troubled look.

"But this is a registered letter, Saunders."

"Well, so it is. What of that?"

"But won't this cause trouble at the office?"

"Well, of course. A loss of fifty dollars

would mean a good deal to the chap who had to pay for it."

"How did you know how much was in the letter?" she asked quietly.

Saunders saw his slip, but steadied himself, though the veins on his forehead were beginning to swell.

"I was looking at it, and I saw the figures through the envelop," he said shortly.

"You must have been examining it closely," said his wife, curiously quiet still.

Saunders turned and faced her.

"Do you mean to accuse me of stealing it?" he said in an odd tone, strangely at variance with the obvious anxiety of his manner.

There was a pause. Then his wife said vehemently:

"I 'll believe you against the whole world, my man, if you tell me yourself that you never had the thought."

Saunders stood at bay, silent, dogged. He looked off to where a wavering line of lights denoted the bay shore. Thousands of other lights gleamed over the city, and to Saunders they seemed to be whirling through his brain.

"I had an idea that they might think this down at the office," he said, with a mirthless laugh, "but I did n't expect it to come from you."

"It does n't," Belle said firmly. "It does n't, my man. I only wait your word, and that 's good for me against the world."

He stood gloomily silent. A sudden desire seized him to confess it all, to lay his head upon her breast, and to tell her the trouble as a little child might do. The longing was strong within him, but he checked it in time. He had taken a few steps forward under the influence of this new emotion. He now resumed his old place at the window. When he spoke at last, his voice sounded strange, even to his own ears.

"I did n't—" he began, then stopped.

"I 'm waitin', Saunders."

Belle's voice sounded strident, too.

"I did n't at first," he muttered huskily.

"But afterward? Saunders! Saunders!"

"The doctor said—" he began again.

"The doctor said—" She sat upright in bed, her frame shaking with excitement. Her thin finger pointed accusingly at him. "Listen!" she said vehemently. "I would not only rather be dead, but I would rather be buried alive, than that this thing should happen. Do you know me so little, man? And is Isabel Lowrie married to a thief?"

The word struck on Saunders's aroused consciousness like the muffled roll of a drum. He sprang violently forward. His face was ashy pale, and his eyes burned with an unnatural light.

"It goes to the office to-morrow, Belle," he said quietly, although his brain felt curiously clogged, and sparks of light were dancing before his eyes. "No one knows but you, and I 'll make it right, never fear."

White with exhaustion, Belle lay back on her pillows.

Saunders called the nurse, and went listlessly from the room. He descended the stairs slowly, the dull beating in his brain seeming to count each step without volition of his own. The parlor was just as he had left it, save that the window-shutter was partly open, and he paused to close it. He stood there a few minutes, thinking. Standing so, a series of light taps came on the shutter that he had just fastened. He opened it cautiously, and peered out into the dark. A man's face looked back at him indistinct in the gloom, but Saunders recognized it in an instant.

"Longlegs!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing here?"

"Hush! Are you all alone?" Heffy asked uneasily.

"Yes. What 's the matter?"

Heffy leaned against the wall and seemed suddenly conversationally inclined. He looked sharply at Saunders for an instant, then his eyes fell.

"I wanted to know what you was goin' to do about that letter," he said in a low tone.

Saunders stood petrified. "Letter?" he said at last, in a thick voice.

"I seen you," Heffy went on stolidly. "I seen you pick it up, and I seen you put it inter your pocket. You ain't been near the office since, so I came to see what you was goin' to do."

There was no answer, so Heffy looked up.

Saunders's head was bowed against the window-coping, and his hands hung limp by his sides.

"What 's the matter?" Heffy asked, in alarm.

Saunders raised his head. His face was pale and drawn, but once more there was resolution in the eyes turned upon the questioner below.

"It 's this way, Heffy," and Saunders carefully recounted the whole affair, not even omitting the scene with his wife, and feeling an immense relief in thus unburdening himself.

"So you see, Longlegs," he added, "that if I 'm not exactly a thief"—he shivered—"I might have been one if it had n't been for my wife."

There was another tense silence, broken at last by Saunders.

"Well, Longlegs," he said, trying to speak carelessly, "what are you going to do about it?"

The sub's shrill little voice had fallen to quite a different pitch as he turned to the man towering above him. There were softness and something more in his tone, and through all his blind misery Saunders noticed it, and wondered.

"I 'm goin' to help you out," he said very gently, "in ev'ry way I can. I 'm goin' to lend you the money to take your wife away. If I had a wife, maybe I—" His voice trailed vaguely away into the darkness. In a moment he was himself again. "There 's only one thing," he added hesitatingly. "You 'll —you 'll never call me Longlegs again, will you, Mr. Saunders?"

Saunders reached for his hand and gripped it hard.

THE next day Hazeltine, grim and worn from the nervous strain consequent upon the sudden and mysterious loss of package No. 1704, registered to C. A. Adams, New York, was startled by a grimy, dusty little apparition who faced him triumphantly.

"Mr. Hazeltine, it 's found!"

"Found! The letter? Where?"

"You remember that day when I took over the R. P.'s to Saunders? Well, this letter was on the floor, and Saunders saw it and picked it up. Just then he got the telegram about his wife, and he was so upset he stuck everything inter his pockets and started off. When I seen him last night he was mighty white-lookin'. He can't come back till afternoon, so I brought the letter along, and here it is."

"Strange that you did n't see the letter on the floor, Heffy," said Hazeltine, wonderingly. "You 're generally pretty careful."

"I guess I must have overlooked it," said Heffy, simply.

LATER in the afternoon, Saunders, checking off industriously and calling his numbers in an oddly subdued voice, heard the tally-clerk call with falling inflection:

"1704! Three days late. That 's all."

Saunders glanced quickly at Heffy. Their eyes met, and for an appreciable second Saunders did not reply. Then his voice rang out steadily:

"1704! O. K., Billy."

SANCTUARY.

BY LILY A. LONG.

" . . . The breathless fellow at the altar-foot,
Fresh from his murder, safe and sitting there
With the little children round him in a row
Of admiration." FRA LIPPO LIPPI.

"BLESS their romantic hearts!" said Wilberforce, indulgently, as the crowd cheered and cheered and cheered the slow-moving carriage ahead, while the city's guest which it carried bowed with bared head to right and left. "The dear people have been standing first on one foot and then on t' other for the last three hours, and the rain has rained on them and the sun has shined on them, and they are tired and hungry and bedraggled, and they are n't going to get near enough to the great man to hear a word he says—and yet they are happy."

"Don't scoff," said Barrett. He was sitting at Wilberforce's left in the victoria, and it seemed to soothe his emotions to sit on the very edge of the seat. "You newspaper men have no sentiment. You would jeer at —Lincoln."

Barrett was president of the Commercial Club and chairman of the committee on arrangements for entertaining the visiting hero, and he was as nervous as the stage-manager of an amateur play just before the curtain goes up.

Wilberforce laughed. He was orator of the day, but he took his responsibilities more easily. Besides, he had been an editor for a large number of years, and that is as disillusionizing as being a valet. "Do you suppose there really is very much difference between that man they are cheering themselves hoarse for, and, say, seven out of every ten that do the cheering?"

"Yes, I do," said Barrett, doggedly. "I don't suppose you can even understand what

I mean, but I 'm not ashamed to say that when I met him this morning at the station my knees shook under me, and I stammered like a school-boy. I don't know what he looks like or what he said; but I know what he did at Santiago, and how he led a relief column through the swamps and jungles of Luzon for the rescue of our cut-off garrison, and saved the regiment—our own boys from the State—"

"Yes, I know," said Wilberforce, very gently. "But you are poaching on my preserves. Those things all go into my speech, you know."

There was a new swelling cheer as the head of the procession came opposite the local newspaper row. Every available inch of seeing-space was taken, from the barred basement window where the grimy pressman caught a foreshortened worm's-eye view of the crowd, to the cornice whereon the messenger-boys risked their necks with enthusiasm. Wilberforce's eye went straight to the window of his own sanctum, where the two women who never accused him of a lack of sentiment were eagerly waving their handkerchiefs to him, as though he, instead of General Minto, were the hero of the parade. He stood up to acknowledge their salutation, and laughingly pointed to the personage in the carriage just ahead. His wife—bless Sally's enthusiastic heart!—waved her flag with abandon. It caught the general's eye, and he too stood up to salute the silken banner and bow to the two fair women. Only one of them answered. Sally leaned joyously down and tossed the rose she wore fairly into the general's carriage; but Mary, Wilberforce's sister, who had been at Sally's shoulder a moment before, had faded back out of sight like the white wraith she always seemed.

Wilberforce felt his heart contract with a pang of pitying tenderness toward that spirit-like sister, upon whom the wind should never have blown harshly if he could have had his way. So fair, so slight, so sad—would the joy of life never return to fill that shaken vase?

A hard breath from Barrett made him turn. He caught a look on the young man's face that needed no explanation.

"It 's no use. She won't have me," Barrett said, answering his friend's eyes. His voice was as expressionless as a phonograph.

"Has she said so?"

"Yes."

Wilberforce put out his hand silently, and then set his teeth to bear without flinching the grip that Barrett gave it.

"I 'm sorry, old man—sorry for her sake, as well as for yours. I had hoped—"

Barrett waited, but Wilberforce broke off with a frown.

"She said you could tell me why it was impossible," Barrett said, after a pause. "She wanted me to ask you. Of course I want to know as much as I may."

"There is nothing aside from her own feeling about it to make it impossible," said Mary's brother. "She was engaged once to a man who proved to be a scoundrel. She was a young and inexperienced girl. I was away from home, or I might have prevented it, perhaps. But he was clever, dashing, handsome, and he imposed on others as well as on her. Matters came up soon that proved him to have been an utter villain—never mind the details. He had to escape by night to save himself from the indignation of the town. The shock to Mary was terrible. She had a severe illness. She always was half a spirit—"

"Yes, I know."

"It shook the foundations of her faith in everything. For a time it seemed a question between her life and her reason. Then she came back to us gradually, with that shrinking look in her eyes, and a distrust of life and of happiness that Sally and I have tried—not very successfully, you see—to draw her out of."

"What became of—*him?*"

"We never heard. He disappeared."

The slow-moving carriages stopped before the auditorium, which had been prepared for the reception of the city's guest. The guard of honor of war veterans closed up about General Minto as he descended, and he was escorted to his place on the platform, while the surging people cheered and waved, and the band played the heartbreaking war-songs that bring a sob into the throat. There were few there who tried to hold out against the influence of the hour, for the town had sent a regiment to the front on the first war-call, and the banner of emblazoned names upon the wall, and the black gowns that sobered the fluttering tiers of red and white and blue, told at what cost.

"What do you suppose the trouble is? They have n't come," whispered Barrett.

"Who? Oh! Sally and Mary?" Wilberforce glanced at the two chairs which the master of ceremonies had elaborately barricaded against usurpers, and which stood noticeably empty in the crowded hall. "Never mind them. They 're all right somewhere. You 'd better slip around and coach the governor as to where he is to sit. He is

sure to mix up your beautiful formation for you, if you don't watch out."

Barrett brought his attention back to his duties, and soon had the party of notables properly arranged on the platform. Then for the first time Wilberforce found himself in a position where he could look General Minto in the face. He looked with curiosity at first, and then with a stiffening of the muscles and an aboriginal pricking down his spine; for the face of General Minto was the face of the one man on earth whom he hated with the last drop of bitterness in his soul. It was the face he had last seen convulsed with cowardly terror under the lashing of his own riding-whip, that day when he had gone from Mary's unconscious side with the passion of a murderer in his heart,—bronzed, changed with years, but the same.

"The scoundrel, the scoundrel!" he said; and he did not know he had spoken aloud until the men near by turned their amazed looks upon him. He pulled the mask of habit over his features, and sat silent, waiting. As he turned, his eyes fell upon the empty chairs reserved for Mary and Sally. Ah, that was why!

"With a courage and intrepidity which have never been excelled on the glowing page of history, and which are matched only by the pure and consuming flame of his patriotic fervor and the untouched spotlessness of his personal character—" the governor's rounded periods rolled out with oratorical cadence over the breathless multitude, and a surging sigh from the heart of the people answered.

Wilberforce dropped his head upon his hand while he thought rapidly. He was the orator of the day. It was expected of him that he should make a eulogistic speech in honor of the hero immediately after the short address which the great man, who was no speech-maker, had promised to give. He smiled grimly to himself as he ran over some of the phrases which had formed themselves in his mind along the conventional lines. Certainly his speech should at least be unconventional. The dastard, the thief, the skulking refugee from justice,—his very name stolen,—Wilberforce knew himself to be a master of invective, and he waited as a coiled cobra waits for the moment to spring. He was glad that Mary had stayed away. The execution which he meant to deal was as just as Heaven, but it would be as crushing, too, as Heaven.

There was a touch on his arm. His office-boy, who was unmistakably destined for a career, had found him out with two telegrams the timeliness of which, he judged, gave them right of way.

One was from the chairman of the central committee of Wilberforce's political party:

> Rumored here Minto would accept nomination for governor. Get confirmation if possible.

Wilberforce folded it with neat precision and returned it to its envelop. The political situation was just then a critical one, and to find a candidate who would unite the several factions was a matter of the first importance. Yesterday he would have said that to get General Minto for a standard-bearer would indicate nothing less than the partizan interest of Providence. Now he glanced across at the unconscious general and set his teeth.

The other telegram was signed with a woman's name:

> My only boy was killed under General Minto. Tell him that a heartbroken mother prays for him and our country every night.

He looked at the scrawl till a sudden silence succeeded the governor's last resounding period—a silence that was broken by a tremendous cheer as General Minto rose from his seat and came down the platform. With one impulse the audience rose to its feet, and cheer followed cheer, and sank only to swell again and again. Barrett, white to the lips, caught up a flag and flung it free above the general's head, and the shout that answered was broken by the hard sob that caught men in the throat. The symbol flashed from a thousand hands, and white handkerchiefs flashed between. At last the general raised his hand, and a hush came as he began to speak.

Wilberforce did not hear him. He leaned back quietly in his chair, with his eyes still fixed on the drooping folds of the flag which Barrett had set against the wall. He was thinking of the time when his father, a tall stranger in blue, home on furlough, had taught him the salute to the flag which to this day he had never failed silently to give it. The next time he saw that father the folds of the flag covered him. Then his thoughts went on to that white Cuban road where he had seen men marching steadily by one long, long day. Very little complaining, the pitying world had commented. Very little, indeed. The flutter of the flag at sunset, the bugle-call—these justified all to the men who had come ready to give whatever might be asked. The question had been put and answered once for all when the call came,

and State after State, man after man, stepped into line with a quiet "Here!" The perfect sacrifice, ease for agony, life for death, and all justified by that flutter of the flag at sunset, that bugle-call—signals from a world where faith and loyalty and self-forgetting are more than the body and its life. And these must justify all, too, to the mothers, the wives, the children, they whose portion it was to remember—day by day and heart-beat by heart-beat to remember. This man—Wilberforce stopped for a moment to catch half of the commonplace sentence which the general was at that moment laboriously expounding—this man's personality—no, it must not be allowed to trail its desecrating smear across that high dedication. Ring him in with fire, prevent further harm, yes; but, for *their* sake, disgrace must not go as his companion in oblivion. Wilberforce drew a quiet breath and turned again to the audience. He knew exactly what he should do.

The general was struggling with his peroration. Wilberforce felt in his pocket for a scrap of paper, and touched the telegrams. With a queer look about his eyes he slipped the envelop from the message that came from the soldier-boy's mother ("Pray on, till your heart be eased," he breathed), and wrote across the end, "You will be so good as to confirm my statements absolutely when I call on you to do so." This he folded and gave to a man beside him. "Give it to General Minto when I begin to speak," he said.

There was a wave of applause, and the hero sat down. Wilberforce walked down to the front, and began at once to speak in the low, tense tone that always gave an audience into his hands at the first word.

"In the olden time," he said, "there was a custom under which a criminal who could succeed in winning to a sacred altar might claim sanctuary from the pursuit of justice. The holy peace of the sacred edifice might not be disturbed by the intrusion of any scene of violence. Before the imperious demands of those diviner claims, the petty equities of men must give way. To-day, too, we have our sacred sanctuaries, though they are not the altars of the church. The heart of the human race builds a sanctuary, made holy by devotion, consecrated by sacrifice. Prayers arise there, deepened only by the shadows on the paths of agony through which the race must make its onward way. Deeds are done there which are as holy as prayer, though no word lend them wings. It is the high altar of human faith, the resting-place of human confidence in the divine ordering of the universe. The sacredness of that trust is such that in the shadow of its sanctuary even a villain may escape from the claims of a partial justice which could not strike him without profaning the secret temple of a people's trembling heart."

There was a slight movement on the platform. General Minto's cane—a famous presentation cane—had slipped clatteringly to the floor. Wilberforce waited an instant, and then went on with an indefinable change in voice and manner:

"This is said to be a mechanical age, a scientific age. It is an age of idealism. When men will go to war, to death, for an abstraction, when women will unflinchingly bid them go, and rejoice in their lifelong desolation, it means that idealism is so strongly planted in the heart of the race that it needs none of the romantic trappings of the past for men to follow where it leads. If any one doubt, it needs but to call to mind the universal heart-throb that answers, world over, to the waving of the bit of bunting which, for each man, means—what? An abstraction, an ideal—the spirit that ensouls the words 'my country.' He may forget it in times of material prosperity, he may seem given wholly over to the pursuit of the personal; but let danger threaten the flag, and the wave of self-forgetting that sweeps all personal ends out of sight lifts the folds of that flag to heaven."

That gave him their hearts, and for a quarter of an hour he carried them with him as he developed the picture that had flashed upon his own vision of the leaping answer to the call of the colors. Without gesture, all his power flung into his thrilling words and his burning eyes, he held them, swayed them, lifted them, till at the end the feeling exploded in a crashing burst of fierce applause. But he stilled it with an instantly lifted hand.

"One word more. A rumor has somehow gone abroad that General Minto, who to-day is receiving the homage which our city is eager to pay to the upholder of our flag, might be induced to enter the political field. I am authorized to express General Minto's explicit denial of this report. With a modesty as becoming as it is unusual, General Minto wishes to have it understood that he is not a candidate for any public office of trust whatsoever, and that neither now nor at any future time will he permit any announcement to that effect to be made or acted upon. I am correct in this statement, general?" He turned to the guest of honor as he spoke.

The general half rose, and then sank back in his chair. His face was gray, and his eyes were fixed, as if fascinated, on the speaker. Then, as Wilberforce still waited, he bowed his head, and his lips moved, but no one heard what he said.

Wilberforce turned again to the audience.

"The general wished to remove any possible misapprehension as to his fixed purpose," he said. "I thank you for your attention."

Oratorically, it was very badly done. There was no room for applause, and the audience felt defrauded of its emotional rights. But Wilberforce's eyes were serene, if inscrutable, even when the leader of his party pushed his way over to him and protested audibly, while the band played the people out.

"Say, that was a bad break about refusing office. What the mischief does it mean? He did n't talk that way this morning. Don't you suppose he could be induced to reconsider?"

"I think I am not mistaken," said Wilberforce, suavely, including General Minto in the conversation by his comprehensive bow. "A political campaign, with its unwarrantable personalities, might have reasonable terrors even for a brave soldier. I expressed your decision correctly, did I not, general?"

"Oh, yes—yes," said the general.

"And your resolution is absolutely fixed and unalterable?" It sounded unnecessarily insistent.

"*Yes,*" said the general, with vindictive emphasis; and he turned abruptly to the governor, whose guest he was to be at dinner.

Wilberforce and Barrett drove away together, and the silence was not broken till they reached Wilberforce's street.

"I 'll come in for a moment, just to see why they did n't come," Barrett said.

"If you don't mind, I wish you would n't," Wilberforce answered, with frank inhospitality.

"But I do mind, you know," Barrett retorted, with an amazed stare.

"Oh, well, come on then," Wilberforce yielded, with a helpless laugh. "I don't suppose I am divinely commissioned to run the lives of all the people I happen to know. Still, you may not enjoy yourself."

"Staying away won't be the height of bliss, either," Barrett said grimly.

Wilberforce hardly heard him. He was looking at his sister, who, with Sally, stood on the veranda waiting for the two men to come up the walk. The rain-clouds had swept away, and the sun, near its departing, flashed a tender smile of cheer back at its earth. It saw nothing sweeter than the smile so long a stranger to Mary's lips, nothing deeper than the peace in her clear eyes. Barrett saw and trembled, knowing nothing, and Sally fell upon him with gay volubility. Wilberforce looked down at his sister with a grave earnestness that compelled her response.

"Is n't everything beautiful after the rain?" she said shyly. "Come and see my forget-me-nots."

They walked to the end of the porch, where the small blue flowers lifted their heads with dainty confidence and strength from the rain-soaked bed.

"I saw him," Mary said in a low voice, looking down at her flowers. "It upset me for a moment. That 's why we did n't go to the auditorium. But I am very glad it came about. I don't know just what happened, but—but seeing him in reality, and finding him so *ordinary*, drove all that old humiliation away, somehow. It had been like a—a dead hand holding me. I hated it, but I could not get away from the thought of it. It held me." She drew a quivering breath. "But now it has all slipped away, like a bad dream. It does n't exist—it never did, really. I feel free in my soul. And—I am so glad."

"Yes." Wilberforce nodded, without looking at her. "I understand. I am glad, too. It *is* all gone—absolutely. We have nothing to do with it. We are living, and the past is dead. Sally, are you asking Paul to stay for dinner? I 'm afraid I alienated his affections by my rudeness a minute ago, and I should like to make up somehow."

"Of course you must stay, and tell me about Ned's speech," said Sally. "Did he do himself justice, without the inspiration of my presence?"

"Oh, it was n't bad," Barrett said. He looked at Sally because he could not, somehow, look at Mary. "He began in a queer way—I could n't make out what he was at. If he was n't here, I should say that I suspect he was rattled. But he got into his pace when he began about the flag. It was all right enough. But I must say, Ned, I think you might have flourished a little more about General Minto. He expected it—everybody did. Why did n't you warm up a bit? You are horribly cold-blooded and unsentimental."

"Oh, I leave all that to you," said Wilberforce, light-heartedly.

EPISODES OF JOURNALISM.

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP.

I. THE REAL CONFESSOR CONFESSES.

WE were driving into Durango, Colorado, on the afternoon of the 25th of June, 1895—Colonel "Dave" Day and I.

"What day of the week is this?" asked my companion, suddenly.

"Wednesday," I answered.

"Great Scott!" he cried, bringing his fist down upon my knee. "The 'Democrat' comes out Friday. I have n't written a line of editorial, and I 've got to put in the next three days and nights on my Injun report."

"Make your mind easy," said I; "you shall have your editorial, if I have to write it myself."

"Good! You can't turn out anything so poor that it won't go *this* week. I 'm in a hole."

"Thanks, awfully. But are you sure you will print anything I write?"

Day's response was to drive me straight to the "Democrat" office and summon the foreman.

"Greenfield," said he, "this is Mr. Leupp of Washington. He 's going to get out the paper this week, so 's to give me time to write my Injun report. I sha'n't come near the shop, and I don't want to be bothered with proofs, or questions, or anything else. He 'll run the whole job. Understand?"

Greenfield nodded. He was accustomed to eccentric orders from the most noted character in Colorado, and did not wince at this, the most eccentric yet. His employer handed each of us a cigar to bind the triangular bargain, and started for home.

Day, formerly editor of the Ouray "Solid Muldoon," and later of the Durango "Democrat," was at this time also government agent for the Southern Ute Indians. He was the leading free-silver coinage champion in southwestern Colorado, and gloried in it. I had been with him for some time on the reservation, and our conversation occurred on our way from the agency to the city. In the midst of it an idea had flashed through my mind, and seating myself in the editor's easy-chair, I fell to work on an article headed "A Confession Wrung from Conscience."

The news of a political victory just won by the anti-silver element in another part of the Union furnished a text for this introductory paragraph:

> Kentucky has spoken. Her honest stroke in support of the gold standard sounds the knell of the silver humbug within her borders, and sets a good example for other States.

Then I went on, for the space of nearly two columns, with a "confession," of which the following passages are fairly typical:

> It is true that the "Democrat" has joined with other newspapers in Colorado, for reasons which need not be specified here, in "booming" silver while everybody knew that it was steadily and irresistibly on the way downhill. But the limit has been reached. Conscience revolts, as decency long ago revolted, against carrying on this fraud any longer. . . .
>
> There is nothing but condemnation and loathing in store for the man who, having availed himself of all the benefits of others' confidence, shamelessly betrays it for the sake of the financial advantage he may gain by the operation. Not less true is this of nations than of men. Posterity will hang its head for the dishonor of our government if we permit the free-coinage mania to carry us away. . . .
>
> Since for once the "Democrat" is permitting itself the luxury of telling the truth on the silver question, let us make still a further admission: We cannot, by any hocus-pocus or tomfoolery, by any false estimates of our own strength, by any brag or bluster or empty swagger, . . .
>
> Colorado has stood in the front rank in the past as a silver State. . . . But, as Lincoln once said, "You can't fool all the people all the time"; and it was not unreasonable to suppose that, when the first glamour of the new gospel of fraud had worn away, the people of this State would have detected its true character and renounced it with the contempt it deserved. That they have not done so before this makes the "Democrat" ashamed of itself for having lent its influence so long to the perpetuation of the humbug. . . .

If the people had listened, not to Wolcott and Teller, Jones and Stewart, who have merely echoed a passing clamor, but to Grover Cleveland, with his masterly foresight, his broad common sense, his firm convictions of patriotic duty, and his unwavering courage in the face of every form of selfish pressure, they would have been spared the ignominy of taking the back track now.

These are only specimens; but any one who can recall what the silver movement was in the Southwest seven years ago will understand why two columns of such rhetoric caused Foreman Greenfield's hair, usually smooth enough, to rise to its full height. With each short galley of proof that he brought me his face wore a more intense expression of dismay, and in Friday's "Democrat" this nervous little paragraph appeared among the "Local Briefs":

When Dave Day gets on to the gold-bug editorial in this issue, he will be more careful in the future when it comes to putting up jobs on himself.—*Greenfield.*

This might have given the people of Durango a hint that the "Confession" was an exotic, and presumptively a joke. But everybody was reading the offending leader, and forgetting that such a thing as a local column existed. The saloons in the main street of the town were crowded with patrons that evening, discussing the nine days' wonder, and the hotel lobbies showed a similar agitation. The "Democrat" had gone out of print with the setting of the sun, and a copy could not be bought for a dollar. An enterprising press-agent telegraphed the bulk of the "Confession" to New York, Chicago, and St. Louis, and leading journals there used it as a text for editorial comments on the turn in the silver tide; even my own newspaper, the New York "Evening Post," did not receive my mailed explanation in time to prevent its finding in "this deliverance" a sign "that the people of Colorado are recovering their senses."

The next week was a hard one for Day. His independent course in dealing with his Indians had angered many of his neighbors, who at once seized upon his supposed conversion as an excuse for attacking him viciously. This was particularly the attitude of the editor of the rival newspaper, and for a while Durango gave Eatanswill a very close race for first place in journalistic polemics. In the "Democrat" for July 4, Day tried to square himself by another leader, entitled "That Gold-bug Editorial," and beginning in this breezy fashion—including the small capitals:

The gold-bug editorial in last week's issue was on a wager, and purely characteristic of the average single-standard writer. It was WITHOUT statistics, WITHOUT argument of any convincing character, and WITHOUT a figure in corroboration. It was ROT, pure and simple. . . . The owner of this paper has devoted more time and money to the silver cause than any other citizen of Durango, and our chief critics have only sought to magnify a condition they understood thoroughly. Their desire to impugn is the desire of the blackmailer; their aim to defame, that of the cowardly cur. We neither ask forgiveness nor seek clemency from conditions we invite and results we assume.

For all that, the Colorado press continued to belabor him. The Denver "News" set the pace with an article entitled "Evolution of a Cuckoo," in which it endeavored to explain this Indian agent's change of front on the ground that he wished to set himself right in the opinion of the Cleveland administration, after having been two years reckoned among the heretics. With metaphors that showed a fine scorn for the effete zoölogy of the East, it declared:

It is interesting to behold in Colorado the perfected gold-bug cuckoo emerge from the chrysalis of the office-holder. The conscience of the bird, if it have such a thing, would have its value as a test for microscopes. Indian Agent Day has been but a lingering twilight for some time, and he now passes into the night with other cuckoos.

Day, who carried one Civil War medal of honor and was entitled to three, was known as a man who would fight at the drop of a hat, and he had an unpleasant way of filling his clothing with loaded firearms whenever serious trouble threatened. So a project, at first mooted, for driving him out of Durango and forbidding his return under pain of a lynch court, was abandoned. His persecutors adopted another means of revenge—a boycott on the advertising and subscription departments of the "Democrat," and such outrageous but unpunishable treatment of his family that they had to seek refuge on their ranch till the storm blew over.

I have reason to hope that the last of Day's troubles growing out of our fun has been safely passed. The two Bryan campaigns doubtless restored him to full standing in the communion with which he had labored so long. A last echo of the "Confession" reached me on a railroad-train in the fall of 1896, where I found myself in

the same sleeping-car with a member of President Cleveland's second cabinet, on his way home to deliver an address on the currency question. He led me into a corner of our car to read me certain passages from his manuscript, and in the midst of one of these, touching on the way sundry lifelong advocates of free-silver coinage had announced their conversion and become almost zealots on the other side, he suddenly turned to me with:

"I am now coming to the most wonderful case of all—a man brought up in the very heart of the silver country, who last year sacrificed his every worldly interest for conscience' sake. He lived in Colorado, where he edited a newspaper. Perhaps you know him. His name is—"

"'Dave' Day," I interrupted.

"That 's the man," he assented. "Well, I have here a remarkable editorial which I wish you would run through before I read you my comments on it."

"One moment, Mr. Secretary," I said. "You may save yourself some trouble by cutting that passage out."

And while he was driving his blue pencil through a dozen paragraphs of his speech, I told him the whole story of the "Confession Wrung from Conscience."

II. "OUR REPORTER ON THE SPOT."

"THANK goodness! they 've assigned young Smithkins to the White House job to-morrow," said Billy M—— to a colleague on the Washington "Twinkler," as they were passing out of the office on the afternoon of December 31, 1882. "I have done the President's reception every New Year since I joined the staff, and I 'm dead tired of it."

His hand was on the door-knob.

"Billy!" rang out the voice of the city editor.

M—— turned, and his face lengthened as a premonition of what was coming flashed upon his mind.

"Billy," said the city editor, sympathetically, "Smithkins has just had a telegram calling him to New York, and I 'm afraid I 'll have to ask you to take the White House again to-morrow. I 'm sorry, old man; I had hoped to give you a change. You need n't report at the office in the morning. Arrange with one of the boys to carry copy, and I won't look for you till afternoon."

A deep sigh was M——'s only answer, as he went his way. Outside he rejoined his friend, whose commiserations were abundant and unfeigned.

"I 'm blessed if I bother with the thing!" exclaimed M——, suddenly. "I know how it 's done, and it 's always the same."

So the following morning the messenger, sworn to secrecy, and his oath sealed with a bright half-dollar, made periodical trips back and forth between M—— and the office, bearing in instalments the written record of proceedings at the Executive Mansion, in the highest style of the art of "our reporter on the spot."

The President's reception began, in those days, as it begins now, at 11 A.M. At 11:10 there was a rattle in the copy-chute near the desk of the city editor, who drew from the box a wad of paper covered, in M——'s familiar handwriting, with this introduction:

> The New Year found such a wealth of radiant sunshine left over in the storehouse of the Old Year that it shed its golden glories over palace and hovel to-day. The White House, in its array of beautiful dressing, and peopled with so many distinguished forms, never looked to happier purpose. The preparations began early for the reception of guests, etc.

Half an hour later there was a second rattle, and out came this:

> At eleven the Marine Band, from their time-honored station in the vestibule, played "Hail to the Chief," and the President entered the Blue Room and took his wonted station. He wore a morning suit of black, with dark necktie, white gloves, etc.

Thirty minutes more, and the box mounted to its place with a load of manuscript running thus:

> Promptly on the arrangement of the reception party, Hon. Elisha H. Allen, representing the Hawaiian government, led the way from the Red Room to the Parlor of State. He wore as a decoration the broad badge of the Order of Kamehameha III. Haiti was represented by Minister Preston, just returned from New York; Turkey by Minister Aristarchi Bey; etc.

The city editor had just sent this last batch of copy to the composing-room when an employee of the business office appeared in the doorway.

"Write us a bulletin, Mr. Collins, quick!" he cried nervously. "We want something to post on the corner."

"What about?" asked the city editor, astonished.

"The Hawaiian minister," answered the

clerk. "The people have begun to gather outside. A line will do, if you can't write more."

"Are you crazy? I don't know anything about the Hawaiian minister except that he headed the show to-day. What's happened?"

"Dropped dead at the White House. Just came by telephone. Have n't you a reporter there?"

"Certainly. Billy M—— is in charge."

At this moment a messenger from the Associated Press came in breathless, a sheet of flimsy in his hand. The city editor seized it.

"Well, what the ——!" he gasped, as he glanced at the inscription:

BULLETIN. Hawaiian minister fallen to floor at White House reception. Supposed to be dying.

The box rattled up the copy-chute again. Out came this:

At twelve o'clock the officers of the army and navy, in full-dress uniform, made their appearance. General Sherman was at their head, accompanied by his aides, Generals Poe, Morrow, and Tidball. Then followed Adjutant-General Drum, etc.

The city editor's face turned purple.

"Hi, there! Stop that boy!" he shouted hoarsely down the chute.

It was too late. The lad had vanished after delivering his copy down-stairs.

More flimsy from the Associated Press contained such particulars as could be gathered in the first confusion. It appeared that the diplomatic corps, who always take the place of honor on state occasions, had just paid their respects to the President, led by their dean, the Hawaiian minister. He had gone into the East Room, and after a few minutes started back to get his overcoat and go home, when he fell, smitten mortally with heart-disease. The sad intelligence was conveyed to the President, who ordered the reception brought to an end at once, the doors closed against the crowd outside, and the guests already within dismissed. Mr. Collins had just worked these details into shape for an extra when one of the counting-room force entered, dragging by the collar a struggling, whimpering boy, captured while delivering an instalment which said:

At 12:30 the chiefs of bureaus, chief clerks, and other departmental officers began passing before the President. To a few favored ones Mr. Arthur addressed a word or two with his habitual grace of manner, etc.

"Who gave you the copy you have been bringing here to-day?" roared the editor.

"Mr. M——," sobbed the prisoner.

"Where is he?"

"At the W-w-white House."

Neither threats nor coaxings were effectual to modify this statement, which the messenger repeated again and again, at first with every symptom of terror, but afterward defiantly.

"You may stay here," said Mr. Collins, with bitter irony, "till Mr. M—— returns from the White House." And he thrust the lad into a closet and turned the key on him.

Fifteen minutes, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, forty, but no more copy from the "Twinkler's" special representative at the President's reception. Then some one who was looking out of the window called:

"Here comes Billy!"

The others ran to the front and looked out, too. Yes, it was M——. Alarmed at the long absence of his young Mercury, he had passed his new-dealt hand to a neighbor to play, and started for the "Twinkler" office himself. Into the cozy club-room where he had passed the entire morning over a green table the news had not yet penetrated, and one of the neatly folded bolts of copy in his clutch, as he hurried down the avenue, began:

When, at 2 P.M., the outer gates of the White House grounds were shut, a good many persons were left outside. The police did their best to crowd in as many of the late-comers as possible, being loath to disappoint them after hours of patient waiting. Faintly from inside of the mansion floated snatches of the music of the Marine Band; and the joyous occasion will always, etc.

M—— noticed an unusual stir on the streets, and a crowd about the "Twinkler's" bulletin-board on the corner. It was not till he got close to the building that he could read the cause of this.

The watchers at the window saw him study with an intense regard the coarse black lettering, then mechanically thrust a handful of paper into his pocket and walk sadly away. He returned to the club and finished his game, and he never came back to the office. The small balance of salary due him remains unpaid to this day. He did not even resign; he simply "dropped out."

And when the "Twinkler" tore down its old building to make place for a new one, the workmen paused a moment to look at two pieces of manuscript pasted side by side on one of the office walls, and surrounded

with a florid crayon frame in red, white, and blue. One was a page of Associated Press flimsy, and the other a bit of M——'s memorable work, showing how widely contemporary historians may differ about a matter of common renown.

III. A "BACK-STAIRS" EPISODE.

IN the fall of 1887 I was summoned, one day, by telegraph from Washington to New York to take the editorial desk of a friend, one of the indispensables on the staff of the daily "Letter-Bag," whose physician had suddenly ordered him South for his health. The "Letter-Bag" was then receiving a very valuable cable service, for which a number of enterprising newspapers in all parts of the United States subscribed. The messages came in a sort of cipher, and one of my duties as substitute for my friend was to translate the cipher, edit the despatches, and put them upon the domestic wires, to be telegraphed North, South, and West to the subscribing journals.

I had been at this work for two or three days when a young Englishman, who was the correspondent for a leading London daily and has since acquired wide fame as a publicist and author, dropped in for a call. In the midst of our chat he said:

"I had a most interesting talk last evening with Erastus Wiman. We were seated next each other at dinner, and the conversation turned upon the dispute between Great Britain and the United States over the northeastern coast fisheries. He told me that he had a plan which he believed would be effectual to end the quarrel without hurting the dignity of either party. It seems that in a recent trip abroad he conferred with a number of British statesmen, and found them very responsive to his suggestion that the United States government should buy the maritime provinces of Canada, and there was good reason to believe that the purchase could be made for five million five hundred thousand dollars in gold."

"That would make a neat bit of news," said I. "Am I at liberty to print it?"

"Here? Oh, no!" exclaimed my visitor. "Mr. Wiman intends to bring it out in a speech before the Chamber of Commerce, and I am under bonds not to use it in this country."

"How about England?" I inquired.

"I am at liberty to use it in England," was the answer. "Indeed, I think Mr. Wiman would be gratified to have it thrown out there as a topic for popular discussion. I believe I had better send it now to my London paper."

Suiting action to word, he seated himself at a vacant desk, and wrote a long despatch, which I sent for him by one of our boys to the cable office. An hour later I followed it with a message to the London correspondent of the "Letter-Bag":

Watch publication project purchase maritime provinces Canada. Cable comments.

The next morning came in a splendid batch of cable copy. It told of a despatch from New York, printed that morning in London, containing the news of Mr. Wiman's plan, described the surprise it excited, and quoted the utterances of the press and public men. I resolved the cipher, put the long despatch upon our wires for transmission all over the United States, and ordered from the composing-room an early proof. This I handed to a reporter, with instructions to go to Mr. Wiman and get an interview discussing the plan in fuller detail. Imagine my dismay when I next saw my proof in the grasp of the editor-in-chief of the "Letter-Bag," who entered my room hurriedly with the exclamation:

"I have just ordered this killed. Mr. Wiman has been in to see me, and says that he has spoken of his project to only one person in New York, and pledged him not to make use of it in this country."

"The gentleman kept his pledge," I answered. "Mr. Wiman gave him permission to use it in London, and I have merely obtained a cable report of what London has been talking about this morning."

"Well, we must not let it go any further," insisted the editor-in-chief, though with a crestfallen air.

"It is rather late to stop it now," said I. "It is already in type in twenty American cities by this time."

"But Mr. Wiman has exacted a promise from me that I shall not use it."

"Can't you explain the matter to him and procure a release?"

"I would have done so had I understood the situation; but the thing is past mending, I am afraid. Mr. Wiman was in a great state of excitement, and I doubt if he will go back to his office to-day."

So it proved. That evening a score of out-of-town newspapers printed the comments of London on Mr. Wiman's plan, and inci-

dentally, of course, the plan itself, as received "by cable to the New York 'Letter-Bag'"; on the morrow the morning newspapers all over the country, including New York city, bristled with editorial opinions on it; the next day, and the next, and the next, our exchanges brought to us still further comments, British, Canadian, and American. The "Letter-Bag's" cable received compliments enough to fill a whole number of THE CENTURY, but the "Letter-Bag" had not then, and has not since, I believe, printed even a line, either of news or of criticism, on the subject. It was the only newspaper in the United States to ignore its own "scoop."

IV. "YET SPEAKETH."

IT was a night of upheaval in the office of the New York "Trumpeter." The proprietor, who spent most of his time abroad, had cabled an order discharging the managing editor, promoting the live-stock reporter to the vacancy, putting the dramatic critic in charge of the make-up, and assigning the dramatics to the obituary editor. This was the proprietor's strictly original notion of "infusing fresh blood" into some of the departments, the conduct of which did not wholly satisfy him. The staff of the "Trumpeter" lived always in a state of mingled dread and expectancy, never knowing when the office machinery was to be turned upside down again, or who would go to the top or the bottom when the next change came.

On this particular occasion the notice of the shake-up arrived in the middle of the evening, after the work of getting out the next day's issue was well under way. However, accustomed to instant and literal obedience, every man sprang promptly to his new post and plunged into its duties with a delicious disregard of consequences. The new managing editor, having no seething ideas of his own, looked over the memoranda his predecessor had left on file. Among them was a clipping from the Washington correspondence of the "Trumpeter," dated the day before, telling of the sudden illness of the Secretary of State, and the way it had puzzled the doctors. He accordingly sent to the telegraph-desk a message for the correspondent: "Give us two hundred words on the condition of Secretary Blank." The answer came in a little while, announcing the Secretary's death at an earlier hour in the evening, and describing with some detail his last hours and the scenes at his bedside. The manager sighed.

"That 's rough," said he. "Old Blank was a good friend to the paper. He was as smooth-haired and clean-limbed a politician as we had, I guess. Here, Charley,"—handing the despatch to the display-head writer,—"give Secretary Blank a four-ply head, and mark the proof for third page middle, top of column."

"So Blank's dead, is he?" responded the head-writer. "Well, well! That shows the foolishness of holding over good matter. We 've had a mighty interesting interview with Blank lying on the galleys for five or six days—crowded out every day. Now it 's worthless. I was sure he 'd up and die, or something; I never knew it to fail."

"That must have been what I saw here among the hold-over proofs," said the manager, searching again among the memoranda. When he found the proof he wanted, he tore it in strips and threw it into the waste-basket. Awhile later he made the rounds of the office to see whether everything was going well, then put on his hat and went home.

It was a little after one o'clock when a whistle through the speaking-tube startled the make-up editor out of a doze into which he had fallen during a lull in his duties. The foreman of the composing-room wished some advice at once.

"We 're in trouble," he explained, as the editor entered. "The city room has just ordered out an article with a four-ply head that we were going to use on the third page—charges against the collector of the port, or something. They 're afraid of a libel-suit; but it leaves us with nearly a column to fill in the middle of the page."

"Have n't you something in reserve that will carry a four-ply at a pinch?"

The foreman glanced at the clock. "There 's no time to set a new head if we had."

A make-up hand, who had been looking through the galleys, called out: "Here 's a hold-over with a four-ply head—something about the Chinese situation—Washington despatch—had it in pickle since Thursday."

"Good!" cried the editor. "Change the date, and fetch it along. We can't stop to be critical."

With their eyes on the clock, the foreman and his assistant worked away till the last stickful was in place, the column closed, the form locked and on its way to the stereotyping-room.

"Well," remarked the make-up editor, as he bade his colleagues good night and went out to get a bite of lunch before going to bed, "that 's what I call luck for a green hand!"

It was his last thought when he went to sleep, and his first when he woke about noon the next day. Meanwhile, what the public had been reading over its breakfast coffee was a brace of articles side by side on the third page of the "Trumpeter." The two despatches remain to this day, in the bound files of the "Trumpeter," on view in almost every public library. If I were to give you name and date, you could find them for yourself. They begin as follows:

A STATESMAN DEAD AT HIS GREAT POST.

Secretary Blank's Illness Terminates Fatally.

THE LAST SAD HOURS.

A Career of Uncommon Usefulness in Public Life.

"TRUMPETER" BUREAU, No. 185 H STREET, N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C., May 7.

Secretary Blank, whose illness was described in these despatches yesterday, died at seven o'clock this evening. He lapsed into unconsciousness early in the day, and all efforts of those in the sick-room to rouse him were unavailing.

The President called about six, and visited the bedside of his chief counselor. He was visibly affected, and spoke with deep feeling of the suddenness of the blow, etc.

CHINA'S INTEREST IN OUR NEUTRALITY.

We Should Keep Our Hands Off and Let Her Try.

UNHAMPERED ACTIVITY.

Her Chief Hope of Success in her Present Crisis.

"TRUMPETER" BUREAU, No. 185 H STREET, N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C., May 7.

When I called upon Secretary Blank to-night, I found him at his desk, looking over some recent correspondence with our minister to China. He received me with his accustomed cordiality, and entered almost instantly into a most interesting discussion of our relations with the Flowery Kingdom.

"The situation," said he, "is complicated by the attitude of the Tsung-li-yamen," etc.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

"The Holy Estate of Matrimony."

NO one wishes to take anything but a charitable view of individual cases of divorce. No one desires to assume the functions of judge in such delicate and generally obscure matters when presented to one's sympathies in the circle of acquaintance. Indeed, tolerance on this subject is almost forced upon one by the prevalence of that painful social expedient. Tolerance, indeed, is the rule in America; but there may be said to be a conviction on the part of the most tolerant that divorce is "too good a thing to be spoiled," as it is being spoiled, by being, to put it mildly, grossly overdone.

A certain small and inconspicuous community in a neighboring State probably has the average American tolerance on the question; but the recent action of this community in connection with a flagrant case of divorce and new marriage, while temporarily removing the inconspicuity enjoyed by the little town, illustrates the fact that there is a point where the usual tolerance gives way to violent indignation. According to the despatches in the daily papers, the protest was more "vociferous" than "halcyon." "A cannon was brought from an adjoining village and trained on the house by some of the mob, while others set a pot of tar boiling. Whistles were blown, bells rung, and guns were discharged." It is hardly necessary to add that the newly wedded couple concluded that life in this community had lost its attractiveness, though hitherto the bridegroom had enjoyed there a "flourishing business" in the undertaking line.

The impression prevails that divorce, in its most offensive form,—that is, for the sake of a new marriage or marriages,—is a growing indulgence of the very rich. It would be interesting if statistics could be had showing whether there is more of this indulgence among the very rich, proportionately, than among persons of small incomes. The undertaker referred to above probably did not belong to the so-called "exclusive" set; and, indeed, instances of divorce are so frequent among those not encumbered with possessions that one is inclined to the opinion that there is hardly any class free from the contagion.

It may be that the very rich are the most lax, but the divorce industry seems to thrive in the quiet walks of life as well as in the unquiet, the much observed, and the lavishly advertised.

A contributor to "The Outlook," in chronicling instances of the most melancholy fruit of divorce and new marriage,—namely, the sinister effect upon children,—incidentally gives evidence of the apparently growing popularity of the custom. This writer, "Laicus," speaks of twenty-three cases in her acquaintance, of which but one couple were without children; therefore, as she adds pathetically, "the light went out in twenty-two homes, as far as 'home ideals' to those children went."

When one searches for statistics in order to discover whether the apparent increase of divorce is a real increase, one naturally turns to the latest report—i.e., for 1901—of the National League for the Protection of the Family, of which the Rev. Dr. Dike of Auburndale, Massachusetts, is the corresponding secretary; and there one learns that national statistics are wanting, and that only eight or nine States collect and publish their statistics. One learns, further, that there is an improvement in Connecticut, once the worst of the Eastern States in respect to easy divorce. There the ratio of divorces to marriages was once 1 to 9, whereas it is now 1 to 15.8. But in Massachusetts divorce is increasing. This is true, also, of Ohio and Indiana. In the latter State the ratio of divorces to the marriages of the same year became, in 1900, actually 1 to 5.7, thus increased, doubtless, by reason of some amiability in the law which draws intending divorcers from other States.

Singularly enough, one learns, from the same authority, that in the matter of legislation there is a general advance, and but little that is considered at all unfortunate has found its way to the statute-books of the States in any part of the Union. Does this mean that the reaction against divorce has actually begun?

In the face of foreign criticism, and in the face of one's own dismay at existing conditions with regard to divorce, we still sympathize with the retort administered to an alien critic of our people, who had declared, in private conversation, that America seemed to be afflicted by the disease of prudishness. The answer was somewhat in these words (the incident occurred several years ago): "Yes, probably it is true that Americans are prudish, but considering the revelations that have recently taken place concerning certain circles in London, and considering the condition of a good part of the Parisian stage and of French literature, I, for one, am willing that we should pay that price for the knowledge that, on the whole, Americans are the decentest people, in regard to the relations of the sexes, on the face of the globe."

If this is so, the reaction, even if it has not begun, is sure to come. The American readers of that highly interesting work of fiction, in which there is so much of insight, wit, knowledge, and wisdom,—Mrs. Wharton's "Valley of Decision," —must have been struck by a passage which seems to have in it a hint for the students of our own present social conditions, different as the latter certainly are from those so well chronicled in the story. The time is just precedent to the French Revolution. The principle that the wife's fidelity is to be esteemed as much as the innocence of the girl

> had long been ridiculed by persons of quality and satirized by poets and playwrights. From Aristophanes to Beaumarchais the cheated husband and the outwitted guardian had been the figures on which the dramatist relied for his comic effects. Even the miser tricked out of his savings was a shade less ridiculous, less grotesquely deserving of his fate, than the husband defrauded of his wife's affection. The plausible adulteress and the adroit seducer had a recognized claim on the sympathy of the public. But the inevitable reaction was at hand; and the new teachers to whom Odo's contemporaries were beginning to listen had thrown a strangely poetic light over the dull figures of the domestic virtues. Faithfulness to the family sanctities, reverence for the marriage tie, courage to sacrifice the loftiest passion to the most plodding duty: these were qualities to touch the fancy of a generation sated with derision. If love as a sentiment was the discovery of the medieval poets, love as a moral emotion might be called that of the eighteenth-century philosophers, who, for all their celebration of free unions and fatal passions, were really on the side of the angels, were fighting the battle of the spiritual against the sensual, of conscience against appetite.

Yes, sooner or later the reaction is sure to come with us, also. For doubtless society will go vigorously to work to save itself as, more and more, it realizes that it is threatened with destruction. It will be helped to its own salvation by many agencies, all acting upon the one subtile but paramount agency, that of public opinion. And no agency is likely to be more effective than the literature produced by men and women who are true to an art solidly based upon the eternal verities, and consciously or unconsciously celebrating the sanative and everlasting virtues of self-control, forbearance, devotion, and honor.

Town Mouse and Country Mouse.

THIS is the time of year when the little American village has put on its best bib and tucker, for company is expected. The interplay of influence between city folk and villagers has begun again, with that freedom of exchange which helps to mutual respect and aids in giving solidarity to the American character. Not that either class has entire understanding of the other, or is likely to give up its cherished preconceptions or customs. The fads and follies of the citizen are respected with quiet tolerance and some wonder as part of the bargain, while, on the other hand, the countryman comes in occasionally for a good-humored but not less superior sort of criticism for his slowness in "catching on." Nevertheless, when the summer is over, the horizons of both have been expanded wholesomely, and they find much more in common than either would have thought possible—a palpable benefit which is in proportion to their open-

mindedness and good will. Their little prejudices have been found to be but skin-deep, while often lasting bonds of sympathy and even of friendship have been formed.

At no point are summer visitors and their hosts more united than in common admiration of "our village." It is made more attractive because visitors are expected, and it is selected by them because it is attractive. All through the winter they have been thinking of the long, well-watered, and shady street of ancestral elms, or the tidy gardens of flowers, or the far sea views from piazzas covered with honeysuckle or crimson ramblers. Many a weary woman has been helped through the winter "season" by visions of summer evenings—a supper with the freshest of berries, the hottest of toast, and the neatest of linen, followed by the cheer of lamps and the fellowship of books which there is plenty of time to read. The hostess in the small town has learned her business, and has added to the gaiety of at least one nation. On her part, the loneliness of the winter life makes her look forward with social expectation to the return of "the boarders," with their music and their genial talk, even their troublesome children. She has made several improvements in the place due to suggestions of last year, and she anticipates the pleasure with which they will be greeted. And yet neither hostess nor guest is apt to realize to the full the value to both of this interchange of friendly life. It is going on, as these lines are read, in thousands of households, and it has no rival in civilizing influence in our American life.

It is a very "slow" village nowadays that does not offer its best, out of doors, to those that come to it. If it has not its village improvement society, it has a fair substitute for it in an accession of public spirit. Mr. Sylvester Baxter is recounting to our readers much that is being done in Massachusetts and elsewhere to reclaim to beauty what has been lost by man's disorderly habits. Nature has no disorderly habits, and (to paraphrase the saying) will indeed "make a solitude, and call it peace." But man's disorder is disturbing. Tin cans and refuse-heaps by the roadside, the ill-kept pigsty, the vulgar advertisement on the barn roof—these are no longer seen in the self-respecting village. What Mr. Baxter aims to set forth is the positive beauty that may be obtained by the aid of competent advisers, and by the observation of a few simple rules of procedure. It will be well if, in the organization to this end that is going on all over the country, the city visitor shall have a chance to work with the all-year resident for the good of the village of which both wish to be proud.

OPEN LETTERS

Autographs of "L'Aiglon."

KING OF ROME, NAPOLEON II, DUC DE REICHSTADT.

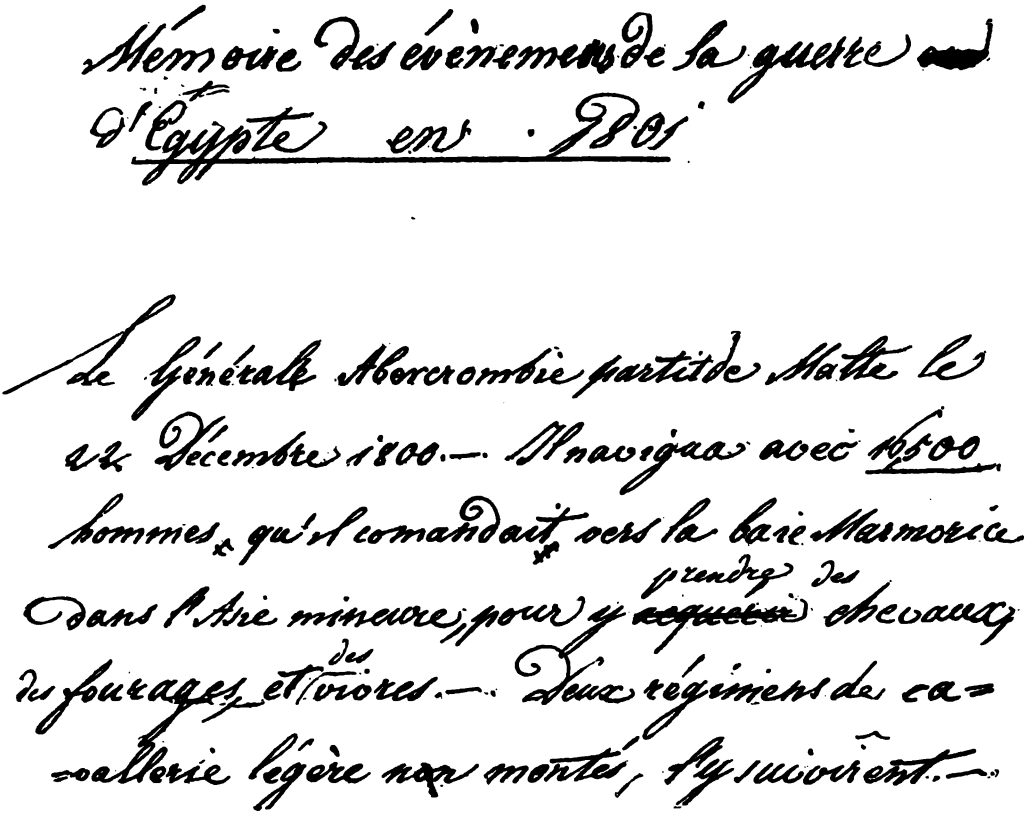
IN the palace of the Tuileries, on March 20, 1811, was born the child that in after years bore the three titles above during his short life. He came into the world with earthly prospects as bright as those with which any human being has ever been endowed. Napoleon was then at the proudest height of his career. His marriage with the Austrian princess Maria Louisa had been celebrated the previous year with all the splendor of the Empire at its most brilliant period, and with the birth of the child the deepest and fondest wish of his heart was realized—to have a son and heir. The young infant was a scion of the ancient and powerful house of Hapsburg, was the son of the great Napoleon, and heir to as magnificent an empire as was ever carved out by the sword of man.

For seven minutes the child lay as one stillborn; then he gave the first cry of life. With this his advent was hailed with the welcome of a hundred guns. He was baptized in the chapel of the Tuileries the same day as Napoléon-François-Charles-Joseph, and on June 9, at the age of nearly three months, was publicly baptized King of Rome with much ceremony and great display at Notre Dame, by his granduncle Cardinal Fesch. His godfather was the Emperor of Austria, and his godmothers were Mme. Lætitia—Napoleon's mother—and Queen Hortense. The official witnesses were the King of Westphalia, the King of Naples, and the King of Würtemberg. The ceremony was at five o'clock in the afternoon, and was followed by a splendid state dinner given by the city of Paris at the Hôtel de Ville.

The early childhood of the King of Rome, until he was three years of age, was surrounded by a miniature court at the palace.

On the first abdication of Napoleon he designated his son as his successor, with the title of Napoleon II.

On March 29, 1814, Maria Louisa left Paris with her son, amid the tumult of the mob, going to Rambouillet, and on May 2 left France, returning to Vienna. The child never saw France again. Arriving in Switzerland, the little prince was deprived of his small court except Mme. de Montesquiou and Mme. Marchant. About the middle



FACSIMILE OF THE OPENING SENTENCES OF THE DUC DE REICHSTADT'S FRAGMENTARY DRAFT OF A "MEMOIR OF THE EVENTS OF THE EGYPTIAN WAR IN 1801." THIS AND THE TWO FACSIMILES WHICH FOLLOW ARE FROM THE ORIGINALS OWNED BY GENERAL HENRY M. CIST.

of May the royal party arrived at Schönbrunn, and at the end of May Mme. de Montesquiou was separated from the young Napoleon, and a German lady of rank succeeded to her place, to the great displeasure of the prince, who expressed a disgust for the German language and a horror of the German people. He saw with sorrow, at his early age, that he was being weaned away from the French people. He remained at Schönbrunn three months, during the absence of his mother at Aix-la-Chapelle.

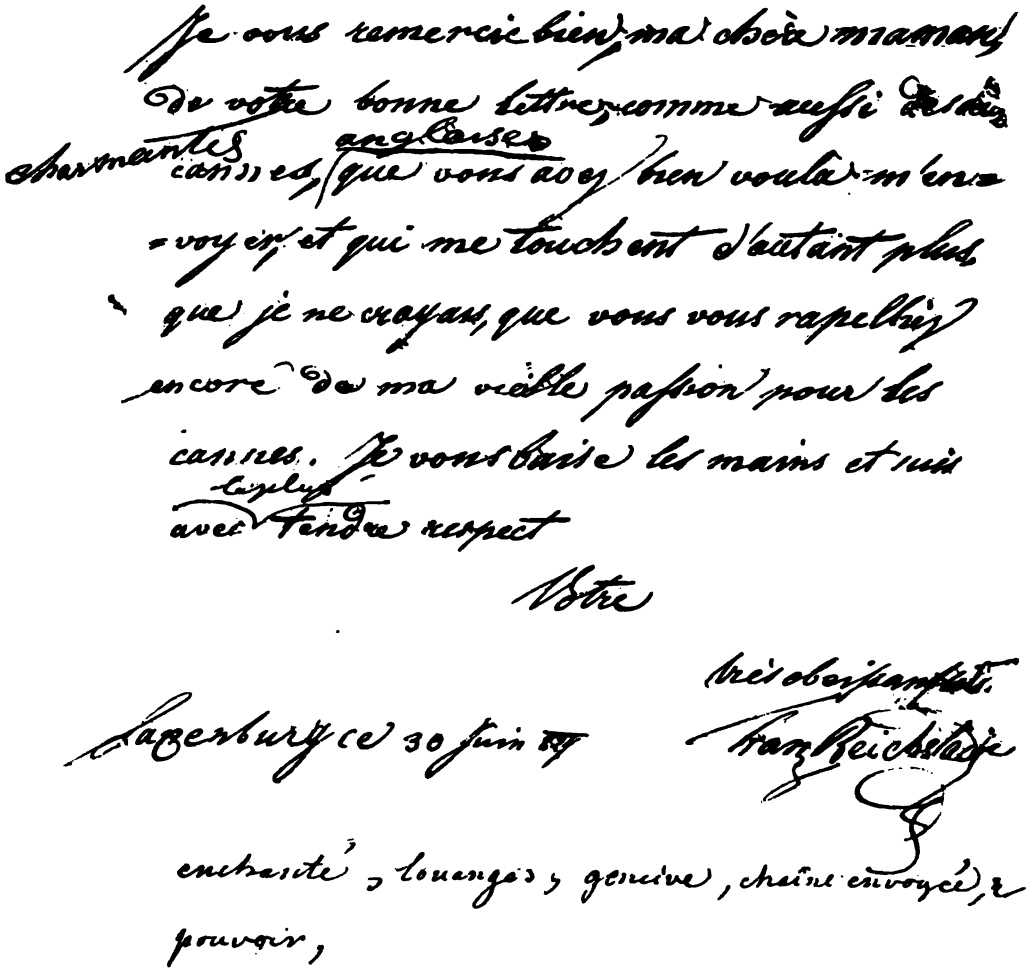
At the Congress of Vienna in 1814 a proposition was submitted to send Napoleon to the island of St. Helena instead of the island of Elba, but it was not considered formally. At the same congress it was proposed to have the son educated as a priest, to quench under the garb of the church any military ambition he might have in later life.

The mere name of Napoleon was sufficient to throw the nations of Europe into tremors, even when he was a prisoner at St. Helena and two years after his overthrow. At the international convention held June 18, 1817, on the second anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, the name of Napoleon II was taken away from the child, and he was henceforth called Charles, Duc de Reichstadt. By the same body it was decreed that Maria Louisa be prohibited from leaving the duchy of Parma to her son in the succession.

The empress had received the duchy of Parma from the Congress of Vienna. Shortly after that she left Austria with her court, going to her estates in Parma, where she remained until 1846. Here she wedded the Count von Neipperg by a morganatic marriage. She saw but little of young Napoleon during the rest of his life. She committed the youth to the care of his grandfather, Emperor Franz Joseph, who took charge of the boy and of his education.

On July 22, 1821, seventy-eight days after the death of Napoleon, his son first learned of the demise of his father. He was then ten years of age. The last time he had seen him was on January 25, 1814.

The early education of Napoleon II was with the view of drawing him away from France and the French people, and making a German prince of him. He was educated as a royal prince of the house of Austria. Count von Diederichstein was charged with the supervision of his education and training. Under him were several tutors. Colonel Werklein was his principal instructor. Captain Foresti was his military tutor. When he was twenty years of age he received a special course of military instruction on the military campaigns of Napoleon, under Marshal Marmont, Duc de Ragusa, one of his father's lieutenants. The brain of the young man was fired by the splendid



FACSIMILE OF THE CONCLUSION OF THE DRAFT OF A LETTER OF THE DUC DE REICHSTADT TO HIS MOTHER, MÁRIA LOUISA.

The words below the signature are apparently in the handwriting of his tutor. The above conclusion reads: "I thank you much, my dear mama, for your kind letter, and also for the two lovely English canes which you have been so good as to send me, and which have touched me more than I had believed possible, because you have remembered my old passion for canes. I kiss your hands, and am, with the most tender respect, your very obedient son, FRANZ REICHSTADT.
"SAXENBURG, this 30 June, 1827."

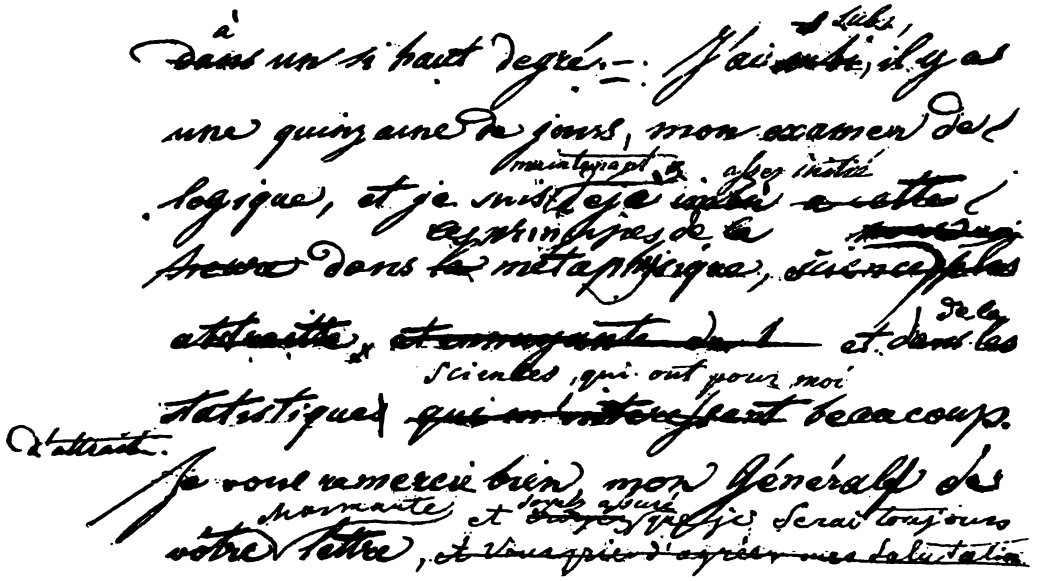
deeds of his father, and he asked his grandfather for a command of troops. He was appointed in 1831 lieutenant-colonel of a Hungarian regiment of infantry, and assigned to the command of it. From that time he spent all his hours in barracks and drill-ground.

In all the studies of the young prince the military genius of his father was early presented to his mind. His father's acts of administration, his dealings in diplomacy with the nations of Europe, his reign as emperor, his financial policy, and his laws, were all blunders for the young man to avoid. In the Revolution of 1830 an effort was made to have the young prince appear on the frontier of France, there to be taken into the empire and proclaimed emperor. Prince Metternich, acting for Austria, opposed this, and nothing came of the scheme.

Shortly after this his health became impaired, a troublesome cough succeeding a cold. From this first symptom he became despondent, and as his illness grew, he longed for France. He wrote to his aunt that he despaired of his health; that nothing would bring him life again but the air of his fatherland, France. "Austria is my nurse, France is my mother," he wrote.

In June, 1832, his illness became serious, his throat giving him trouble, and he had attack after attack which weakened him. These attacks finally developed into laryngeal phthisis, from which he died July 22, the anniversary of the day he learned of the death of his father. He died in the room in which his father dictated peace with Austria, and was buried in the Church of St. Augustine in Vienna.

Napoleon II bore a striking resemblance to his father. He had his father's brow and the same keen, searching glance of the eye. His complexion



FACSIMILE OF THE CONCLUDING SENTENCES OF THE DRAFT OF A LETTER OF THE DUC DE REICHSTADT, SHOWING THE CORRECTIONS OF HIS TUTOR.

had the pallor of Bonaparte when first consul, but his figure and the color of his hair were like those of his mother. He wrote and talked with precision, and was a very apt scholar, with a mind maturing at an early age. It is said "he became a man at the age of eighteen years." In his student years he wrote a remarkable work on Cæsar's "Commentaries," which has been published.

The facsimiles of the duke's handwriting printed herewith are from one of two exercise-books purchased in Paris by my brother, many years ago. The exercise-book kept by my brother contained a certificate of the duke's tutor as to its authenticity. The book now owned by me contains, besides several fragmentary beginnings of essays relating to a "Definition of Friendship," a "Memoir of the Events of the Egyptian War in 1801," "The Archduke Charles," and "The Dragoons of Latour," the first draft of two letters, one of them being a letter from the duke to his mother, the conclusion to which is here given in facsimile. This book, written when he was sixteen years old, certainly bears marks of a mind well developed for one of his years.

In 1814 Napoleon predicted that "the saddest of fates, the fate of Astyanax," awaited his son. His, indeed, was a far sadder fate, for Astyanax perished in the tumult of battle, amid the splendor of arms, while Napoleon II died at the age of twenty-one, the victim of the most licentious court of Europe.

Henry M. Cist.

The Commercial Value of Quiet.

AT the beginning of the outing season, when the inevitable question is, "Where shall we go?" the young and vigorous have a variety of possibilities wherefrom to choose. But nerve-weary seekers after rest—a large and rapidly growing class—confront an almost insoluble problem, especially if they must stay near the city, so that the head of the house may go to his daily work. Resorts are plentiful, but New York itself is not more noisy than most of them. The result is that tired men who need change to country air, and who are well able to pay for it, often stay and stifle in their deserted and comfortless city homes, simply because money cannot buy a chance to rest at night. Perhaps a greater number of women more patiently continue search for what they never find.

The commercial value of quiet, brought to the attention of those who need it, would be greater than that of any other attraction of nature or society whose lure is spread in the advertisements. Fortune awaits the man, prosperity is ready to smile upon the community, that will furnish quiet, and let the world know that it is furnished.

I venture to list some of the more usual murderers of sleep, with hints for their suppression:

DOGS. To one who has difficulty in sleeping, no experience of a night of horrors is more maddening than the barking of dogs. It is a nuisance quite without excuse, and easily abated by a good board of health aided by efficient police. As a rule, a $500 dog makes less noise than a 50-cent one, and a valueless, half-starved, ownerless vagrant outhowls them both. Pet dogs that, after complaint, continue to disturb the peace present a problem; but as to the right course there can be no question. The life of a man or woman—and even the doctors cannot tell how many thousands of human beings are yearly killed by noise—is more to be considered than the life of a pet.

DRUNKEN ROISTERING. The curse of many a village summer resort is the curse of politics. The need of votes at election-time keeps the authorities from suppressing disorder. In one summer village near New York a whole street built up with pretty cottages is rendered almost uninhabitable because boisterous characters have the habit of making it their "stamping-ground." Complaint is vain, and thousands of dollars' worth of taxable property is rendered nearly valueless. To another cottage resort not far away a man went last

summer with the intent of buying land and building a summer home. The first night he spent there he was kept awake until 2 A.M. by the maudlin singing and laughter of a dozen voters with whom no officer interfered; and the second night's experience was the same. In this case the money loss by noise to the community could be reckoned at a great many dollars per hour. The cure? It is perfectly plain; has been printed a thousand times. Wipe out party lines in local affairs. Let decent citizens unite for common-sense business administration.

TOWN CLOCKS. To many, a clock that strikes the hours is a pleasant break in the monotony of occasional wakefulness; to those in quest of quiet it is a relic of barbarism. In any village there is always illness which is rendered more agonizing by noise, not to speak of unfortunate refugees from the city who would be glad to make a restful summer haven.

STEAM-WHISTLES are unnecessary where everybody owns a watch. Railway-whistling and bell-ringing may usually be brought to an "irreducible minimum" by the coöperation of the company owning the line.

WAGONS. The rattle of the early-morning wagon can hardly be dispensed with until the milkman becomes a chauffeur and rides on rubber—a change perhaps not remote. Meanwhile, placing livery and other stables at a distance from hotels will lessen complaint.

As to noises within doors, every cottager is his own lawgiver. The hotel-keeper, when he has covered his hall and corridor floors with thick carpeting, has not done his full duty to his guests or to his own pocket until he also enforces quiet upon those of his boarders who keep late hours. People who have no nerves themselves are often noisy from sheer thoughtlessness, and will desist when they are made to understand the torture they inflict. If not, they can be invited to leave the house. Some hotel men might think it doubtful policy to expel persistently noisy guests; but it would pay. Sufferers who are not quite ill, but who do need undisturbed quiet, are to a marked extent learning to find it in sanatoria rather than in hotels, because the former are conducted for health and quiet, and are disturbed by no night commotions that intelligent management can prevent. A similar reason is given for the remarkable popularity of the "hydros" in England. If people in tolerable health will pay high prices for quiet under the handicap of daily association with invalids, they would appreciate it the more in cheerful hotels with normal companionship, or in cottage resorts where they might establish summer homes that would be harbors from physical shipwreck in the gales of sound.

John Langdon Heaton.

Memorandum.

IN a foot-note of the article entitled "A Visit to Mount Vernon a Century Ago" (THE CENTURY for February) the influence of Jefferson and Kosciuszko is referred to in the matter of the settlement of the then controversy between America and France. Mrs. Milton E. Smith of Branchville, Maryland, writes to us, calling attention to the important services of the Hon. William Vans Murray in this connection.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Cunnin' Larrikins.

A DIALECT STORY.



"TELL me a story, papa," said the little girl, and her father thereupon held the child in his lap, and with a twinkle in his eye, he said:

"Feth an' I will that, an' the name of me story is 'Cunnin' Larrikins.' Wance upon a toime there was a la-ad named Larry, an' they carled him Larrikins fer shorrt. An' wance his father was out plantin' peraties, an' the la-ad went to um an' axed would he tell him a story. An' the ould man said he 'd be delighted to, an' would a story about a Frinchy do? An' Larry said it would, so his father began:

"'Wance there was a Frinchy from Parrus, an' whiles he was drinkin' his red wine an' 'atin' frogs on the sidewalk, his darter says, "Mon père, tell me a story, s'il vous plait." "Avec plaisir," says he; "I can rayfuse ma petite chérie not a sing.

"'"Ver' many years aggo zere was a gra-ate beeg monstair of a Jairman man zat was weecked to every von, but he lofed hees daughtair ver'



moosh, an' so ven he was dreenkin' hees beer she coam an' as' heem for un conte, an' 'e say:

"'"'"'Ach, liebchen, dere iss nutting dat I can reffewse you. Vat keint of a dale shall I geeve you? Ach, I know. It shall be about a plack man who resitet in Nord Amerika. He vas laazy unt



goot for nicht, but he had a peekanini dat he all de time say to, "Ich liebe dich," und ven he in dose cotton-fielts vas, dot cotton peekin', das kindchen say, "I vish to hear some märchen, popchen." Und he say:

"'"'"'Why, mah li'l' chil', Ah had n' oughter stop fo' to talk, but seein' de oberseer ain' aroun',



Ah jes ez soon tell yo' one er dem tar-baby tales ez not. No, I won't, needer. Ah 'll tell yo' 'bout a crool Yankee dat lived up in de frozen Nort', 'way up neah Bawsten, an' he had a li'l' gal dat he keered fo' a heap, an' one day he was mekkin' money, fas' eveh he could, an' his li'l' gal as' him fo' a na'tive, an' he sayed:

"'"'"'"'Goshtallhemlock! but I ain't no hand ter tell sto-ries. Haowever, I did hear a purty slick one t' other day 'baout a Scotchman who lived in



Edinburry, an' he hed a girl was like the appil of his eye, an' so one day, when she up an' ast him to tell her a sto-ry, he said:

"'"'"'"'"'Me bairnie, I dinna ken owermuckle in the way of folk-tales, but my auld mither used to tell me about a man who lived in Ireland an' who



dearly lo'ed his chield. 'Tell me a story, papa,' said the little lass, and her father thereupon held the bairn in his lap, and wid a twinkle in his eye, he said:

"'"'"'"'"'"'Feth an' I will that, an' the name of me story is "Cunnin' Larrikins."'"'"'"'"'"'"

And he looked at the child, and she was asleep.

Charles Battell Loomis.

Juvenilia.

I 'M glad my verse is not mature,
Though then it might be printed,
And pass as current literature,
With praise and gain unstinted;
It might denote a blighted past,
Dead loves, and empty folly,
And ugly sawdust streaming fast
From every cherished dolly.

Instead, I pen with dauntless mind
My juvenile effusions,
And, like all writers of my kind,
I revel in illusions.
O Critics! judge them crude, untrue,
These butterfly sensations,
But pray believe, though spurned by *you*,
Youth *has* its compensations!

Margaret Ridgely Schott.

With Heliotropes.

SWEETHEART, when your eyes behold this,
Smiling, doubtless you will say,
As you read, that you 've been told this
Many times before to-day.

There is no new style of making
Love. In fact, there 's nothing new
In the world save dawn's first breaking,
Which is like a glimpse of you.

And the only telling tropes are
Heliotropes like these which turn
To the haven where my hopes are,
There to live and love and learn.

So I send them, fresh and fragrant;
Hold them to your heart, and then,
If the heart speak, let one vagrant
Spray come back to me again.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

The Point of View.

BEARDLESS college boy,
Sprightly, spick and span,
Sees a chap he knows—
Yells, "Hello, old man!"

Wearied graduate,
With whom Time doth toy,
Meets a former chum—
Says, "Hello, old boy!"

Loring Holmes Dodd.



FROM A DRAWING BY E. WARDE BLAISDELL.

PING-PONG AFTER 2 A.M.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



Salisbury

SUMMER FICTION NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXIV. JULY, 1902. No. 3.

WANTED: A CHAPERON.

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD,
Author of "The Honorable Peter Stirling," "Janice Meredith," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY C. ALLAN GILBERT.

OF all the millions who at one time or another have been compelled to burden their memories with any of the initials and figures used in naming the streets of New York, Lydia Greenough is probably the only mortal who thoroughly approves of the system. Question any one else as to its wherefore, and he or she, with either a moan or a curse (dependent, it is to be hoped, on the speaker's sex), would explain that, in a year now fading from the recollection of even its oldest inhabitants, a stupid surveyor and a foolish board of aldermen fastened upon the city of New York a method of street-numbering of surpassing inconvenience, which, with other moans and curses, its residents and its transients have since been forced to endure. But Lydia maintains that the system is admirable, and if the opportunity to plead its merits were but granted her, she would undoubtedly convince at least the masculine half of the metropolis that she is right, however wrong the system; which is merely one way of saying that Lydia is young and charming.

It was by the veriest chance—indeed, veriest of chances—that the much maligned method gained this powerful advocate. Lydia, if now asked, would doubtless assert and believe that it was all preordained, and never could have been otherwise. Yet, as a matter of fact, if on that Christmas eve a wild snow-storm had not been driving and drifting through the misnumbered streets, it never would have been. Or, if Mrs. Travers's maid had not taken to her bed with a quinsy sore throat, it never would have happened. Or, if the little country girl had been more used to city ways, and had stood less in awe of the liveried servants, it could not have occurred. In short, but for half a dozen contingencies, Miss Greenough would have completed her visit with her city relatives, and returned home to settle once more peacefully into the life of her native New England village, with never a thought or even a dream of the destiny that might have been, and with not one word of defense for the system which henceforth commanded her warmest advocacy.

It must be acknowledged that Mrs. Travers's arrangements for that evening left a goodly chance for Dame Fortune to intervene, and she is a lady who seldom misses an opportunity, be it golden or otherwise.

"It 's snowing and blowing worse than

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ever," she announced,—not Dame Fortune, but Mrs. Travers,—sticking her head into the room where Lydia was dressing, "and it really seems to me I 'd better telephone Mrs. Curtis that you can't come."

"Oh, must you, aunty?" wailed Lydia, her mouth drawn with disappointment.

"Do you truly want to go out in such fearful weather, child?" marveled Mrs. Travers, giving a little shiver, though the room was warm. "It 's only a dinner, after all, and you 'll surely catch a frightful cold, or worse."

"Why, aunty, if I were home, I 'd probably be taking a sleigh-ride, or skating," eagerly asserted the girl, "and I never catch cold. I don't believe I even can. Oh, please, please let me go!"

"Well, if you really would rather, it 's very much better, for there is hardly anything worse than to fail a hostess, though I presume she 'll have a lot of gaps, anyway, in such a storm." Mrs. Travers walked to the window, and pulling aside the thick curtain and the shade, looked out. "It 's such a horrid night, and the snow 's getting so deep, that I think I 'll telephone Mrs. Curtis, after all, and—"

"Oh, aunty!" once more wailed Lydia.

"Wait, child, till I finish! Telephone her, asking if you may not spend the night. That will be much better for you, and it will save the horses from being kept waiting. I hate to have them out such a night, and if Winwood only had the common decency to keep well, I 'd have had a carriage from the livery-stable, rather than expose—"

"That will do just as well, aunty, really it will," interjected Lydia.

"My dear! Do you think I 'd trust you with any one but our own coachman, since I can't send my maid with you?"

"I don't see why not."

"Gracious! my dear, how inexperienced you are!" sighed her aunt. "I must go and telephone first, but then I 'll explain to you why it would n't be right or proper."

With this remark, Mrs. Travers departed, leaving her niece to worry over the extent of her ignorance of social conventions while she went on with her prinking.

This most important and fascinating employment was brought to a finish just as Mrs. Travers returned. "Yes, child, it 's all right," was her announcement as she entered the room; "so put what you 'll need for the night into a bag. It 's too bad Winwood is n't here to do it for you. These modern servants!"

"She 'd only be in my way," declared the girl, busy with the packing. "I 'd much rather do it myself."

"And you look beautiful, my dear," said Mrs. Travers. "How can you do your hair so prettily without a maid?"

"But I have a maid, aunty," laughed Lydia, merrily, "and one, moreover, who takes much greater pains to make me look nice than any one else possibly could. There! Do you think Winwood could have done that any quicker?" she ended, holding up the bag.

"Winwood! Why, Lydia, she simply breathes idleness. If you only knew how I am tried and—but there, I must n't begin on that, for it would take hours, and you must be starting, for it will take longer than usual to drive there because of the drifts, and then I don't want the horses to be kept waiting a moment longer than need be."

"What did you say was the number?" asked Lydia, hurriedly putting on her wrap.

"19 West Seventy—there, that 's what I 'm always doing! I say East when I mean West, and West when I mean East. Mrs. Curtis lives at 19 East—no, no, child," she broke in, "don't you carry the bag; of course Morland must bring it down. Ring twice, as I have told you."

"I 'm sorry, aunty, but it 's so hard to get used to being waited on," apologized the girl, as she obeyed Mrs. Travers's instructions. "And it really takes more time; you know it does."

"But we must keep them busy, or they are simply ruined.—Take Miss Greenough's bag to the carriage," she ordered, once the servant arrived, and then led the way downstairs.

"You did n't finish giving me Mrs. Curtis's address, aunty," Lydia reminded her, as they descended.

"Oh, yes. 19 East Seventy—now, did I say Seventy-second or Seventy-third when I read you her note this morning?"

"I am certain you said Seventy-second, because I remember thinking that four times eighteen is seventy-two, and so I only had to take my own age and multiply it by four."

"Yes, you are right, and I ought to have known it, for Mrs. Washburn lives at 19 West Seventy-third, so of course it must be Seventy-second. Well, kiss me good night, my dear. I hope the first dinner will be everything that you—why, how you are shaking, child!"

"It 's only excitement, aunty. Were n't you frightened and nervous and eager and

—oh—everything over your first dinner-party?"

Mrs. Travers smiled. "It 's so long ago I 've even forgotten, Lydia. But don't mention dinner-parties or any other parties to-night. There are dinners and dances and receptions in New York, but never parties. Every one will know you are from the country if you speak of parties."

"Oh, I 'm so glad you told me, and I do hope I 'll remember," exclaimed the girl, with an alarm in her voice suggestive of murder or arson rather than a fear of recognition of mere country breeding. "Is there anything else I should n't do?"

"Here 's Morland to put you in the carriage, and the horses must n't be kept waiting," answered her aunt. "Don't worry, my dear," she added in a whisper. "A girl can do nothing amiss if she only—" Mrs. Travers artfully paused to kiss her niece twice, and then ended, "only is as pretty as you are."

Preceded by the footman, and well-nigh swept off her feet by the wind, Lydia went down the steps as quickly as possible, and entered the carriage. The servant, after placing the bag beside her, tucked the fur rug carefully about her feet, and then asked:

"Where to, Miss Greenough?"

"Oh, I forgot. Thank you, Morland. To —to 19 West Seventy-second, please."

The door slammed, and with an effort that tested the goodness of the harness, the horses started on their toilsome drag through the drifts. Lydia, trembling half with the cold and half with excitement, tried to lean back, but the carriage rocked and jounced to such an extent as to make the position impossible, and so, sitting well forward and holding the arm-slings tightly, she steadied herself as best she could.

"Let me see," she cogitated, "I must not say 'Yes, sir,' or 'Yes, ma'am,' to any one, and I must n't thank the servants when they pass me things, but just say 'Yes,' or 'Not any,' and I must n't speak of parties, and—oh, dear! I 'm sure aunty told me something else I was not to do! Oh, yes; I must always say 'a friend,' or 'a man,' or 'a woman,' or 'a girl,' but never 'a lady friend' or 'a gentleman friend,' for that 's the way shop-girls and servants talk."

With such thoughts and worries the girl sped the slow drive, or rather jolt, for such in truth it was. Twice the halting of the carriage made her think the destination was attained, but each time one glance out of the window served to show her that they were in the middle of the street, and the pause was merely to breathe the horses. At last, however, after a third halt and then a series of backings and advances, they brought up close to the curb, with a final jar that seemed to declare an intention of never again departing from that spot.

With a quickness born of both her own impatience and her aunt's fear for the horses, Lydia threw open the door and alighted. Although the wind had swept the sidewalk in front of the house fairly clean of snow, yet the suspicions of a more experienced diner-out would have been instantly awakened, for there was no man awaiting the carriages, no awning or even carpet, and, most telltale of all, the flight of steps was but a smooth slide of snow. But the country-bred girl gave not one thought to any one of these eloquent facts, and intent only on pleasing Mrs. Travers by not keeping the horses standing, she hurriedly closed the door, and said, "That 's all, thank you, Thomas."

"An' what time shall I call for yez, miss?" questioned the coachman, the words coming faintly through his thick fur collar.

"You are not to come for me, Thomas, for I 'm to spend the night here with Mrs. Curtis."

As the carriage turned out into the middle of the street, Lydia crossed the sidewalk, and not without a struggle, for her gloves, fan, bag, and skirts took both her hands, slowly waded, more than climbed, the snow-laden steps.

No response came to her first ring, or to her second one, but her third proved an open sesame, for the door was swung back by a man-servant, who appeared somewhat startled or surprised when Lydia stepped into the hall.

His face and manner made this so evident that it could not escape Lydia's observation; but before she could determine what it meant, she saw his eyes, which were wandering over her, fasten with real amazement on the bag in her hand.

"Mrs. Curtis knows that—my aunt telephoned Mrs. Curtis, asking if I might spend the night," she hurriedly explained.

The servant, who still held open the door, blinked at her. "Whodishyoushay?" he asked, with a manner curiously mixing an attempt at dignity and an intense friendliness.

"My aunt, Mrs. Travers; and Mrs. Curtis answered that I might," responded Lydia, vaguely anxious.

Still with dignity, somewhat lessened by



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

"NO RESPONSE CAME TO HER FIRST RING."

an obvious leaning upon the handle, the man slowly closed the door. The difficult feat accomplished, he said, "Shidown," accompanying the recommendation with a sweeping motion of his arm toward the hall settle, which made him stagger. "Shidown, an' I 'll ashk Misher Murshon."

"Who is he?" interrogated the girl, frightened into a direct question.

"Misher Murshon? Who 'sh Misher Murshon?" echoed the man, so incredulously as to make Lydia fear she had committed some unpardonable social slip or was declaring her country origin. Then he smiled—in fact, beamed—upon Lydia, as, answering his own question, he continued, "Misher Murshon 's finesh of men."

"I don't understand—there must be some mistake. Is n't this Mrs. Curtis's?"

"I shaid this Misher Murshon's."

"No, you did n't," denied Lydia, desperate with fright. "What number is it?"

"Number?" repeated the man, foggily, much as if the girl had propounded a conundrum.

"Yes. What number is this house?"

"Oh, yesh; number," he replied, once more smiling. "Thish 19 Wesh Sheventy-shecond."

"Oh," moaned Lydia, sinking back on the settle, "and I told Thomas 19 East Seventy-second! And now I 'll be late to the dinner, and aunty said there was nothing worse!" As this thought flashed into her mind, she sprang up, and catching at the handle of the door, threw it open, letting in a wild burst of wind, which brought with it a flurry of snowflakes. "Oh, the carriage is gone!" she cried despairingly. "What am I to do?"

"Shidown, shidown," reiterated the servant. "Misher Murshon 'll know whatsh do. Ish all right." Turning, he walked along the hallway, steadying himself, as he went, by a hand on the wall, until he disappeared through a doorway.

Had Lydia been more versed in this world, she would have seized this opportunity to escape into the street, even though her footgear consisted of slippers and worsted overshoes, and her gown and wraps were absolutely unfitted for the storm. As it was, she closed the door, and stood waiting the return of the man, with the courage of ignorance and of necessity.

The first development was not of a character to lessen her anxiety.

"What do you mean, Richards, by getting into this state?" demanded a gruff masculine voice, angrily.

No reply reached the ears straining so eagerly to hear, but one was evidently essayed, for, after a slight pause, the same voice continued:

"Nonsense! You are not in a fit condition to do your duties, and you need n't try to hide it. You 've taken advantage of my helplessness, and my having to trust the keys to you."

Once more the angry voice ceased, and a moment's stillness ensued; then it began again:

"If you are not tipsy, why can't you tell me what it is you are trying to explain?"

The longest time of apparent silence followed, terminated finally by the same speaker, who, in a far louder but no less angry voice, called:

"Will whoever is out there please come in here?"

Lydia faltered and flushed and paled before she could screw her courage to the acting-point; but some proceeding was necessary, and after an instant's hesitation she hurried along the hallway and passed through the door. It was a somber-looking room that she entered, unlighted save by a smoldering wood fire, and by a single oil-lamp, so shaded as to cast its rays only on a book in the hands of some one lying on a lounge.

"Zish ish zhe young laish, Misher Murshon," announced the servant, whose figure the girl could just make out in the gloom as she entered.

The recumbent person made a movement, as, in the now familiar accents, he said, "My fellow here has been drinking, and I can't make out from him what the matter is."

"I 'm—oh—I 'm so sorry to trouble you; it 's all a dreadful mistake, but Thomas brought me to the wrong house, and has gone away, and—and what am I to do?" Lydia's closing wail was dangerously near turning into tears, but the last word was uttered with only a break of the voice.

At the first sound of the girlish tone, the man reached up and turned aside the shade, so as to light up the room; and by the change the interloper found herself in the presence of a man of perhaps thirty-five, seemingly an invalid, for his face was pale and was resting on an ordinary bed-pillow, while a gray shawl was over his body.

"Well," he questioned, with a distinct suggestion of impatience, "can't you walk there?"

"It 's 19 East Seventy-second street, and it 's storming terribly, and the carriage did n't stay, and I 've only slippers on, and

I 'll spoil my dress, and I don't know the way," sobbed Lydia, giving way to tears as she catalogued her accumulation of difficulties.

"Now don't be silly and cry," protested the man, half gruffly and half frightened. "Sit down there, and we 'll fix it all right."

"Oh, will you?" cried Lydia, gratefully, even through her tears. "Thank you, oh, thank you so much!"

"I suppose you 're not too drunk, Richards, to run an errand," remarked the master, bitingly. "I do think you might be trusted once without abusing my confidence."

"Misher Murshon, youshon mosh unjush," responded the servant, in an injured tone. "When you shen me for champagne, acshident took plashe. Firsh bosshle broke, and while I shelecks anosher one, I breashe fumesh. Perfeshly shober, bush a lilly dizhey, zhash all."

"Then bring me that pad and a pencil from my desk," ordered the master, and when the two were in his hands, he wrote a brief note, and held it out to the servant, with the direction, "There, take that to Burton's livery-stable at once."

"Yesh, Misher Murshon; zish inshant," meekly answered Richards, as he hurried from the room with all the haste consistent with his efforts to walk steadily.

"Why don't you sit down?" questioned the host, curtly, once more motioning toward a chair.

"Had n't I better go back to the hall?" suggested Lydia. "Then I sha'n't interrupt your reading."

"Nonsense! Sit down!" he reiterated.

Afraid to object further, the girl took a chair, remarking, "Thank you very much; and please don't mind me, but go on with your book."

"I was reading only from sheer ennui," growled the man. "I sprained my ankle last week, and have nearly perished of boredom ever since."

"I 'm so sorry," said Lydia, with genuine sympathy in her words. "Does it hurt you much?"

"Only when I try to walk. But for that I 'd have gone for a carriage myself," he had the grace to explain, softened a little apparently by her manner, "instead of sending that good-for-nothing beast."

"I 'm very glad—that is, I mean—I should have been very sorry to have you put yourself out for me."

"I 'm only afraid that fellow will take longer than need be," was the muttered explanation.

Absolute silence followed, the host evidently having nothing more to say, and the guest being too timid to attempt conversation. But presently the heat of the room led her to open her fan, and this small act served to vivify it anew.

"If you 're hot, why don't you take off your cloak?" he suggested. "At the best, the carriage can't get here under ten minutes."

"Thank you, I will, for I 'm very warm," acceded Lydia, throwing back her wrap with real relief.

"You were on your way to some social frivolity," he remarked, more assertion than question, as his glance took in the dainty frock and the pretty bared arms and throat.

"Yes; to a dinner-party—there, I said it!" moaned Lydia.

"Said what?" questioned her interlocutor, surprised at her consternation.

"I—why, aunty told me," stammered the girl, blushing, "that if I spoke of dinner-parties, people—every one would know I was from the country."

"And are you from the country?"

"Yes," acknowledged Lydia, straightforwardly, though coloring a little.

"And why are you ashamed of that?"

"I 'm not ashamed of it," denied the girl, warmly.

"Then why did you object to people knowing that you were?" persisted her relentless interrogator, smiling.

It was a cruel question, and Lydia faltered an instant, but, collecting herself, she replied quietly, yet with real dignity: "I feel no shame at living in the country, for it is nothing to be ashamed of; but when I am in the city, I wish to behave as it is customary, and so I was mortified at speaking of parties after my aunt had cautioned me not to use the word."

"Bravo! That 's the way to feel, no matter what people say," exclaimed the man, approvingly. "Pray tell a social ignoramus why society objects to the word 'parties.'"

"I don't know; but aunty said that people only speak of dinners and dances and receptions, and never of parties, and that they 'd think me countrified if I talked of them."

The man threw his head back and laughed heartily. "Is n't that just like the collection of donkeys and geese and parrots who make up 'society'?" he said. "They do nothing but heehaw and quack and gabble about

house-parties and coaching-parties and yachting-parties, but of course the word is low, vulgar, plebeian, and countrified when it is applied to the ordinary uses given in the dictionary. However, I 'm grateful to you for enlightening me, for I 'm not very experienced, and it would have been an awful mortification to me had I made a slip in such a vital matter as the latest edict concerning social slang."

"But aunty told me no well-mannered person ever used slang," objected his listener, very much mystified by the irony.

"I 'm not much of an authority on the subject, but I think good manners and fashionable life have little intimacy. As for the latter's taboo on slang, it extends only to the vernacular of other circles, for its own lingo is as cheap and common as any it forbids."

"Not really!" marveled the girl, incredulously. "Now what, for instance?"

"Not being an expert, I can only reply at random; but take such words as 'bud,' 'belle,' 'wallflower,' 'smart,' 'swell,' and a lot of similar ruck, and you 'll see—"

The completion of the speech was cut short by the entrance, without any previous knock, of a very tall and stout woman, who announced her advent with the demand:

"An' will yez be afther havin' yere dinner now, Misther Murchison, or wait till it 's spiled intoirely?"

The question asked, she stuck her arms, which were bared to the elbow, akimbo, and stared fixedly at Miss Greenough.

"Richards is n't back, is he?"

"Divil a bit."

"Then dinner must wait."

"All roight, sor; but don't be blamin' me, sure, if it 's burnt to a crisp," retorted the cook, impertinently.

"Oh, it 's too bad for me to spoil your dinner. Please don't let me prevent your having it," begged Lydia.

"That 's roight, miss," agreed the cook, approvingly. "It 's sick Oi am thryin' to cook for the loikes av him, that niver will ate his food whin it 's ready. Toime an' toime ag'in he 's so took up wid his chimicals or books—"

"That 's enough, Monica," interrupted the master, sharply. "You may go back to the kitchen."

With a shake of her head and a muttered something of disapproval, the servant obeyed, just as the clock on the mantel began striking.

"You are witnessing some choice examples of a bachelor's housekeeping, are you not?" observed Mr. Murchison.

"I—I beg your pardon," apologized Lydia, with a start. "I was trying to count the time, and so—what did you ask me?"

"It is just eight," he told her, after a look at his watch.

"Is it really?" sighed the girl, forlornly. "How long will it take to drive to East Seventy-second?"

"Usually about fifteen minutes, but it will be nearer half an hour if the snow is bad. What time was your dinner?"

"Half-past seven."

"Well, if the carriage comes within ten minutes, you 'll only be a little more than fashionably late, so there 's no occasion to look so funereal." Just as he finished, a bell sounded, and he added: "There 's Richards now, and from the time he 's been, he ought to have brought a carriage with him."

Both listened so intently that they could hear the distant footsteps of the cook as she went to the basement door, and the creak and the slam as it was opened and closed, even the indistinct murmur of voices, succeeded after a time by the sound of footsteps coming up the stairs; and Monica appeared in the doorway.

"It 's Richards come back, sor," she announced; "an' he wint to two stables, an' they both said they 'd not sind no carriage out in this blizzard for no wan."

"And why does n't he come and tell me so himself?"

"Sure, an' I don't think he could git upstairs."

"He 's been drinking again?"

"An' he has that same," acceded the servant. "Och, but the smell of the whisky 'most knocked me over whin I opened the door just now."

Something Mr. Murchison said under his breath as, tossing the shawl aside, he gingerly put his feet to the floor and sat up. Then aloud, "Hand me my crutches—there—in the corner," he directed, when the cook stood still.

"An' what do ye want wid thim?" she questioned, standing stolidly. "For ye need n't think I 'll be afther bringin' thim to ye, if ye 're goin' to do wan stip more than walk to the dinin'-room."

"Nonsense! Do as I tell you," ordered her master.

"Nary crutch do I bring, unless ye promise to moind the docthor."

"You will obey my order at once," he reiterated, quietly but sternly.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

"SHE TOOK FROM THE FRONT OF HER GOWN A BUNCH OF VIOLETS."

"Och, for the love of the blissid saints! Misther Murchison, be good now!" whimpered the woman, though she made not the slightest motion of obedience.

The invalid turned to his visitor. "Will you please bring me those crutches over there in the corner?"

"Don't ye do it, miss," counseled the Irishwoman, "for he 's that set an' obstinate that—"

"Be still, Monica," broke in the man, really irritated. "You don't—"

"An' is it be still ye 'd have me?" indignantly retorted the maid. "Very well. Oi 'll be still, an' let ye go yere own way, an' foine work 't will be." She crossed the room and came back with the crutches. "Theer!" she snapped, as she held them out to him, "thry walkin' the shtreets in this snow. Thry if ye can so much as git down the front stips in this wind. Listhen to it howl. Och, foine sport ye 'll have of it!"

"Oh, she is quite right," urged Lydia, joining her plea to that of the servant. "It is blowing so that it is all one can do to stand up, and the steps are a foot deep with snow."

While she was speaking, the invalid took the crutches, and by their help successfully struggled to his feet, and now stood upright, propped upon them. The joint protests, however, were sufficient to give him pause, and his face showed evident indecision for a brief space before he said, "Then will you go for a carriage, Monica?"

"Av coorse Oi will, if that will satisfy ye," assented the cook, "though Oi don't see what use 't will be if they won't send wan, an' the dinner 'll be spoilt intoirely by the toime Oi git back, if Oi 'm not froze to death goin' or comin'."

"It 's dreadful to put you to so much trouble," grieved Lydia, "and now it—it—really is n't necessary. You said it would take over ten minutes to get a carriage here, and half an hour to drive there, and now it 's quarter past eight, so at the best I could n't get there till nearly nine o'clock, and the dinner will be over by that time. So please let Monica give you your dinner before she tries to get a carriage."

"That 's roight, miss, an' the sinse ye have av it; for it 's sure the policeman will be in for a bit av a sup—" Monica caught herself up sharply, coughed, and then went on hurriedly—"that is, it 's me cousin promised he 'd thry to bring me word this evenin' av how me—me niece was, that 's sick wid a terrible cold; an' whin he comes, Oi 'll just make him foind a carriage for ye, an' it 's himself can do it."

"There, you see," joyfully cried the country girl, her brow clearing. "That will save all the trouble."

"And what about you?" questioned Mr. Murchison.

"Me? Why—I 'll just sit here and read something until the carriage comes," explained Lydia, guilelessly.

"And go without any dinner?"

"Oh, that 's nothing," she responded. "I 'll not mind a bit, really."

"But I can't have that," objected the host. "Don't you see it 's impossible?"

"Av coorse it is," chimed in Monica. "It 's sit down an' have a good dinner along wid the masther ye will, sinsible loike."

"But I 'm not in the least hungry, truly," lied Lydia, earnestly.

"It 's impossible for me to have my dinner, and you go without," asserted Mr. Murchison. "Don't you see it is?"

Lydia colored and looked doubtingly, first at the woman and then at the man.

"I 'm afraid—it—would it be proper?" she questioned, her face once again wrinkled with anxiety.

"An' av coorse it would be, miss, an' a good dinner ye 'll have; an' foine it will be for the masther to have a bit av company, afther his bein' so sick an' solit'ry," affirmed the cook, heartily.

"I—I 'm not used to—to city ways," faltered Lydia, "and—oh, dear! I don't know what is right! What do you think I ought to do?" she appealed to Mr. Murchison, throwing herself on his honor.

Her question transferred some of the wrinkles of her forehead to his, and he hesitated, frowningly, before he spoke. "Look here," he replied; "I 've got an apology to make, and I want to make it before I answer you. When you first came in here, I thought you were one of those silly New York society girls who pretend to be innocent and helpless, because they think that 's the way to catch the men, but who really know the world, good and bad, about as well as those twenty years their seniors. Believing this, I thought you could take care of yourself as well as need be, and so I was curt and rude, and I 'm sorry and mortified."

"Please don't talk like that," broke in the girl, "for you 've—for I know how much trouble I 've given you all, and you 've been most kind."

"I say this much as a preliminary because I wanted you to feel in advance that you

were n't being asked to dine by an ogre. If, now, you were one of the girls I mistook you for, I suppose you would n't dine with me under the present conditions. That 's because they import their manners, as well as their gowns, from France, and Johnnie Crapeau is such a gentleman that convention ordains that a woman must never be left alone with him an instant. But, as a fact, the American woman knows that she 's absolutely safe with the American man, and she does n't pay the least heed to the decree, except this society woman, who would n't either, if it were n't French. Is n't that so?"

"I—I don't quite know what you mean," she replied.

"Where you came from was it wrong for a girl to go off driving or sleighing with a man, and to be alone with him for several hours?"

"No," acknowledged Lydia, a little reluctantly.

"Then I don't see why you should n't dine with me."

"But I knew them well—and always had known them," she objected.

The man smiled as he said pleasantly: "And I have n't even a family Bible to vouch for me. Well, my name is Allan Murchison, which is equivalent to saying that I was born a Scotchman, and the Standard Chemical Company would give me a first-class recommendation, if they thought I needed it, either as a man or as a chemist. Monica here will go bail for my conduct as a domestic animal, which"— Mr. Murchison gave a little laugh—"is more than I can do for either of my domestics. Now, don't you think this information and her presence are guaranties enough?"

"An' sure, miss," interrupted the cook, once again putting in her tongue, "don't ye fear wan minute to do it, for the masther 's a gintleman, if ever theer was wan, or it 's not mesilf would desave ye if he was n't."

Poor Lydia glanced about the room, as if seeking further counsel from something before saying, "I 'm afraid I 'm very foolish, but I really don't think I ought. It—it somehow does n't seem right—and something tells me that aunty would think it very wrong."

"Then of course you are not to do it," Mr. Murchison told her, and taking the crutches from under his arms, he resumed his seat on the lounge.

"Oh, but won't you please have your dinner, just as if I was n't here?" besought the girl. "I 'll just sit here and read something."

To prove the good faith of her offer, she caught up a magazine from the little table.

Mr. Murchison laughed with real merriment. "Hold on," he said; "I 'll have a forfeit with you. If you 'll promise honestly to read that,—that is, understand it,—why, I 'll eat my dinner alone; but if you don't read it, as you said you would, why, then you must dine with me. Is it a bargain?"

"Why, yes. I 'll agree to that," consented Lydia, welcoming any loophole of escape, though a little puzzled to know what he meant.

"Now light the reading-lamp and see what you 've promised to read," requested the man, laughing once more.

Obediently the girl turned on the electric light on the table beside her, and, raising the magazine, glanced at the title. "'Chemisch-Technisches Repertorium,'" she read out questioningly, with an admirable German accent.

"Oh," ejaculated the man, his laughter visibly waning, "you know German, do you? Well, which of the articles are you going to read?" he questioned quizzically.

Miss Greenough ran her eyes down the table of contents, and then she smiled, as she answered, with a touch of archness, "I think this 'Darstellung von substantiven Baumwollfarbstoffen aus Derivaten der Dinitrooxydiphenylamine,' by a man named Allan Murchison, sounds interesting."

"And are you going to try to make me believe you can understand that rubbish," demanded Mr. Murchison, the smile all gone, "and so escape paying the forfeit?"

Lydia gave a triumphant little laugh. "My father is a doctor, Mr. Murchison, and he 's taught me all the chemistry he knows, and I 'm very much interested in it. Indeed, I could n't have found anything that interests me more. So you see you must pay the forfeit, and eat your dinner, while I sit here and read."

"Oh!" was all the response the chemist vouchsafed, thoroughly taken aback and crestfallen. Then, man of his word, he turned to Monica. "You may give me dinner as soon as it is ready."

"Ready," grunted the cook as she started to leave the room. "Ready some of it 's been this twinty minutes, an' it 's not mesilf is to blame if—" There her grumbles died away out of the hearing of the two.

To emphasize the agreement, Lydia slightly shifted her chair to bring the light

properly, and, opening the review, began reading.

To this absorption Mr. Murchison made no objection, but, settling back on the lounge, he calmly examined his unexpected visitor, who, thanks to the newly lighted lamp, was now for the first time clearly visible to him. In her dainty frock, the gift of her aunt, and far exceeding in fineness anything she had hitherto even dreamed of, the girl made a charming picture; but Mr. Murchison scarcely noticed it, giving his whole attention to her face. It was one most people gave attention to, with its clear eyes, studious rather than alert, and its rather low and thoughtful forehead, all suggesting in some way that they were more interested in what was being thought than in what was being seen, and each in curious contradiction to, or at least strange mates of, a very youthful-looking mouth and chin, and a wilderness of little curls, boldly standing forth or timidly hiding themselves, flyaway or nestling, single and in couples, decking the temples, or kissing the little ears and the slender neck, and all seemingly uttering a mute but most eloquent protest at the tyranny of combs and hair-pins. The spectacle was a novel one to the solitary bachelor, and was made all the more unusual and interesting because those eyes were reading an article of his, and he noted each change of expression, however slight, and tried to divine from it how far she had progressed, and how much she was interested.

It is not to be supposed that Miss Greenough could long remain unaware of this fixed scrutiny, and as consciousness grew, she found it more and more difficult to keep her attention fastened upon what she was reading, and to keep from stealing a glance toward the sofa to assure herself that she was being watched. This latter desire presently became so strong that only by a distinct exertion of the will was she able to resist it, and try her best, her thoughts would not keep themselves centered in those strange German letters and terrible technical words. She held her eyes determinedly on the text, however, and turned the pages at what she thought was the proper interval of time.

"Now, honestly, do you understand it?" questioned her host, suddenly.

Although the interruption was a relief in that it allowed the girl to raise her eyes, the inquiry was disconcerting, and the temptation to fib was strong; but after a moment's embarrassment, Lydia answered frankly:

"I have n't been able to comprehend it."

"Then under our compact you will have to dine with me, won't you?" broke in Mr. Murchison.

"I was going to explain," went on the girl, "that my mind won't concentrate on it at present; but I believe, if the conditions were different, I could read it, abstruse as it is. And when I am home again, I shall write and get a copy, that I may really read it."

"You need n't take that trouble, for you are welcome to that copy, if you are in earnest."

"But I really must n't rob you."

The author laughed. "You need n't fear that. One is n't paid anything for that kind of stuff, but they give one all the copies one wants. Anything to get rid of them, is the way they look at it, judging from the difficulty I have in getting people to accept copies."

"If you are in earnest, of course I 'll take it gladly, and be very much obliged indeed; and I know papa will be glad to see it, too, for he—"

The thanks of the girl were cut short here by the intermittent cook, who once more entered.

"An' whativer shall we do, sor?" she demanded crossly. "Here 's that baste Richards lyin' on the intry flure, an' not wan move can Oi git 'm to make, an' now Oi foind he has n't aven set the ta-able."

The man on the sofa laughed, half amusedly and half disgustedly. "It 's lucky for me that you did n't accept my invitation. The Fates are determined, you see, that we are neither of us to have any dinner."

"An' sure it 's not as bad as that," comforted the servant, "for it 's mesilf will set the ta-able in the dinin'-room for ye, or this little wan in here, just as ye desoide, Misther Murchison."

"Very well; give it to me here."

"An' perhaps ye 'll be clearin' off that ta-able, miss, whoile Oi 'm afther gittin' the plates," calmly suggested the maid.

"I won't have such impertinence, Monica," began the master, angrily, "and—"

"But I will, gladly," acquiesced Lydia, rising.

"Nonsense! I 'll not have you do anything of the kind," indignantly asserted the man.

"And how will you prevent me?" laughed Lydia, saucily, busy in clearing away the books and other things on the table.

"I won't have you wait on me, or do my servant's bidding," he protested.

"Why, I often set the table at home," explained the girl, "and I really enjoy it, for I make it look so much nicer than Hannah ever does that even papa notices the difference. And I always do it when we are to have company. Shall I put the table by the sofa or by the easy-chair?"

"By the chair, please," requested Mr. Murchison, resignedly, though amused. "But pray don't let my wishes interfere with any preference you may have. I 'm well used to the position of submissive mastership."

"In that case I 'm going to move them both over here, nearer the fire—or what might be one, if it were properly mended," announced the girl, really interested and on her mettle. She put the furniture as indicated, and then with the tongs changed the positions of the smoldering, smoking logs, placed two new ones artfully in exactly the right spots, and brushed up the hearth into tidiness, just as the fire burst out into flames that lighted up and cheered the hitherto rather gloomy-looking room.

"That 's delightful!" exclaimed Mr. Murchison, admiringly. "I wish you 'd show my servants how to make a fire; for all they ever give is just an aggravation of one."

"It 's only a bed of embers, a good big back log, and plenty of air—oh, I forgot I was instructing a chemist—plenty of O_2. I always like to think of fire as the ancients did, before you dreadful scientists took all the poetry out of it, as a god, or element, separate from but imprisoned in everything. Many and many a night I can't go to sleep until my fire is all burned out, but just lie and watch the flame or spirit escape from its prison. And if I were a poet, my first endeavor would be to try to write some great epic on it, and so put the poetry back."

"And why so unjustly leave out the scientist?" responded Mr. Murchison. "Surely he or his works could be included. Let me see if I can't suggest a stanza or two. Yes:

> The Baltimore heater
> Makes many lives sweeter."

"Oh, don't!" pleaded Lydia.

"Ah, ha! So you must beg of the poor scientists, after all? But after your base attack on them I 'll show no mercy. Listen to this:

> How dreary, cold, and strange
> Is the home without a—"

Crash! jingle! jingle! jingle! came a succession of sounds, cutting short the rhymester.

"Don't be alarmed," hastily said Mr. Murchison, reassuringly, as Lydia jumped. "That is merely the usual announcement that a bachelor's dinner is approaching, though I do think Monica might have let me complete my jingle before so utterly eclipsing it with hers."

"It is too bad!" cried Lydia, regretfully.

"Which?—for I 'm afraid my doggerel is the worse of the two. Well, Monica, is there enough left for one meal?" he asked, as the cook appeared, her arms laden with napery, china, and silver.

"Arrah, Misther Murchison, an' it was just two plates an' some silver which fell off the dresser av thimselves whoile Oi was r'achin' for the glasses, an' it froighted me so, bad cess to it! that Oi dhropped two goblets, an' small blame to me that Oi did n't dhrop more." She set her burden on the table with an air of conscious self-approval, and as she retired said: "Theer, miss, whoile ye spread the cloth, Oi 'll be bringin' in the rest."

"You are now paying the penalty of having sided with Monica against me a moment ago, for she clearly considers you as an ally, if not a minion. But it 's your own fault if you pay the least attention to her bidding."

"It really amuses me," answered the girl, gaily, as she deftly unfolded and settled the cloth into place, and arranged silver and china quickly and quietly in their positions.

"You 'd better set two places while you are about it," advised the man, "for I see Monica has brought the china and silver for it, so she evidently intends that you shall dine with me."

"An' av coorse she will, an' not be foolish," asserted the cook, reëntering with goblets and wine-glasses. "Sure, don't be stiff and silly, miss, but do as the masther bids ye."

With slightly heightened color, and with hands not quite so quick and dexterous as before, Lydia set another place opposite the one completed, while the maid deposited the glass upon the table.

"Oi think that 's all to begin wid," she said, taking stock of the table.

"Can't you—have n't you something to ornament it with—a centerpiece—flowers—silver?" asked Lydia. "It looks so bare."

"I 'm afraid you are asking too much of a bachelor's house. How is it, Monica?"

"Nary a cinterpace have we; but theer 's a silver moog might do."

"Never mind; this will answer," said Lydia, taking a small vase from the mantel and putting it on the table. This done, she

took from the front of her gown a bunch of violets. "There, could Richards have done that better?" she asked, giving her hands a little clap of triumph.

By the aid of the crutches the invalid had once again got upon his feet, and then across the space to the table. "That is charming," he declared, "and I only wish Richards had half your skill. If ever a Good Samaritan deserved a dinner, I think you do."

"An' shall I dish up, sor?" inquired the cook.

"You will take your orders from Miss—excuse me, but I really think I ought to know your name."

"Lydia Greenough."

"Thank you. This is Miss Greenough's dinner, Monica, and you will take your orders from her."

"Then you may serve dinner," directed Lydia; and as the cook departed and the two took their seats at the little table, she went on naïvely: "Do you know, I 've always had such a longing to be the mistress of a house, if only for a week, and so you can't imagine what fun this is to me."

"I should think a week would be enough to cure you of the desire, and I suspect one meal at this house will."

"On the contrary," replied Lydia, smiling, "what I have seen has had the directly opposite effect."

"I don't see why."

"Because there is such a lot to do," laughed Lydia. "I 'm afraid that is very rude under the circumstances," she added, with a shade of contrition, "but there are five of us girls, besides mama, and it 's a tiny house, so there is never enough work to go round; and if there 's anything particularly nice, such as buying something new, or rearranging a room, or making jelly, why, it is n't fair for me to have it, because I 'm the youngest. You know, sometimes I 'm fairly desperate, I seem to be of so little use."

"Except when you set the table," suggested Mr. Murchison, smiling.

"Yes; and papa lets me keep his dispensary in order."

"Oh, so that 's how you came to study chemistry, is it?"

"Yes; and then I hope to use it later on."

"And how will you do that?" asked her vis-à-vis, smiling indulgently.

"I want to get a position as teacher in a school, and I thought that the more things I knew, the better my chance would be."

The dialogue was broken here by the arrival of Monica, bearing in each hand a plate of soup, which she duly placed before the two, and both, really hungry, began upon it, only to discover, with the first sip, that its temperature was as far from suggesting the fire as it was the refrigerator.

"Really, Monica," protested the host, "I think you might give us our soup warm enough to be eatable."

"An' wid nary a hot plate, an' me carryin' it from the kitchen clear up here," retorted the maid, indignantly. "Sick Oi am thryin' to plase yez, an' Oi gives notice now that Oi—"

"It 's very nicely flavored, and not a bit greasy," put in Lydia, soothingly; "and I don't wonder it is n't quite hot enough, considering all the circumstances."

"Thank ye kindly, miss," replied the cook, softening a little at the praise, "an' it 's yeself knows how it is wid a poor, lone woman workin' herself to skin an' bones," —Monica weighed two hundred if she weighed a pound,—"thryin' to suit a lot of ungrateful, complainin' men, as nothin' will satisfy but—"

"You might get us some bread, now, and also the champagne, Monica," interjected Mr. Murchison, mildly.

"Nary step more—" began the servant.

"Oh, yes, Monica," broke in Lydia, persuasively; "can't you get us some bread?"

"An' if Oi do, 't will be for ye, an' not thim as spends their toime complainin'," muttered the servant, still belligerent; but she departed on the suggested errand.

"It is lucky for me that I told Monica this was your dinner, for I fear that otherwise we should go hungry. I wish you 'd tell me how you do it."

"Oh, servants are easy enough," replied Lydia, speaking as if she were used to a houseful of them. "You only want to remember that they are children," she explained, "and that they 'll do anything for you if they are fond of you, and nothing if they are n't. It 's a quality I admire in them; it 's so honest."

"Evidently you are a born housekeeper."

"Yes, I believe I am," acknowledged the girl, simply; "for I love everything about a house, and my dream has always been to have one of my own to take care of and fuss over, and where everything would be just as I wanted it. I can't imagine anything more interesting."

Mr. Murchison smiled at Lydia's enthusiasm. "It 's a pity we can't exchange places,

for I have the house and never give it the least attention. Now, honestly, do you think my lot enviable?"

Lydia shook her head as she glanced about the room. "You could n't have arranged things worse," she said, "and I don't see how you can stand it. Do you know," she went on, dropping her voice to a confidential pitch, "that ever since I lighted the lamp I 've been trying not to look at the mantel; yet I can't keep my eyes away from it."

"Mantel? What 's the matter with the mantel?"

"Why, the magenta lambrequin and that beautiful Pompeian red bowl."

"It is a beauty, is n't it?" responded the owner. "I bought it in Naples of—"

"But, oh, would you mind if I moved it somewhere else?" begged Lydia.

"Do anything you want with it, if the sight of it troubles you."

"I only want to get it away from that particular color," explained Lydia, rising and shifting the object of conversation to the top of a book-shelf. "There, that 's such a relief, is n't it?"

"I suppose it is, since you say so," acknowledged the man. "You see—well, this is only a rented house, and most of the furniture is n't mine, and I spend virtually all my time at the factory or in my laboratory up-stairs, so it did n't seem worth while to do much."

"But magenta and red!" sighed Lydia, with a slight shiver.

"Probably it 's wrong, and if I paid more attention to the house, no doubt it would go better, for I confess everything just messes along, and I 'm a fool to tolerate it. But I 'm a busy man, and I hate all the little details like poison, and so I even put up with bad servants rather than go through the trouble of—" There the householder checked himself as Monica entered, bearing a plate of bread and a champagne-cooler.

"I was looking forward to a lonely and very dull Christmas eve," said Mr. Murchison, as he took the bottle from its icy repository and began twisting the cork, "and so I thought I 'd try and make it a little festive by this—with rather disastrous results, as you have seen. It was an unlucky chance for you, but I hope a glass of it will lessen your disappointment over the 'dinner-party' a little." As he talked, the cork came out with a clear *pop*, and he poured a few drops into his own glass.

"Do you know, I 've never tasted champagne, and I 've been very curious to know what it 's like. It was one of the things I was looking forward to at the dinner."

Mr. Murchison had begun to fill Lydia's glass, but he halted. "You 've never drunk champagne before?" he inquired.

"No. I suppose it 's very countrified, but I never have."

"Then I 'm going to advise you not to make a beginning this evening," he counseled.

"Of course I won't, if you think best," acceded the girl.

"It sounds rather inhospitable, the more so that I can't give any reason why I advise it; but—probably you 'll understand me when I put it in the feminine form and say that it 's a feeling and not a reason," explained the host, as he put the bottle back in the cooler without even filling up his own glass.

"But that need n't prevent your having some," said Lydia.

"Thank you, but the 'feeling' includes me as well; so you see that it is at least impartial. The fact is, if I had stopped to think, I 'd never have told Monica to bring it."

"But it makes me feel bad to think that you are depriving yourself," said Lydia; "and it does n't keep, does it?"

"Not over-well," answered Mr. Murchison, biting his lip.

"Then please don't waste it on my account," she urged.

"It can't be said to have been wasted, because it has indirectly saved me from a very solitary dinner, and has given me my cheer in a pleasanter form. That 's rather a selfish way of speaking, I suppose, but I 'm not going to pretend that your loss has n't been my gain."

"It 's very kind of you to say such nice things," responded the girl, brightening, "and I only hope you really mean them, and are not merely trying to make me feel comfortable."

"I should imagine that my earlier treatment would have convinced you that, whatever else, I am not in the habit of letting my feelings and my words differ. Well, Monica," he went on, as the maid reappeared, "what further delicacy have you for us?"

"This is a chicken-poy, sor, an' this peraties," she catalogued, as she banged them one by one on the table. Then she caught up the soup-plates, and with an "Oi 'll be bringin' ye war-rm plates an' some cor-rn in wan minute," she retired.

It must be confessed that the pie-crust was dried to a state of hardness that made its cutting difficult and its eating still more

so, but the diners were too hungry to be critical, and Lydia brought smiles into the servant's face by warmly praising each dish.

"'T is yesilf knows what 's what," said Monica, reciprocating the praise.

"I don't know what you 've done to my cook," remarked Mr. Murchison in one of her absences; "I 've never seen her so good-tempered and willing."

"One can do so much more in this world by praise than by criticism, and it 's so much better for one's own nature, as well as comfort," remarked the sage of eighteen.

"I wish you 'd tell me why, since you are so fond of housekeeping and are so well fitted for it, you prefer to be a teacher," inquired her host.

"I don't prefer," replied the girl, frankly, "but I think it right. Our village is so small that there is very little practice, and there are such a lot of us that I made up my mind I ought to try to support myself."

"And have you ever taught?"

"No. The school committee would have given me the sixth district school this autumn, but papa thought I was too young, and made me wait till next spring. Of course I hope to get a better place some day, where I can teach interesting things; but it 's awfully nice to begin that way, because it 's only four miles from Millersville, and so I can live at home."

"I wonder if you 'll mind telling me what your pay will be?"

"Twenty dollars a month. Is n't it splendid?"

"And for that you walk eight miles every day, as well as teach?"

"Of course; for eight miles is nothing, and in good weather I 'll go on the bicycle —that is, whenever one of my sisters does n't want to use it. And if it rains or snows very badly, I 've agreed on a price with Mrs. Springer, who lives very near the school, so that I may stay with her whenever—why do you look like that?" she broke in.

"Like what?"

"Why—I don't know exactly—but you were—well, if it had been in a car, I should term it staring."

"Yes, I suppose I was," acknowledged Mr. Murchison, "and I beg your pardon. The truth is, I was making a discovery. Indeed, I might say I was making two."

"And what were they?"

"The first one was that I 'm a fool; which resulted from my second one, that for years I have been thinking that a certain variety of the *genus homo* was extinct, merely because it was not to be met with in the city, while all the time it was flourishing in its natural habitat."

"I 'm afraid I don't understand you."

Whether Mr. Murchison would have explained was not to be known, for a second time the down-stairs bell jangled, and both became listeners, eager to know what it might foretoken. Their ears were first greeted, once the bell had been answered, by the murmur of voices, and then, as before, by the sound of footsteps on the stairs, but this time far more ponderous ones.

"That sounds like Monica's alleged cousin," remarked the host, and his surmise was quickly verified, for, preceded by the cook, there presently appeared a burly policeman, hat in hand, both that and his shoulders well covered with snow.

"Good avenin' to ye," he said, with a pleasant smile at the two diners, "an' Mrs. Mooney was tellin' me that ye were afther wantin' a kerridge."

"Yes; and if you can get us one, I 'll be very much obliged."

"Oi don't know as Oi can, for 't is a bad noight, but Oi 'll do me best; an' aven if they won't sind out no cab, 't is loikely they won't moind sindin' a sleigh."

"It was foolish of me not to think of that," exclaimed Mr. Murchison, "though," he went on, checking himself, "I 'm afraid you are hardly garbed for that."

"Yes, I am," asserted Lydia. "My cloak is as warm as warm can be, and I never take cold. Anything they 'll send will do, really."

"An' wheer do ye want it to go to?" questioned the roundsman.

"To 4 West Fifty-sixth," spoke up Lydia.

"Sure, 't is not loikely they 'll moind such a little trip," said the officer.

"Tell them I 'll pay extra for it," directed Mr. Murchison; "and there 'll be something for you, if you can help us."

"Thank ye, sir; but that 's not needed," replied the man, turning to go.

"We 'll settle that later on. Come back, anyway, for something to eat and a glass of champagne," continued Mr. Murchison, pleasantly. "And, by the by, how is Monica's niece?" he inquired, smiling.

"Phwat niece?" asked the putative relative.

"Sure, whose niece should it be," broke in Monica, "but Mary, as ye promised to bring me word av this very avenin'? Is her cold betther?"

"Ah, go 'long wid yere jokin'," retorted the man. "Oi don't know what ye 're pokin'

at me, but Oi don't bite on no rubber sandwich, not me."

"Go 'long wid yeself," snapped the cook, crossly. "Go git the carriage, an' don't shtand wastin' toime here."

Suiting her action to her advice, she caught him by the arm and half shoved, half led him through the doorway.

"Oh, do you think he can get it?" asked Lydia.

"For a certainty; so put yourself quite at your ease."

"That 's such a relief," sighed the girl.

"It is to me as well, for I was worrying over what we should do, having little hope that Monica would succeed any better than Richards."

As if the uttering of the name had exercised some spell, the butler entered, or rather sneaked into, the room, a spectacle indeed, for from his head, which was a mop of wet, bedraggled hair, were dripping little streams of water, which ran down an already well-soaked coat and shirt-front.

"I beg pardon, sir, about dinner," he said, still with a thick utterance and blinking confusedly, "but I wash taken bad and—"

"What have you been doing to get so wet?" demanded the master.

"Yes, sir—I—it—I wash taken faint, sir, an'—an' when I recovershed, the offish—the offish—" the man abandoned the difficult word—"the poleesh—the poleesh—" again he gave up the attempt—"a friend wash holdin' my head under the fashet, an' then I remembered about dinner."

"Well, we don't want you," said Mr. Murchison, sternly, "and you will go to your room at once, and not show yourself again to-night. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," meekly answered the servant, only too glad to hasten from the room.

Barely had he disappeared when a bell clanged, this time not the familiar jingle of the basement door, but the sharp, clear note of a gong, and the next instant the sound of the opening of the front door was heard. This was succeeded by a murmur of voices, and then by a rustle of a woman's skirts, and suddenly Mrs. Travers came to a halt in the doorway.

"Lydia!" was all she said, but the tone and the horrified look in her face told the rest.

"Oh, aunty," cried the girl, springing to her feet, "I 'm so glad! How good of you to come! But how did you know?"

"Put on your cloak at once and come with me," directed her aunt, sharply.

"Oh, aunty, won't you please let me tell you how it all happened, and introduce—"

"Not a word, Lydia; but do as I tell you," ordered Mrs. Travers.

With some difficulty, for the crutches were out of reach, Mr. Murchison rose to his feet, and said:

"I trust you will let me explain how little Miss Greenough is in fault in what I can see you both misjudge and blame."

"My niece, sir, can tell me all I wish to know," she replied as icily as could be, "and I do not choose to stay here an instant longer than we must. Come, Lydia," she said to the girl, who had hastily thrown on her wrap, as she moved away from the door.

"Yes, aunty," came a frightened acquiescence. Then she held out to her host a hand that trembled. "Thank you, thank you, oh, so much, for being so kind to me, and please don't think—"

"Lydia," called her aunt impatiently from the hall, and leaving her sentence unfinished, the girl added an "Oh, forgive my not saying all I want to!" even as she ran after her aunt.

Finally getting to his crutches, Mr. Murchison hobbled to the door, just in time to see the butler close the front one. "Did you answer the bell just now, Richards?" he asked quietly.

'Yes, sir; I wash jush goin' up-shtairs when I hearsh it."

"And what did the lady say?"

"She ashks for young lady, sir, an' I tells her she dinin' wish you in back room, an' then she hurrish down hall wishout ashking permission."

"Very well. Go to bed."

The order given, Mr. Murchison limped back to the center of the room, and stood there leaning on his crutches. The fire had died down, the unfinished meal was on the table, the chairs were askew, on the lounge was the shawl in an untidy heap; everything seemed disordered and uncomfortable. Yet only a moment before it had all seemed pleasant and cheery. He slowly looked about, and the wall-paper, the carpet, the furniture, even the colors, grated upon him, though never before had he so much as noticed any of them.

"Allan Murchison," he said aloud, "you are a fool."

Having eased his mind, he did a like service to his body, by a shrug of the shoulders; then he stumped to the table, took up the little vase of violets, and raised them to his



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

"'I WASH TAKEN FAINT, SIR.'"

face, but whether to nose or lips was not clear.

"And having discovered it, it 's your own fault if you remain one," he ended.

AND Lydia?

She had followed after her aunt, pausing only to snatch up her bag, and with it she staggered down the steps, regardless of dress or safety.

"Get in before me!" she was ordered, and then the one word, "Home," was called to the coachman as her aunt entered the carriage and banged the door.

"Oh, aunty, please, please don't speak to me so!" begged the girl. "Do let me explain how—"

"Explain!" cried Mrs. Travers. "Explain your drinking champagne with a strange man in a strange house!"

"I did n't touch a drop," protested the girl, "and neither—"

"Lydia, Lydia! It 's all too terrible! And to think what would have happened if Mrs. Curtis had not telephoned me asking where you were! That such a horrible thing should—"

"Oh, there was nothing wrong! It was a dreadful mistake, my getting to the wrong house, but—"

"And that you should stay there a minute in such a place—why, that dreadful-looking, drunken brute at the door should have prevented you from even entering it. And then your actually sitting down to dinner with a man—"

"But I did n't, aunty, until I had found he was a gentleman."

"Gentleman! That creature in a smoking-jacket, who takes such advantage of a young, ignorant, and silly girl! Gentleman, indeed!"

"He is, really he is, aunty, as you 'd know if you 'd only let me tell you all about it. And you must have seen what a fine face he had."

"With his hair all rumpled and in disorder."

"That was because he had been lying down and—"

"Hush, child! Not another word, for you only make it worse. Nobody knows, for Thomas of course thinks he brought you to the right house, and I 'll manage some explanation to Mrs. Curtis; but, oh, what can I say to your father and mother?"

"I will tell them all about it, aunty, and they will not blame either of us," said Lydia, with quiet dignity.

"Child, child, how can you be so blind! Don't you see what a dreadful thing it has been? No, no! I don't want to hear anything about it. The harm 's done, and it can't be bettered by anything that can be said."

And so her aunt talked until Lydia, ceasing her attempts to justify herself, broke down, and, her beautiful dress forgotten, sobbed and sobbed, until the house was reached. There, at the command of her monitor, she hastily dried her eyes, and with the hood of her cloak held about her face to hide the tear-stains from the footman, she fled past him, and up-stairs to her room. Longing only for a chance really to vent her grief, she closed and locked the door, and then threw herself upon the bed and wept and wept.

THE breakfast-hour at the Traverses' Christmas morning was at nine o'clock, and Lydia brought to it a very pale face and very red eyes, and she showed such listlessness and want of appetite that Mr. Travers, who at first was wholly absorbed in narrating how the snow had impeded his getting up-town to such an extent that he was held in an elevated train over four hours and did not reach home till after eleven, finally forgot his own troubles long enough to comment upon her.

"Your first dinner seems to have done you up pretty badly, little girl," he said. "Ah, country folk can't stand up to the racket that the city ones do. However, cheer up, for I 've a nice present for you in the library. And here 's another, I 'll be bound," he added, as Morland appeared and handed her a package.

"He 's to wait for an answer," the servant announced.

Slowly Lydia unknotted the string and opened it. Within were two letters, and—she flushed suddenly as, lifting them, she found underneath the familiar "Chemisch-Technisches Repertorium."

"Hello!" exclaimed her uncle. "What 's all this blushing about? Let 's see your printed valentine, Lydia."

Without a word the girl handed him the magazine, and then looked at her two letters. One was without any inscription on the envelop; the second was addressed to her. Breaking it open, she read as follows:

Christmas morning.

DEAR MISS GREENOUGH: I fear that unintentionally I have been the cause of your being blamed, and as I deserve any that is deserved, I



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

"SUDDENLY MRS. TRAVERS CAME TO A HALT IN THE DOORWAY."

have written in the inclosed envelop a full explanation of the circumstances, which should save you, at least, from all criticism. Will you kindly hand it to your aunt, with an apology for the fact that, not knowing her name, I cannot properly direct it?

I also send you the magazine, in the hope that your leaving it behind was due to the suddenness of your departure, and not to a desire of escaping from it.

My doctor has been to see me this morning, and I told him that I would consent to be a "lounger" no longer. My insistence has led him to put the ankle in a plaster jacket, and I can now get about with one crutch better than I could yesterday with two, and so I write this to ask permission to call upon you this afternoon, partly that I may justify our conduct to your aunt, and partly in the hope that I may renew an acquaintance I should like to continue and strengthen.

Sincerely yours,
ALLAN MURCHISON.

"Well, I can't say much for your Christmas present, Lydia," laughed Mr. Travers. "Who sent it to you?"

"It is from Mr. Murchison," replied the girl, quietly. Then she turned to her aunt. "Here is a letter from him which he asks me to give to you, and this is his letter to me. Will you please tell me what answer I ought to make?"

"Not the Murchison who writes this article?" queried her uncle.

"Yes."

"Pray how did you come to know Allan Murchison?"

"I met him last night," said Lydia, slightly shivering.

"And he sends you a letter and a magazine before ten this morning! Good. You evidently made a conquest at your first dinner, little girl, and a good one at that. I 'm sure you liked him."

"Do you know anything about him, Charles?" demanded Mrs. Travers, looking up with surprise.

"Well, rather! He 's the consulting chemist of the Standard Chemical Company, and sometimes he 's called into our board meetings."

"Indeed!" said the wife, showing more interest. "And—and what kind of position is that?"

"Oh, a very responsible and important one."

"No. I mean, is it well paid?"

Mr. Travers laughed.

"We pay him thirty thousand a year, which our president says is n't enough, and I 've heard that he earns as much more out of the royalties for some discoveries he 's made. I know he 's one of our large stockholders, and that does n't tend to poverty."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Travers, with a most eloquent intonation. She looked at the pale girl, and seemed to hunt for something adequate to say; not finding it, she settled back in her chair, and very deliberately read, first the letter to Lydia, and then the one to herself. Evidently they gave her the means of retreat, for, once they were finished, she again looked at the girl with a smile that had a world of sunshine in it, and said:

"My dear, I find I was misled by appearances last night, and that I spoke far too harshly. Mr. Murchison writes in a way that proves him to be a gentleman."

"And what answer shall I make him, aunty?" cried the girl, joyfully.

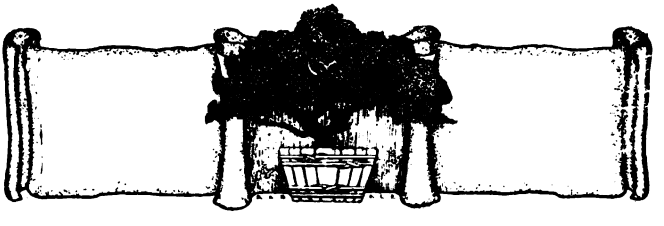
Mrs. Travers hesitated.

"Write him your thanks, child; nothing more."

"But he asks if he may call," Lydia reminded her aunt, shyly but anxiously.

"Yes, my dear; but you need n't say anything about that—because I shall send him a letter by the same messenger, asking him to eat his Christmas dinner with us, so that we may thank him for all he did for you."

AND to this day Allan Murchison often speaks of his wife as "My Christmas Present."





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EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN PORTRAITURE. VII: JULIA MARLOWE, BY IRVING R. WILES.

TING-A-LING.[1]

BY DAVID GRAY.

WITH PICTURES BY DAVID URQUHART WILCOX.

THEY were sitting on the balcony which distinguished the bridal suite, in the sun of the June morning. Below was the main street, animated mildly with the shopping of a dormant New England community. A few ancient carriages, reliquaries of the first families, mingled with the buggies and the delivery-wagons, and at dignified intervals a horse-car jingled past and disappeared in the vista of elms.

"It 's ten minutes past eleven," he observed, looking at his watch. "We have five hours to wait for the four-ten train, but I believe we *dine* at twelve."

"Are you hungry?" she asked. "I dare say we could get something even before dinner—perhaps a pie."

They both laughed. "This is an awful place," he said, "is n't it? No more historic New England for me."

They leaned lazily upon the balcony rail, and sat with their heads together, looking down into the street. A grocer's clerk was putting things into a wagon, and they wondered who was going to have asparagus, and how big a family it might be which needed six quarts of strawberries. Presently, with the noises of the street, came the jingling of the periodic horse-car, and they turned and watched it approach.

"That is not a bad-looking horse," he said judicially.

"Look!" she exclaimed. There was a note of pity and indignation in her voice. The car, as it drew near, appeared to bulge with passengers.

"It 's rather a joke," he said. "Those are women delegates to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals convention."

"It 's shameful," she said.

The car stopped on the corner in front of the hotel for another passenger to worm himself into the jam on the rear platform. The horse, a big, showy chestnut, stood panting, his nostrils red and dilated. His neck was white with lather. Wet streaks extended up his ears. His body dripped, and the sweat was running down his legs.

As the two strokes of the conductor's bell gave the signal to start, he plunged forward almost before the driver had loosened the brakes. There was a clatter of hoofs on the cobblestones, and a mighty straining. The heavy car began to move, and the chestnut horse went trotting down the street, tail up and neck arched like a cavalry horse on parade.

"He 's game," he said.

She put her hand on his arm. "I can't bear to see it," she whispered.

He looked down at her. Her eyes were brimming.

"Don't be a little goose," he said gently; but there was a queer feeling in his throat. He rose to his feet. "I 'll be back in a few minutes," he added. "I want to go down to the office." He bent down and kissed her, and left the balcony.

She waited half an hour, and then went down to the corridor. He was not at the office. She decided to go out. As she was on the hotel steps, she met him coming in, and at the same moment a coach-horn sounded, and they saw a coach and four come around the corner.

He looked back. "O Lord!" he exclaimed, "we 're caught. There 's your brother, and the Appleton girls, and Frank Crewe, and Winthrop, and most of your bridesmaids. I suppose they 're on their way to Lenox."

"What shall we do?" she asked.

A great uproar arose from the people on the coach.

"Hello!" said Curtis.

"Hello!" yelled the people on the coach. Mr. Crewe got possession of the horn and produced fragments of the "Lohengrin Wedding March." The people in the street and the hangers-on about the hotel began to gather around.

[1] The name of Mr. Gray's horse Ting-a-ling should not be confused with Mr. Stockton's fairy of the same name.—EDITOR.

Her brother waved his hand from the coach. "Well," he said, "how are you getting on? Quarreled yet? I am sorry, but we are completely out of rice."

"For the bride!" called Winthrop, and he generously threw her an enormous bunch of wild roses which Crewe that morning had patiently pulled from the roadside bushes at



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

"'THAT 'S A COLLAR-MARK,' SAID THE BOY."

"I don't understand," said Curtis, looking at the crowd in dismay. "This is a beautiful country, Willie. Historic battle-fields and all that sort of thing; besides, they breed some good horses all about here. We have been picking up one or two."

the cost of no small suffering, and had presented to the elder Appleton girl.

Curtis ignored the episode. His eye at that moment caught a stable-boy leading a big chestnut horse toward the hotel. "Here 's one we 've just bought," he said. "I think

he 's likely to make a jumper." He felt his hand, which was behind him, squeezed surreptitiously, and he was aware of beaming somewhat foolishly. He was glad that the people on the coach had turned their attention to the horse.

She had moved over to the horse's head. "I believe you," she said to the boy. "He 's game."

"He is, ma'am," said the boy.

"Well, Ting-a-ling," said her brother, addressing the chestnut horse, "we can't stop to admire you all day. You 're not a bad-



"'WELL, TING-A-LING, . . . I WOULD N'T HAVE YOU AT ANY PRICE.'"

"Where did you find that?" asked Winthrop.

Curtis hesitated a moment. "Over that way," he said vaguely, waving his hand over an arc which extended from east to west. "It 's a great country for horses."

Her brother had been inspecting the horse in silence. "My son," he said to the stable-boy, "how did you gall that race-horse's shoulder?"

"That 's a collar-mark," said the boy. "Pulling a street-car is hard work."

Peals of laughter came from the coach.

"You need n't laugh," said the boy. "He 's a horse all right."

looking horse, but if you are a street-car horse, as unfortunately you are, you have the nature that will jump until you get tired, and then you 'll roll over things, and make my sister an attractive widow. I would n't have you at any price."

"Then everybody is satisfied," said Curtis.

"I am," she said. She gave him a little look that meant that she was satisfied with him, and Curtis felt that he was beaming again. He turned away.

The horse began to rub his nose against her arm and sniffed.

"He 's looking for sugar," said the boy. "I give it to him sometimes."

"You are a very nice boy," she said. "What 's your name?"

"Tim," said the boy.

"Let 's have him take the horse down for us," she said to her husband. "We might keep him, too."

"All right," he said. "But let 's get out of this crowd." They slipped away and hurried around the rear of the block.

"You were good to get him," she said in a low tone. "The way he acted made me feel that he was n't meant for street-car work. What shall we call him?"

"I am afraid that brother Willie has already named him," he answered.

"What?" she demanded.

"Ting-a-ling," he replied.

"But he ought to be called Sultan or Emperor, or something like that," she insisted.

"You and I," he said, "we know what a heart he has; but, after all, he *is* a street-car horse. We 'd better accept the facts."

"Well, then, it 's Ting-a-ling," she said.

It was November; three years had slipped away. The race for the Hunt Club cup was coming off in the afternoon, and everybody was lunching at the club. She was patiently chaperoning the elder Appleton girl and Frank Crewe at a table on the glass-closed veranda overlooking the polo-field.

"We 'll give you some lunch," she said to Winthrop, who was passing.

"I 'm with Willie," he answered.

"Willie can come too," she said.

He thanked her and sat down.

"Is Ting-a-ling pretty fit?" he asked.

"I think so," she replied; "but of course he 's never been steeplechased, so we don't know what he can do."

"He is certainly a good horse to hounds," said Winthrop.

"He 's never been down," she said.

"Please don't say that on the day of the race," he interrupted; "it 's unlucky."

Just then Willie joined them.

"Still talking steeplechase," he observed. "I suppose your husband is going to win."

"I don't know about that," she answered; "but he 'll beat you."

"I 'll bet he won't," he retorted. "It 's a sure thing. I am not going to ride. They tell me that I am too fat, but that is n't the reason, I am afraid. Hello! here 's the steeplechase jockey," he said to Curtis, who came in. "Have you provided liberally for me in your will? Have n't I always been a good brother-in-law?"

"Always," said Curtis, "and no doubt you need the money; but I am not making wills to-day."

"You 'd better," said Willie, cheerfully. "I 'd hate to have that street-car horse roll you out and have no other consolation than the thought that you had loved me." His tone became less playful. "Bequeath me my nephew, and your widow can take the property."

"If that blessed boy of yours," Crewe said to Mrs. Curtis, "is n't ruined by the indulgence of his foolish old uncle, I shall be much surprised."

"*Taisez-vous!*" retorted Willie, "and get a nephew of your own."

Winthrop turned to Curtis. "How has the horse shown in his training?" he asked.

"He rates pretty well, and I have a good deal of confidence in his jumping," Curtis answered. "He 's rather a pet, you know, so that perhaps my judgment is prejudiced."

"He 'll go until he gets tired," put in Willie, "and then he 'll shut up and go through his fences. Those big half-breds are all alike."

"How do you know he is a half-bred?" said Curtis.

"I don't know that he is anything," Willie retorted. "You got him out of a street-car."

"I think we would better change the subject," said his sister; "you 're becoming disagreeable. Remember," she added to the party, "you are all coming in this evening to play bridge. You can't come to dinner, because the cook is sick."

From the hill back of the club-house they watched the race. A horse of Winthrop's, with Crewe up, made the running for the first mile. Then Curtis took Ting-a-ling out of the bunch, and went away apparently without effort. At the two-mile flag Curtis was a hundred yards in the lead. The other horses seemed to be racing for the place.

"He seems to have things all his own way," said Winthrop to Mrs. Curtis. "My horse is done."

"He *is* going well," she whispered. She was very much excited.

Toward the middle of the third mile the four horses that were running in the second flight drew up, and it became a race again. Her heart almost stopped beating. "Is he tiring?" she murmured. The five went at the board fence near the third-mile flag in a bunch. As they took off, there was crowding on the outside. Then four horses jumped cleanly; one fell, and the four went on again.

A rustle of apprehension ran through the crowd.

"Who 's down?" exclaimed the elder Appleton girl in a low tone.

"Is he hurt?" said her sister.

"It 's Ting-a-ling!" murmured Mrs. Curtis.

The horse got up, and galloped riderless after the leaders. A moment later the rider got up and started across the field on foot.

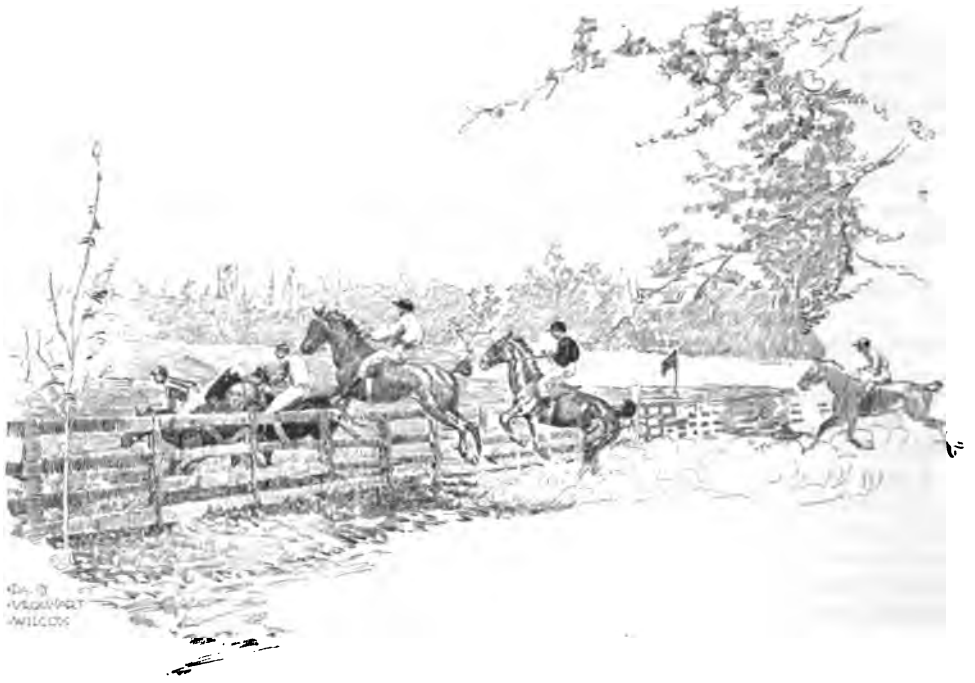
He gave his orders to the boy.

"You was fouled, sir," said Tim. He was much excited. "I seen Mr. Crewe pull across you about two lengths from the fence."

"Not at all," said Curtis, shortly. "Walk him home at once and do him up."

"Is it so?" she asked. "Were you fouled?"

"I don't think I 'd say it," he answered.



"THE FIVE WENT AT THE BOARD FENCE NEAR THE THIRD-MILE FLAG IN A BUNCH."

"He 's not hurt," said Winthrop. "I 'm awfully sorry. He would have won."

"That 's good of you," she replied. But she suspected that he was only softening the bitterness of the disappointment. Willie was right. The horse ran himself tired and stopped. She felt that she was very white and made an effort to talk. "That 's your horse ahead with Frank Crewe," she said; "he 's got the race."

It was so, and the crowd was already surging down to the finish-flags to congratulate the winner. Mrs. Curtis drove her cart across the meadow to meet the dismounted rider.

Their eyes met as she pulled up.

"It 's too bad," she said. "Are you hurt?"

"I think my collar-bone is gone," he answered. "I 'll see Tim and send the horse home, and then I 'll go to the club and get bandaged."

"I rode very badly. It was my fault. I should n't have pulled back into the crowd."

She said nothing. She saw that he was very much disappointed. But the hardest for her to bear was that her confidence in Ting-a-ling was gone.

At the club-house Willie was on the veranda.

"I am awfully sorry," he said. "But, seriously, you had better shoot that horse. You 'll not be so lucky another time."

Curtis looked up angrily to reply, and then turned away with his lips tightly closed.

"I 'll be ready in half an hour," he said to his wife.

In rather less than that time he came from the dressing-room, his arm in bandages and the hand in a sling. He sent for his trap, and found Mrs. Curtis in the tea-room.

"I think we had better go," he said. "They have just telephoned from the house,

saying the baby is n't very well. I told the doctor to come along as soon as he could. Don't say anything to Willie about the little chap," he added. "He 'll tag along and make a fuss and irritate me."

She rose and followed him. The trap was at the door, and they drove away.

Earlier, the November afternoon had been flooded with a damp sunshine, and there had been a still and unnatural mildness in the air. Toward four, as they left the club, the sky became overcast, and out of the west a mass of blue-black cloud began to rise and stretch across the horizon. Soon it threw the western part of the plain and the hills beyond into darkness. Overhead it was still light, but the shadow drew on and began to chill the day.

Curtis looked apprehensively toward the west and touched the horse with the whip. His wife had the reins.

"It 's growing colder," she said.

He bent forward and tucked the robe about her feet.

Uncertain drafts of wind rattled the brown leaves on the oaks and made the dead goldenrods along the roadside bow excitedly.

"I am afraid that we are going to get wet," he said.

The gusts became stronger. The blackness from the west had spread until it was overhead, and light clouds were moving eastwardly across the face of the sky.

"I felt a drop of rain," she observed.

He urged the horse to a gallop.

"So did I," said he a moment later.

"It will be a good night to stay at home and read," he went on. "Don't you think I am getting to be quite a reader? Two books already this month; one of them had three hundred and twelve pages. But there were a good many pictures," he added conscientiously.

She smiled, but said nothing.

He watched her as they drove along. Presently he broke the silence:

"I would n't worry about the baby," he said. "Probably he has a little cold or a stomach-ache. The nurse is terrified if he sneezes."

"That 's probably all," she said; "you know what a goose I am."

As they turned into the driveway the rain began to pour down. Under the porte-cochère she got out of the trap and went in while he held the horse.

Presently a man came from the stable, and he too went in. He was taking off his coat when his wife came down from the nursery.

"Well?" he asked.

"He 's about the same," she answered. "He seems to have a little fever. What time did the doctor say he would be here?"

"About six," said Curtis. He looked at his watch. "It will be an hour yet. It 's begun to snow," he added.

They went to the library, which looked toward the west, and watched the breaking storm.

"It was too bad about Ting-a-ling," she said after a pause.

"Well," he answered, "we have to take things as they come. I should like to have shown what a horse he is. We will next year."

"I wish you would promise never to ride him in a race again," she said.

"I don't think you ought to ask that," he answered sharply. "For the horse's sake, I want him to have a chance to redeem himself. Don't you?"

"Is n't it wrong to take unnecessary risks?" she replied.

He made no answer.

The rain had changed to sleet, and the ground was already white. The bare elms on the lawn were creaking dismally. They could see the stiff shrubs in the garden bend to the gusts. The storm beat on the window-panes, and in the fierce blasts the house trembled. As they stood by the window, the man brought in the lighted lamps, and they realized that the night had set in.

"Suppose we have a look at him," he said. By "him" he meant Ting-a-ling. "Won't you come? If the doctor arrives, they can send for us."

"I 'd like to," she said.

On the way out she went to the pantry and took some lumps of sugar.

The stable servants were at supper, and the stable was still except for the sound of the horses munching at their oats. As he drew the door open the grinding hushed except in the two stalls where the phaëton ponies ate stolidly on. The line of dusky heads was lifted and thrust curiously forward. From the box-stall in the corner came a low whinny, and in the dim light of the wall lamp they saw a long neck stretched out and two pointed ears cocked forward. It was Ting-a-ling.

"You beggar!" said Curtis. "You know what we 've got." He went into the stall and stripped off the blankets. She followed him. "Hello!" he exclaimed. His arm was nipped

gently. "You have very bad manners." The horse drew back, tossed his head, and pawed.

"Look here," Mrs. Curtis said. She held out a piece of sugar. A soft muzzle touched her hand, the lips opened and scraped across her palm, and there was a crunching sound.

"You baby!" she said, and gave him a second piece. "I 'm very fond of you," she added under her breath, "in spite—" She stopped.

"He seems to be feeding well," said Curtis.

He put his hand into the manger. It touched the clean, moistened boards of the bottom.

"You 're a pig!" he exclaimed. "He 's put away five quarts already," he said to his wife. "Does n't he look fit?"

They drew back and looked the horse over. The legs were clean, the great muscles stood out on forearm and quarter, the flesh was hard and spare.

"He 's a great type," said Curtis, "is n't he? But if he were three-cornered I 'd like him just as well. I 'm ashamed to care so much for him."

"Do you remember the day we got him?" she asked.

He stepped back and put his arm around her.

"It seems yesterday, dear," he said. "How the years go by!" He put back the blankets, and stood a moment fastening the surcingle.

"Barring accidents, old horse," he muttered, "we 'll have your name on the cup yet."

A swelling feeling came into his throat, and he put his face against the sleek neck. He straightened up quickly as he heard the doors slide apart and somebody come in.



"'YOU WAS FOULED, SIR,' SAID TIM."

"Mr. Curtis," called a voice. It was Tim.

"Hello!" said Curtis.

"The doctor 's come," said Tim.

"All right," answered Curtis.

He drew his wife's wraps about her, and they made their way back to the house.

The doctor met them at the door of the nursery.

"This child is sick," he said. "The temperature has gone up in a way I don't like. We 've got to operate."

"Operate!" Curtis exclaimed. He put his hand upon the banister. "What do you mean?"

"Yes," said the doctor.

"When?" said Mrs. Curtis.

"Lamplight is bad," said the doctor, "but we must do the best we can. It ought to be

done before ten o'clock. I should be afraid to wait longer."

Neither husband nor wife spoke. The doctor looked at his watch.

"Whom would you rather have?" he asked.

"Have?" repeated Curtis. A gust rattled the windows at the end of the hall, and as it died away he heard the *tick-tick* of the sleet on the pane. He looked at the doctor with a white face.

"Can't *you* do it?" he asked. "Suppose we could n't get any one from town by ten o'clock?"

"We must," said the doctor, cheerfully. "I 'm not a surgeon, and there is none in the village. Would you rather have Anderson, or Tate?"

"Dr. Anderson," said Mrs. Curtis.

"He must get the train that leaves town at eight o'clock," said the doctor. "There is no other until midnight."

"It 's a quarter past six now," said Curtis. "That gives us an hour and three quarters. I 'll telephone at once." He left the room and went to the telephone.

After some delay the village operator answered.

"You can't get the city," said the girl; "the wires are down. I have been trying to get them for an hour for the telegraph people. Their line is closed, too."

"When do you expect your wires to be repaired?" he asked.

"Can't say," the operator replied. "Not to-night, though. The linemen can't work to-night."

"Thank you," said Curtis. He hung up the receiver and stood blankly before the instrument. He was about to move away when he heard a footstep. He turned, and his wife was standing beside him.

"He 'll come, won't he?" she said.

He put a cigarette in his mouth and struck a match.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked. "Won't he come?"

"He 'll come," he answered. "I 'm going to the station for him myself. I 'll dine when I come back. You and the doctor get the things ready." He went into the smoking-room and walked the length of the room and back. "Six miles, ten, fifteen, and six more down-town," he said aloud. He looked at his watch again. It was twenty minutes past six. "Start at half-past," he went on; "that 's twenty-one miles in an hour and a quarter—and these roads!" He went to the wall and rang a bell. "Twenty-one miles in an hour and a quarter," he repeated. "Searchlight can't do it, nor Xerxes, nor Huron, nor the roan mare."

A servant appeared.

"Tell Hobson," he said, "to saddle Ting-a-ling at once. Tell him to hurry, and send Tim here."

Tim came, and Curtis explained.

"Can he do it?" asked Curtis.

"I don't know, sir," said the boy.

"He 's got to do it," said Curtis. "Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

They hurried to the stable, and found Hobson buckling the throat-latch.

"All ready, sir," he said.

Tim climbed into the saddle and gathered up his reins. Then Hobson threw open the door, and the horse and boy clattered out and disappeared in the storm.

Curtis looked at his watch. It was twenty-eight minutes past six. "Have the bus and a pair at the house at eight," he said, and went back to the house.

He met his wife in the hall.

"Is there any change?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Suppose he should miss the train?" she suggested.

"He won't," said Curtis.

She sighed, and was silent for a pause. "What a wonderful thing the telephone is!" she said. "What would we have done without it?"

"That 's so," said Curtis. "I 'm going to the station at eight," he added.

At ten minutes of nine she was standing with her face against the window-pane, when the lights of the station bus in the driveway glimmered through the storm. She went to the head of the stairway and waited breathless.

"Suppose," she thought, "he has missed the train!"

Presently there sounded the crunching of wheels on the gravel under the porte-cochère. This meant that the bus was stopping at the house. Then the door opened.

"Come along," said her husband's voice.

"Thank God!" she murmured. She sat down for a moment, and then went to the nursery, which had been made into a hospital.

There was the tramp of ascending feet on the stairs, and then the surgeon and the village doctor came in and asked her to leave the room.

It seemed a long time, but it was only half an hour when Dr. Anderson came out.

"It 's all right," he said.

"What are the chances?" she asked.

"There are n't any," he replied; "that is, perhaps only one in a million."

She looked alarmed.

"Of anything unpleasant happening," he went on. "We got it just in time. Your son is better off than other boys who wear their appendices. His is in a bottle."

The door-bell sounded faintly from the rear of the house, and they both listened. A moment later the front door opened, and she heard voices in the lower hall.

"They 're a lot of people who 've come in to play bridge. I 'd forgotten about them," she said. "Will you tell them I 'll be down presently?"

She went into the nursery, and Dr. Anderson went down-stairs.

When she came down she found them in the dining-room, watching the surgeon and Curtis eating supper, and asking them questions about the operation.

Her eyes caught Willie's. He was quiet and white. He drew a chair for her, and she sat down next him. She put her hand in his.

"It 's all right," she said.

"It was an awfully close shave," he whispered.

"Yes, it was," she answered.

She turned to Dr. Anderson. "You were good to come," she said. "What would we have done if you had n't been at home when Mr. Curtis telephoned?"

"Telephoned?" he repeated.

Curtis got up and went to the sideboard for a whisky-decanter.

"Yes, telephoned," she said.

The surgeon looked at Curtis.

"Mary," said Curtis, "the telephone wires were down. Tim went to town for the doctor."

She looked around in amazement.

"But we did n't know till nearly half-past six," she exclaimed. She turned to Dr. Anderson. "You caught the eight-o'clock train? How did Tim go?"

"On horseback," said Curtis.

"But that 's twenty miles!" said Willie.

"Twenty-one," said Curtis; "he went in an hour and a quarter."

There was a silence for a moment. Then she spoke.

"What horse did he ride?" she demanded.

"What horse have we that could do it?" replied Curtis.

She looked at him for a moment in apprehension. "Is he all right?" she asked.

"I don't know," said Curtis. "Tim came back by train."

"Send for Tim," she said to the butler.

Tim came, and stood fumbling with his cap, which was very soggy with melted snow.

"Were n't you frozen?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," the boy answered.

"Tell me about it," she said.

"Tell about it?" repeated the boy. "Why, ma'am—" he grew confused and stopped.

"But tell me—" she hesitated, and her lip trembled—"tell me how Ting-a-ling is."

The boy made no answer, but looked toward the surgeon.

She turned to Dr. Anderson. "What is it?" she demanded.

"I was starting out to dine," said the surgeon, "when a policeman came to the door and said there was a sick horse on the corner, and a boy with him who wanted to see me. I went and found them both there."

"Well?" said Mrs. Curtis.

"Well," said the doctor, "as I reached the corner the cross-town trolley-car was letting off a passenger. When the bell rang to start, the horse in the street lifted his head, scrambled to his feet, staggered a step forward, and came down again. He was dead."

There was a stillness in the room, and the crying of a sick baby sounded faintly from up-stairs. Presently it ceased. For an instant the wife's eyes met those of her husband. Then resting her elbows on the table, she hid her face in her hands.

"God forgive me!" they heard Willie murmur in a queer voice. "That was a horse!"

"A street-car horse," said Curtis, gently.

No one spoke again, but all rose and went out of the dining-room.



THE GREAT SOUTHWEST.

III. IRRIGATION.

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER.

WITH PICTURES BY MAXFIELD PARRISH.

FOR days we drove over the gray sand and stony mesas of central Arizona—a vast, bare, silent waste ridged with hills and furrowed with great washes, where the water rushes down in flood season from the mountains, but now as dry as ashes. The sun shone white and hot, the heat quivered from the tops of the ridges, and behind us trailed always a cloud of thin white dust. Here and there we saw a squat and thorny cactus, and here and there mesquit, greasewood, yuccas, and gray sage. For miles on miles there was no sign of living creatures; then a lean wild steer or two on the hills, a jack-rabbit, a gopher, and a hawk wheeling in the air above and waiting for the desert to do its work. And in all those hundreds of square miles of land not a drop of water anywhere, not a pool, not a spring, save in a few favored spots where some desert pioneer had sunk a well and lived there to guard his treasure and dole out the water sparingly to such travelers as might pass that way. Bones bleached as white as chalk and scattered far and near gave evidence of the consuming thirst of the desert; and everywhere silence, heat, thirst. This was the desert. Who would dream of men bold enough to come here and fight for a home?

Yet here men have come. Suddenly, at sundown, we emerged from a thicket of cactus, and there, stretching away for miles and miles, was the soft green of fields, with rows of rustling cottonwoods, the roofs of homes, and the sound of cattle in the meadows. A wire fence was the dividing-line: on this side lay the fruitless desert; on the other green alfalfa, full of blossoms and bees, brimming over the fences. At the roadside a ditch ran full of fresh, cool water; where it had broken through into the roadway—an extravagance that seemed reckless—a pool was wriggling full of polliwogs. Red-wing blackbirds whistled in the cottonwoods, and wild pigeons flew up from the fields. Fat cattle stood knee-deep in the adobe water-holes, still and comfortable; the men were coming out whistling to milk. A little brick house stood back from the road, almost hidden with palms and umbrella-trees; there were chickens and bees and children about it, and the scent of roses from the porch. Everywhere the landscape was serenely quiet and beautiful; here were homes and happiness. It was something to stir a man's heart, this change from the hard, dry, merciless desert to this sweet green paradise of the irrigated land. And all this change was the result of water—a very little water, too, considering—brought from the river above and spread on the sand. It had made all the difference between desolation and teeming abundance.

If ever men worked miracles, they have worked them here in these Western valleys. If ever something was created from nothing, these men have done it. Thirty-five years ago the Salt River valley, into which we had driven, was all a parched desert, uninhabited save by a few lean Indians and two or three hardy traders, whom the sand and cactus crowded down close to the water of the river. It was a thousand miles from the nearest railroad—an unknown, desolate, forbidding land, a part of the Great American Desert, which travelers said would never support human life. To-day the Salt River valley contains a population of over twenty-five thousand. It has three cities, one, Phœnix, the capital of Arizona, having electric lights, an electric car line, good hotels, churches and other buildings, residences surrounded by trees, lawns, and a wilderness of flowers. More than 125,000 acres of land round about are laid out in farms, highly cultivated, with orchards of oranges, almonds, olives, and figs, and grain- and hay-fields. Thousands of cattle feed in the rich meadows, and

there are bees, chickens, ducks, and ostriches unnumbered. Richer soil than this once desert valley does not exist anywhere in the world except in other once desert valleys. Here one may behold the startling spectacle of orange-groves in bearing worth $1000 an acre on one side of a fence, and bare cactus desert on the other, both having the same soil, the same opportunities, but one only having water. Here, when a man builds his fence of cottonwood posts, such is the soil and such the water that the posts take root and grow into trees, so that the wire of many old fences is seen running through the center of large trees. Here a farmer rarely needs to use fertilizer, for the river comes in bearing rich silt and spreads it over his fields; and he may sometimes cut two or three or more crops a year from his alfalfa-fields, and then pasture them during the winter—winter which is in reality a continual spring.

This is the paradise which a few determined men have created in the midst of the desert, and all by the building of ditches that divert the water from the river at the upper end of the valley, and divide it so that it will give life to the land below. About 250 miles of main ditches and some 400 miles of laterals have been dug through the valley; they have cost, together with all the necessary dams and embankments and head-gates, not more than $3,000,000. And the property which has been created—and "created" is the only word that will express it—by this expenditure has a money value exceeding $30,000,000, furnishing a living for twenty-five thousand people, supporting three cities, doing business by two railroads. Is it any wonder that these people of Arizona appreciate the value of water, that they love their valley and their Territory, and that they are ambitious for the wider powers of statehood?

Something of the ancient passion of the bare land for water seems to have burned itself into the blood of these Anglo-Saxons of the West. "On this desert," says the pioneer of the arid land, "I shall build me a home." And he stands back to back with his neighbor there in the heat and sand, and they fight and toil and die, but they bring in the water to the land. No man can win the battle for himself: the desert is too strong, too well intrenched, for the feeble effort of a single arm; he must join his neighbor, he must forget his own interests and work for the interests of his valley. And thus he makes the gray places green, he grows rich orchards, and fields where cattle feed comfortably; he builds roads where the sand once blew, and cities where the cactus once stood guard upon the desert. This he has done, but not without the loss of many lives and millions in money.

Moreover, he knows that the battle is never-ending: if for a single season he fails to bring the water to his fields, his crops will wither down, his cattle die, and his green places return to the wilderness of gray. This is no place for fallow land and vacations. The implacable desert is forever silently crowding in along his borders, ready to beat him out the moment his ditches run dry or his strength fails. It is no business for laggards or cowards, this fight; it calls out every resource of human energy, science, and business acumen, and its victories are in exact proportion to the vigor expended.

Once before, some two thousand years ago, this valley of the Salt River was populated by a highly intelligent race of people. The ruins of their towns and of their ditches are scattered everywhere; one may pick up bits of pottery, beads, and bones from the great mounds of their fallen homes. Frank Cushing, the anthropologist, who made a careful study of these ruins, estimated that the valley must once have supported a population of over two hundred and fifty thousand people. They were expert engineers; the Anglo-Saxons of to-day can do no better than follow the lines of their ancient canals, and the present settlers find the fields ready leveled for their plows by these ancient workers. Yet the desert wiped them out of existence, closed over them, and they are forgotten. The cause of their disappearance, whether natural cataclysm, wild foes, pestilence, or some mortal waywardness of their river, no one knows positively. But their fate will be the fate of the present settlers if once the water fails. Is it anything surprising that the people of the arid West should possess a sharp consciousness of the impending desert?

I have used the Salt River valley as an example of the conditions that prevail in all parts of the arid West. The system there in use is by no means as old or as perfectly developed as in many other localities, especially in southern California and in Utah, where the Mormons, who are the real irrigation pioneers of the continent, have built a paradise along their western Jordan; but the spirit, the energy, the intense Americanism, the demand for a broader life, are everywhere the same. In southern California, for instance, where a few acres of



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

IRRIGATING-CANAL IN THE SALT RIVER VALLEY.

good orchard are worth a small fortune, the saving and utilization of water may be numbered among the exact sciences. Here the ditches, instead of being roughly dug in the soil as in most parts of the irrigated country, are often substantially lined with cement, so that no water will be lost by seepage; in other cases the water is actually carried in pipes to the farms and distributed from hydrants located at the ends of the furrows. There are regions in southern California where one never escapes the sound of engines, both gasolene and steam, pumping water from wells to irrigate the land. All this seems costly enough to the Eastern farmer, but here it has been made to pay richly, for an acre in an irrigated region can be made to yield from ten- to a hundredfold as much as an acre in the rain country. In Utah wheat has yielded from 60 to 80 bushels to the acre, oats from 70 to 100 bushels, potatoes from 500 to 900 bushels, though these are extraordinary records. In California it is not at all unusual for a fruit-grower to clear from $100 to $400 an acre, and even more, from his orange-orchard. In Arizona alfalfa-fields have earned their owners from $40 to $100 an acre. These values and conditions, it should be said in passing, are those of the irrigated regions of the Southwest; conditions in the North, the Dakotas, Nebraska, Montana, Wyoming, and Idaho, are different. There the long, cold winters and the cool nights of summer prevent the growing of high-priced, many-cropped products, and the value of the land is much lower—rarely more than $40 an acre, and often as low as $12. The products, too, of the North are as different from those of the Southwest as are those of New York and Florida.

It is rare enough for a farmer in the East to make a fortune; but many farmers in the irrigated country who began from fifteen to twenty years ago without anything are now worth their hundreds of thousands of dollars. A farm of fifteen acres will support a large family in more than comfort, so that, region for region, the irrigated districts are destined to become much more densely populated than the Eastern farm country—perhaps, indeed, the most densely populated of any land on the continent, cities, of course, excepted.

Yet one who visits the West is astonished to see how comparatively little the desert has been touched, how much remains of what John Muir calls "wildness." In passing through New Mexico and Arizona on either of the transcontinental railroad lines, one sees hardly an evidence of irrigation, for the best valleys are hidden away in the interior, and the stranger is impressed with the vast, unbroken stretch of dreary desert and rugged mountains. One finds difficulty, indeed, in realizing the immensity of the arid West. It includes about half the United States. The ninety-eighth parallel of latitude, which cuts down through the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas,—a little east of the center of each State,—is the dividing-line; everything to the west of this line is within the region of scanty rainfall or aridity, except a narrow strip of rich country along the Pacific coast-line of Washington, Oregon, and California. In all the remaining vast stretch of arid America no crop of any kind will mature with certainty without regular irrigation. Major J. W. Powell, one of the greatest authorities on irrigation problems, has estimated that there are over 1,000,000,000 acres of arid land in the United States. Of this he thinks that about 120,000,000 acres, or a territory equal to all of New England, with New York, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia thrown in, will ultimately be successfully irrigated by the use of all sources of water. At present about 35,000,000 acres, or a territory equal in size to the State of New York, is actually under ditch, the work of reclamation having cost in the neighborhood of $200,000,000. These figures show what a vast amount of hard work is yet to be done before the empire of the desert is thoroughly subdued. And even after all the water of the West is utilized and every acre of land reclaimed that can be reclaimed, there will still remain vast areas of mountain and plain which can be left in forest, or used for mining and grazing purposes, or set aside for splendid natural parks like the Yellowstone and the Yosemite. As yet these almost inconceivably great resources of the West have only just been touched; they will all contribute to the prosperity of the irrigated country, and that country will in turn supply the miner, the lumberman, the cattleman, and the pleasure-seeker with food. The West is still the name for opportunity.

The development of irrigation in the arid country is rapidly reaching a great and important climax. All of the lands most easily irrigated have already been taken up, for the most part by little bodies of citizens who formed themselves into coöperative associations, built a ditch, and diverted the water to their land by the work of their own hands. This was the method of the Mormons, and

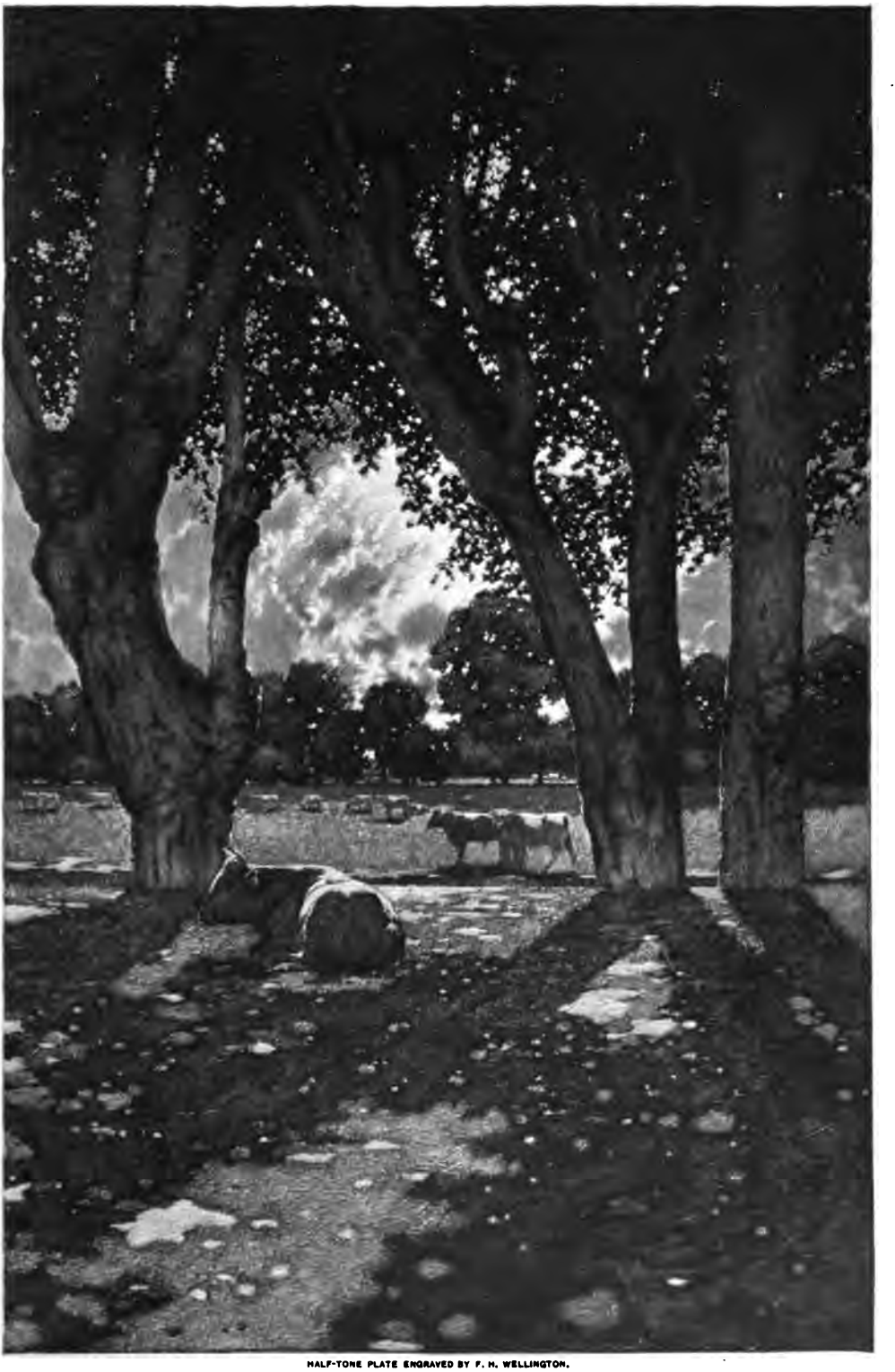


HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

THE DESERT WITHOUT WATER.

this has been the way in which the best farming regions of southern California have for the most part been reclaimed. Never before in America was the spirit of coöperation and communism developed as it has been in the arid West. Now, however, all the water of the smaller streams and much of that of the larger rivers has been diverted and is fully used, except in flood-times. Indeed, in many localities it is much too fully used, for the attraction of the irrigated valleys, with the opportunities of great profits which they afford, has stimulated the opening of more farms than the water can supply. And who can wonder! Here in the Southwest desert land can be had to-day for $1.25 an acre; turn on the water and to-morrow the land is worth from $10 to $20 an acre, and in two years it is worth from $40 to $60 an acre, and in ten years it may be worth $1000 or more an acre. Nowhere else in the world can such profits be made by a farmer working with his bare hands and his native grit. I saw some of the magnificent fields of one farmer in the Salt River valley, an old sailor of the Baltic Sea who came to Arizona in 1878, and after working for day-wages in a flour-mill for a time, he took up 160 acres of government land. He was compelled to borrow money to buy his first plow, but he was a hard worker and a progressive man. To-day he owns a ranch of 1000 acres, all in a high state of cultivation, mostly in alfalfa; he is rated as being worth, clear, more than $125,000. Well, such instances as these have tempted over-settlement. If there happens to be plenty of rain in the mountains, and the rivers run free, then these new settlers prosper abundantly; but if there comes a dry year or a series of dry years, like that which culminated in 1900, scores of farmers see their green fields wither pitifully before their eyes, and their orchards droop and die, for there is not water enough to go around. In 1900 water-shortages caused the loss of millions of dollars to the irrigated country, and a cry has been raised for more water and a steadier supply of water. The result has been a great uplifting of sentiment; the imagination of the men of the arid land has been stirred as never before, and they are studying some of the most stupendous of enterprises for water-saving. Every year in flood-season vast volumes of water go to waste in nearly all the valleys, for there is no way to hold it back and store it up. One may imagine faintly the feelings of the farmers of a valley when they see precious water thus being wasted, and know for a certainty that a few months later their crops will suffer because there is not water enough. Consequently there has arisen a great demand for storage-reservoirs for saving the flood-waters of the streams, so that they can be used during the long dry months of the year. Such reservoirs have already been constructed in several important districts. The Sweetwater River has been dammed near San Diego in California, a dam 90 feet high, creating a lake holding 6,000,000,000 gallons of water, a notable engineering feat. Another dam, 300 feet long and 60 feet high, in the Bear valley above Riverside and Redlands in California, furnishes water for a rich irrigated district. Other reservoirs have been constructed in Colorado, notably that on the Poudre River, and in other localities, but the great proportion of the flood-waters of the West is wasted. In the case of the Salt River valley in Arizona, for instance, there are now upward of 125,000 acres in cultivation, raising abundant crops; but that is only a fraction of the land that could be reclaimed and cultivated if all the water now going to waste could be saved and used. It has been estimated that there are over 400,000 acres, a territory equal in size to half the State of Rhode Island, which could be converted into homesteads if there were only water enough, and that the valley could easily support many times its present population.

But the construction of these restraining-dams requires vast capital, vaster than these pioneers of the desert, who have so far done most of the work with their hands, can command. In many instances difficult engineering problems must be met, for the violence of these mountain streams in flood-time is not to be lightly dealt with. Several dams in the West, costing large amounts of money, have been carried away with loss of life and property. How, then, shall these dams be built? the arid West asks itself. If private capital comes in and stores the water, as it has already done in some localities, usually to its misfortune, be it said, there will rise up in greater strength than ever the "water-lord," the master of the people's very life, who is already a force and a problem in the new West. In some localities the people advocate bonding the State or county for the necessary money, but even by this means it would be difficult to raise sums large enough, for many of the communities are poor, the wealth being mostly in prospect. So these people are crying out to the Federal government to come in and help build the



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

THE DESERT WITH WATER.

reservoirs in the mountains, advancing the large capital needed with the assurance that in time it will all be repaid, though without interest. They have organized local associations and appointed committees, and last winter the East heard these new powers voicing their demands in Congress. It was not a loud voice, for the men of the arid land are still comparatively few in number, and it fell on unheeding ears; but it will be heard again and again, for it is the voice of a great purpose, and year by year, as other bold men lay out homes where the prophets said homes could never be, the voice will grow louder and louder until the whole country knows that there is a new spirit born to the Anglo-Saxon race.

But the imagination of these Westerners and their passion for development reach even greater heights. Not only do they seek to store up and utilize the water of the smaller streams, but they are preparing for the time when the water of such continental drainage rivers as the Missouri, the Colorado, the Arkansas, and the Rio Grande shall be in perfect control. The water of all these streams is now used to a certain extent, but none of them is absolutely controlled, and the task seems one of too great magnitude to admit of sober discussion. So far, irrigators have ventured to operate on these mighty streams, subject as they are to great floods, only with diversion works; that is, dams which take out a little of the water and divert it into the canals. A diversion enterprise of magnitude is now in process of development on the Lower Colorado. The water will be taken from the river below Yuma in Arizona, and a canal 50 feet wide and some 50 miles long will be run out into Mexico and around into the State of California, irrigating an area estimated at over 400,000 acres of what is now worthless desert. This canal is now nearly finished.

Those who look forward to the control of the great rivers of America and the use of funds supplied by the government for that purpose point to the fact that England has spent about $30,000,000 on the new Nile dams and other works for controlling the great Egyptian river and making certain the crops of the valley below, and that she has invested the sum of $360,000,000 for irrigation purposes in India during the last thirty years. A single canal from the Ganges cost $15,000,000; it has a total length, including tributaries and drainage cuts, of 3910 miles, and irrigates over 1,000,000 acres of land. These works in India, costly and stupendous as they have been, are regarded by the English as a profitable investment. There are 6,000,000 acres of land under cultivation in the valley of the Nile, supporting a population of over 5,000,000 people. Mr. Elwood Mead, irrigation expert of the United States government, estimates that the Missouri River and its tributaries, if properly controlled, will irrigate five times as much territory, furnishing an opportunity for the expansion of surplus population that will last the American people for a long time to come. No, these Westerners do not believe in the necessity of foreign islands as an outlet for American colonization; they point rather to their own expanses of unclaimed, cheap, rich land in a climate that is nearly perfect. And the proper control of these rivers, especially the Missouri and the Arkansas, will not only enrich their valleys and make them habitable for great numbers of people, but it will benefit the entire Mississippi valley by relieving it of the danger of floods between St. Louis and New Orleans. Progressive engineers assert that if the sums of money now expended for dikes that must always be built higher and higher, and for jetties and wharves and other flood-restraining improvements on the Lower Mississippi, could be invested in dams and controlling-works on the Upper Missouri, there would be less danger from floods; that with the reduction of sediment now carried down and deposited in the river-channel and in the harbors, the river would even burrow a deeper channel and render less necessary the high protecting dikes. And the sediment which now goes to waste—the Missouri is famous as a muddy stream—is a most valuable fertilizer for land. The Nile bottoms have remained rich for ages because of the silt deposited each year by the river. A series of experiments carried on by the University of Arizona have shown that the water of the Colorado River is so rich in sediment that it will deposit fertilizer of a value of $9.25 to each acre where water to a depth of three feet is used each year—certainly striking evidence of the lasting qualities of these irrigated lands, and furnishing the strongest of arguments for saving so much life-giving plant food.

Great as are these schemes for controlling and utilizing the waters of the largest of American rivers, the imagination of the Westerners goes a step further: water-saving to him has become a veritable passion. He has long been drawing on the underground supplies of water, and during the past year

or two this work has come to be of momentous importance in many localities. It is a well-known fact that many rivers of considerable size in the Western deserts flow for long distances above-ground and then suddenly disappear in the sand. One river in Arizona disappears and reappears several times in the course of a hundred miles. In Nevada and other States rivers are lost entirely, and it is supposed that they flow into underground reservoirs or lakes. Some of these reservoirs have been tapped successfully with artesian wells, and one whole valley in California is irrigated with the water which gushes up freely from wells sunk from 300 to 700 feet deep. In other localities steam- and gasolene-engines are used to pump the water into the irrigating channels. Indeed, if it were not for these underground sources of water on the ranges in the Southwest, there would be no possibility of maintaining cattle and sheep.

Another scheme of the Westerner for conserving the water-supply has borne rich fruit in the last few years. It is a well-known fact that there is no better conservator of water than a forest with thick undergrowing vegetation. The ground is protected, and the vegetation holds back and regulates the water which falls in rain. Nearly all of the high plateaus and mountain-ranges of the West, where the rainfall and snowfall are greatest, and where all the great rivers have their source, are covered more or less densely with vegetation, often with magnificent forests, hundreds, even thousands, of years old. If it were not for these forests, all the water that fell would run swiftly into the valleys, the streams would rise to floods, and in a few days' time the channels would be dry again. This is actually what now happens in many valleys of the West—great torrents for two or three weeks in the year, absolute drought all the remainder of the time. It is therefore of vital importance that these forests be preserved. The Westerner, led by wise scientists, has taken up the matter, and by good fortune the government at Washington has been aroused to the necessities of the case, and forest reserves and national parks have been created, which will not only go down to future generations as the most notable places of natural beauty on the continent, but they will preserve life and bring happiness to the valleys below. But the work is yet only half done. More forests must be reserved, and more care be given to protecting them from lawless miners and lumbermen. By the judicious cutting of the older trees and the removal of windfalls and waste, which might give food for fires, they can be made a source of lumber for a thousand years to come, and that without injuring their usefulness as water-conservators. But if private greed is allowed to dictate, these splendid forest areas will be left the most desolate of deserts, like those of northern Wisconsin and Michigan—deserts which are far worse than the cactus plains of New Mexico and Arizona.

More than one half of all the world's crops, great and small, are to-day raised by means of irrigation—in India, Egypt, China, and other old countries. To an American who has seen such development and prosperity arise from the pursuit of ordinary agriculture, such wheat-fields as there are in Dakota, such corn as there is in Iowa, such fruit as there is in Michigan, this fact seems at first somewhat startling. But the American has only just begun the practice of irrigation; it is the first time that a republic of free people, having a high conception of the rights of the individual citizen, has developed on a large scale a system of irrigation. Everything is new, strange, unprecedented; customs must be revolutionized, new laws constructed and old ones changed. One of the first teachings of the arid land is that the individual must subserve his interest to that of the community, and that is a hard matter for many an American to do. In the East a farmer may settle on his quarter-section, build a home, raise what he pleases or let the weeds grow, keep up his fences or let them fall down, and no one says a word in objection; he is the most independent of men. But in the desert, where the struggle for existence is more intense, men must march in lockstep: if one man wastes water, allows water to run out on another's field, does not keep up his ditches, does not coöperate with his neighbors in the work of cleaning or repairing ditches, he injures the entire community, and the community must force him sternly into the line of duty. Moreover, he must join with his neighbors in the protection of the water-supply, in case some other community seeks to divert more than its share from the river above; and in cases of drought and low water he must suffer equally with his neighbor, sharing what little water there is to be had, even though his own orchards are dying. All this serves to build up such a community spirit in the irrigated countries as the Easterner cannot appreciate.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

WATER LET IN ON A FIELD OF ALFALFA.

There are human bickerings here as everywhere else, but a man soon learns that the community interest is, after all, greater than that of the individual, and upon every important subject he submits his will to that of the community. From this spirit have arisen those peculiar and powerful coöperative associations of farmers, which all but control the marketing of crops in parts of the West. Instead of trusting to avaricious commission men and engaging in disastrous competition, the orange-growers, the raisin-growers, the bee-keepers, and other classes of farmers, have formed unions and associations which control the whole matter of packing, shipping, and selling the farmers' products. These associations further curtail the rights of the individual, hindering him, for instance, from shipping poor fruit or poorly packed fruit, lest it injure the reputation of the community in the Eastern market; and if there are losses, each man must stand his share. So powerful, indeed, are these associations that they can even venture to fight the railroad companies in the matter of freight rates, as they have done more than once in California. Farming in the East is a sort of guerrilla warfare, every man for himself; in the arid West it is a highly organized and disciplined struggle.

It is interesting to speculate as to the effect which these new conditions of life will have on the American character. Irrigation requires a greater degree of skill than ordinary agriculture; it is more a matter of exact science, less of chance. The Easterner sows his crop and depends on the will of Heaven for his rain; the Westerner goes out to his head-gate and lets in the rain, in just such amounts and at just such times as he pleases. He knows how much water he is entitled to, and its distribution is a simple matter of calculation. But he must be a careful student of his crops; he cannot water his strawberries and his sugar-beets at the same time and in the same amount, for the strawberries are always thirsty, while the beets require only a few waterings in the season. He must also know his own peculiar climate, for fields require much more water in the desert air of Arizona than in the moister climate of southern California, and he must have a care that the water leaves no alkali in his soil. In other words, he must be an intelligent, reading, scientific farmer if he would outwit the desert and compete with the energy of his neighbors. Men in the irrigated lands live closer together than in the East, and farms are smaller. Some valleys, indeed, seem like villages, each resident of which lives in the midst of handsome grounds; whole districts in southern California are veritable parks for beauty. This brings neighbors closer together, breaks up the deadly isolation of the Middle States farmers, enables a community to have better schools, churches, places of amusement, tempts the mercurial young man to stay on the farm.

The farmer may do all his own work, or keep a steady force of men, for there are no seasons of great pressure as in ordinary farming, no time when hay must be made lest it spoil, or grain cut to save it, with the necessity of great additional outside labor. Of course there are times when the irrigation farmer is busier than at others, but he does not lie virtually idle all winter long, for, especially in the Southwest, he is harvesting crops at all times of the year, and he must irrigate winter and summer alike. In the case of fruit-raising his crop ripens slowly, and he may be harvesting from time to time for months. The first oranges ripen in Arizona in late November, and in southern California the harvest continues from December until the following September.

Then, too, the arid West is without equal in the matter of healthfulness; indeed, it has long been the great health resort of the continent, the tents and homes of invalids dotting the desert everywhere west and southwest from Colorado. Long hours of bright, warm sunshine kill the germs and dispose of decaying matter more surely than the best disinfectants. And there are no swamps and marshes.

An Eastern farmer coming to an irrigated valley finds everything as different from his accustomed life as he can well imagine. He must learn an entirely new language of farming, and a new set of farming rules. His neighbor greets him, not with the remark, "It looks like rain," but, "Have you heard when the water is coming in?" or, "The ditches are low to-day." He learns to speak of miners' inches and acre-feet of water, and he can soon tell at a glance whether a ditch is carrying fifty or one hundred miners' inches of water; he hears wise discussions of head-gates, weirs, laterals, zanjes; he finds that he is "under" a certain canal, which by and by will come to seem to him like an inexorable fate. He will very promptly make the acquaintance of the king of the irrigated land, the zanjero,—in Arizona called "sankero," in California sometimes shortened to "sanky,"—the water-

master or ditch-rider, a bronzed man in overalls and a sombrero, who drives about in a two-wheeled cart, with a shovel and a long crooked-tined fork by his side, and precious keys in his pockets. He is the yea and nay of the arid land, the arbiter of fate, the dispenser of good and evil, to be blessed by turns and cursed by turns, and to receive both with the utter unconcern of a small god. For it is the zanjero who distributes the water. He opens the head-gate of each farmer's canal, and when the water has run the necessary time he shuts it down again, and again locks it securely. If the water is short he sees that it is divided properly between Smith and Jones and Brown, usually with Smith and Jones and Brown watching him like cats. It is a hard place, that of zanjero in the valleys, subject to accusations, temptations, heartburnings; but be it said to the credit of the American, there is many a zanjero who is universally respected in his community as an honest man. The new Easterner will learn the necessity of rubber boots; and he will find that of all known substances water is most perverse, evasive, uncontrollable, and that eternal vigilance is the price of success on the irrigated farm. He will also become familiar with the wonder of midnight farming: he will learn to rouse himself from a warm bed at two o'clock in the morning and go out with his lantern to see that he gets the water that is his due, and that it goes in the right place. And before long he will have a lawsuit with his neighbors, and he will find that there are special irrigation lawyers and irrigation engineers and irrigation experts; and it will cost him so much money that he will never go to law again, but settle his cases, as do his neighbors, by agreement, or submission to a committee of friends. He will learn to harvest in April and sow in October, or sow in July and harvest in January; he will learn that Johnson grass in his ditches is as terrible a weed as purslane or pigweed; and he will acquire a thousand and one other details of strange knowledge. But far and away above all he will learn the great fundamental principle of the arid land, the one commandment that is greater than ten, the law of life: "Water, the greatest thing in the world: save it."

But the life of the irrigator is far from being all sunshine: he, too, has "breaks in his ditches," as they say in the significant slang of the alfalfa valleys. Weighty questions are constantly arising, the decisions of which, obtained at great expense through the courts and legislatures, will furnish the future laws of the arid country. Here is a valley near the mouth of a river; it receives its water from the river, and millions of dollars of wealth has been created by irrigating the lands. Miles above, another community, perhaps in another State, settles in the valley of the same river, and takes out so much water that the old settlers in the valley below cannot get enough water for their fields and begin to suffer loss. Who shall arbitrate between the two communities? The Bear River, for instance, rises in Utah, flows into Wyoming, returns to Utah, returns to Wyoming, flows into Idaho, and then back into Utah, where it empties into the Great Salt Lake. There is irrigated land in all three States representing an investment of upward of $100,000,000, and there is not enough water to go around. Who shall decide? All over the West these disputes have arisen or will arise. There is great confusion of laws, and in most States the laws are singularly insufficient. There are great questions to be decided, as to whether there can be private ownership of water, or whether water belongs to the land which it first irrigates, or whether it is the property of the State; whether canal companies are common carriers or dealers in water; and a hundred and one other important points, each of which raises conflicting interests. Then there is the great struggle between coöperation and corporation, the struggle of the community system of canal-ownership and the water-lords.

In the dust of all these conflicts which are now being fought out in legislatures and courts the individual settler is often crushed and loses everything; but that is always the accompaniment of such new enterprises. If there were only a wise absolute monarch, a sublimated Kaiser William, who could take hold of these affairs and straighten them out, it would assist materially in the development of the arid West. As it is, they will have to be fought out and settled in the American way, which, while expensive, satisfies the American, and in the end will no doubt produce the best system of control in the world.

There are other perplexing questions of a scientific order, such, for instance, as to the duty of water. What is the amount of water which will irrigate an acre of land in a given climate sowed to a given crop? Many canals supply too much water, and it is wasted; others supply too little: these

errors must be righted. Water in ditches loses much by seepage and evaporation, in some instances as high as forty-seven per cent., a condition which requires much scientific investigation in order that these sources of waste may be reduced. Some valleys are afflicted with alkali salts, the gradual accumulation of which in a field will certainly ruin its productiveness, so that it returns to the condition of a bare desert. A bureau of the United States Department of Agriculture, known as the Bureau of Soils, occupies much of its time in the study of these grave problems and how to remedy them. Many a poor farmer, attracted by the glittering opportunities of an irrigated valley, has seen his fields whiten with alkali and his crops die because he could not rid himself of the salts which the water contained.

And then, perhaps as disastrous as any other one thing, unscrupulous or mistaken promoters have crept into many a good valley, and by using all the arts of advertising have brought in more settlers than there is water to supply, and the whole enterprise is going to destruction, carrying with it many innocent settlers, and in most cases, fortunately, the speculator himself.

But this is the darker side of the development of the empire of the arid land, most of the phases of which are unmistakably bright, and they are all difficulties of the sort which the courage, perseverance, and enthusiasm of these desert pioneers will one day surmount, making the arid regions beyond the Mississippi the better half of the country, the most fertile, the most beautiful, the most populous.



THE PRISONER.

BY S. P. LYON.

WOE to the man who, fettered, far away,
Shall hear these voices and may not obey;
Hear the pines whisper and the clear streams say:
"Come back to us, on the free mountain-side;
Where thy heart is, there let thy feet abide."

Never may he, a slave to duty, reap
A pure content who hears, in waking sleep,
The ruffed grouse drumming in the shadows deep;
The leap of trout; and hearing may not go
Back to the hills that have bewitched him so.

Never may he, though lover true and tried,
Be sure of perfect peace beside his bride
Who catches in his love's eyes, opened wide,
The tint of some well-loved, remembered pool
That lies deep-hidden in the forest cool.

Woe to the man who, wallèd all about,
May hear these voices calling from without;
Hear the pines singing and the torrents shout:
"Come back to us, on the wild mountain-side;
Where thy heart is, there let thy feet abide."

LITTLE STORIES.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.,
Author of "Hugh Wynne," "François," "Circumstance," etc.

VI. A DILEMMA.

I WAS just thirty-seven when my Uncle Philip died. A week before that event he sent for me; and here let me say that I had never set eyes on him. He hated my mother, but I do not know why. She told me long before his last illness that I need expect nothing from my father's brother. He was an inventor, an able and ingenious mechanical engineer, and had made much money by his improvement in turbine-wheels. He was a bachelor; lived alone, cooked his own meals, and collected precious stones, especially rubies. From the time he made his first money he had this mania. As he grew richer, the desire to possess rare and costly gems became stronger. When he bought a new stone, he carried it in his pocket for a month, and now and then took it out and looked at it. Then it was added to the collection in his safe at the trust company.

At the time he sent for me I was a clerk, and poor enough. Remembering my mother's words, his message gave me, his sole relative, no new hopes; but I thought it best to go.

When I sat down by his bedside, he began, with a malicious grin:

"I suppose you think me queer. I will explain." What he said was certainly queer enough. "I have been living on an annuity into which I put my fortune. In other words, I have been, as to money, concentric half of my life to enable me to be as eccentric as I pleased the rest of it. Now I repent of my wickedness to you all, and desire to live in the memory of at least one of my family. You think I am poor and have only my annuity. You will be profitably surprised. I have never parted with my rubies; they will be yours. You are my sole heir. I shall carry with me to the other world the satisfaction of making one man happy.

"No doubt you have always had expectations, and I desire that you should continue to expect. My rubies are in my safe. There is nothing else left."

When I thanked him he grinned all over his lean face, and said:

"You will have to pay for my funeral."

I must say that I never looked forward to any expenditure with more pleasure than to what it would cost me to put him away in the earth. As I rose to go, he said:

"The rubies are valuable. They are in my safe at the trust company. Before you unlock the box, be very careful to read a letter which lies on top of it; and be sure not to shake the box." I thought this odd. "Don't come back. It won't hasten things."

He died that day week, and was handsomely buried. The day after, his will was found, leaving me his heir. I opened his safe and found in it nothing but an iron box, evidently of his own making, for he was a skilled workman and very ingenious. The box was heavy and strong, about ten inches long, eight inches wide, and ten inches high. On it lay a letter to me. It ran thus:

"DEAR TOM: This box contains a large number of very fine pigeon-blood rubies and a fair lot of diamonds; one is blue—a beauty. There are eleven pearls, for which any woman would sell her soul—or her affections." I thought of Susan. "I wish you to continue to have expectations, and continuously to remember your dear uncle. I would have left these stones to some charity, but I hate the poor as much as I hate your mother's son, —yes, rather more.

"The box contains an interesting mechanism, which will act with certainty as you unlock it, and explode ten ounces of my improved, supersensitive dynamite—no, to be accurate, there are only nine and a half ounces. Doubt me, and open it, and you will be blown to atoms. Believe me, and you will continue to nourish expectations which will never be fulfilled. As a considerate man, I counsel extreme care in handling the box. Don't forget your affectionate uncle."

I stood appalled, the key in my hand. Was

it true? Was it a lie? I had spent all my savings on the funeral, and was poorer than ever.

Remembering the old man's oddity, his malice, his cleverness in mechanic arts, and the patent explosive which had helped to make him rich, I began to feel how very likely it was that he had told the truth in this cruel letter.

I carried the iron box away to my lodgings, set it down with care in a closet, laid the key on it, and locked the closet.

Then I sat down, as yet hopeful, and began to exert my ingenuity upon ways of opening the box without being killed. There must be a way.

After a week of vain thinking I bethought me, one day, that it would be easy to explode the box by unlocking it at a safe distance, and I arranged a plan with wires, which seemed as if it would answer. But when I reflected on what would happen when the dynamite scattered the rubies, I knew that I should be none the richer. For hours at a time I sat looking at that box and handling the key.

At last I hung the key on my watch-guard; but then it occurred to me that it might be lost or stolen. Dreading this, I hid it, fearful that some one might use it to open the box. This state of doubt and fear lasted for weeks, until I became nervous and began to dread that some accident might happen to that box. A burglar might come and boldly carry it away, and force it open, and find it was a wicked fraud of my uncle's. Even the rumble and vibration caused by the heavy vans in the street became at last a terror.

Worst of all, my salary was reduced, and I saw that marriage was out of the question.

In my despair I consulted Professor Clinch as to my dilemma, and as to some safe way of getting at the rubies. He said that, if my uncle had not lied, there was none, but that it was a silly tale and altogether incredible. I reassured him as to the rubies, and offered him the biggest if he wished to test his opinion. He did not desire to do so.

Dr. Schaff, my uncle's doctor, believed the old man's letter, and added a caution, which was entirely useless, for by this time I was afraid to be in the room with that terrible box.

At last the doctor kindly warned me that I was in danger of losing my mind with too much thought about my rubies. In fact, I did nothing else but contrive wild plans to get at them safely. I spent all my spare hours at one of the great libraries reading about dynamite. Indeed, I talked of it until the library attendants, believing me a lunatic or a dynamite fiend, declined to humor me, and spoke to the police. I suspect that for a while I was "shadowed" as a suspicious, and possibly criminal, character. I gave up the libraries, and, becoming more and more fearful, set my precious box on a down pillow, for fear of its being shaken; for at this time even the absurd possibility of its being disturbed by an earthquake troubled me. I tried to calculate the amount of shake needful to explode my box.

The old doctor, when I saw him again, begged me to give up all thought of the matter, and, as I felt how completely I was the slave of one despotic idea, I tried to take the good advice thus given me.

Unhappily, I found, soon after, between the leaves of my uncle's Bible, a numbered list of the stones with their cost. It was dated two years before my uncle's death. Many of the stones were well known, and their enormous value amazed me.

Several of the rubies were described with care, and curious histories of them were given in detail. One was said to be the famous "Sunset ruby," which had belonged to the Empress-Queen Maria Theresa. One was called the "Blood ruby," not, as was explained, because of the color, but on account of the murders it had occasioned. Now, as I read, it seemed again to threaten death.

It was maddening. Here, guarded by a vision of sudden death, was wealth "beyond the dreams of avarice." I am not a clever or ingenious man; I know little beyond how to keep a ledger, and so I was, and am, no doubt, absurd as to many of my notions as to how to solve this riddle.

At one time I thought of finding a man who would take the risk of unlocking the box, but what right had I to subject any one else to the trial I dared not face? I could easily drop the box from a height somewhere, and if it did not explode could then safely unlock it; but if it did blow up when it fell, good-by to my rubies. *Mine*, indeed! I was rich, and I was not. I grew thin and morbid, and so miserable that, being a good Catholic, I at last carried my troubles to my father confessor. He thought it simply a cruel jest of my uncle's, but was not so eager for another world as to be willing to open my box. He, too, counseled me to cease thinking about it. Good heavens! I dreamed about it. Not to think about it was impossible. Neither my own thought nor science nor religion had been able to assist me.

Two years have gone by, and I am one of the richest men in the city, and have no more money than will keep me alive.

Susan said I was half cracked like Uncle Philip, and broke off her engagement. In my despair I have advertised in the "Journal of Science," and have had absurd schemes sent me by the dozen. At last, as I talked too much about it, the thing became so well known that when I put the horror in a safe, in bank, I was promptly desired to withdraw it. I was in constant fear of burglars, and my landlady gave me notice to leave, because no one would stay in the house with that box. I am now advised to print my story and await advice from the ingenuity of the American mind.

I have moved into the suburbs and hidden the box and changed my name and my occupation. This I did to escape the curiosity of the reporters. I ought to say that when the government officials came to hear of my inheritance, they very reasonably desired to collect the succession tax on my uncle's estate.

I was delighted to assist them. I told the collector my story, and showed him Uncle Philip's letter. Then I offered him the key, and asked for time to get half a mile away. That man said he would think it over and come back later.

This is all I have to say. I have made a will and left my rubies to the Society for the Prevention of Human Vivisection. If any man thinks this account a joke or an invention, let him coldly imagine the situation:

Given an iron box, known to contain wealth, said to contain dynamite, arranged to explode when the key is used to unlock it—what would any sane man do? What would he advise?

CURIOUS ELECTRICAL FORMS.

AS SHOWN IN MR. T. BURTON KINRAIDE'S RECENT PHOTOGRAPHS OF ELECTRICAL DISCHARGES.

BY ANABEL PARKER.

THE remarkable photographs which it is the object of this article to explain constitute a graphic record, a genuine autobiography, of certain phases of one of the most wonderful and subtle of the great forces of nature. They are the result of several years of experimenting by a Boston investigator, T. Burton Kinraide, and are the record of impressions made upon sensitive plates by discharges of electricity. These photographs show the form and character of the so-called positive and negative phases of electric energy, and of a third phase which has never before been revealed. They hint at an apparatus unique in its delicacy of control. Beyond this, they throw fresh light on the very nature and character of this great force.

All the plates here shown were produced by discharges of minute quantities of electricity. From this point of view, they present a striking contrast to the plates published in THE CENTURY for June, 1900. Those were photographs of the phenomena resulting from discharges from electrical oscillators of great power. They recorded experiments made by that consummate genius of electrical investigation, Nikola Tesla, who delights in handling enormous quantities of electric energy.

By a cursory glance at the different plates and at the explanatory lines under them, it will be seen that whatever may be the outline of the entire design on the plate, there is one unvarying structural form for the positive phase and one for the negative. These are so dissimilar in character that they need never be confused. The positive phase has always the branching, fern-like structure which Mr. Kinraide calls filiciform, while the negative invariably shows the soft and feathery appearance which is well described as plumous. Whether the plate shows a single large disk composed of exquisitely delicate forms radiating from a center, or a series of zigzagging comets, one can readily tell by noting the structure whether the discharge which printed itself on the plate was in its positive or its negative phase.

This series of electrographs was, with a

few exceptions, produced by means of a condenser apparatus, upon one surface of which the sensitive plate was placed. This surface can be electrified either positively or negatively at the will of the operator. Suppose it to be negatively electrified, and then touched at the center by a small brass sphere which is in connection with the positive terminal of the apparatus. The instant discharge from the sphere rushes out in all directions over the surface of the plate, and there is produced the beautiful figure shown in Plate I. Suppose, on the other hand, that the condenser surface on which the sensitive plate rests is positively electrified, and that a brass sphere connected with the negative terminal be brought in contact with it. The energy is gathered up, as it were, from the plate, and rushing toward the conducting sphere, leaves on the surface the print of its vanishing footsteps, as in Plate II.

With one or two exceptions, all the plates here shown are based upon the existence of these two sets of conditions, i.e., a surface negatively electrified brought in contact with a positive terminal, and a surface positively electrified brought in contact with a negative terminal. The terminal may be connected with a single sphere, as already suggested, with a roller, or with tiny metallic balls or needle-points. The deft manipulation of these mechanical devices produces the variety of design. The plates which were produced under conditions other than these will be noted farther on.

It is now five years since Mr. Kinraide made the happy discovery which led him to experiment along the lines of electrical photography of which these beautiful plates are the result. The apparatus he at first used was quite unlike the one he is now using, and was without the condenser plates. Many of the results that can be obtained from the one now in use he was unable to obtain by means of the former, but untiring efforts to discover the causes of his failures finally brought a knowledge that enabled him to construct an apparatus capable of producing the perfect plates here shown. As in many other instances, failure lighted the way to success.

It is necessary to touch briefly on the construction of the apparatus and on the experiments carried on by means of it in order to give a clear idea of the way in which Mr. Kinraide has arrived at certain important conclusions. The apparatus has, as an interesting feature, a unique kind of secondary induction-coil consisting of a circular disk of fine wire wound in about one thousand turns. The peculiarity of this coil is that it will discharge out into the air as easily as the Ruhmkorff coil discharges toward its other terminal. In other words, the electric energy, instead of discharging from two equal potential terminals, as is the case where the Ruhmkorff coil is used, passes into the air almost wholly from one terminal. The non-discharging terminal is connected to an earth-wire, and thus its influence is entirely removed. The coil has a superb insulation, and will easily withstand a pressure under which the Ruhmkorff coil splinters to atoms. Thus the apparatus controls a higher voltage for the quantity than any other so far made.

It was while studying the discharge from this apparatus in the dark that Mr. Kinraide noticed peculiar, fern-like forms of a pale violet color radiating from the two-inch brass sphere which formed the discharging terminal. By manipulating the discharge, he could make a number of these beautiful, quivering forms appear. By using spheres of larger diameters and increasing the potential, he could increase the length and size of the light-forms until they would shoot out thirty inches beyond the sphere and reach an apparent thickness of half an inch. They looked like miniature forks of violet-tinged lightning, cleaving the darkness of the laboratory. By balancing an ordinary photographic plate on the top of the spherical terminal, film side down, and opening and closing the circuit once, a photograph of the quivering light-forms was secured. They recorded themselves as the filiciform or positive phase of electric energy. This was a first effort, and a first success.

Upon a reversal of the current, an entirely different phenomenon was observed. Instead of the branching outshoots of violet light, there appeared plume-like forms resembling the cattail of the meadow-flag. These seemed to be about an inch in diameter and seven inches long. An attempt to secure a photograph of these plume-like forms was made, but though the plate was as carefully adjusted and the current as skilfully manipulated as before, there was no record found upon the plate when it was developed. The experiment was repeated again and again, but with disheartening results. The plumous forms could not be induced to make any impression on the sensitive plates. For two years Mr. Kinraide experimented, sacrificing plates enough to build a greenhouse. Then he made a discovery. The plumous

forms were not, as he had supposed, discharging outward from the sphere; they were discharging inward from the surrounding air.

The discovery of this fact was of the greatest significance. It seemed to proclaim electric energy not a dual force with a dual activity, but a single force with a single line of direction for the sweep of its energy. Furthermore, it showed plainly that the so-called positive and negative phenomena indicate, the one an accumulation or heaping up of electric energy, the other a corresponding withdrawal. It was through study of the plumous forms that Mr. Kinraide was led to the discovery of the conditions necessary for the successful production of these photographs. He realized that, in order to secure on a photographic plate the record of the so-called negative electricity, the plate must represent the withdrawal of energy; in other words, it must be electrified and then made to discharge itself into some conductor.

With the condenser apparatus, he found no difficulty in securing the record of the negative phase. A photographic plate placed upon the positively electrified surface of the condenser became in turn positively electrified. Then, when any conductor connected with the negative terminal was brought into contact with it, the stored-up energy immediately sought an equilibrium and rushed from all directions toward the conductor. This produced a condition of withdrawal on the plate, or, in other words, showed the so-called negative phase of electricity.

It was then that Mr. Kinraide made another discovery. Not only did he secure photographs of the positive and negative phases, but there was revealed on some of the plates the existence of comet-like forms in which the positive and negative were seen to be united, base to base. The meaning of these comet forms was not at first understood, nor did Mr. Kinraide know how it was that they appeared on the plates. Former photographs had indicated a separation between the two phases; none had ever shown that they were united. These comet forms, therefore, presented a new field for investigation, and it was only after careful study and experimentation that their significance was discovered.

The comet structure Mr. Kinraide has called, by reason of the conditions under which it is created, the electric entity. It is a record of the entire activity of one small quantity of electric energy, an embodiment, as it were, of the force, and literally an entity of energy, having a birth, a growth, and a subsequent death or dispersion. Its center, or body part, is plainly neither positive nor negative in character. Mr. Kinraide calls it the third or dynamic phase of electricity. His reasons for this will be apparent farther on.

In order to make clear the way in which the comet structure was secured, it may be well to explain first the development of the figure on Plate III. This is not one of the condenser series of photographs, but was secured from a very different and quite simple apparatus. It is introduced here to make clearer the interpretation of the other plates.

Without describing the apparatus in detail, it is sufficient to say that it presented a flat surface about twice as long as wide. This surface was divided by a narrow strip of dielectric or non-conducting material into two areas of equal extent, each of these being nearly square. The apparatus was so arranged that when the current was turned on, one of these areas would become positively, the other negatively electrified, the dielectric between them preventing the energy from reaching a state of equilibrium.

The photographic plate was placed in position on the flat surface, half of it on one side of the dielectric, half on the other. A metallic bar was then laid upon the plate at right angles to the dielectric. Thus its ends lay at the respective centers of the two areas which were to be oppositely electrified. By closing the current and then breaking it once, Plate III was obtained. The two ends of the photographic plate became oppositely electrified, like the areas over which they were superimposed. When the current was broken, the energy in the two oppositely electrified surfaces immediately rushed to an equilibrium, using the metallic bar as a conductor. From the positively electrified surface the energy shot into the bar, recording its withdrawal in the delicate plumes of the negative phase. Then it hurried along and finally shot out and dispersed itself over the negatively electrified surface in the filiciform streamers, which always indicate the outward rush of the current.

In the evolution of the comet structure, analogous conditions obtain, with the exception that the electric energy uses the air as a conducting medium instead of a metal conductor. This enables it to record the entire history of its action on the sensitive plate. Keeping this explanation in mind, the reader will be able to understand Plate IV, which is one of the condenser series.

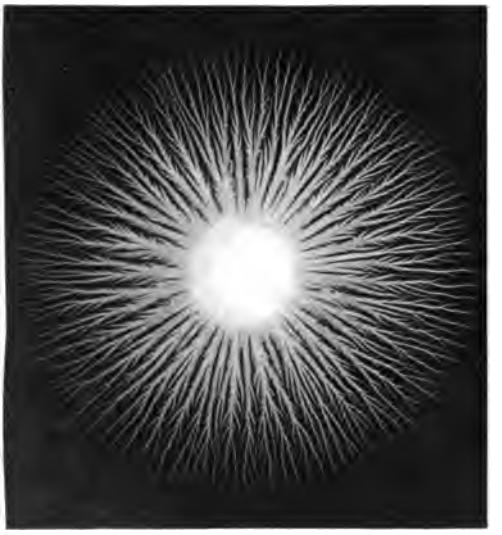


PLATE I. ANODOS.

A discharge of electric energy over the negative surface of a condenser *from* a two-inch sphere connected with the positive terminal.

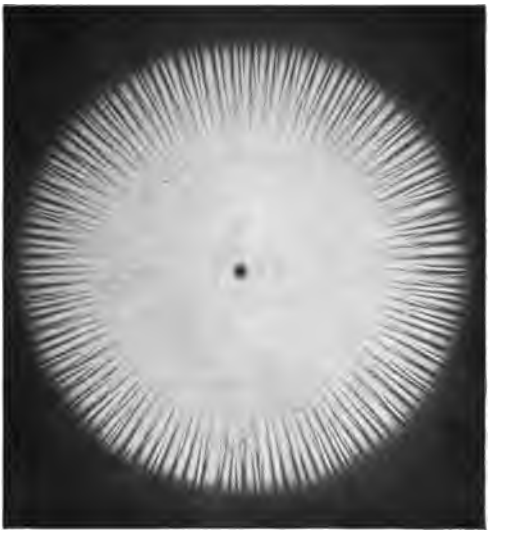


PLATE II. KATHODOS.

A discharge of electric energy over the positive surface of a condenser *toward* a two-inch sphere connected with the negative terminal.

In order to secure this, the condenser surface upon which the sensitive plate was to be placed was first highly charged with electric energy. Then the photographic plate was carefully placed upon it, film side up. A metallic discharger, fitted with an adjustable spark-gap, was now used. By means of this spark-gap it was possible to regulate the amount of energy to be withdrawn from the plate. After being connected with the negative terminal of the apparatus, the discharger was placed at the center of the plate, and a small quantity of the energy was permitted to escape. This created a circular, negative area on the plate, while surrounding it was a charged area.

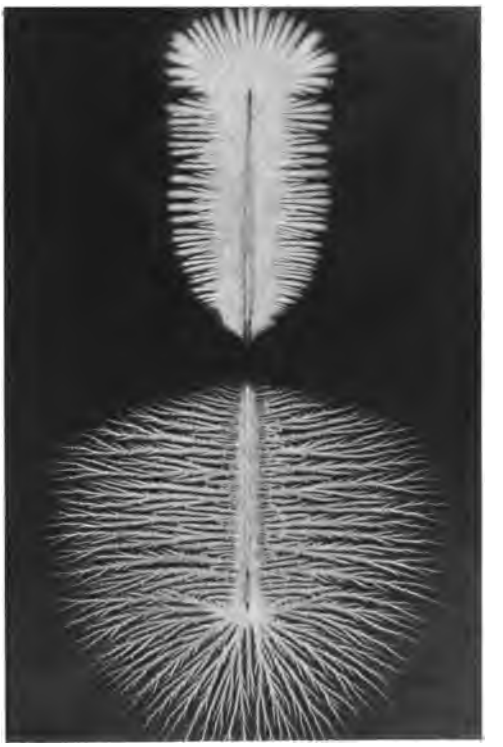


PLATE III. COMPOSITE ELECTRIC ENTITY.

A transfer of electric energy produced by placing a short, metallic rod across the line dividing two oppositely charged areas. The part of the plate upon which the plumous or negative phase is seen is the part which was at first positively electrified. The part upon which the positive streamers are seen was the negatively electrified areas.

As in the case of the two oppositely electrified squares previously referred to, the energy sought an equilibrium. Small quantities of it shot inward toward the circular, negative area, and the onward rush was recorded on the plate in the filiciform streamers extending toward the center, while the withdrawal from the outer rim produced the soft plumous forms. All this took place before the discharger in the operator's hand could be withdrawn from its instant of contact with the plate.

The energy started from a condition of diffusion, and ended in a condition of diffusion, but at the instant of its greatest power it was focalized. This instant of focalization is represented on the plate by the slender spindle joining the plumous and the filiciform. This is what Mr. Kinraide calls the dynamic phase of electric energy.

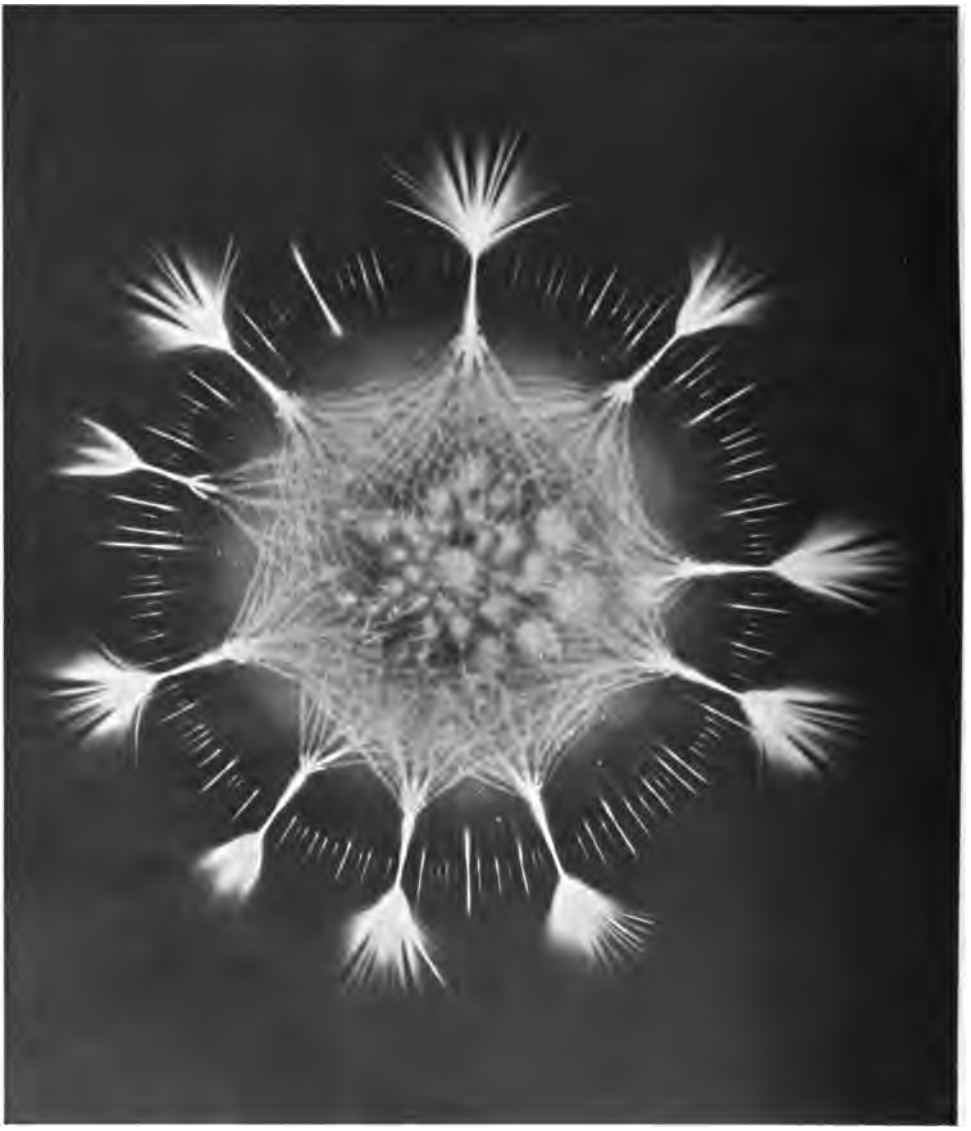


PLATE IV. SYMMETRICAL GROUP OF ELECTRIC ENTITIES.

Each comet structure in the group is a record of the entire history of a small quantity of electric energy.

In general terms, the spindle of one of these comet structures represents the dynamic center of a discharge, for each tiny comet records the entire evolution of an electric discharge, and the phases through which it passes are identical with those through which every uninterrupted discharge must pass.

That this spindle has never before been shown in any photographs of electricity is due to the fact that no apparatus has ever before been constructed whereby the entire action of an electric discharge through the air could be recorded. In the action of the energy in Plate III its moment of greatest focalization was during its passage through the metallic bar. Hence its form could not be recorded.

Examine for a moment this spindle (see Plate V). It seems to be wound in a conical spiral, as if the lines of energy, which focalize at the point of greatest intensity, assume at once a spiral motion. This spiral whirl is at first very narrow, but as it passes away from the point of greatest intensity, it becomes wider, and its whirls are farther apart. Under favorable conditions they are far enough apart to be seen, forming a sharply pointed cone with a very small base. Thus it seems



PLATE V. ELECTRIC ENTITY, OR EMBODIMENT OF ELECTRIC FORCE. (ENLARGED.)

that the electric energy focalizing at this point translates itself, by means of the electromagnetic action which takes place in the spindle, from its negative phase into a curiously interacting form, the positive phase.

Mr. Kinraide's conclusions may be summarized as follows: The plates here shown, especially those which record the action of the electric entity, form an electrographic demonstration of the meaning of the terms positive and negative electricity. When electric energy changes from a condition of diffusion to a center of focalization it is passing through its negative phase. When it changes from a condition of focalization to a condition of diffusion it is passing through its positive phase. These two conditions may be correctly termed the anodos, or going in, and the exodos, or going out, of electric energy. They are unmistakably recorded on the photographic plates, which show that there are not two separate electricities, but one developing entity of energy. There is no photograph of the diffused condition in either case. It is only when the energy is passing through one or the other

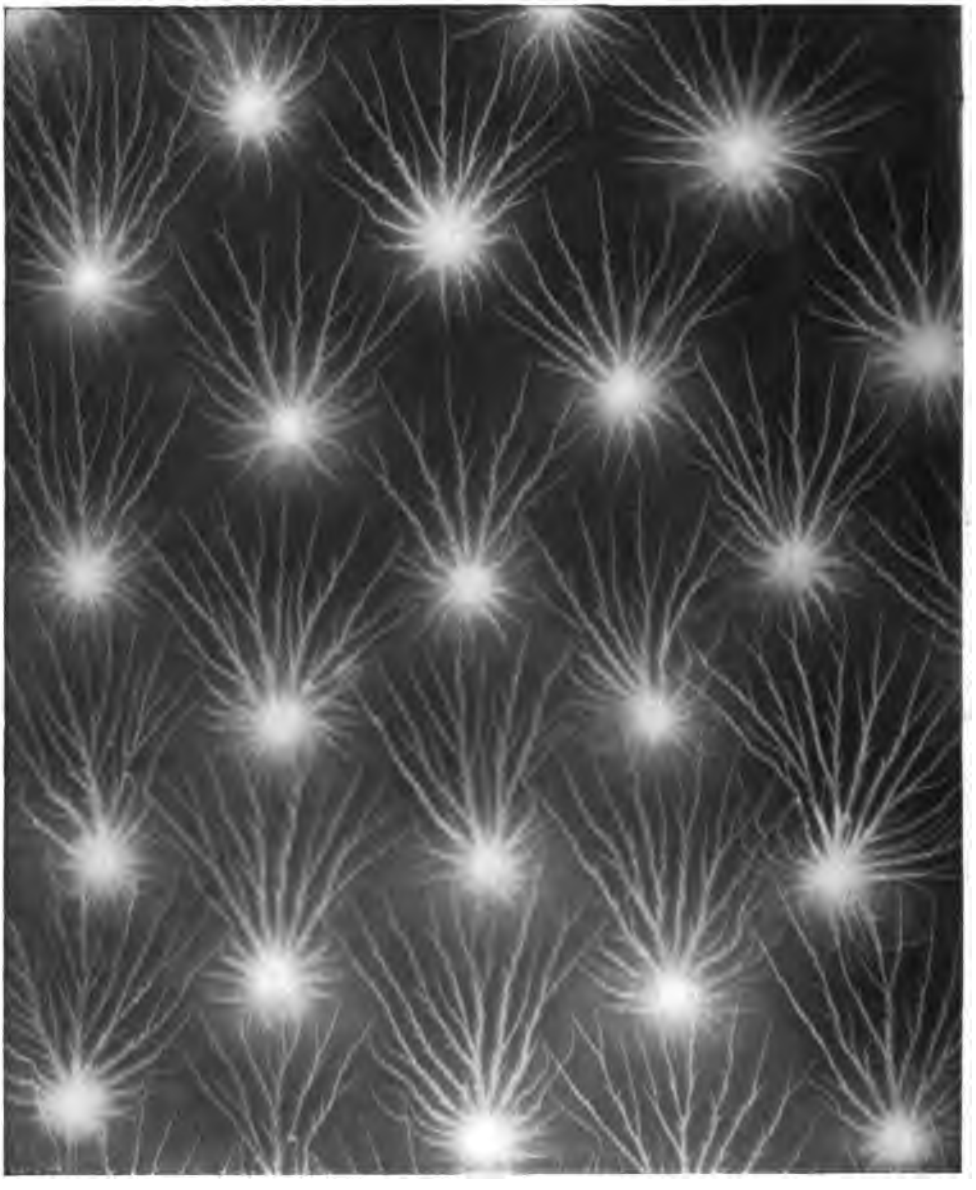


PLATE VI. POSITIVE ENDS OF ELECTRIC ENTITIES.

A discharge from a metallic roller in its passage over the film side of a photographic plate placed upon the uncoated, negative surface of a charged condenser. The conditions of electrification here are the opposite of those in Plate VII.

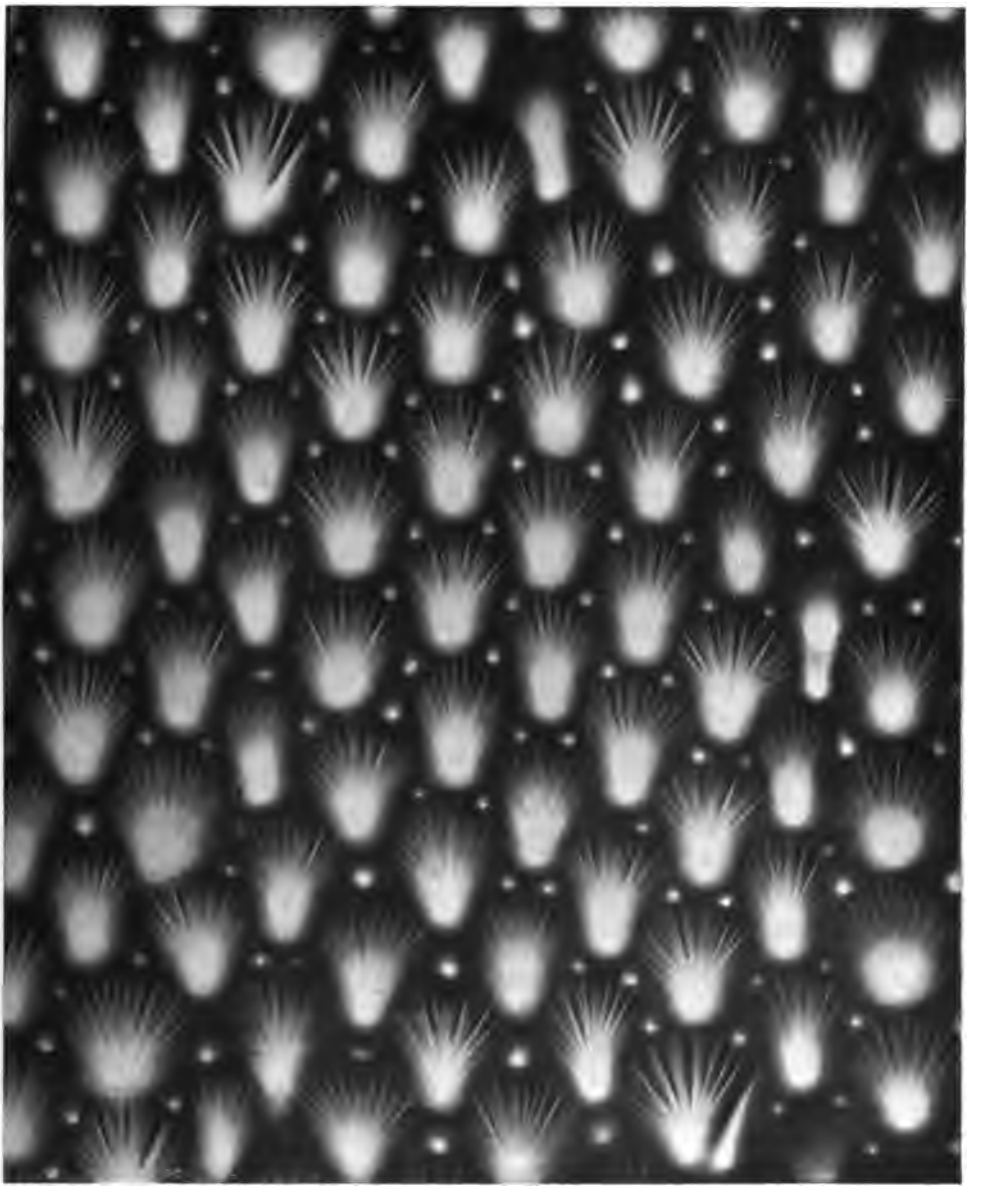


PLATE VII. NEGATIVE ENDS OF ELECTRIC ENTITIES.

A discharge from a metallic roller in its passage over the film side of a photographic plate placed upon the uncoated, positive surface of a charged condenser. This plate is a companion to Plate VI.



PLATE VIII. ELECTRIC ENTITIES IN SERIES.

A discharge between plates produced by the passage of a metallic roller over a photographic plate laid film side down upon a positively charged, uncoated condenser surface.

of its three phases that it becomes manifest upon the sensitive plate.

Plate V is an enlarged record of one small quantity of electric energy: its origin, or negative phase; its transformation, or dynamic phase; its final diffusion, or positive phase. In the negative phase the energy consists of numerous units of energy uniting to produce a single unit, which, after spiraling through a small space, is changed into a number of streamers to be again diffused.

Plates VI and VII, which show respectively the positive and negative ends of electric entities, belong to the condenser series. As explained in the lines under them, they were secured by means of a roller passing over the surface of the photographic plate. Plate VI shows the outrushing or positive ends of the tiny entities that shoot off from the roller on to the negatively electrified plate as the roller is passed over the plate. Plate VII shows the retreating or negative ends of the entities that rush from the positive plate into the negative roller.

Plate VIII shows how comets in series are formed when the energy *between* condenser surfaces is permitted to escape into a metallic roller passed over the outer surface of the plate. This was secured by placing the photographic plate film side down.

The photographs here reproduced form a representative selection from many hundreds secured by Mr. Kinraide. They are much reduced in size, the negatives being eighteen by twenty-two or eight by ten inches. A set consisting of about fifty photographs has recently been presented to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where it is available to students and other interested persons.

The conclusions as to the nature of electricity reached by Mr. Kinraide through his study of its movement differ to a considerable extent from those reached by Lord Armstrong, the noted English scientist who

has conducted experiments along similar lines. Lord Armstrong has secured some extremely interesting photographs of the phenomena resulting from discharges of electricity over dust plates. He has also experimented with photographic plates, and a number of the results secured in both cases bear an interesting resemblance to those obtained by Mr. Kinraide. Lord Armstrong has not, however, shown the development of the electric entity.

It may be interesting to add that, as a result of his study of electric energy as manifested in these plates, Mr. Kinraide inclines to the theory that every form of energy, as heat, sound, light, gravity, etc., has what he would term an entity of energy, corresponding in structure and function to the electric entity, and that it only requires a knowledge of how to create conditions in order to demonstrate this.

He asks the interesting questions: "May it not be that the whirlwind and the waterspout proclaim the presence of entities of thermal energy, the whirlpool the presence of an entity of gravity, and the sound-waves recently photographed the presence of the entity of sound force?" He maintains, also, that if the conditions are constant, the entity will be constant. *A prime condition must be that the energy be able to mold the substance which is the medium of its manifestation into its own form.* Its power to do this demonstrates that it is a force-entity. Mr. Kinraide proposes to experiment with other forms of energy and to obtain, if possible, a complete demonstration of this theory.

THE PASSING OF COCK-EYE BLACKLOCK.

BY FRANK NORRIS,
Author of "The Octopus," etc.

"WELL, m' son," observed Bunt about half an hour after supper, "if your provender has shook down comfortable by now, we might as well jar loose and be moving along out yonder."

We left the fire and moved toward the hobbled ponies, Bunt complaining of the quality of the outfit's meals. "Down in the Panamint country," he growled, "we had a Chink that was a sure frying-pan expert; but *this* Dago—my word! That ain't victuals, that supper. That 's just a' ingenious device for removing superfluous appetite. Next time I assimilate nutriment in this camp I 'm sure going to take chloroform beforehand. Careful to draw your cinch tight on that pinto bronc' of yours. She always swells up same as a horned toad soon as you begin to saddle up."

We rode from the circle of the campfire's light and out upon the desert. It was Bunt's turn to ride the herd that night, and I had volunteered to bear him company.

Bunt was one of a fast-disappearing type. He knew his West as the cockney knows his Piccadilly. He had mined with and for Ralston, had soldiered with Crook, had turned cards in a faro game at Laredo, and had known the Apache Kid. He had fifteen separate and different times driven the herds from Texas to Dodge City, in the good old, rare old, wild old days when Dodge was the headquarters for the cattle trade, and as near to heaven as the cow-boy cared to get. He had seen the end of gold and the end of the buffalo, the beginning of cattle, the beginning of wheat, and the spreading of the barbed-wire fence, that, in the end, will take from him his occupation and his revolver, his chaparejos and his usefulness, his lariat and his reason for being. He had seen the rise of a new period, the successive stages of which, singularly enough, tally exactly with the progress of our own world-civilization: first the nomad and hunter, then the herder, next and last the husbandman. He had passed the mid-mark of his life. His mustache was gray. He had four friends—his horse, his pistol, a teamster in the Indian Territory Panhandle named Skinny, and me.

The herd—I suppose all told there were some two thousand head—we found not far from the water-hole. We relieved the other watch and took up our night's vigil. It was about nine o'clock. The night was fine, calm. There was no cloud. Toward the middle watches one could expect a moon.



DRAWN BY J. N. MARCHAND. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

"'THE MARSHAL DON'T STAND FOR NO SHORT-CARD MEN, AND CLOSES COCK-EYE UP.'"

But the stars, the stars! In Idaho, on those lonely reaches of desert and range, where the shadow of the sun by day and the courses of the constellations by night are the only things that move, these stars are a different matter from those bleared pin-points of the city after dark, seen through dust and smoke and the glare of electrics and the hot haze of fire-signs. On such a night as that when I rode the herd with Bunt *anything* might have happened; one could have believed in fairies then, and in the buffalo-ghost, and in all the weirds of the craziest Apache "Messiah" that ever made medicine.

One remembered astronomy and the "measureless distances" and the showy problems, including the rapid moving of a ray of light and the long years of its travel between star and star, and smiled incredulously. Why, the stars were just above our heads, were not much higher than the flat-topped hills that barred the horizons. Venus was a yellow lamp hung in a tree; Mars a red lantern in a clock-tower. One listened instinctively for the tramp of the constellations. Orion, Cassiopeia, and Ursa Major marched to and fro on the vault like cohorts of legionaries, seemingly within call of our voices, and all without a sound.

But beneath these quiet heavens the earth disengaged multitudinous sounds—small sounds, minimized as it were by the muffling of the night. Now it was the yap of a coyote leagues away; now the snapping of a twig in the sage-brush; now the mysterious, indefinable stir of the heat-ridden land cooling under the night. But more often it was the confused murmur of the herd itself—the click of a horn, the friction of heavy bodies, the stamp of a hoof, with now and then the low, complaining note of a cow with calf, or the subdued noise of a steer as it lay down, first lurching to the knees, then rolling clumsily upon the haunch, with a long, stertorous breath of satisfaction.

Slowly at Indian trot we encircled the herd. Earlier in the evening a prairie-wolf had pulled down a calf, and the beasts were still restless. Little eddies of nervousness at long intervals developed here and there in the mass—eddies that not impossibly might widen at any time with perilous quickness to the maelstrom of the stampede. So as he rode, Bunt sang to these great brutes, literally to put them to sleep—sang an old grandmother's song, with all the quaint modulations of sixty, seventy, a hundred years ago:

> With her ogling winks
> And bobbling blinks,
> Her quizzing glass,
> Her one eye idle,
> Oh, she loved a bold dragoon,
> With his broadsword, saddle, bridle.
> *Whack*, fol-de-rol!

I remembered that song. My grandmother—so they tell me—used to sing it in Carolina, in the thirties, accompanying herself on a harp, if you please:

> Oh, she loved a bold dragoon,
> With his broadsword, saddle, bridle.

It was in Charleston, I remembered, and the slave-ships used to discharge there in those days. My grandmother had sung it then to her beaux; officers they were; no wonder she chose it,—"Oh, she loved a bold dragoon,"—and now I heard it sung on an Idaho cattle-range to quiet two thousand restless steers.

Our talk at first, after the cattle had quieted down, ran upon all manner of subjects. It is astonishing to note what strange things men will talk about at night and in a solitude. That night we covered religion, of course, astronomy, love-affairs, horses, travel, history, poker, photography, basket-making, and the Darwinian theory. But at last inevitably we came back to cattle and the pleasures and dangers of riding the herd.

"I rode herd once in Nevada," remarked Bunt, "and I was caught into a blizzard, and I was sure freezing to death. Got to where I could n't keep my eyes open, I was that sleepy. Tell you what I did. Had some eating-tobacco along, and I 'd chew it a spell, then rub the juice into my eyes. Kept it up all night. Blame near blinded me, but I come through. Me and another man named Blacklock—Cock-eye Blacklock we called him, by reason of his having one eye that was some out o' line. Cock-eye sure ought to have got it that night, for he went bad afterward, and did a heap of killing before he *did* get it. He was a bad man for sure, and the way he died is a story in itself." There was a long pause. The ponies jogged on. Rounding on the herd, we turned southward.

"He did 'get it' finally, you say," I prompted.

"He certainly did," said Bunt, "and the story of it is what a man with a' imaginary

mind like you ought to make into one of your friction tales."

"Is it about a treasure?" I asked with apprehension. For ever since I once made a tale (of friction) out of one of Bunt's stories of real life, he has been ambitious for me to write another, and is forever suggesting motifs which invariably—I say invariably—imply the discovery of great treasures. With him, fictitious literature must always turn upon the discovery of hidden wealth.

"No," said he, "it ain't about no treasure, but just about the origin, hist'ry, and development—and subsequent decease—of as mean a Greaser as ever stole stock, which his name was Cock-eye Blacklock.

"You see, this same Blacklock went bad about two summers after our meet-up with the blizzard. He worked down Yuma way and over into New Mexico, where he picks up with a sure-thing gambler, and the two begins to devastate the population. They do say when he and his running mate got good and through with that part of the Land of the Brave, men used to go round trading guns for commissary, and clothes for ponies, and cigars for whisky and such. There just was n't any money left *anywhere*. Those sharps had drawed the landscape clean. Some one found a dollar in a floor-crack in a saloon, and the bar-keep' gave him a gallon of forty-rod for it, and used to keep it in a box for exhibition, and the crowd would get around it and paw it over and say: 'My! my! Whatever in the world is this extremely cu-roos coin?'

"Then Blacklock cuts loose from his running mate, and plays a lone hand through Arizona and Nevada, up as far as Reno again, and there he stacks up against a kid—a little tenderfoot kid so new he ain't cracked the green paint off him—and *skins* him. And the kid, being foolish and impulsive-like, pulls out a pea-shooter. It was a *twenty-two*," said Bunt, solemnly. "Yes, the kid was just that pore, pathetic kind to carry a dinky twenty-two, and with the tears runnin' down his cheeks begins to talk tall. Now what does that Cock-eye do? Why, that pore kid that he had skinned could n't 'a' hurt him with his pore little bric-à-brac. Does Cock-eye take his little parlor ornament away from him, and spank him, and tell him to go home? No, he never. The kid's little tin pop-shooter explodes right in his hand before he can crook his forefinger twice, and while he 's a-wondering what-all has happened, Cock-eye gets his two guns on him, slow and deliberate-like, mind you, and throws forty-eights into him till he ain't worth shooting at no more. Murders him like the mud-eating, horse-thieving snake of a Greaser that he is; but being within the law, the kid drawing on him first, he don't stretch hemp the way he should.

"Well, fin'ly this Blacklock blows into a mining-camp in Placer County, California, where I 'm chuck-tending on the night shift. This here camp is maybe four miles across the divide from Iowa Hill, and it sure is named a cu-roos name, which it is Why-not. They is a barn contiguous, where the mine horses are kep', and, blame me! if there ain't a weathercock on top of that same,—a golden trotting-horse,—*upside down*. When the stranger an' pilgrim comes in, says he first off: 'Why 'n snakes they got that weathercock horse upside down—why?' says he. 'Why-not,' says you, and the drinks is on the pilgrim.

"That all went very lovely till some gesabe opens up a placer drift on the far side the divide, starts a rival camp, an' names her Because. The boss gets mad at that, and rights up the weathercock, and renames the camp Ophir, and you don't work no more pilgrims.

"Well, as I was saying, Cock-eye drifts into Why-not and begins diffusing trouble. He skins some of the boys in the hotel over in town, and a big row comes of it, and one of the bead-rock cleaners cuts loose with both guns. Nobody hurt but a quarter-breed, who loses a' eye. But the marshal don't stand for no short-card men, an' closes Cock-eye up some prompt. Him being forced to give the boys back their money is busted an' can't get away from camp. To raise some wind he begins depredating. He robs a pore half-breed of a cayuse, and shoots up a Chink who 's panning tailings, and generally and variously becomes too pronounced, till he 's run outen camp. He 's sure stony-broke, not being able to turn a card because of the marshal. So he goes to live in a' ole cabin up by the mine ditch, and sits there doing a heap o' thinking, and hatching trouble like a' ole he-hen.

"Well, now, with that deporting of Cock-eye comes his turn of bad luck, and it sure winds his clock up with a loud report. I 've narrated special of the scope and range of this 'ere Blacklock, so as you 'll understand why it was expedient and desirable that he should up an' die. You see, he always managed with all his killings and robbings and general and sundry flimflamming to be just

within the law. And if anybody took a notion to shoot him up, why, his luck saw him through, and the other man's shooting-iron missed fire, or exploded, or threw wild, or such like, till it seemed as if he sure did bear a charmed life; and so he did till a pore yeller tamale of a fool dog did for him what the law of the land could n't do. Yes, sir, a fool dog, a pup, a blame yeller pup named Sloppy Weather, did for Cock-eye Blacklock, sporting character, three-card-monte man, sure-thing sharp, killer, and general bedeviler.

"You see, it was this way. Over in American Cañon, some five mile maybe back of the mine, they was a creek called the American River, and it was sure chock-a-block full of trouts. The boss used for to go over there with a dinky fish-pole like a buggy-whip about once a week, and scout that stream for fish and bring back a basketful. He was sure keen on it, and had bought some kind of privilege or other, so as he could keep other people off.

"Well, I used to go along with him to pack the truck, and one Saturday, about a month after Cock-eye had been run outen camp, we hiked up over the divide, and went for to round up a bunch o' trouts. When we got to the river there was a mess for your life. Say, that river was full of dead trouts, floating atop the water; and they was some even on the bank. Not a scratch on 'em; just dead. The boss had the papsy-lals. I never *did* see a man so rip-r'aring, snorting mad. *I* had n't a guess about what we were up against, but he knew, and he showed down. He said somebody had been shooting the river for fish to sell down Sacramento way to the market. A mean trick; kill more fish in one shoot than you can possibly pack.

"Well, we did n't do much fishing that day,—could n't get a bite for that matter, —and took off home about noon to talk it over. You see, the boss, in buying the privileges or such for that creek, had made himself responsible to the fish commissioners of the State, and 't was n't a week before they were after him, camping on his trail incessant, and wanting to know how about it. The boss was some worried, because the fish were being killed right along, and the commission was making him weary of living. Twicet afterward we prospected along that river and found the same lot of dead fish. We even put a guard there, but it did n't do no manner of good.

"It 's the boss who first suspicions Cock-eye. But it don't take no seventh daughter of no seventh daughter to trace trouble where Blacklock 's about. He sudden shows up in town with a bunch of simoleons, buying bacon and tin cows[1] and such provender, and generally giving it away that he 's come into money. The boss, who 's watching his movements sharp, says to me one day:

"'Bunt, the storm-center of this here low area is a man with a cock-eye, an' I 'll back that play with a paint horse against a paper dime.'

"'No takers,' says I. 'Dirty work and a cock-eyed man are two heels of the same mule.'

"'Which it 's a-kicking of me in the stummick frequent and painful,' he remarks, plenty wrathful.

"'On general principles,' I said, 'it 's a royal flush to a pair of deuces as how this Blacklock bird ought to stop a heap of lead, and I know the man to throw it. He 's the only brother of my sister, and tends chuck in a placer mine. How about if I take a day off and drop round to his cabin and interview him on the fleetin' and unstable nature of human life?'

"But the boss would n't hear of that.

"'No,' says he; 'that 's not the bluff to back in this game. You an' me an' Mary-go-round'—that was what we called the marshal, him being so much all over the country—'you an' me an' Mary-go-round will have to stock a sure-thing deck against that maverick.'

"So the three of us gets together an' has a talky-talk, an' we lays it out as how Cock-eye must be watched and caught red-handed.

"Well, let me tell you, keeping case on that Greaser sure did lack a certain indefinable charm. We tried him at sun-up, an' again at sundown, an' nights too, laying in the chaparral an' tarweed, an' scouting up an' down that blame river, till we were sore. We built surreptitious a lot of shooting-boxes up in trees on the far side of the cañon, overlooking certain an' sundry pools in the river where Cock-eye would be likely to pursue operations, an' we took turns watching. I 'll be a Chink if that bad egg did n't put it on us same as previous, an' we 'd find new-killed fish all the time. I tell you we were *fitchered;* and it got on the boss's nerves. The commission began to talk of withdrawing the privilege, an' it was up to him to make good or pass the deal. We *knew* Blacklock was shooting the river, y'

[1] Condensed milk.

see, but we did n't have no evidence. Y' see, being shut off from card-sharping, he was up against it, and so took to pot-hunting to get along. It was as plain as red paint.

"Well, things went along sort of catch-as-catch-can like this for maybe three weeks, the Greaser shooting fish regular, an' the boss b'iling with rage, and laying plans to call his hand, and getting bluffed out every deal.

"And right here I got to interrupt, to talk some about the pup dog Sloppy Weather. If he had n't got caught up into this Blacklock game, no one 'd ever thought enough about him to so much as kick him. But after it was all over, we began to remember this same Sloppy an' to recall what he was; no big job. He was just a worthless fool pup, yeller at that, everybody's dog, that just hung round camp, grinning and giggling and playing the goat, as half-grown dogs will. He used to go along with the car-boys when they went swimmin' in the resevoy, an' dash along in an' yell an' splash round just to show off. He thought it was a keen stunt to get some gesabe to throw a stick in the resevoy so 's he could paddle out after it. They 'd trained him always to bring it back an' fetch it to whichever party throwed it. He 'd give it up when he 'd retrieved it, an' yell to have it throwed again. That was his idea of fun—just like a fool pup.

"Well, one day this Sloppy Weather is off chasing jack-rabbits, an' don't come home. Nobody thinks anything about that, nor even notices it. But we afterward finds out that he 'd met up with Blacklock that day, an' stopped to visit with him—sorry day for Cock-eye. Now it was the very next day after this that Mary-go-round an' the boss plans another scout. I 'm to go too. It was a Wednesday, an' we lay it out that the Cock-eye would prob'ly shoot that day, so 's to get his fish down to the railroad Thursday, so they 'd reach Sacramento Friday—fish-day, see. It was n't much to go by, but it was the high card in our hand, an' we allowed to draw to it.

"We left Why-not afore daybreak, an' worked over into the cañon about sun-up. They was one big pool we had n't covered for some time, an' we made out we 'd watch that. So we worked down to it, an' clumb up into our trees, an' set out to keep guard.

"In about an hour we heard a shoot some mile or so up creek. They 's no mistaking dynamite, leastways not to miners, an' we knew that shoot was dynamite an' nothing else. The Cock-eye was at work, an' we shook hands all round. Then pretty soon a fish or so began to go by—big fellows, some of 'em, dead an' floatin', with their eyes popped 'way out same as knobs—sure sign they 'd been shot.

"The boss took and grit his teeth when he see a three-pounder go by, an' made remarks about Blacklock.

"'Sh!' says Mary-go-round, sudden-like. 'Listen!'

"We turned ear down the wind, an' sure there was the sound of some one scrabbling along the boulders by the riverside. Then we heard a pup yap.

"'That 's our man,' whispers the boss.

"For a long time we thought Cock-eye had quit for the day an' had coppered us again, but byne-by we heard the manzanita crack on the far side the cañon, an' there at last we see Blacklock working down toward the pool, Sloppy Weather following an' yapping and cayoodling just as a fool dog will.

"Blacklock comes down to the edge of the water quiet-like. He lays his big scoop-net an' his sack—we can see it half full already—down behind a boulder, and takes a good squinting look all round, and listens maybe twenty minutes, he 's that cute, same 's a coyote stealing sheep. We lies low an' says nothing, fear he might see the leaves move.

"Then byne-by he takes his stick of dynamite out his hip pocket,—he was just that reckless kind to carry it that way,—an' ties it careful to a couple of stones he finds handy. Then he lights the fuse an' heaves her into the drink, an' just there 's where Cock-eye makes the mistake of his life. He ain't tied the rocks tight enough, an' the loop slips off just as he swings back his arm, the stones drop straight down by his feet, an' the stick of dynamite whirls out right enough into the pool.

"Then the funny business begins.

"Blacklock ain't made no note of Sloppy Weather, who 's been sizing up the whole game an' watchin' for the stick. 'Soon as Cock-eye heaves the dynamite into the water, off goes the pup after it, just as he 'd been taught to do by the car-boys.

"'Hey, you fool dog!' yells Blacklock.

"A lot that pup cares. He heads out for that stick of dynamite same as if for a veal cutlet, reaches it, grabs hold of it, an' starts back for shore, with the fuse sputtering like hot grease. Blacklock heaves rocks at him like one possessed, capering an' dancing;

but the pup comes right on. The Cock-eye can't stand it no longer, but lines out. But the pup 's got to shore an' takes after him. Sure, why not? He thinks it 's all part of the game. Takes after Cock-eye, running to beat a' express, while we-all whoops and yells an' nearly falls out the trees for laffing. Hi! Cock-eye did scratch gravel for sure. But 't ain't no manner of use. He can't run through that rough ground like Sloppy Weather, an' that fool pup comes a-cavortin' along, jumpin' up against him, an' him a-kickin' him away, an' r'arin', an' dancin', an' shakin' his fists, an' the more he r'ars, the more fun the pup thinks it is. But all at once something big happens, an' the whole bank of the cañon opens out like a big wave, and slops over into the pool, and the air is full of trees an' rocks and cartloads of dirt an' dogs and Blacklocks and rivers an' smoke an' fire generally. The boss got a clod o' river-mud spang in the eye, an' went off his limb like 's he was trying to bust a bucking bronc' an' could n't; and ol' Mary-go-round was shooting off his gun on general principles, glarin' round wild-eyed an' like as if he saw a' Injun devil.

"When the smoke had cleared away an' the trees and rocks quit falling, we clumb down from our places an' started in to look for Blacklock. We found a good deal of him, but they was n't hide nor hair left of Sloppy Weather. We did n't have to dig no grave either. They was a big enough hole in the ground to bury a horse an' wagon, let alone Cock-eye. So we planted him there, an' put up a board, an' wrote on it:

Here lies most
of
C. BLACKLOCK,
who died of a'
entangling alliance with
a
stick of dynamite.

Moral: A hook and line is good enough fish-tackle for any honest man.

"That there board lasted for two years, till the freshet of '82, when the American River— Hello, there 's the sun!"

All in a minute the night seemed to have closed up like a great book. The east flamed roseate. The air was cold, nimble. Some of the sage-brush bore a thin rime of frost. The herd, aroused, the dew glistening on flank and horn, were chewing the first cud of the day, and in twos and threes moving toward the water-hole for the morning's drink. Far off toward the camp the breakfast fire sent a shaft of blue smoke straight into the moveless air. A jack-rabbit, with erect ears, limped from a sage-brush just out of pistol-shot and regarded us a moment, his nose wrinkling and trembling. By the time that Bunt and I, putting our ponies to a canter, had pulled up by the camp of the Bar-circle-Z outfit, another day had begun in Idaho.

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

BY SARA Y. STEVENSON.

IF success meant only the accomplishment of the end in view, Columbus, in discovering this continent, met with signal failure. He was not looking for a new world, but simply for a short cut to India. Far from succeeding in this, he came upon a cul-de-sac; and to this day European trade remains unprovided with the outlet which he was endeavoring to find, and which, by common consent, is regarded as essential to its full development.

From the days of Sir Francis Drake to those of Baron Alexander von Humboldt, from the time when Commodore Vanderbilt obtained the concession to the terms of which England took umbrage and which led to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty down to the present day, the direct or indirect effort to control the interoceanic facilities which all felt must some day be established at some point of the isthmus has overtly or covertly occupied the thoughts of statesmen. The story of bucaneering and piratical attempts made at intervals upon the region is inferior in

interest only to that of the international diplomatic fencing to which the question has given rise.

Large sums have been expended by governments and private persons with a view to creating artificially the straits which, in 1523, Charles V peremptorily ordered Cortés to search for and to find. Grants have been secured from Central American states authorizing companies to cut the isthmus at Nicaragua, Panama, or Darien, and to establish trade routes across the isthmus for transportation by express-wagons or by rail at Tehuantepec and other points.[1]

If we believe the old Spanish writer Herrera, the Nicaragua Canal project goes back to the sixteenth century. Recently its revival as the burning question of the day has brought out a mass of literature upon the subject. Its advocates and its antagonists have dealt with its merits and demerits so exhaustively that it would seem as though nothing more could be said about it. It is therefore unnecessary here to rehearse the facts connected with the history of the scheme, as published reports supply such data. There is, however, a stage in the evolution of the Nicaragua Canal project which has been more or less overlooked by recent writers on the subject, and which, nevertheless, is interesting to the historian in its bearing upon some of the most dramatic chapters in the life of Napoleon III. Moreover, as it forms a link in the long chain of international events through which our country has worked out its destiny, it cannot be without importance to the general reader



FROM AN ENGRAVING, BY H. ADLARD, FROM A LITHOGRAPH, BY A. DUCOTES, OF A DRAWING BY H. B.

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON IN 1840.

On August 6, 1840, Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, with a little band of nineteen adventurous friends, accompanied by thirty-eight servants, all disguised in the uniform of the Fortieth Infantry Regiment, crossed the English Channel in the ship *City of Edinburgh*, which had been chartered for the purpose, and landed at Boulogne.

[1] The concession obtained by Commodore Vanderbilt in 1849 was to cut a canal and otherwise to control transportation across the isthmus. The company established a line of wagons and did a thriving business until the Panama route was started. Considerable effort and means were also expended upon the Tehuantepec Railroad project.

This was the second armed attempt made upon the throne of France by the nephew of the great Napoleon. Like the first, it proved a dismal failure. Indeed, it was worse than a failure, for in its execution there were interwoven certain details which added a grotesque touch to the defeat, and ridicule, dangerous everywhere to a pretender, is especially disastrous in merry France.

After the first Bonapartist demonstration, known in French history as the "Échauffourée de Strasbourg," the government of King Louis Philippe had affected to see in the riot nothing more alarming than the escapade of a young madcap, quite unworthy of serious consideration. The officers who had taken part in it were put on trial, but the young pretender himself, having been provided with a substantial amount from the king's private purse, had simply been sent on the frigate *Andromède* to enjoy himself in the United States.[1]

Whether this policy was dictated by a superior statesmanship or was influenced by the pleadings of Louis Napoleon's mother, Queen Hortense, no course could have been wiser. The attempt at once appeared in the light of a foolish prank. It was soon, if not forgotten, at least spoken of lightly, while the prince, for a time, lost all prestige among his countrymen. He landed at Norfolk, Virginia, on March 30, 1837, after a wearisome journey which lasted several months. He was soon received in the best society of the cities which he visited. At the houses of General Scott, General Watson Webb, the Roosevelts, and other well-known Americans, he met the most brilliant minds of the country, and while enjoying the hospitality of the Schuylers, the Hamiltons, the Livingstons, and the Bayards, he obtained glimpses of the political and commercial possibilities of the United States which strongly impressed his imagination. This appears in a letter written by him at this time to his brother's former preceptor, M. Vieillard. During his brief stay he had learned just enough about the resources of the United States to realize its probable future, and this future appeared to him full of menace to European commercial supremacy.

Three months later he returned to Europe to see his dying mother. His presence in Switzerland now alarmed the king of the French. A demand for the prince's extradition only added to his importance as a pretender. The plucky Swiss declined to surrender him. The prince, however, soon relieved their embarrassment by voluntarily crossing over to England, where, in time, he organized his descent upon Boulogne. Captured before he could return to his ship, he was tried, and condemned to imprisonment for life in the fortress of Ham.

Here his enforced leisure was devoted to study. He became a voluminous writer. From time to time he contributed articles to the papers of the opposition and entertained relations with its leaders. Thus he kept himself well before the public eye, and prepared his way to leadership, should the opportunity offer.

The leniency of the Orleanist government in allowing a state prisoner to enter the journalistic arena against its policy is remarkable. The prince was permitted to publish his advanced views upon all labor and economic questions then agitating France, and his progressive ideas, often bordering upon radicalism, brought him a popularity which increased in proportion to the administration's disfavor.[2]

Among the many economic questions dealt with by him at this time, the possibility of cutting a waterway through the American isthmus attracted his attention. Encouraged by American friends, he had read reports, studied maps and statistics, until the project had taken shape in his mind, and he had entered into correspondence with influential Central Americans with regard to the superior advantages presented by Nicaragua for the purpose under consideration.

In 1844 the states of Guatemala, San Salvador, Nicaragua, and Honduras sent M. François Castillon as plenipotentiary to treat with King Louis Philippe. He had full powers to offer France the highest commercial advantages in exchange for its protection. But the Orleanist government had other views. An engineer, M. Garella, had recently (1842) been sent on a mission to survey the ground at Panama with reference to the proposed cutting of the isthmus at this point.[3] M. Castillon's overtures were therefore not favorably received.

He then asked permission to confer with

[1] See Guizot, "Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire de mon temps."

[2] In 1844 he received a round-robin of sympathy from working-men. In acknowledging this he wrote: "I shall endeavor to serve the suffrage of that immense majority of the French people whose welfare is as precarious as are their political rights, although this majority is the source of every form of riches."

[3] See M. Garella, "Projet d'un canal de jonction à travers l'isthme de Panama" (Paris, 1844).

the state prisoner at Ham; and it is another singular fact in this curious episode that the cabinet of Louis Philippe allowed the Central American representative to visit the prince.

M. Castillon pressed upon Louis Napoleon the leadership of the great undertaking. Unsuccessful, however, he eventually concluded a treaty with the Belgian Company of Colonization, which was signed by M. de Hompesch (December 2, 1844).

This course was not regarded with favor by his constituents, and some time afterward the negotiations with Prince Louis Napoleon were opened anew by a letter from the latter to M. Castillon, which was published in Spanish, and in which the prince declared his willingness, if set free, to devote himself to the enterprise. This letter embodies the views later elaborated by the prince in his brochure on the Nicaragua Canal (1846).

As a result, a number of Central American notables addressed a petition to their government[1] requesting that the execution of the projected canal be intrusted exclusively to the prince; and M. Castillon wrote to the latter, under date of December 6, 1845, a remarkable letter expressing every confidence in the success of the enterprise if conducted under his leadership. The popularity which surrounded his name throughout the world, he said, could not fail to inspire confidence in the two hemispheres.

Some months later the prince received an official communication from Señor de Montenegro, Minister of Foreign Affairs for the Central American states, conferring upon him the necessary powers to organize a company in Europe. At the same time he informed the prince that by a decree dated January 6, 1846, the government had decided to call this great work, destined to open a new road to the commerce of the world, by the name of "Canale Napoléone de Nicaragua."[2] Following upon this came a visit (June, 1846) from Señor Marcoleta, the chargé d'affaires of Nicaragua to Holland, who, under instructions from his government, repaired to Ham for the purpose of signing the agreements necessary to give the prince full power to carry out the undertaking.

It is evident that the promoters of the scheme—no doubt basing their belief upon the king's former clemency—assumed that the prince's release might be secured by a pledge on his part never to return to France. At least, every possible device was put into play to bring about his freedom. Lord Malmesbury added his influence to those already at work. The prince himself informed the government of the proposals made to him. He begged for permission to go to Florence to see his aged father, ex-King Louis, after which he pledged himself to repair to America. He furthermore agreed, if released, to return whenever required to do so by the government and to constitute himself a prisoner. To this overture, however, he received no reply.

Meanwhile the ex-King of Holland, who also had written in vain to King Louis Philippe begging that his son might be allowed to visit him, died (July 25, 1846), and the prince became more than ever absorbed in his political and financial scheme. In his work "Le Canal de Nicaragua," published about this time, he reviewed the five parts of the isthmus which, in his opinion, offered possibilities for a transisthmian canal: Tehuantepec, Nicaragua, Panama, and two lines across the Isthmus of Darien. Like the French political economist M. Michel Chevalier, he dismissed offhand the first one and the last two as expensive or otherwise unfavorable, and he strongly inclined toward Nicaragua as superior to Panama in natural wealth, healthfulness, and availability.

A most important part of his scheme was the creating of a prosperous Central American state capable of holding its own against the growing influence of the great Northern power the rapid development of which was even then giving anxiety to European statesmen.

European powers, he wrote, must be pleased to see Nicaragua take a high rank among states. England itself could not fail to look with approval upon the creation of a considerable power which, by supporting Mexico, might be able to check new encroachments from the North.[3]

Owing to their geographic situation, he regarded Leon or Masaya as calculated to

[1] In 1823 a federated republic was constituted, including five states: Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, and San Salvador. Subsequently these states resumed their independence, but in their diplomatic relations they acted in concert. They did so when they entered into negotiations with Prince Louis Napoleon.

[2] See Œuvres de Napoléon III, Vol. II, p. 472.

[3] "A flourishing state through which the balance of power may be reëstablished by the creation in Spanish America of a new center of industrial activity sufficiently powerful to create a strong national sentiment and to prevent, by supporting Mexico, new encroachments from the North." Œuvres, "Le Canal de Nicaragua," Vol. II, pp. 483, 484.

become a modern Carthage or a Western Constantinople, that is, a central point in the Western commercial world.

In the mind of Prince Louis Napoleon, even at this early date,[1] the proposed plan was not merely a simple time-saving cut across the isthmus for the purpose of facilitating Europe's intercourse with Asia and Australia; it must, above all, make of Central America a strong maritime state, prosperous through the development of its own resources and through the creation of a great emporium. This prosperity was to be fostered by means of colonization. Part of his plan was to attract a European population interested in the success of the venture. He suggested offering to each immigrant stockholder twenty acres of arable land, to be purchased by him at a nominal price. Ten years were to be allowed him in which to pay for his holding, as well as for such advances as might be made by the company for tools and the preliminary expenses necessary to enable the colonist to make a start.

The prince advocated San Juan de Nicaragua, on the Gulf of Mexico, and Realejo, on the Pacific coast, as the termini of the canal, claiming that no other points of the coast could in any respect be found to compare with these. The cost of such a waterway, capable of floating vessels of twelve hundred tons, he then estimated at one hundred million francs.

On May 25, 1846, the prince, disguised as one of the workmen who had been sent by the authorities to make some repairs to his apartment, and carrying on his shoulder a stout beam that partly concealed his face, succeeded in making his escape from the fortress of Ham and in reaching the Belgian frontier. Thence he passed once more into England.

In the following summer (1847) he entered into negotiations with Mr. R. Haynes of Manchester street, London, the solicitor of his personal friend Count Batthyanyi, with a view to forming a company in England with a capital of four million pounds. Count d'Orsay was interested in the transaction. Mr. Haynes submitted the project to Mr. Benjamin Oliveira, F.R.S., a capitalist who took it under consideration.[2]

The political events which in France preceded the revolution of February, 1848, interrupted these negotiations by turning the prince's attention to the unlooked-for chance for the immediate fulfilment of his higher ambitions. The sequel is well known. But there is little doubt that to the thoughts and studies of the prince at this time may be traced at least two of the most striking events of the Second Empire.

It is not often that a political economist is elected to an imperial throne and is given a chance to test the practical value of his theories. It is therefore of peculiar interest to follow the early ideas evolved in the brain of the young prisoner of state, through the romantic vicissitudes of his checkered career, until his more mature years, when, a powerful monarch reigning over the most brilliant court of his time, we find them, with the help of subtle diplomacy supported by powerful armies, forced upon the reluctant world, regardless of cost or of human suffering and slaughter.

In 1854, with the sanction of Saïd Pasha, the preliminary survey for the Suez Canal was begun. The work was to occupy fifteen years and was destined to become one of the most glorious undertakings of France under Napoleon's reign. Through this channel M. de Lesseps opened a short waterway for European trade with Asia; but the early dream of Louis Napoleon to erect in Central America an obstacle to the overpowering development of the United States had not faded out of his mind when he ascended the imperial throne; and M. de Lesseps's engineering triumph could not set at rest his anxious consideration of the strategic value to France of a foothold upon the American continent.

When, in 1861, Napoleon III turned his attention to Mexico, and, profiting by the Civil War then raging between the North and the South of the great American republic, undertook to build up the power of the Latin and Catholic peoples in the Western hemisphere, he was carrying out his ideas as to the position which Europe should occupy in America if she would retain her share of the commerce of the world. After reading Prince Louis Napoleon's brochure on the Nicaragua Canal, it becomes easier to understand why the refugees of the defeated Clerical party in Mexico so readily obtained a hearing at the court of the Tuileries: these refugees were merely reviving in the emperor's mind his early dreams of a Central American empire supported by Europe, and upon whose soil the Latin powers could make a

[1] This thought is already foreshadowed in the prince's pamphlet on the sugar question, published in 1842, where he points out the commercial antagonism which must array France against America.

[2] B. Jerrold, "Life of Napoleon III," Vol. II, p. 329.

stand in the coming struggle for commercial and political supremacy. Beneath the crown of the emperor in 1861 still throbbed the brain which had inspired the pen of the promoter of the Nicaragua Canal scheme in 1846.[1]

The French expedition to Mexico was a fruitless effort to control the future and to secure to Europe a point of vantage which now indisputably belongs to the United States. Forty years ago the Mexican question seemed as vital as the Eastern question, and there were writers who asserted that if the latter involved the equilibrium of Europe, the former touched upon its gravest interests—its material, social, and political independence and its future prosperity.

In 1869,—that is, less than two years after the tragic close of Maximilian's short-lived empire,—M. Charles d'Héricault,[2] after reviewing, with a frankness that did honor to his honesty as a historian, the losses and humiliations brought upon France by its intervention in Mexican affairs, gave an expression to his forebodings regarding the future of European interests in the New World, which in the light of recent events takes on the tone of prophecy. In this may be recognized the same antagonism of the Latin race against the Anglo-Saxon, the same distrust of the United States, the same unwillingness to recognize its destiny among nations, that appeared in the Continental press during the recent Spanish War.

"The attempt," he says, "to protect [Mexico] against the encroachments of the United States, who fostered a state of anarchy and weakness which had already enabled them to rob it of a part of its territory, . . . in fine, to *prepare a base of resistance in the future struggles which must precipitate Europe and America one upon the other*," was a great and generous thought. But, he asks, was it realizable? Were the means well chosen to carry it out?

To the last question he answers:

> The only logical road leading to Mexico was neglected. It was by way of New Orleans that Napoleon should have reached it. . . . The generally admitted opinion was that the only means of success was boldly and deliberately to support the South, and thus to break the terrible [*effroyable*] strength of the United States. The French government sought the British alliance in the furtherance of its plans, but three times did England refuse to enter upon the venture against the Federal government. Henceforth [he sarcastically adds] there was but one course left: to rely upon Providence, and to trust that it might sufficiently smile upon the French policy to permit one hundred thousand Confederates eternally to stand against one million Federals.
>
> We planned, in the name of Europe, to weaken America. The Yankees have forced Europe to back down. They are now defiant, and the example of our failure must prevent any other power from facing them. . . . Yet the ideas involved were great ideas: . . . to arrest the ambition of the United States was obviously wise; . . . to prepare for Europe ready allies in the future struggles which must take place between the Old World and the New was perhaps good politics. Indeed, I verily believe that *our descendants will regret above all that we shall not possess one solid ally upon American soil.*

This generation is qualified to judge of the truth and wisdom of these previsions. It has witnessed not only the last struggle of Latin Europe for supremacy on this continent in 1862–66, but its last struggle for existence in 1898. The fate of the transisthmian canal hung upon the result.

Had France succeeded in establishing a flourishing empire south of the Rio Grande, governed in the interest of European powers, the control of the gates to the Pacific, and all the commercial advantages which are implied therein, must have been lost to the United States.

In the recent offer of the French Panama Company to surrender its concessions and possessions to the United States government, we have the last and natural consequence of Napoleon's defeat in Mexico in 1866, and of the destruction of Cervera's fleet at Santiago de Cuba in 1898.

The recent war with Spain, which at the time seemed forced upon the United States by the dramatic incidents of the Cuban insurrection and of the destruction of the *Maine*, must be recognized by posterity as a link in the evolution of the national policy imposed by Fate upon the Northern republic in its dealings with European powers—a policy the success of which now leaves the United States the unquestioned guardian of the American continent, the recognized owner and protector of the transisthmian canal.

[1] Napoleon III, writing at Fontainebleau under date July 3, 1862, said: "If . . . Mexico preserves its independence and maintains the integrity of its territory, if a stable government continues there with France's assistance, we will have restored to the Latin race on the other side of the ocean its strength and its prestige."

[2] "Maximilien et le Mexique" (Paris, 1869). The author, a French officer who served during the Mexican campaign, enjoyed the esteem of Maximilian as well as that of his countrymen. He had exceptional opportunities to deal with the subject, and there is no doubt that he expressed the general opinion of the intelligent class in France, for such are the views which the writer herself repeatedly heard expressed at the time.

THE HEART OF TRUTH.

BY L. FRANK TOOKER.

DEAR, my love I do not hold
  Just a thing to barter for:
Say I love you if you love;
  Scorn you if you should abhor.

Rather, I would give you all—
  All, though asking naught in fee,
Like the grape unto its wine,
  Like the raindrop to the sea.

Love for me high service is,
  Just to make your life complete:
Do you need a knight? I go.
  Victim? I fall at your feet.

Naught is trifling that you ask;
  Naught so great I would not strive.
Would my dying serve you, dear,
  It were shame to be alive.

This is all that I could wish:
  Say, "This day she spoke a word
Kindly to me as I passed";
  Or, "She looked up when I stirred."

But I ask not that. I ask
  Only that my love may run
On and on unchecked by you,
  Like a shadow 'neath the sun.

Is it folly? I 'm content
  Once for all, dear, to be true,
Though my doubtful card-world spins,
  I the needle, pole-star you.

Why should you, then, grieve if I,
  Tired of feigning, drop my mask
Just this once? Is truth less truth
  If unspoken, may I ask?

Had I kept to silence, I
  Should have known your step the same,
Listened for it on the stair,
  Trembled when I heard your name.

All your little tricks of speech,
  Ways of moving—all I knew;
I first saw you in the spring,
  So spring seemed a part of you.

Day for me began when I
  Saw your face across the room;
If you then but turned and smiled,
  Even winter seemed to bloom.

Wall on wall divided us.
  What if I unlocked the door,
For an instant showed my face
  To your startled eyes—no more?

God has set you high, in truth.
  Can my love make you less high?
Does the glassing, small pool vex
  The blue radiance of the sky?

Nothing now is changed. My days
  In the old way come and go,
Warped by neither joy nor grief.
  Naught is changed, dear—but you know.

WITH FUGITIVE THINGS.

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

I shall go my ways, tread out my measure,
Fill the days of my daily breath
With fugitive things. SWINBURNE.

AT last the train started. It pulled slowly out of the great wooden shed, where empty cars lounged idle, passed over the squirming mass of intersecting rails leading from the city, through a sooty tunnel or two, over uncertain boarded places that cover dirty ditches, and then bowled smoothly between the straggling, suburban farms. Here and there lay streaks of dirty slush, but where the snow had melted, the earth showed fresh, sodden green. I turned sidewise and stared out of the window, trying to elude all consciousness of the overheated, crowded car.

Would she see me? I had sent ahead a piteous appeal for at least a last word. She had rigidly refused every one else, and my hopes wavered. And if she gave me a hearing? Then? It seemed to me I was staking everything upon this throw. If she would not? I could not look beyond. Life was concentrated into the issues of the next few hours.

"My dear old fellow," Oliver had said to me the night before, bracing his back against the mantel and speaking between puffs as he lighted his cigarette, "I am desperately sorry. We all had virtually renounced her and conceded your prior rights. I had already felt a certain solace in reflecting how your supervising eye would improve her very modern medieval castle. You would unquestionably have eliminated the one feature or the other. I trusted you, dear boy, as I would trust few men, to make it blatantly, lavishly, flamboyantly modern-American, and we should have been reunited there and so comfortable."

I was in no mood to talk. I stared into the fire, and Oliver flung his cigarette away.

"Dash it all!" he said, "she needs a beneficent tyrant. If I had authority, I 'd constrain her to marry you and do the thing that is expected of her. But what 's the use of talking? She is a very queen of caprice, and the deed is done. Yademos is sold to the Sydneys, who will disgrace it, and I shall never, never frequent Katherine's medieval castle once they 're in it."

"The castle be hanged!" I moaned. "Who cares for castles! What 's going to become of her? Heaven knows what madnesses she 'll commit with no one to look after her. She will write books like each disgraceful French decadent that arises. I myself confiscated all her manuscripts when D'Annunzio furnished the ideal. It would not so much matter if it went below the skin with her, but it does not. It is a mere combination of ignorance and lack of educational bias. A man would like to protect her from herself. A month after D'Annunzio, it was all Maeterlinck and mysticism, and a great deal of the time she writes nothing more harmful than reflections upon the dogmas of the early church fathers."

Oliver turned to the fire and laughed; then he, too, stared at the castles crumbling there.

"'T is true, 't is pity!" he said. "One can but try, and if she refuses you to-morrow, Torrence, I am going to give her another go at me for the—yes, it will be the sixth time. It is really becoming part of the discipline of life to be refused every now and then by Katherine."

"He sha'n't have the chance!" I muttered below my breath out of the car window, and the train stopped at Wilton. Two more stations, and I should be at Blue Hills, and I had no plea ready. What I wanted to say seemed hardly persuasive. Would she listen if I began frankly: "Dear, rich, reckless lady, I am a poor, struggling author resolutely refusing to make money by hackwork, and you are a wealthy widow with no more worldly wisdom than should be the heritage of an untutored child of five; therefore, even though these seem not very cogent reasons to you, accept me for your husband and allow me to lead you in the paths of righteousness."

Katherine's supreme guilt was complexity. She had neither stable standard nor unvarying conviction. Yet if she were capable of faith, she must believe in my devotion. It began when I first knew her—when, having just returned from England, she lived with her aunt, Mrs. Sydney, in New York. The Sydneys were of the smart set, with whom Katherine had no affinities. She hated her position there of poor relative, and bore it with none of her usual *élan*. She was pathetically patient and hopelessly depressed.

The Sydneys were always quite candid in mentioning to every one that her income was an impossible one. The first change in her life came when Morell made it clear to every one that it was neither of the Sydney girls he intended to marry. The Sydneys were people of a noble generosity, and when Morell asked for Katherine they were as delighted as if he had bequeathed his millions to Miss Gwendolen. They used every argument to persuade her to marry him.

Poor little thing! She was just twenty, and quite visibly and hopelessly unhappy and uncertain. I think Morell clinched the matter when he bought Yademos and asked permission to deed it to her as a birthday present. She refused the gift, of course, but she was visibly touched, although less by the gift, perhaps, than by his saying: "There is no one in the world to whom I care to give things but you; believe in me enough to keep it and feel there are no conditions attached." When she told me, there were tears in her eyes, and she added: "I have n't heard any one say anything beautiful for so long." She was always susceptible to the beautiful in sentiment. Well, Morell was a Western fellow and every day of fifty-five,

and perhaps he thought it a possible proceeding. The engagement was announced soon after.

"Think of the view across the Hudson from the western windows of Yademos," Katherine said to me, "and think I shall have it to live with all the rest of my life."

She blossomed out beautiful after the marriage. Morell had said once to the Sydneys, in the earlier stages of courtship, that Katherine reminded him of his mother, and that her presence gave him peace. Well, if she reminded him of his mother, he, at any rate, treated her with all the tender consideration one might give a daughter. He was no more exigent with her than he would have been with a rare orchid. She kept Yademos full of interesting people and spent her money royally. It was not only the house and the money that attracted; she was the kind of woman to whom singers liked to sing and writers to talk. She herself made effectively emotional little songs, and, moreover, as I have already intimated, she had a facile and imitative pen.

It was after Morell's death, when they had been married six years, during the deep seclusion of her first year of widowhood, that she began to write the fastidious and complicated little essays which gained her so wide a recognition. The tone was one rarely adopted in our reviews, where the traditions of English have been little disturbed by the euphuisms of Lyly. I myself reviewed her first collected volume, signed by a man's name, never once suspecting her, and granting this new writer unquestionable claim to distinction and high reticence.

As little by little we gathered about her in Yademos during the next year, the feeling grew up that Katherine should marry again, and thus gain the protection she needed for herself and her estate. It came as a blow that Yademos was sold, and that she was to live abroad.

At her door I was refused admittance. I took out my card and scribbled a message on the back. "Take this up to Mrs. Morell, and I shall wait for an answer," I said.

When the footman returned, he led me up the great stairway into the western wing, where he threw open the door of Katherine's private living-room. It was a spot I knew well. She had all her own books and writing-implements here, and I remember when she first introduced Oliver and me to it, she said:

"This room is mine—all mine, and I defy you to find a feminine touch anywhere."

We looked. She was remarkably unattached to fripperies and small decorations, and we were about to give in when Oliver exclaimed:

"Oh, come!—how about the Severn head of Keats over the mantel?"

She had indeed a large and very beautiful reproduction of the Severn Keats.

"Oh, that," she said, "is a memory."

"But a woman's," Oliver persisted.

"Yes,"—she mused a moment,—"I believe you have found me out."

To-day I walked up and down the room, looking at the unchanged furnishings, and as I sank into the Savonarola chair by her writing-table I chanced upon a new photograph in a Russian enameled frame. It was a man's head, suggesting that of Keats over the fireplace. I was turning the thing over, as if to guess the identity from the back, when a cordial voice called out:

"I don't in the least want to see you, you know."

I looked up from the picture, and Katherine stood in the doorway in a soft, trailing white gown, with antique silver ornaments about her. She was holding out her hand to me and looking as fresh and sweet as a white-rose petal.

"Katherine," I said, "this is bad news. What does it all mean?"

"Oh, if you are going to discuss it with me, suppose we sit down first and make ourselves duly comfortable. Did you walk up from the station?"

"Yes."

"Do take an easy-chair, then, and make up your mind to stay for luncheon. Here, take one."

She offered me a flat gold cigarette-case.

"I don't want a cigarette, nor an easy-chair," I said pettishly, standing up by the fire and looking down at her as she arranged the cushions behind her back on the divan.

"There is no use taking it standing," she said. "It will be none the less irrevocable for your discomfort. The deed is done. The die is cast. I mean to finish my life where I began it. The homing-instinct has caught me, and I must smell the English lanes where I played when I was a child."

"Go, then, for a month or two. Some one will take you and bring you back."

She rolled up her handkerchief into a string, and threw it over her knee, pulling it by both ends, and gazed steadfastly into the distance above my head.

"I don't know whether to say it or not," she said.

It was a little habit of hers to tempt the Fates shyly; to hesitate when she meant to be very outrageous.

"Yes, say it," I urged. "You always do in the end, you know, and it will save time."

"Well, then," she began, "I know what you have come here for as well now as I shall after you have told me, and it was the very reason I did not want to see you again. I know what I want to do. I have always wanted it. I have waited patiently until the proper time. It would be useless to undertake to explain reasons. Will you not please go away? Accept the simple statement of fact and say nothing. I have been your good friend for ten years, but now I am going away to live."

"I can't leave the matter so. I want you to try to explain," I answered seriously. "I am not, perhaps, so dense as you may fancy."

"You are quite, quite sure you want me to tell you?" She leaned forward, questioning. "Very well; sit down and be comfortable and smoke, and I'll raise reminiscences. You see, when you first knew me, ten years ago—do light the cigarette!—so—and look at the fire—not at me. Yes—that's better; I am freer to talk now. The story is long and not very interesting; it has not what one could call incident; it consists mainly of what did not happen. Are you quite sure you want to hear?"

"Quite sure. I am very miserable about you, and if there is any explanation—go on."

"It won't make you less miserable, you know," she responded; "at least not just at first."

"Please go on," I insisted.

"Will you hand me the photograph in the frame on my table there? It will help me along."

"Katherine," I started, "I did n't dream there was a man in it!"

"Oh, did you think there was a convent?"

She took the picture from me, and sat comparing it with the Keats head above.

"I 've always thought it was very like about the eyes and brow, and there is the same overhanging lip. You remember Harold Vaughan's name, do you not?"

"What! Vaughan, the poet?"

"Yes, it is he," she said, and handed me the photograph.

"I 've never seen one before." I seized it. "I never understood your not liking his book."

"I not like his book! What do you mean?" she asked.

"I gave you a copy, and you sent it back, and said you did not care to keep it."

She looked at me and smiled. Then she rose, went to her writing-table, unlocked a drawer, and took out something.

"Here is the solution," she said, handing me a book. It was a first edition of Vaughan's "Alone to the Alone." On the title-page, in a queer, small, crabbed writing, were the words, "*Summa fides et observantia*," and beneath these was Harold Vaughan's name.

"Katherine," I said, looking up at her with new awe, "you knew him?"

"Oh, yes, I knew him."

"How strange it seems, and new!" After a pause, I added, as I looked over the book: "He died too young. Did he do anything more? There was some talk of his brother's editing fragments."

"I don't know. I shall perhaps see his brother. My own feeling is that he did enough in the one small volume. It is not so much, but it is perfect as far as it goes. He himself was the wisest judge of what was fit for publication. The perfect things, the quatrain on Silence, the sonnet beginning 'Frustrate from birth,' and the exquisite lines:

So lies the buried past. Yet laboring deathward,
I have forced these tones—

these are living bits of the actual structure of English letters. The minor poets have made sonnets from his chance phrases, and long, windy poems from his few complete utterances. People know his work and quote it, though the man's name is half forgotten. You see, in life itself, he never quite came off. His consciousness never seemed to deepen, and he had no more intimate personality to give than he offered in this volume."

"Strange that so rare and exquisite a talent should have been capable of but one book," I mused.

"Yes; but then he had but one great passion—a passion for giving up the fight and believing himself defeated. The poems were done in the early eighties, and they seemed to be the one venture he could hazard. He scorned his critics for not seeing the flaws he saw. His fastidiousness paralyzed effort."

I was looking at the photograph and thinking of this man, who had been the veriest hero to us at Harvard in his day. It had been said that no book had so taken youth by storm since Swinburne's first series of "Poems and Ballads" burst upon Oxford twenty years before. But this man had virtually died with his one book. He

refused correspondents, he overlooked criticism. Praise and dispraise alike failed to elicit notice, and he wrote no more.

Suddenly my interest veered from the man and his book to the man and his relation to Katherine Morell. So markedly had she held aloof from mention of the book in the past that we had set her down as incapable of any sympathy with so psychological a dilettante, so mutilated a dreamer. I sat staring at the sensitive poet's face in the picture. Finally my mind returned to the present.

"And what has this dead man got to do with your life, Katherine?"

"Tell me why you came here to-day." She looked me fairly in the eyes, and literature and heroes of the pen were all dead issues beside the living need to win the fragile creature whom I had loved for years.

"Katherine," I blurted out, "I love you, I love you, I want you—"

"Yes, my friend, I know. In fact, I knew you came to say that, and yet I had to make you begin before I sacrificed my little tale to the cause. I did not want to tell it —and yet, if I must. In my affections, I am sure, you realize I have been happy. I have eked out a very possible life with books and music and flowers and the view from the windows. But as for the emotions, mine had an instant's life and died. It is of that I am going to tell you. I was but eighteen at the time, and Harold Vaughan twenty-five. His type of personality is of course one to be met in the walks of literature up and down the ages, beginning with the delightful gentleman who wrote 'Ecclesiastes,' nodding to him in 'Hamlet' and 'Faust,' and ending with Amiel, Langham, and Des Esseintes, and many of the studies of Bourget, Rod, Stendhal, and Mallock in modern days. Yet you can fancy, can you not, the glamour such a man could cast over the astonished infant imagination of eighteen?

"It was there in his native town, at the one great moment of his success, which he so scorned, that I knew him. I saw that he had known all the secret travail of the heart, which I had, as yet, not gone forth to meet. I saw that he suffered from a mortal fatigue of life, an insistent sense of the destiny of the dust. The vanity of effort, the essential defeat of living, were haunting convictions born with him, to grow with his growth. And yet there were times when he could offer a richness of living, an intensity of vivid pleasure in his talk, I have never since experienced; times when old men as well as young women bent to his charm. Belonging, however, to the most incurable type of pessimist, an idealist with no faith in immortality, he could not away with the lasting disagreement of the will and the flesh, our attempts and their puny results, our far-reaching dreams and the hideous abortions of hope. These pressing contradictions penetrated his consciousness and swamped his energies. He forced no reconciliation between the illusion that vanishes and the reality that imposes itself."

"But the book," I said—"the book and its success must have been solace to him."

"No," she answered, "it was n't. I don't know how he even brought himself to publish it; but once done, he would have stopped the sale of it if he had been able. He had a vague knowledge that it appealed only to a specific cult, and yet he felt that somehow he was cheapened; that it was, in a way, a violation for people to be reading his thoughts, quoting his words. He gave me that volume, and it was, he said, the only volume he offered any one."

She paused. My own mind, however, was at a stand with the statement that Harold Vaughan had given away but one copy of the "Alone to the Alone," and that one to Katherine. The very thought invested her with a new sacredness. I was quiet while I faced this fact; I felt awed.

"How was it you never married him?"

She leaned back among the cushions, and laughed, a low, long, rippling laugh, and then exclaimed:

"Can anything be more futile than conversation! You don't understand! He never distantly suggested such a course to me. He, indeed! He had no use for a wife. What would he have done with one? But if he had ever contemplated marriage at all, I think, recognizing himself for what he was, he would have looked about for a comfortable wife. I don't think,"—and she suddenly dimpled all over her face,—"I think I could hardly be called comfortable, do you?"

"Yes," I hazarded boldly—"yes."

"Oh, how you are playing to win! How you are playing to win!" she remonstrated. "Well, then," she picked up the thread, "that seems to be all the story. I knew Harold Vaughan, and I worshiped him, as one would and should. I should have been fervently happy to have lived out my life worshiping him for a life's activity, growing more and more alert to his needs, understanding better the tragedy of his tempera-

ment, his shrinking, and his incapacity. But my father judged my disposition futile. He picked me up quickly and brought me to my aunt in New York, where he hoped I would do what I have done and live the life I have lived. He died before it came about, so that he gained nothing, and I—I—oh, I regret nothing. It was the same here as there. Believe me, it is not what happens or does not happen. It is not what we have had. It is what we have foregone, the haunting presence of what has not been, that sustains us. 'T is the intensity of feeling, the fervor of consciousness with which we invest a dearth, that makes for the life more abundant."

I was thinking over what she told me, and it threw an illumination like a search-light upon her character, her light-handed acceptation of life, a certain way of being in it and yet in no wise of it.

"I begin to see you more clearly, Katherine, and to understand better."

"Oh, yes. No woman ever made a whole life more completely out of what she did n't have."

"And he never loved you?" It seemed incredible to me, who looked, and found her adorable.

"No; I fancy he would have liked to feel, but his horror of possible banality and repulsion was greater than any desire; and he was, too, an esthete who took fuller satisfaction in an apposite phrase for a passion than in anything the passion itself could have offered. If he had loved, though, he would not have loved me. This also I take into account. It would never have been the turbulent temperament, the intellect and character at variance, the undisciplined nature. He would have loved a fine, calm woman, harmonious in her limitations."

"And now," I went on, "I am trying to see what this odd little tale of knowing a man who did n't love you has to do with selling all this." I rose and looked out at the still noon, flooding the grounds with sun-dust, and at the gentle slope of the lawn to the Hudson. Katherine turned her head and looked, too.

"It 's beauty enough to fill one's soul forever, is n't it? But I am haunted by the grave—the grave! It besets my dreams, and lives all through my days. I must stand by it and look at it. It is all real in my mind now. How I shall live there in the very house in which I was a girl—a little house, not so big as the wing of this. I shall live quietly, and make no more books, thank God! That was always a strain. I forced it. It was just a little flag of defiance I waved in the face of a buried life. There I shall look upon the very sunsets he has seen all these years, and every day I shall walk out through that hazy veil of dreamy atmosphere that drops low over mid-England, and stand beside his grave."

She seemed, by these confessions, to be already far from me. My love lay dormant, and I felt only a great pity for the unfulfilled demands of her life.

"And shall you never regret this—the ten years you have left behind you here?"

"Oh, yes, sometimes. You must write to me occasionally, and send me all your books. The unreal years are a part, too; they are a part. You have been very kind to me,—you young fellows who have the grip of the reviews. You said nice things about my little concoctions. They were all made literature—made from the head without a throb of the heart; all purely artificial; a little pose, an affectation, a way I had of diversifying the tedious times in life. I am, in truth, not fastidious. That was the merest imitation of the habit of his mind. He discarded incompletion. He refused to touch the greater things where scope makes vague. And so—oh, because he lived, I suppose—I threw away all natural impulses and learned to chisel. I made little things, and spent the time finishing them off. The songs, indeed, were my only sincerities. They were the spontaneous outcry of my heart, and that is why people liked them. Do you remember hearing Mme. Harlowe sing 'My Awakening' at one of the symphonies? And how the audience liked it! Did n't they? Poor little song! It had in it all my passion, all my young, unrestrained grief. And now I am going back to live near his grave, to spend the days peacefully in communion with a life's dead sanctities—to stand by a grave and say: 'Here lies all that was real of love in a life!'"

"But he did not love you," I interposed. "If he had—"

"No, he did n't. He stood off and looked at life. He could do no otherwise. He had renounced the natural instinct of enjoyment, the taking part in life. He was given to the cult of perfection, not of happiness, and all the life of impulse was overgrown with amplitude of thought. He had listened too long to the reaction of this mind upon his nerves. How could he feel when he not only watched himself feel, but watched himself watching himself feel?"



DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"'HE TOOK UP HIS HAT AND WENT, AND I STOOD LEANING AGAINST THE WALL, LOOKING STRAIGHT AHEAD.'"

"And did he never get enough beyond himself to know you loved him?"

"Yes, I fancy he knew it; but, then, I was only a nice child to him. And he pretended, in the main, as he did of whatever seemed to him excessive or ill judged, that it did not exist. When he knew that I was to be taken back to America and suffered, he came to see me, and he came braced for action. He talked to me about it; he talked as a poet would talk to a nice child. He spoke little, but what he said was very beautiful and very effective. When he finished, the main thing I knew was that he was aware—distantly, gently, humanely aware—of my sentiments; but for reasons pertaining, I dare say, to his temperament, or perhaps to his consideration for me, he did not intend to recognize them. But he said good-by to me, and told me to be happy, to be very happy. It was, he said, what I was born for—to be unreflectingly happy. He was warning me from the depths of his own temperament. After that he sent me a few letters—very beautiful, impersonal letters, full of exquisite and delicate kindliness. It was upon his letters that I formed my style. You see, I made the little essays from them."

"And that is all?"

"Well, no; not all, exactly. He took my two hands and held them, and for a moment or two he looked at me. It was a look such as, when it comes to one at eighteen, must haunt the dreams for a lifetime."

"And then?"

"And then nothing. He took up his hat and went, and I stood leaning against the wall, looking straight ahead and breathing hard. Then I fled up-stairs into an attic, a place I rarely had courage to invade even in broad daylight. But life was simple to me at that moment. I knew what the unity of the ecstatic vision meant. I locked the door, and sat down on the floor in the dark, and hugged my knees, and sobbed and was glad all together. I don't know how long I stayed. I remember looking up through an opening, a slant window in the roof, to the sky, where I could see a star or two glimmering. I do not know if I slept or woke. By and by the long gray fingers of the dawn stretched across the little space, and I could see the stars grow wan and flee, and still I sat there protesting to the bit of heaven that I should never ask for anything more, that I had everything—everything! Well, it seems so, still! That was enough."

"And the next day?"

"The next day, or the next week—there was no time then, it was all a state—all the demands upon life awoke again. There was the long, slow, sordid struggle with the hours, followed by all the things to do and the other things to leave undone. Time has been very long. I have kept watch upon his life, as best I could, from the distance, always feeling sure that as it was progressive renunciation, so also it was progressive appeasement. But you understand—do you not?—that it is with something of youth's excitement that I want to go back and stand by his grave and let the strangled thoughts have their little day of thriving, so that, before I die, I too may have made the one great surrender of the mind and soul. I can fancy, too, as I see life now, a fuller happiness in praying by his grave than in any life love could have offered."

"And that is the end?"

"Yes, that is the end. And better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof."

We were both silent. Then I rose, anxious to be gone.

"Good-by."

"That is right. Good-by," she answered. "And you understand, do you not, why I have told you?"

"To send me away."

"No, no; to help you forget me. If you think of me, think of what my whole life has been given to. Remember that in all these times you have stood here talking of devotion I hardly listened. I tell you frankly, nothing ever filled the void, and the silence he kept was louder in my ears than all the protestations of all the others, yours in with the rest. Remember that when you have reproached me for coldness, it was really that I was looking at him, in the distance, over your head, and hearing again his soft, infrequent speech. If you will remember, your hurt will heal."

"And this is all?" I said, and turned from her to go out the door.

"Quite all."

I stopped at the door and looked back. She was flushed from speaking so earnestly, and her eyes were full of tears. I had never seen her more radiantly lovely.

"It is all a horrid, barren dream of futility," I said angrily.

She dropped back among the cushions, and as I turned away I heard her say: "Ah, but who knoweth the interpretation of a dream!"

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCES OF A BLUE JAY FAMILY.

BY FRANK M. CHAPMAN.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.





IF a pair of blue jays, whose home I chanced to find, could relate to us the peculiar adventures that befell them one June day, there would be no excuse for my assumption of the office of scribe. But jays, in spite of their powers of expression, use only the language of their kind, and if the tale is to be told, it must be by an interpreter.

Birds possess so many of man's mental attributes that the sympathetic student of their habits often, unconsciously perhaps, endows them with the mind of man entire, when, using the human parallel, the explanation of their every act is merely a matter of ingenuity or imagination. The result is often interesting, but quite as often misleading: good fiction, but poor natural history.

Now, the blue jay holds close kinship with the raven, jackdaw, crow, and rook, birds which, if classification were based on mental development alone, would without dissent be accorded a perch on the topmost bough of the avian tree of life; and in attempting to assign reasons for a jay's actions the ornithologist is beset by unusual temptations, which, if it be the human side of bird life that appeals to him, he will find difficulty in resisting.

In the present instance, however, the facts in the case are irrefutably recorded by the camera, and the reader may accept or reject their explanation according to his belief or disbelief in the intelligence of individual animals. Facts like these emphasize the value of the camera as an aid to the student of nature. How unconvincing these pictures would be if they were simply the work of an artist, no matter how skilful his attempt to give form to something he had never seen!

It is also to be noted how attempts to photograph birds and beasts of necessity increase our intimacy with them. This, it is true, is not work for the stroller and the dilettante naturalist, whose observations are made chiefly from the wayside, but for the earnest, enthusiastic student of nature, whose ardor in pursuit of her secrets is intensified by the possibility of actually capturing them in such definite, graphic form that they become at once additions to the sum of human knowledge.

Bird photography presents a fascinating but most difficult field for expenditure of effort. The beginner sees the successful results of another's work, and, knowing nothing of the failures, determines "to take bird pictures." The immediate outcome is doubtless a sacrifice of photographic material and also of bird life, as too great freedom with the nest surroundings, in the desire to secure better lighting, induces the bird to desert her home.

The would-be bird photographer, then, should master the technic of photography on such patiently immovable objects as



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY G. G. PUTNAM.

"ONE OF THE PARENTS SUDDENLY APPEARED AT THE BACK OF THE NEST."

houses, barns, or bridges, which will give fresh "sittings" when former ones fail, and then when the problems of exposure, developing, etc., have been solved, he may go afield for wilder game.

Somewhat over a year after this particular study was made, a novel method of overcoming the difficulties imposed by site in bird-nest photography was described and illustrated. Its author states that when the nest is not in a position where it may be photographed to advantage, it may be removed with its contents to a more convenient situation near a tent which has been previously erected for the concealment of the photographer and his camera; whence the parent birds, on returning, may be photographed at leisure. But the dangers to which the nest contents, usually well-grown young birds, are exposed are so numerous that this method should be employed only by the most humane, careful, and skilful student, thoroughly fitted to avail himself of the resulting opportunities. As has well been said, "It is emphatically not a method for the general public."

However, to return to our blue jays:

One may pet or patronize, according to one's nature, a chipping sparrow, bluebird, or phœbe, but he is indeed well coated with self-esteem who does not feel a sense of inferiority in the presence of a jay. He is such a shrewd, independent, and aggressive creature that one is inevitably led to the belief that he is more of a success as a bird than most men are as men. Conspicuous by voice and action during the fall and winter, when other birds are quietest, he becomes silent when other birds are most vocal. If he has a love-song, it is reserved for the ear of his mate. At this season he even controls his fondness for owl-baiting, and with it his vituperative gifts.

The robin, the catbird, and the thrasher seem eager to betray the location of their nest to every passer-by, but the blue jay

gives no evidence of the site of his habitation by being seen in its vicinity. He is not common in my region during the summer, and, connecting this fact with his secretive habits, I rejoiced with a bird-lover's joy when systematic search resulted in the discovery of a blue jay's nest five feet from the ground, on the south side of a young pine-tree. A better location, from a bird-photographer's point of view, the birds could not have chosen.

The surroundings affording no opportunity for concealment from which the birds might be observed, an artificial bower of canvas, painted to resemble tree-bark, stretched over a light frame and liberally draped with poison-ivy vines, was erected within ten feet of the nest.

It was on the morning of June 3 that I set up my camera in this none too large or too cool shelter, with the object of recording somewhat of the home life of jays. An hour passed. Occasionally a jay's voice was heard from the neighboring wood, but one might have thought that the nest in the pine was deserted had not five gaping mouths been tremulously raised at intervals in the supplicating attitude of the young bird's constant prayer for food.

At the end of an hour and a half one of the parents suddenly appeared at the back of the nest. He, or she, was evidently keenly suspicious. Who had parted the boughs which had previously concealed their home? What was this mass of disarranged vines at their threshold? Clearly something was wrong, and after a moment's stay she—if she it was—slipped quietly out of the tree. Her alert but cautious manner seemed indicative of unexpected powers of discrimination and self-control. She did not scream her undoubted alarm at the changes ob-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSSLER.

"CAREFULLY FED HER YOUNG."



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

"THE PARENT, WITH COMPLETE COMPOSURE, PERCHED BESIDE HER NEST."

served, but, without audible note, departed as noiselessly as she had come.

Even more surprising were the actions of the young birds. That they were exceedingly hungry was beyond question. Doubtless the parents, under normal conditions, visited the nest every few minutes, and the frequency with which the yellow-lined mouths had been opened during the preceding hour and a half intimated an approaching famine. Still, under the stimulus of conditions which must have strongly suggested food, not one of the blind, naked little creatures gave evidence of life. It was an impressive exhibition of instinctive obedience to some, unheard by me, parental command. In her absence, however, although without the incentive of her form above them, they showed no hesitation in making their wants known. Hence we may conclude either that the parents could not communicate with the young from a distance, or that the presence of one of the adults was necessary to insure obedience.

Believing that the jays would not resume their family cares, I determined to experiment with them, and taking a mounted blue jay, I wired it to a limb below the nest. Blue jays are pugnacious, and doubtless their anger at the intrusion of this stranger would outweigh their fear of the bower, when I should witness the manner in which jays evict an unwelcome guest.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

"A JAY CAME TO THE NEST-TREE, SCREAMING IN ALARM."

It was well that my reputation as a bird-student was not staked on the result. Scarcely had I returned to the bower when one of the jays reached the nest, and, to my complete astonishment, apparently paid no attention to the mounted bird, but at once carefully fed her young, whose eagerness now added to my wonder at their previous self-restraint. One visit, during which several, and perhaps all, of the young were fed, strangely enough satisfied their hunger, when the parent, with complete composure, perched beside her nest and slightly opened her bill, as birds sometimes do when at rest, forming as beautiful a picture of bird life as artist or naturalist could well desire. Here in truth the camera might record a scene from the home life of jays.

So completely had the mental attitude of the bird altered that my movements in the bower were wholly ignored, and it was actually necessary to walk up to the nest-tree before she could be induced to leave her perch.

What had occasioned so complete a change in the bird's actions? Possibly it was not the same parent that had visited the nest so hurriedly; but if the other one of the pair was so much the tamer, why had it not come to the nest during the hour and a half after I had entered the bower? Could the dummy bird below have been mistaken for its mate by the bird that perched so composedly above? It is true that the second one of the pair did not appear; but as neither of them went far from the nest, it is more than probable that the absent mate was within sight and sound during the whole proceeding.

Observation, then, is here at fault. It is true we may resort to theories more or less plausible. One cannot prove that the dummy jay did not closely resemble a relative or dear friend of the nest-owners, though, if this were a fact, I should infer that their associates were by no means a reputable lot. However, be the explanation what it may, there can be no doubt that the presence of that frowzy, stuffed jay was wholly satisfactory and reassuring to the bird at the nest.

If these birds received one of their own kind so graciously, how would they treat a screech owl, a bird which, as far as human mind can discern, is the common enemy of all jays? The dummy jay was therefore removed, and a mounted screech owl was securely fastened about two feet from the



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

"FROM NEAR-BY LIMBS THEY SHRIEKED NOTES OF DEFIANCE."

nest. The jays were not visible, but that they were watching my movements from the neighboring wood was shown by the tense note of alarm they uttered almost as soon as the owl was posed—a high, shrill call, differing from any I had previously heard.

A moment later a jay came to the nest-tree, screaming in alarm at the unconscious, yellow-eyed bunch of feathers so dangerously near its offspring. Soon it was joined by its mate, and with uncontrolled fear and excitement they flew from limb to limb, but, much to my surprise, made no attempt to attack or even to threaten the owl, and after a minute or two of wild flitting and calling they returned to the woods. Surely this was enough to destroy one's confidence in our supposed knowledge of the jay's character; but the birds soon further illustrated the danger of theorizing.

While this supposition credits them with a power of reasoning I am not prepared to say they possessed, their subsequent actions seemed strongly to indicate that they had mentally grappled with this wholly unexpected problem which had so suddenly confronted them, and, after due consultation, had reached certain conclusions upon which they acted. In any event, the incident serves well to illustrate the ease with which one uses the human parallel in describing the conduct of animals from the point of view of the sympathetic observer, eager to recognize human traits in the bird and beast—indeed, to claim kinship with them.

In this particular instance the jays had already thoroughly aroused my interest, and it needed little imagination to put myself in their place and conjecture my own actions if, without a moment's warning, I should see the ogre of my tribe, a creature whose power experience had taught me to fear, standing at my threshold. That I should for a time lose my self-possession and perhaps call aloud in alarm would seem wholly natural, and, in view of the superior strength and armament of the enemy, it would also be expected that I should consult the partner of my joys and sorrows, and now companion in arms, as to the most expedient method of conquering this intruder without undue risk.

Be this as it may, after flying about the

nest-tree for several minutes in the most wild and excited manner, the birds deserted the place and retired to the woods. Then I heard them uttering for the first time the low, conversational *eck, eck, eck* note of their kind. It is a note which I have never heard from a solitary jay, and is therefore probably used for purposes of intercommunication. One frequently hears it from a party of jays when they are gathering chestnuts or acorns.

For ten seconds or more the discussion, if discussion it was, continued, and at the end of this time a plan of battle had evidently been decided upon, which they lost no time in translating into action. They returned to the nest-tree, not now a screaming pair of excited, frenzied birds who in the control of an unheard-of experience had completely lost their heads, but two determined, silent creatures, with seemingly well-fixed purpose. The difference in their actions when the two visits to the nest were compared was in truth sufficiently impressive to warrant a belief in the birds' ability to grasp the situation intelligently.

Without a moment's hesitation one of the pair now selected a perch above the owl, paused only long enough to take aim, and then, with a flash of wings, sprang at its supposed enemy. What followed, the camera, although set for a hundredth part of a second, failed definitely to record. The heart of the little pine seemed rent by the explosion of a blue jay. It was no feint, but a good honest blow delivered with all the bird's force of body and pinion, and the poor little owl was completely vanquished, upset, at the first onslaught. The jay had given a most



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"FIVE PLUMP, WELL-FEATHERED, BRIGHT-EYED BIRDS."



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"I . . . PLACED THEM IN A ROW ON THE LIMB OF A NEIGHBORING PINE."
"LIFTED UP THEIR HEADS IN A MUTE BUT UNANIMOUS AND UNMISTAKABLE, 'YES, WE ARE.'"

boughs, I could with difficulty believe that I saw the same nest. In place of five skinny, naked, sightless, squirming creatures, were five plump, well-feathered, bright-eyed birds almost as large as their parents. They had grown mentally as well. The sense of fear had developed, and as I looked at them, with a common impulse they jumped from the edge of the nest and fluttered to the ground below. Disregarding the protests of their parents, I gathered them together, placed them in a row on the limb of a neighboring pine, and then addressed them in what I esteemed to be the tongue of their tribe.

convincing exhibition of the highest type of courage: it had mastered its fears and deliberately gone to battle. I felt like applauding.

But its troubles were not ended. This was a peculiar kind of owl, different, doubtless, from any that the jay had ever before encountered. It was conquered, but instead of flying away to some dark nook to nurse its wounds, it persisted in remaining on the field, retaining its grasp of the limb, not upright, however, but hanging upside down, as no owl was ever seen to do before, and, indeed, as only wired owls could. Such unheard-of behavior excited the jays even more than the owl's first appearance, and from near-by limbs they shrieked notes of defiance until, in mercy to their throats and my ears, I removed the cause of their alarm, bent the branches back to conceal their nest, and left them to discuss their remarkable experiences at their leisure.

Ten days later, when I parted the pine-

Perchance in this narrative both the speech and the actions of jays have been misinterpreted, but in this concluding scene of our relations the most skeptical could not doubt that I was not only intelligible, but eloquently expressive, to the five birds on the limb, which, in quick response to my question, "Are you not very hungry?" lifted up their heads in a mute but unanimous and unmistakable, "Yes, we are."



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"LEAVING THE OLD BOARDER AT THE TABLE, THEY RAN OUT TO THE FRONT PORCH."

A MOUNTAIN MATCH-MAKER.

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE B. WALDO.



THE Widow Trumley's three daughters hastily gulped down their dinner, and leaving the old boarder at the table, ran out to the front porch. It was a hot, still day in the summer-time, and through the open hall the boarder could hear their gay laughter and spasmodic spells of giggling.

"Gone out thar to watch them fellers go back to the thresher," he said with a grunt to the short, red-faced girl who was waiting on him.

"I reckon that 's it, Mr. Buford," answered the girl. "It does look like they have a sight o' fun. Did you want anything else?"

"Yes; I 'll take some more o' them cold beans an' a slice o' middlin'. I 'd ruther have the cold ef they are jest as handy. I never could make much of a' out with fresh-cooked beans. It 's been so long sence my wife died that I 'm clean out o' the hot-truck habit."

"Don't you want another glass o' buttermilk?" suggested the girl. "It 's exactly the way you like it, jest the least bit sour. I let yesterday's churnin' set over beca'se I knowed you 'd be here to-day."

"No; I would n't chose any more, thank you, Miss Mary." He looked at her curiously. "What 's made yore face so blamed red? Why, I never seed the like!"

She smiled good-naturedly as she wiped the perspiration from her brow with her blue-and-white-checked apron. "I 've been parchin' coffee over a big chestnut fire. It feels like it 's blistered. An' then, I 've been ironin' all mornin'. I reckon I 'm a sight. The gals has so many white things to do up, it looks like thar 's no end to a week's washin'."

Old Buford raked a heap of beans on to

his plate and forked out a square piece of bacon. "Huh! do you reckon all that 'll ever marry 'em off?"

The girl laughed out impulsively. "It would me ef I had half the'r chance. Five or six young men come here every Sunday an' sometimes through the week. Some nights they won't let me sleep with the'r chatter right under my window. They all had a big buggy-ride over to bush-arbor camp-meetin' last night. Joe Thornhill got here too late an' had to go back by hisse'f. Pete Moore got ahead of 'im with Mandy."

Buford took a deep draught from his glass, and wiped his gray beard on his handkerchief, which lay across his knees. "Don't they ever ax you to go 'long, Miss Mary?"

"Me? The idee!" exclaimed the girl. "Why, they not only don't ax me, but they poke a lots o' fun at me fer not gittin' to go nowhars. When Joe Thornhill got left last night I heared 'em all a-teasin' 'im an' a-hollerin' to 'im from the bars to go ax me. They seemed to think it was a fine joke."

"Look y' here,"—the old man pushed back his plate and turned to her,—"look y' here; don't you never think o' gittin' married an' quittin' this eternal slavery? Don't you know now 's the time ef you ever intend to do sech a thing—now while yo' 're young an' got yore good looks?"

The girl was silent for a moment, then she treated herself to another hearty laugh. "I reckon I have thought about it, Mr. Buford," she said frankly. "I reckon it 'u'd be hard fer a gal not to give sech a thing a thought, ef she had a speck o' pride, while so much love-doin's is a-goin' on around 'er. Lord! I 've laid awake many a night jest wishin' an' wishin' that some nice feller 'd come along an' pick me out, an' tell 'em all I was jest the thing he 'd been a-lookin' fer, an' that he was goin' to have me in spite o' all possessed. I reckon all gals is foolish that away, especially them that don't have a fair show. Yes, I 'd marry, Mr. Buford. A gal that would n't, to git out o' the mess I 'm in, would be a born simpleton."

"I 've thought a sight about yore condition here lately," confessed the old man, sheepishly, "an' I 've got some'n' on that line to tell you. The truth is, I 've been lookin' about fer you fer the last three months."

"You don't mean that, shorely, Mr. Buford!"

"Yes, I mean it; an' I don't know but what I 've run across about the right thing, as fur as I 'm able to jedge. You know, I take a load o' some'n' mighty nigh ever' day to town. Sometimes I have a few eggs or a pound o' butter that some old woman on the road axes me to barter fer coffee or sugar, an' I do my tradin' at a little store run by a young feller that I sorter took a likin' to. He 's jest a plain farmer-boy that 's made what he 's got by hard licks, an' he ain't one o' yore town dudes. From what I kin pick up, he ain't never had nothin' much to do with women of any sort. When I fust fetched the subject up he got as red as a beet, but he seemed powerful tickled an' anxious to talk. You see, me 'n' 'im has got purty thick; I go to his shebang in the middle o' the day to buy me a cold snack o' cheese an' crackers or the like, an' set thar an' munch 'em. That 's his dull time, an' we talk. He bunks in the back room, an' one night when the river was up so I could n't cross, he made me sleep with 'im. That was the night I axed 'im why he did n't have 'im a wife to make things sorter comforterble fer 'im. It pleased 'im powerful, an' he up an' said he knowed he was makin' a big mistake an' that the matter had been givin' 'im a lot o' trouble. He said ever' now an' then it 'u'd occur to 'im that precious time was a-passin' an' nothin' bein' done in that line, but that he had never found time to get down to it right. He said most o' the women that come to his store was a fussy set that looked lazy an' thriftless, an' that he was afeard to tackle 'em. Then he axed me what I thought of women in general, an' then I set in. I told 'im what a blessin' my wife had been to me in 'er lifetime, an' then I switched off on you. I thought at the time that I was talkin' as earnest as a preacher at a rantin' revival; I got his eye, an' I held it clean through to the finish. I told 'im what a worker you was, an' how I heared you outside ever' mornin', as peert as a cricket, singin' with the early birds. I told 'im, too, that you had a look about the eyes that was p'int-blank like the way my wife looked when I fust begun to court 'er. I told 'im all about how this triflin' gang o' young folks treat you, makin' a drudge outen a pore orphan an' pokin' fun eternally, an' then you ort to 'a' heared 'im cuss; he actu'lly got white in the face, an' got up an' walked about the room as mad as the Old Nick."

"Mr. Buford, are you tellin' me the truth?" cried the girl. "Shorely you are a-jokin', jest to see what I 'll say."

"No; I 'm a-givin' you straight goods, Miss Mary," declared the old man, "an' I ain't through, nuther. He set down then an' axed me jest how you looked, an' ever'thing I said seemed to please 'im. I told 'im you had big

blue eyes that was always full o' pure devilment in spite o' yore plight out here, an' that you was middlin' heighth an' would strike 'im about the shoulder, an' that you was slender-like, an' had yallerish, brownish hair, an' so much of it that it was always in yore eyes. an' somehow I feel sorter friendly towards 'im beca'se he tuk my part. I 'll bet he 's got a good heart." She took the plates out to the kitchen, and returned. "If you are through," she said in quite another tone, "I reckon you 'd better git up so I kin shake



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"'MR. BUFORD,' SAYS HE, 'I 'LL BET MY HAT SHE 'S A CORKER!'"

An'—an'—well, I reckon you would n't 'a' found fault with what I did say," finished Buford. "I made the best out I could, an' I did n't raise false hopes, nuther."

"Well, what did he say?" asked the young woman, making a feint at stacking a lot of plates on the opposite side of the table.

Buford hesitated and looked down. "Well, he 'lowed the description was all right, an' he did n't say the goods was n't likely to come up to the sample, but he said what little he 'd made in business had been made by bein' careful, an' that he never laid in a stock o' anything without lookin' at it."

"Well, I do say he 's got plenty o' cheek," said Mary, and then she burst into a rippling laugh. "I 'll bet he 's got lots o' fun in 'im, the cloth out. I 've got a lots to do this evenin'."

Buford rose, and stood in the open doorway, brushing the crumbs of bread from his baggy trousers.

"I 'm goin' back to town in the mornin'," he said. "Got any word you want to send that feller?" The girl had drawn both ends of the cloth to the center of the table, and was about to fold it again, but paused.

"No, I hain't no word to send to anybody," she answered. "I 've told you how I feel—that I 'd marry to git out o' this mess; but I 'd have to feel jest right about it. He may be all right, an' then ag'in he might turn out to be a regular terror in the camp."

The following evening, just after dark,

when Buford drove his horses into the barnyard he found Mary there, milking the cow. She was a brave, erect little figure as she stood in the soft black loam of the lot. "So, so!" she was saying in her sweet, persuasive voice to the cow. "Cayn't you stand still an' keep that pesky fly-bresh outen my eyes? Them hairs cut like so many knives when they are whisked about like a wagon-whip. You mought as well let me git that milk outen you. It 's so heavy now you cayn't hardly tote it."

The old man turned his horses into their stalls and fed them with fodder and corn in the ear, and came and leaned on the rail fence behind her. She was now crouched down under the cow, and the milk was running into her tin pail with a sharp, intermittent sound. Above the back of the cow in the gathering darkness Buford saw the outlines of the farm-house. There was a yellow light in the dining-room and a bank of red logs in the kitchen fireplace. Buford waited till she had finished.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

"'I THOUGHT I WOULD,' SHE SAID. 'I 'VE NEVER BEEN TO A SHOW IN MY LIFE.'"

"Well," he began, as she stood up and saw him, "I seed that feller ag'in to-day."

"You say you did?" She came toward him, bent slightly to the right by the pail she carried.

"Well, sir," said Buford, "I thought he 'd split his sides a-laughin'. He had started to take some butter I 'd fetched 'im outen Mis' Horn's bucket, an' he liter'ly doubled up under the counter an' slapped his hands with the



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"LONG WAS SMOKING NERVOUSLY."

"Yes, I seed 'im, an' I told 'im what you said."

"What did I say, I 'd like to know?"

"You said you 'd marry ef it suited all round; at least, that was the gist o' what you said."

"Yes, I did say some'n' like that," confessed the girl; "an' as I meant it, I hain't got nothin' to take back."

paddle. 'Mr. Buford,' says he, 'I 'll bet my hat she 's a corker! I don't have to see her to know what she is; I 'll bet she 's a daisy!"

"He must be a funny sort o' man," commented the girl, with a laugh. She gave Buford the pail of milk, and drawing her feet out of the mud, she climbed over the fence and stood beside him. "What else did he say?"



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"'SUNDAY NOTHIN'!' EXCLAIMED LONG, RUBBING HIS HANDS TOGETHER."

"He said a lots," replied Buford. "I did n't know he could be so talkative. Ef he axed me one question about you, he did a hunderd. Says he, 'She certainly takes the rag offen the bush.' An' then he set in to rip these here gals up the back. He 's seed 'em a time or two in town, an' he seems to 'a' tuk a great dislike to 'em. He says the fellers that 's a-flyin' round 'em ain't wuth the powder an' lead that it 'u'd take to kill 'em. He made me go in the back room so we could be undisturbed, an' while we was thar a man come in the store an' begun to poke around like he wanted to buy some'n'; but Long said —I ain't never told you his name yet, have I? Well, it 's Long, Jasper Long. Says he, 'Don't make any noise; he 'll go out in a minute,' an' so the man did. I reckon he thought ever'body had gone to dinner."

"He must be a funny sort o' storekeeper," remarked Mary, critically. "I don't see how anybody could run a store right that 'u'd do that away."

"Oh, he knows what he 's about," said the old man, earnestly. "He 's as close as the bark on a tree in a trade; he 'd skin a flea fer its hide an' tallow. But it was a' extra occasion with 'im, an' he was powerful anxious to hear what I had to say. Why, I tell you, you never seed the like. I never dreamt it was in 'im; he jest could n't keep his hands an' feet still. I told 'im right out that he was a-actin' strange, bein' as he 'd never seed you. That kind o' set 'im back, but he said he reckoned it was beca'se you was a-havin' sech a tough time of it out here, an' he reckoned he had let it prey on his mind a good deal. I got away from 'im an' went to the wagon-yard to hitch up; but, lo an' behold, he follered me down thar an' wanted to talk some more. I hitched up an' got in the wagon an' tuk the lines, but he still helt on to me. Finally he got desperate an' said, says he, 'Look here, Mr. Buford, I 'd as well be plain with you. I don't see how I 'm ever goin' to git my mind on my business till this thing is settled one way or t' other. I lay awake all last night thinkin' how much better off that gal 'u'd be, an' how much better off I'd be, ef we was comforterbly spliced. I don't like the way that gang out thar is a-doin' of 'er, an' I want it stopped. I 've made up my mind that she 's jest what I 'm lookin' fer, an' I want you to bring it to a head.'"

"Well, I declare!" said Mary, a pleasurable flush on her face. "He must be a caution."

"An' then he come out with a proposition," went on the old man, "an' I believe on my soul he 'd 'a' keeled over ef I had n't agreed to it. He mentioned the big circus in town next Friday, an' he axed me to bring you in to it an' let 'im take a day off to show you around. He said it would be the time of his life ef it could be arranged. Well, I had to git away from 'im, as it was gittin' late, an' so I promised 'im I 'd ax you to come; that 's all I could do, bein' as you was n't thar."

The girl glanced toward the house and put out her hand for the pail of milk, and as she took it she said thoughtfully:

"I don't exactly like the hurry he 's in, but I don't believe in actin' no lies. I never felt more like marryin' in all my life 'an I do to-day. Them gals will drive me crazy ef I stay here much longer. They 've been in a wrangle all day with me about not ironin' their duds so they kin go to a picnic to-morrow. The Lord knows I 've done the best I kin with the'r old wore-out fixin's. A body cayn't do much washin' things that 's as easy

to tear as wet paper; they are too short o' cash to buy new ones, an' they want to force me to make the'r rags last always. It 'u'd do me good to tell the whole lay-out that I was goin' to marry a storekeeper. I reckon you kin tell 'im it 's all right—the circus part, I mean. He may not like my looks, but I won't keer; I kin say I don't like his, an' I reckon I won't ef he turns up his nose at a helpless orphan."

On the morning of the circus Buford drove round to the front door of the farm-house and waited for Mary to join him. When she appeared she wore the best dress she had, a white muslin adorned with pink ribbons. The old man had never seen her look so well. "I declare," he smiled proudly, "you are goin' to cut a dash; the' won't be a woman thar to-day that kin head you off."

"I 've got my all on my back," she said laconically. "I believe in a body makin' as good a show as they kin."

To his surprise, she was not as talkative as usual and spoke only when he addressed some remark to her. As they were driving into the outskirts of the town she suddenly turned to him, a look of considerable concern in her eyes.

"The show don't begin till after dinner," she said. "What are we a-goin' to do till then?"

"Why," said the old man, "I 'lowed we 'd drive to Long's shebang an' alight; he 's got a cheer or two about, an' we could kinder set aroun' till—"

"You kin go thar ef you like," she broke in, "but I ain't goin' a step—huh!"

"You say you hain't?" Buford could only stare at her in astonishment.

"Why, no; I ain't a-goin' to drive right up to a feller's store that I hain't never laid eyes on, an'—an'— My Lord! I 'd be the laughin'-stock of the whole round earth ef he was to claim I did n't fill the bill. My goodness! he may not suit me, nuther, as fur as that 's concerned. The world 's full o' men."

"Oh, I see!" floundered Buford. "I did n't know what was the best thing to do. He sorter expects it, though. I jedge that by what he said."

"Well, you cayn't drive me up thar an' unload me like I was a turkey or a hen or a coop o' fryin'-chickens fer 'im to bid on. He 's made a mistake ef he 'lows that. I say, huh!"

"We mought drive down to the wagon-yard," suggested Buford, at the end of his resources. "It 's right whar they unload the animals from the stock-cars, an' you could set in the wagon an' see it all."

She seemed to approve of the plan, for she did not oppose it, though Buford had the distinct impression that she was vaguely displeased. In the wagon-yard he unharnessed his horses and hitched them to a rack. There were a good many other wagons there, and some camp-fires, showing that several mountain families had spent the night in the yard, that they might be early on the spot.

Leaving his charge in the wagon watching the unloading of the cars and the crowd passing to and fro in the street, Buford hastened down to Long's store. The young man was there, giving instructions to a man who was to take his place for the day. Seeing Buford alone, his face fell.

"Why," he cried, as he extended his hand, "I 'lowed you was—"

Buford grinned and explained, much to Long's relief.

"It don't railly make much difference," Long told him, "but I had kinder fixed up a little in the back room; I had a nigger make me some lemonade with ice in it, an' was calculatin' on havin' us three eat back thar. I wanted to do the right thing, you know, to show her I knowed how to make a woman comforterble. But we'll go down whar she 's at. We kin see the procession from thar as well, I reckon. My Lord! I have a mighty quar feelin'—sorter like a forewarnin' that I ain't a-goin' to walk straight into this thing. Ef she 'd 'a' driv' right up to the front I 'd not 'a' been so skeered; but I dunno. How do I look, anyway?"

"Oh, you are all right," declared Buford, admiringly. "I never seed you in yore Sunday-go-to-meetin' before. When I first seed you I thought you was a drummer, with that cigar in yore mouth. Got the mate to it?"

"You bet; go to the show-case an' he'p yorese'f. By hunky! ef you pull me through this alive I 'll set up a smoke every day the rest o' yore life. Somehow I feel like I hain't got much of a showin'."

"I won't take but one," said the old man from behind the show-case. "I never like to take pay in advance, an' I 'm free to say I don't know how she 's goin' to act. I knowed women was curi's as a gineral thing, an' I don't know why I was sech a fool as to think I could depend on her; but you come on an' see what you think."

As the two men approached the wagon where Mary sat looking steadily in an opposite direction, old Buford cleared his throat

to attract her attention, and when she looked round he mumbled out something in the way of an introduction, accompanying the formality with a mechanical laugh intended to disguise his own awkwardness. The young people looked at each other. Mary was unruffled and calm, while Long was flushing hotly from head to foot.

"Come to the show?" he said, with an untoward jerk of his body, for he had tried to put his foot on the hub of the front wheel and missed it. It was certainly a most pronounced bow, and Buford was absolutely astonished to see her laugh out impulsively and then wipe the smile from her face as Long drew himself up.

"I thought I would," she said. "I 've never been to a show in my life, an' have heared so much about 'em."

Then the conversation languished. Buford was plainly not a success as a manager of delicate situations. What puzzled him beyond any mystery he had ever encountered was Mary's evident enjoyment of his and Long's awkwardness. At any rate, he told himself that he could get out of it by moving away, and that was something in which he had the advantage over them.

"I see a' old feller over thar at that kivered wagon," he said, pulling at the cigar, "that was banterin' me fer a hoss trade t' other day. I believe I 'll go see how he talks now. Thar 'll be a sight o' hoss-flesh changin' hands to-day. They say showmen an' Gipsies are the dickens to swap hosses."

"Hold on thar a minute," called out Long, as he was moving away. "I want to see you jest a minute."

Buford pulled up a few yards away, and the young man joined him.

"Are you goin' to leave me the bag to hold?" Long asked uneasily.

"Well, I don't see as I am doin' you one bit o' good," answered the old man. "This is yore day o' grace. Ef you cayn't do some'n' to-day,—an' a circus on hand, too,—I reckon we 'd better call it off. Whenever I feel bothered about what a woman 's goin' to do, I want to git drunk; seems to me a blind, soakin' drunk is the best condition to be in when a woman is actin' contrary."

"Do you reckon she 'll go to the show with me?" asked Long.

"Yes, she 'll do that," grinned Buford. "As soon as the band strikes up, an' the Queen o' Beauty drives by in 'er chariot, she 'll hang on to you like the woods was afire. Give 'er all the goober-peas she kin eat, an' wet 'er throat with plenty o' lemonade. But what you think of 'er?"

"She 's as purty as red shoes," said Long, enthusiastically. "Oh, she 's got me! I felt that away even before I seed 'er, an' I know it now."

All the rest of the morning the old man managed to keep the pair in sight. For some time Long kept the same position, his foot on the wheel, his face upturned to Mary's. It was the passing of the procession that furnished Long with a valuable opportunity, for he climbed up in the wagon-seat by her. Later, when the glitter and din of the pageant had died out, Buford saw the pair get out of the wagon and cross the street to a restaurant, and about half an hour afterward they emerged side by side. Long was smoking nervously, and still had the uneasy expression on his face. They fell into the crowd that was moving toward the showgrounds, and Buford lost sight of them.

He did not see them again till the show was over and they returned to the wagon-yard. The old man's spirits sank. He could detect nothing in their manner to prove that they had reached any sort of understanding. Mary was quite as reserved in her bearing, and Long even more ill at ease.

"Hello! here you are," Buford called out to them. He looked up at the declining sun. "I reckon by the time I git hitched up we 'd better start back," he said to the girl.

"Yes, it 's high time," she answered. "I 've got a lots to do."

She climbed into the wagon, and Long followed Buford to his horses. "Well," said the old man, as he began to put the collars on the animals, "how 'd you make out?"

"I hardly know, Mr. Buford," returned Long, slowly. "She 's jest what I 'm a-lookin' fer, but I don't know any more 'n a rabbit what my showin' is. Part o' the time she 'd appear to be listenin' to what I said on the subject, an' then ag'in she 'd seem to have 'er attention called off by somethin' passin' along. I reckon a show-day was a bad time to select."

"I 'lowed it was as good as any," said Buford, in a tone that hinted at the general incorrigibility of womankind.

"Another thing that floored me," said Long, "was her quar way o' actin' about money matters. She would n't let me pay her part o' anything. Whenever the time come she hauled out 'er pocket-book an' planked down her half."

Buford laughed out in spite of the gravity of the situation.

"I wondered how she 'd be on that line," he said—"that is, I did when she would n't go anigh yore store. She 's as independent as a hog on ice. An' you say you could n't lead 'er up to—you say she shied at the mention o' marryin'?"

"That 's what she did; she 'lowed thar was n't any use o' bein' in sech a powerful hurry. She 's a-goin' to let me come out an' take 'er to bush-arbor meetin' next Sunday. I axed 'er ef she 'd decide then, but she would n't say. I know in reason this is a-goin' to unfit me fer business. I 'm a man that 's always closed his deals right up on short notice."

During the drive home Mary seemed wilfully uncommunicative, and she and Buford were silent all the way. As they neared the house, however, she drew a deep breath and said:

"Well, I certainly have had a day of it; ef I did n't have a good time, I reckon no gal ever did."

"But," said Buford, whose enjoyment of the day depended on the progress of the affair he was engineering, "from what Long says it appears that you an' him did n't quite come to a' understandin' of any—I mean, any permanent sort."

The girl laughed merrily. "Men are *so* foolish," she said. "They want a thing o' that sort over in a minute, while a woman—a woman naturally wants it to last. Ef he 'd jest inshore me he 'd keep talkin' like he did to-day after we was married, I would n't hesitate; but women tell me men don't keep it up. I wish you 'd let me take it in hand now, Mr. Buford. I think I know what I 'm about."

"Oh, I 'm willin'," said the old man. "I was jest thinkin' o' throwin' up the job, anyway."

The next day Buford went to town, and on his return at dusk he found Mary down in the dewy meadow, driving up the cow. He went to meet her, glad of an opportunity to see her alone.

"I tried to dodge that feller," was his smiling greeting, "but he heared I was in town, an' follered me from place to place till he run up on me. I have never seed sech a crazy duck in my life. He was all of a tremble, an' said he hardly closed his eyes last night. He said he 'd tuk up the notion that some other feller was in the race, some feller livin' nigher 'n he did, an' he wanted to know. He was so upsot he actu'lly doubted my word about it, an' fer a little while I felt like slappin' his jaws."

"I don't see no reason fer tellin' 'im thar was n't *anybody* but him," the girl frowned. "Lawsy! I let on to 'im that I had oodlins o' chances; an' so I have, ef I 'd run about an' look 'em up, like other gals."

"The thing 's gone too fur to joke about it now," remarked Buford, discontentedly. "I don't believe in devilin' a turtle on its back. That feller is good-hearted an' means well, an' the plight he 's in now ain't a-goin' to do him a bit o' good."

Mary picked up a stick and threw it at the cow, which showed a tendency to take a wrong direction.

"I was forced into makin' his acquaintance by my trouble out here," she said thoughtfully, "an' it may be that it 'll force me to take 'im quicker 'n I 'd like fer the looks o' the thing. I 've had my big halleluiah time with these folks to-day. It was as nigh a fight as could be without throwin' rocks an' breakin' skulls. They begun to hint that I was settin' my cap fer you, an' said I acted shameful in goin' to the circus with you."

"Did they say that?" gasped Buford.

"Yes; they all got around me, an' laughed at me, an' said other gals o' my age had young men to go with 'em. That 's whar I got my foot in it. I up an' told 'em about Mr. Long, an' 'fore I knowed what I was about I had said we was engaged. They would n't believe it at fust, beca'se they said he never had had anything to do with women, an' was a fine ketch. But I showed 'em some'n' he writ on my fan, an' they wilted. Mandy tuk it harder 'n any o' the rest, an' I 'm sorter sorry fer 'er. You know, Joe Thornhill is as pore as Job's turkey, an' 'er ma's been devilin' 'er all day about me makin' the best haul."

"So," said Buford, "you have made up yore mind to be easy on 'im?"

"Yes; I don't see any other way out of it an' git even with them. So when you see 'im you 'd better tell 'im it 's all right. Next Sunday we 'll set the day. I 'll go over to Aunt Maud's in the Cove; she 'll let me stay thar till I 'm married."

Silence fell between them. Buford seemed trying to think of something appropriate to say. Finally he said: "You hain't once said how you like his looks, or *him*, as fer that matter."

Mary smiled the smile of a knowing woman. "Oh, I reckon he 'll do. It don't matter what I think of 'im; ef I thought he was as nice as a pie with the sugar runnin' out of it, it would n't do to tell 'im; an' *you*

—you 'd run right straight to him with anything I said. Huh! talk about women not keepin' anything! Adam was a-talkin' 'fore Eve was made."

Buford laughed good-naturedly. "I reckon you are right," he admitted. "Ef I could 'a' eased Long up to-day, I 'd 'a' done it, no matter what it cost."

The next morning Buford drove straight to Long's store. The young man, aided by a negro, was weighing sacks of corn on the big floor-scales; but he left it when Buford passed into the back room to take a drink from the water-bucket.

"Well, how 's things, Mr. Buford?" he asked fearfully, as he came up behind the old man.

"Yore cake 's dough, Long," said Buford.

The face of the storekeeper fell.

"I knowed it 'u'd turn out that away," he said. "The minute I laid eyes on 'er I was afeared she 'd never take to a thing like me."

There was a twinkle in Buford's eye as he put the dipper back into the bucket and faced the sufferer.

"Yes, it 's dough, my boy; it 's been dough ever sence you started to live the life of a bach in a room like this: but you 've got somebody to cook it fer you now, an' she kin make the best biscuits on the face o' the earth."

"What do you mean?" Long was staring wildly.

"She says it 's all right," laughed Buford. "She says you kin set the day when you git thar Sunday."

"Sunday nothin'!" exclaimed Long, rubbing his hands together. "I 'm goin' out thar to-day."

TO OUR "MERRY CHANTER."

(FRANK R. STOCKTON. DIED APRIL 20, 1902.)

BY JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

HIS ship of fancy flew the flag
Of goodly mirth and banter.
No sounder sail e'er breasted gale
Than owned our *Merry Chanter*.

Its hold was stored with priceless freight—
Pure humor, fun capricious;
Beneath the cheer there lurked no sneer,
Cold, cynical, malicious.

It spurned the bitter tang of brine,
It plumbed no depths of trouble;
It rode the sea as light and free
As it had been a bubble.

Its course was ever clear and true,
Its steersman loved bold faring.
Where is one now to point a prow
With such delightful daring?

Dear Captain of a craft we love,
In life you led our laughter;
Now you have passed into the Vast,
Our tears fain follow after.

A Campaign against the Mosquito



I. PREFATORY NOTE: THE GROWING INTEREST IN MOSQUITO-EXTERMINATION.

BY DR. L. O. HOWARD,[1]
Entomologist of the Department of Agriculture.

IT is my firm opinion that, wide-spread as the interest in mosquito-extermination seems to be at present, it is not a temporary interest, but the beginning of a great and intelligent crusade. My own correspondence on the subject has been little less than enormous. I have received during the past year many thousands of letters about mosquitos, most of them inquiring about methods for relieving individual houses, neighborhoods, and communities from these annoying and dangerous creatures. New Jersey, a State which has suffered a great economic loss from the abundance of mosquitos, is giving attention to the matter not only in isolated communities as community work, but also by State action, the legislature having passed a bill to promote investigations, but, unfortunately, without an appropriation. Last summer the towns of Summit and South Orange carried on community work, which is to be continued this summer. The cities of Elizabeth, Newark, and Jersey City are, I believe, to do some drainage-work with this end in view. The work to which Mr. Weeks's article refers has been large-scale work carried on by an association of private citizens. Earnest efforts are being made in Baltimore to carry on similar work under a city appropriation, and a mosquito topographic survey of the suburbs of the city has already been made by Drs. Hirshberg and Dohm. The Board of Health of New Orleans has taken up the matter, and is doing intelligent and satisfactory work. Nashville, Tenn., Rome, Ga., Talladega, Ala., Winchester and Norfolk, Va., and a number of other places are looking into the matter with a view to immediate effort, and smaller communities all over the country, North, South, East, and West, either have the matter under consideration or are already beginning work. The authorities of the Michigan Agricultural College, near Lansing, have authorized their entomologist, Mr. Pettit, to undertake a mosquito crusade the present summer. Dr. Felt, the New York State entomologist at Albany, writes me that he will begin mosquito work at once, while Dr. Davenport, director of the Biological Laboratory of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, tells me that efforts will be made to determine some practical points of great importance at Cold Spring Harbor. Morris Cove and Lawrence, Long Island, are organizing for work, the latter with an appropriation of one thousand dollars. Dr. Stiles is lecturing on anti-mosquito work before the Army Medical School at Washington, and posting all the young army surgeons who have been ordered in for instruction. The admirable results achieved under our army administration of sanitary affairs in Cuba have been an inspiration not only to communities in the United States, but to foreigners.

[1] See Dr. Howard's article, "Malaria and Certain Mosquitos," THE CENTURY for April, 1901.

Major Ronald Ross of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine writes me, under date of February 20: "By dint of constant driving I think we are getting this country to do something at last. It is, however, doubtless the example of Havana that has chiefly set them going."

It appears from all this that exact details of so large a piece of work as is being carried on by the enterprising and public-spirited members of the North Shore Improvement Association of Long Island, as described by Mr. Weeks, will be virtually of world-wide interest.

II. OPERATIONS AT OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND.

BY HENRY CLAY WEEKS.

WITH no claim to be acting under other than well-known principles of engineering and insect-destruction, putting forth nothing as new in field or laboratory, there has been going forward to a demonstration, on Long Island, since January, 1901, the movement of which this article is the subject.

The purpose is to describe what is probably the first attempt by a community to exterminate mosquitos on a large scale in this country. Three years ago the whole press of the country would not have printed in a month a column of matter on a subject that is now treated in serious and able articles daily. The contrast in the popularity of the subject is strongly shown by the press clippings of that time and the present, and while much of the writing is what one aptly terms "mosquito stuff," it all doubtless helps in the battle that is now on, the watchword of which is, "The mosquito can and must be exterminated." This possibility and necessity have been strongly urged by some writers for many years, notably by Dr. L. O. Howard, chief entomologist of the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., who has persistently endeavored to make serviceable his wide information on the subject by visits and lectures through the country. Of his recent book on "Mosquitos" an enthusiastic man of letters says: "For the insurance of peace and comfort it is worth all the systems of philosophy published during the last fifty years, and for pleasurable exhilaration I would back it against a hundred thousand modern novels taken at random."

Indissolubly allied to the subject of extermination is the very important subject of the reclamation of valuable marsh-lands, the esthetic improvement of wet or marshy areas, the enhancement of land values throughout extensive regions of the country, and, what is now proved beyond a doubt, relief from malarial diseases, and the consequent betterment of the living conditions of all persons in malarious districts.

The methods to accomplish all this, and use to the best advantage the resources of nature, require the skill of an adept, a certified graduate of a new school—that of applied economics. In short, one must be an economic engineer. What university will be the first to turn out such a one? Fields are waiting for many graduates.

With a daring that seems almost unreasoning, many of the shrewdest financiers and men of affairs in the country have located in the region where this test was made. They have purchased and improved vast estates and erected veritable mansions, all in defiance of the fact that at the season of the year when an outing is most needed it was well-nigh impossible, on account of mosquitos.

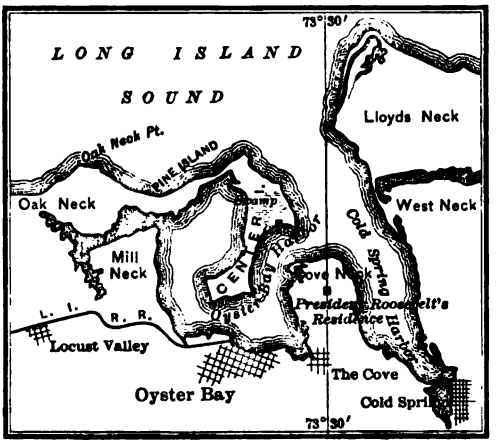
The result of the successful work in 1901 on Center Island, near Oyster Bay, has led to a plan of action covering a territory about fifteen miles long and five miles wide, and preliminary work has already been completed. Professor Charles B. Davenport and Mr. Frank E. Lutz of the University of Chicago, each with an assistant, have made an entomological survey of the region, locating every water surface and determining and reporting the kind and extent of larvæ in the breeding-places. Professor N. S. Shaler of Harvard University was retained to inspect and report upon the value of the marine marshes, if reclaimed. The physicians of the territory were invited to answer a series of questions tending to show the close connection between *Anopheles* mosquitos and malaria. The result of this comparison is confirmatory of previous experiments in Europe and America. Lastly, the engineer having the movement in charge considered what engineering and other work should be recommended. A map of the whole area

was prepared, showing the findings of all the experts, and an estimate was made of the cost of all the relief-works. The extensive reports covering this preliminary work are in book form, and illustrate what work may be done by a large community.

The Center Island work was the outcome of a hurried reconnaissance of a territory of about thirty square miles made by the writer during three days in October, 1900, at the request of some residents who had previously invited Dr. Howard to visit the region and state whether, in his view, relief was possible. His opinion was strongly favorable, and he suggested that the present writer, of whom he knew by contributions to the "Scientific American" as early as 1899, but whom he had met only once, would be helpful with plans of relief.

The writer's report of 1900 showed the advantage of an extended operation, of having it under one supervision and control, and advocated by a number in association; for thus would unanimity of action be secured, obstructive people be the betterconciliated,and boards of health and other town officers be the more easily induced to the necessary coöperation in draining roadsides and treating the property of unreasonable persons. Legislative action was urged to meet difficult situations. It was stated that if the work of relieving their region was thoroughly prosecuted, the movement would spread about the world. Dr. Howard indorsed the plan as "a very comprehensive bit of work, which would not only be effective, but most instructive; and it is safe to say that such a work as this will attract the attention of the whole civilized world."

This report, covering many pages, was printed by one of the residents, Mr. William J. Matheson of West Fort, Lloyds Neck, who must be designated as the "father" of the movement, and two editions were sent by him throughout the region. But the whole territory was not then ripe for action, and there was an opportunity of molding public sentiment only in a small part of the large area, namely, Center Island, in Oyster Bay Harbor.



MAP OF CENTER ISLAND AND VICINITY, OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND.

Center Island, of irregular shape, about two miles long and half a mile wide, was peculiarly adapted for relief-work, though there were conditions that made it a difficult field. It is connected with a famous breeding-region by a narrow strip of land, along which, as well as over the intervening water, it was feared mosquitos would be borne. A large, sodden marsh ran through the middle, wherein were numerous marsh-holes, always excellent breeding-grounds. Shore ponds were numerous, where high tides would leave water behind barriers of sand, which water would become brackish by rainfalls and seepage. Fortunately, there were few spaces affected by springs, and there were only a few domestic breeding-places, as cisterns and rain-barrels. Unfortunately, however, all the inhabitants of the island were not informed of the value and success of relief-work, and were not in sympathy with the movement; in fact, were unwilling that anything should be done on their premises.

As a whole the island was a rare breeding-place, and its reputation for mosquitos was well earned.

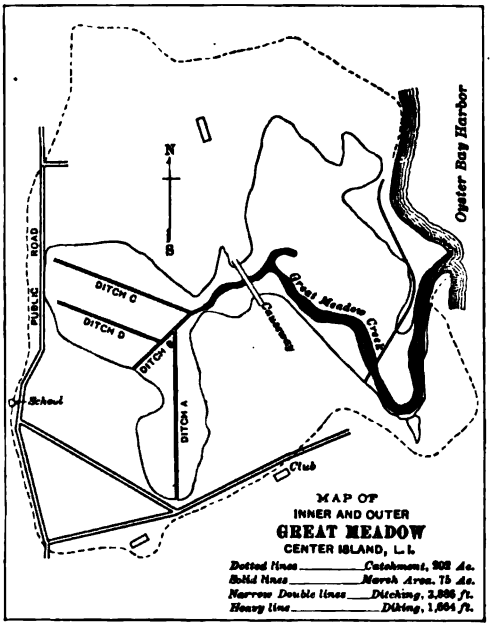
Furthermore, the unapproached heavy rains of April and May, 1901, followed by the exceptionally hot summer, made the time for the test a trying one. Indeed, this was preëminently a mosquito year.

There were some helpful features connected with the work; for instance, the island was owned by comparatively few people, and the fewer the better in a work of this kind. Most of the owners were informed on the subject, and coöperation was given in proportion to individual information; they were generally enthusiastic on the theme, probably all agreeing on the theory, but all having more or less doubt of the ability of any one to put the theory into practice. They were men of large business interests, and willingly gave carte blanche to the engineer, thus centralizing responsibility.

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club

showed its small confidence in the scheme by putting up a hundred feet of screen-work on the piazzas. In fact, screens went up everywhere. Nevertheless, the work went forward to a demonstration.

Of course the enemy is the same, though of great variety of species. He—or rather she, for it is only the female that bites—seeks blood wherever it can be found. She seeks water for oviposition as industriously as do the roots of a tree for nutrition, and



with a determination as irresistible. Her ingenuity almost baffles human skill, and one has to meet her on the same grounds of persistence, giving close attention to natural instincts, times, and conditions. It would be useless to attempt to enumerate the strange places mosquitos seek for laying their eggs—from high-water tanks and clogged roof-gutters to wells a hundred feet deep; from a hole in a tree holding only a few spoonfuls of water, discarded tinware, or the foot-prints of animals, to a quiet pond of many acres.

With the knowledge that water is absolutely required for breeding, it involved no great brilliancy to say that water must be denied the enemy. Her breeding-places must be abolished by draining marshes or pools, and water-barrels and the like must be done away with. Knowing also that in the larval and pupal states (wigglers) air is required for breathing, it was equally patent that if a thin film of oil was placed on their breeding-places, destruction would result for want of air. It is the *insistence* of operations under these ideas that insures success.

So the work has consisted of the employment of drainage and petroleum. But while that appears simple, it entails careful planning and exactness in execution. Drainage is the permanent cure, petroleum the temporary expedient, but each is essential in its sphere. The former must be employed thoroughly, the latter slightly. It is not necessary, as some have intimated, to consider the depth of a pond, but only its superficies. The *film* of fuel-petroleum does the work.

Eight oil-stations were established on the island, where one or two barrels were placed on platforms in the shade of trees, and at these the petrolier would fill his knapsack sprayer and sally forth for the enemy. Ten barrels were purchased, but only five were required throughout the island, and now that so many points are permanently reclaimed by drainage and the filling in of pools, probably one barrel, or at most two, will be sufficient this season. Only five complete tours of the island were found necessary from May 1 to October 1, though applications were often required at special points. Few men are qualified to act as petroliers. They must be quick in seeing larvæ, thorough, systematic, intelligent, patient, obedient, and strong.

As it was impossible to do all the permanent work before the breeding-season began, both remedies were worked coördinately. This was done in order to show best results. To leave any breeding-places untreated would have thrown discredit on successful work at other points.

Surveys were first taken for the drainage-work, to ascertain the entire catchment of the worst point, namely, Great Meadow, so as to plan the number of ditches necessary to hold the water in case of a heavy rainfall. Too much excavation results in a waste of money; too little in a flooding of the reclaimed area and injury to crops. Levels were taken for the ditching, and it was found that only one inch of descent could be had in sixty feet, though this was sufficient, owing to the great care in grading.

A squad of about twenty-five men was engaged for many weeks on the ditching and diking. Where no dikes were required, the soil from the ditches was used in filling the marsh-holes and streams, or was graded back at the edge of the uplands, leaving no holes for water to settle in. The finding of shells and imperishable grass-roots at a depth



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

DIKE OVER MARSH, OUTER GREAT MEADOW, APPROACHING THE CREEK CROSSING.

of many feet revealed the history of this marsh. The overflowing tides had brought with them a trace of soil in suspension and had deposited it; the watershed contributed its washings from storms; vegetable and marine life had existed there and died, and very gradually a soil was built up, until now the surface of the marsh is about at high tide. The marsh-holes referred to were at points where this formative process was not completed, though now much less in area than old residents remembered them to have been.

These pools formed perfect breeding-places, and the general sodden condition of this marsh made ideal breeding-conditions. Early in the season (before May 1) the pools were found to be alive with larvæ, and unless one had absolute confidence in the processes of extermination, a glance into one of them would have destroyed all hope of success. While the excavation was progressing, the petroliers were set at work, and by care and close supervision scarcely an insect got to wing. Of the few that did, it was found that near them a little water surface had been overlooked, which showed two things: that mosquitos do not fly far from their native place, and that most careful work is essential for complete results.

The writer has been informed that, in other years, to drive along the borders of this marsh was a perilous undertaking for man and beast, but he walked over it many times during and after the work, and did not encounter a single mosquito.

Another source of great trouble had heretofore been the brackish ponds formed on the shore within barriers of sand by extra-high tides. In these cases the plan was carried out of excavating an opening, and allowing the water to run off at low tide, which would carry off



THE PETROLIER AND AN OIL-STATION.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

VIEW OF THE PART OF THE DIKE ONCE A SAND-BAR.

a stream black with larvæ. In the finish of work at such points an automatic tide-gate had to be inserted in the opening, which is set somewhat below the level of the bottom of the ponds. A number of these ponds were so thoroughly dried out that no breeding occurred in them, and one could walk through the former beds and about their vicinity, where formerly it was well-nigh impossible.

The automatic tide-gate lets out the water as soon as the tide has fallen below its level, and closes when the tide begins to rise, so that in these shore ponds, as well as in larger marshes, the inner ditches must be large enough to hold the water which has collected between tides, without its overflowing the land.

Dikes are built along the shore line to exclude the tides, and the gates are set in at the dike line. In the case of the large marsh, it was not found possible to do this, from lack of coöperation on the part of owners. An attempt was made to shut out the sea at a distance from the mouth of the creek,—the easiest and least expensive point,—and a great expense was thereby unnecessarily involved—a plan which cannot ever drain the entire marsh. In one case the creek was about fifteen feet wide at low tide, and in the other about one hundred and six feet, with a strongly moving stream, and water at times about nine feet deep.

The diking has largely followed the crest of the beach, at no place very near the water's edge, even at high tide. It was mostly made of sand, with parts of its base strengthened by burying logs found alongshore. It is also contemplated to place boulders along its outer base and to transplant into its face beach-grass, which is important in many places as the constructor and preserver of beaches by its interception of wind-driven sand. The roots are several feet long, and have many shoots, all seeming to thrive in burning-hot, high, and dry sands. In some regions there is a legal penalty against its destruction.

Where the dike descends to the low-lying marsh level, it is changed to a shape and size to withstand the pressure of the highest tides. In the sketch of the dike, the small ditch under the dike is made so that a more perfect tie of the soil of which it is built shall be made to its foundation soil. Instances have been known where a dike has been moved bodily inward by the pressure of tides of extra height. To prevent the washing of the face of the dike by the cutting sweep of the waters, the sods taken from the inside ditch were placed like paving-blocks along its outer face. The sod, taking root, presents as green a surface as when in its natural marsh-bed.

The inside ditch, the materials of which

were used to construct this part of the dike, was kept well back from the base of the dike, so as to circumvent muskrats, a source of great loss in many cases, as they make breaks in the dikes by burrowing in them.

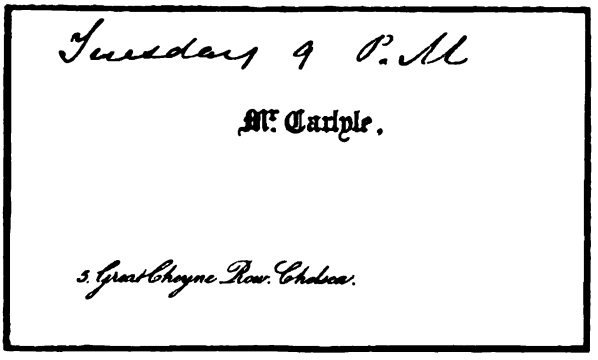
The results of this skirmish have been very pronounced, so much so that the committee having the work in charge says of it that "it was in every way successful and gratifying, and that although the season of 1901 was unusually favorable to the breeding of these pests, yet Center Island was practically entirely relieved from mosquitos, and, for the first time, at almost all hours of the day and evening, we were able to enjoy the use of our piazzas and lawns without the annoyance of these pests. The results achieved by the use of fuel-petroleum were simply remarkable, and we were astonished to find how little it was necessary to use to accomplish the results desired."



CHILLON.

BY LEONARD C. VAN NOPPEN.

I STAND within the grandeur-girdled room
Where Bonnivard heard the dull oozing hours
Drip from his stagnant life; here where the powers
Of shuddering Death from shadows hewed a tomb.
I feel the horrors crawling through the gloom,
And Judgment frowns, and trembling Conscience cowers.
Here broods the Night, and Hell's vast terror lowers,
And all the air is dread with coming doom.
The mountains o'er these dungeons of despair
For ages kept their silent sentinel,
Guarding the ghastly secrets of the waves.
Then Byron woke the specters slumbering there:
Once more is heard the midnight-shivering bell,
And the dumb waters are alive with speaking graves.


Tuesday 9 P.M.

Mr Carlyle.

5 Great Cheyne Row. Chelsea.

THOMAS CARLYLE'S VISITING-CARD GIVING AN APPOINTMENT.

A PERSONAL RECOLLECTION OF CARLYLE BY A "CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY."

BY JAMES D. HAGUE.

WHEN it was first announced that his Royal Highness Prince Henry of Prussia would be the guest of honor at a festive breakfast to which would be bidden to meet him a chosen company of "Captains of Industry," one hundred in number, it is probable that very few if any of the elect centurions remembered, if they ever knew, the origin of that now distinguished title. The term was not wholly strange, having the ring of a popular campaign phrase, perhaps suggesting, especially to some not of the elect, a more familiar expression of questionable credit. It was only after taking their places at table and opening the beautiful little parchment-covered books prepared for the occasion, setting forth the names and distinctive achievements of the chosen Captains of Industry, that many readers discovered in a brief sentence quoted from Thomas Carlyle the source of the newly conferred degree:

> One class of captains and commanders of men, recognized as the beginning of a new, real and not imaginary "aristocracy," has already in some measure developed itself: the Captains of Industry; happily the class who, above all, or at least first of all, are wanted in this time.[1]

It was, in fact, seven years earlier, in 1843, that Carlyle had already given the title "Captains of Industry" to a chapter of "Past and Present," with frequent use of the term in other papers.

This reminiscence naturally brought to my mind a long-treasured memory of a personal interview with Mr. Carlyle many years ago, the recollection of which at once became especially interesting and somewhat amusing when, after finding in the little book, among the Captains of Industry, my own name mentioned there as one distinctively connected with the production of gold and silver, I clearly recalled what Mr. Carlyle had said to me, on the occasion referred to, touching the value of gold and the utility of producing it.

For this rare opportunity of seeing Carlyle in his own home I was indebted to the late Professor Tyndall, who, having invited my friend the late Rear-Admiral Raymond Rodgers to go with him on an appointed evening to pass an hour or two with Mr. Carlyle, kindly asked me to join in the visit. This was in February, 1871. Our appointment was for 9 P.M., at Carlyle's house in Cheyne Row. We drove there from the Athenæum Club, and, on arrival, found Carlyle in his study, sitting comfortably by the fireside and tea-table, awaiting the coming of his expected visitors, reading, as he told us, a favorite volume, always kept at hand for a moment's pastime, the first part of "Faust." The strangers were introduced, and all sat down before the hearth, Carlyle at one end, and at the other Tyndall, who, for our entertainment, kept up an active fusillade of questions and suggestions to draw the old man's fire, first in one and then in another direction.

The talk touched mainly upon topics of the day. I remember that there was some

[1] "Latter-Day Pamphlets," No. 1, "The Present Time," February 1, 1850.

discussion concerning the Revised Version of the Scriptures, in which work a commission of eminent scholars and theologians was at that time engaged. Carlyle seemed to regard the undertaking with but little favor. He thought it useless, and said he believed the old familiar version would retain its place with the common people. Little good was to be hoped for from the new. "One thing is certain," he said: "every man who helped make the old version believed that unless he did his whole duty he would be eternally damned, while not a single one of the new lot believes anything of the sort."



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN WATKINS, LONDON.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Early in the conversation Carlyle, apparently interested in the personality of his visitors, turned to me with an inquiry touching my vocation and career. I told him I was a practical geologist, especially concerned in mining pursuits.

"What do you mine for?" he asked.

"Gold and silver," I replied.

"Gold!" he exclaimed. "You mine for gold! That 's a good - for - nothing pursuit. The biggest gold nugget ever found was never half so useful to the world as one good mealy potato."

I sought to defend my position by saying that many a good mealy potato and many other things of equal value had since grown in California and elsewhere, which never would have grown at all if the way had not been opened by those who went there first to seek for gold. This did not seem to change his mind; but when we came away, he went with us to the door, asking after several friends in America and sending personal greetings; and at last, turning to me and placing his hand on my shoulder, he said, as nearly as I can now recall his words, "Young man, don't let anything I have said to you to-night change your mind about your work. Do your work industriously and stick to it faithfully, and all will be well in the end."

It is with the spirit of this good advice that the Captains of Industry, "still achieving, still pursuing," have generally attained success.

To commemorate the visit of his Royal Highness Prince Henry of Prussia to the United States in 1902, a medal has been struck by the American Numismatic and Archæological Society of New York City, an institution which was founded in 1858 for the purpose of establishing and preserving collections of coins, medals, and numismatic literature, the dissemination of information upon numismatics and archæology, and the commemoration of important events by the striking of medals.

Within the period of a few years past the society has struck several notable medals, among others the Columbus medal, celebrating the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America; the Muhlenberg medal, commemorating the opening of the new St. Luke's Hospital; the Grant medal, in honor of the dedication of the Grant mausoleum on Riverside Drive; the Greater New York medal, in 1898, and now, in 1902, the Prince Henry medal.

When the writer came to know that such a medal would be struck in gold for presentation to Prince Henry, it seemed to him important that the metal for that purpose should be fitly chosen, sentimentally significant, of known origin, native American, virgin, never used before for any purpose, and therefore much to be preferred above commercial gold, coming from nobody knows where, the product of the melting-pot in the fusion of ordinary bullion with sweepings, scraps, and especially coin that may have been long in circulation, passing from



FROM A COPPER REPLICA OF THE MEDAL BY V. D. BRENNER.

GOLD MEDAL PRESENTED TO PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA.

hand to hand, the price of nobody knows what.

It so happened that I had in my possession a sufficient quantity of native, virgin gold which I had myself mined under peculiar circumstances. A few years ago, while I was on a visit of inspection deep down in a gold-quartz mine, locally known as the "Stockbridge," at Grass Valley, California, one of the underground mine-foremen came hastening to report that up in the No. 7 stope, a little above the eight-hundred-foot level, a blast in the vein had just exposed a very rich bunch of gold quartz, which, as an unusually interesting occurrence, I was invited to look at before it should be mined out. On reaching the place I found a beautiful streak of rich ore, exposed in a vein of pure white quartz glittering with gold, which, with little further blasting and picking, I caused to be broken out, collecting the best of it in a candle-box, which was carried to the surface, where the quartz was crushed in a hand-mortar, and the gold, washed out and melted, was cast into several little bricks, which I brought home to New York, ready for use whenever special occasion might occur calling for gold of such peculiar quality and certain origin.

My offer of this gold, or enough of it for the proposed purpose, was promptly accepted by the Numismatic Society, with due appreciation of its sentimental significance, and so it came to pass that the Prince Henry medal, struck in commemoration generally of the American visit, and incidentally a souvenir of the Prince's breakfast with the Captains of Industry, was made, not of commercial gold, of unknown origin and questionable record, but of native American, virgin gold, which had been actually mined and given for the purpose by one of the Captains of Industry present at the breakfast, to whom, by noteworthy coincidence, more than thirty years before, the original author of that chosen title, the "Captains of Industry," Thomas Carlyle, who valued potatoes above nuggets, had flatly denounced the mining of gold as a good-for-nothing pursuit.



THE MENACE.

BY JOHN ALBERT MACY.

ALONE I could outface the staring fate
That gloats above me with relentless hate;
But oh, the straining patience in her eyes
Who clings beside me, brave and sorrow-wise!

THE LITTLE UNPLEASANTNESS AT NEW HOPE.

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS,
Author of "Two Runaways," "De Valley an' de Shadder," "His Defense," etc.

THE feud between the New Hope and the Laurel Grove churches had passed from bitter congregational warfare into an acute stage, where father was arrayed against son, and mother against daughter. So far as the African element could scandalize the cause of religion, it was scandalized, and the professedly wicked laughed openly over the glaring inconsistencies of the professedly elect.

The disorder extended into the quarters, and from there into the fields, where its influence for evil on labor forced the attention of the dignified gentry who maintained the white or parent church. Quiet but earnest consultations were held day by day between the disturbed element and their white friends. Colonels, majors, judges, and doctors might have been seen at times, under the shade of an isolated persimmon-tree, or by the roadside in friendly fence-corners, or with crossed legs in buggies, patiently discussing doctrinal and ethical questions with black friends who stood by, hats in hand, to all appearances earnest seekers after light. These discussions, though pertinent to the issue, are not pertinent to the history of its settlement.

It is not surprising that, among the host of advisers, one man at length put forth a suggestion which struck a popular chord. This suggestion involved a public trial of the vexatious issue between the two churches; and all parties, now well wearied of the long contention, agreed to abide by whatever decision might be thereby obtained.

It was a day full of excitement when the warring factions met in the spacious New Hope Church. Every seat was filled. Men and women stood against the walls, and even the gallery mourned with black faces. The pulpit had been removed, and on the rostrum was a little table, behind which, clad in a dignity befitting their respective duties, sat Colonel Ledbetter, Judge Dewberry, and Major Worthington. The first-named was the choice of the New Hope Church, the second represented the faith of Laurel Grove, and the last, who owned Rockledge, a plantation in the neighborhood, had been called in from his quiet home at Woodhaven, in the adjoining county of Baldwin, by his two associate referees as a non-partizan, impartial referee. The mere presence of these distinguished citizens was sufficient to establish good order and insure perfect attention. Childlike happiness was visible on the faces of the great congregation, for nothing so pleases the country negro as a realization of the fact that he and his affairs are attracting attention in the courts of the mighty. Something like awe settled over all when Colonel Ledbetter rapped on the table.

"My friends—" he began.

"By the way—excuse me, colonel," said Judge Dewberry, who was short and plethoric. "Aleck! Aleck!"

"Yes, sah!" eagerly replied a negro who had flattened himself against the wall.

"Aleck, I think it would be well if you will open wider the window-shutters behind you. The large crowd tends to make the atmosphere of the room a little—ah—sultry. There, that will do. Now, boys, don't crowd about the window!"

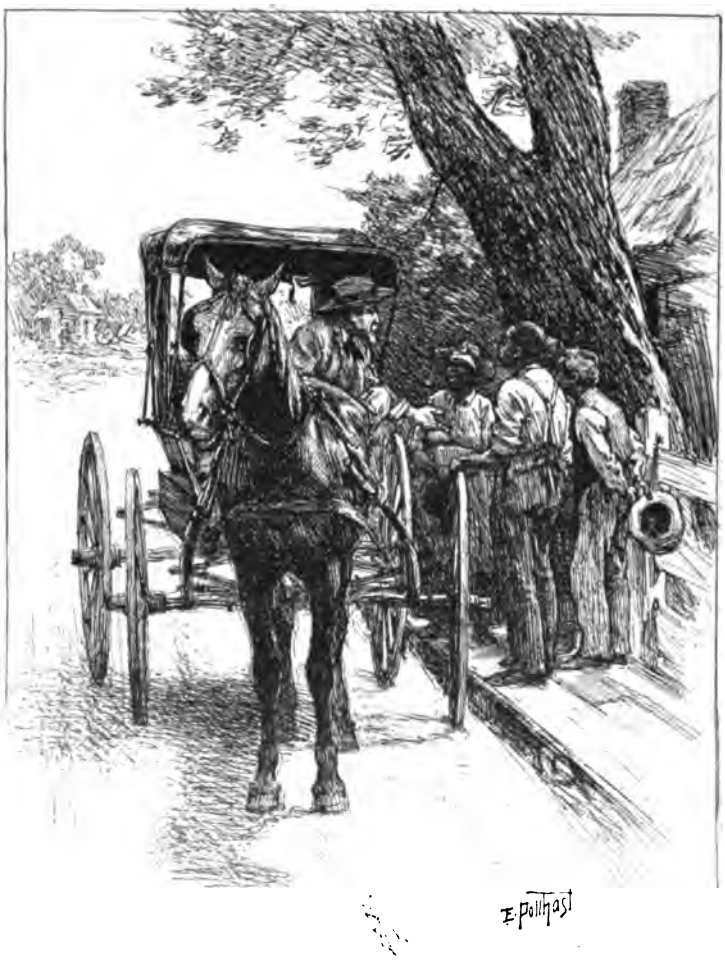
"My friends," continued the colonel, dividing his sentences with great deliberation, "we are assembled together this morning for the purpose of listening to the two sides of a discussion which is bringing discredit to a cause that *all* earnest workers in the vineyard love to honor. For some reason, in some way,—I shall not attempt to prejudice the cause of either side,—a dispute—I may say a very unfortunate dispute—has arisen between the two churches, New Hope and Laurel Grove. I may say, without attaching blame at this stage to any man or any set of men,—or women,—that this dispute is doing more than any other cause I have known in many years to injure religion among you. In the investigation which is about to take place there will be need of

patience, of charity, of brotherly love, of a sense of the solemnity of this occasion. And for this reason I shall ask—ah—that you refrain, one and all, from whispering, from applause, from comment, from—ah—the shuffling of feet—in fact, from everything that may lessen the dignity, the importance, of this—ah—solemn occasion. Before we proceed—"

"One minute, colonel!" said Judge Dewberry, who was loosening his collar, buttoned somewhere down toward the middle of his plaited shirt! "Tim—Tim Fetherby! better open those window-blinds by *you*, too. There! Now keep them open. And, boys, don't crowd that door! Let the air come in, and let some go out!"

"Before we proceed," repeated the colonel, "I shall ask one of the congregation to lead us in prayer. Brother Jasper Thompson!"

Brother Thompson, whose position before the tribunal suggested a prearrangement, immediately sank on his knees, and began an invocation that lasted fifteen minutes, and carried him all over the vacant space before the rostrum. But little of Brother Thompson's remarkable prayer has been preserved verbatim. It is remembered, however, that one of his periods closed with these remarkable words: "O Lord, come down f'om dat yallerbaster th'one, an' move de hearts o' dis congergation o' sinners an' scorfers 'sembled hyah dis day. Lord, we 'members you as dat awful Gord what cause de waters o' de Red Sea to roll back an' drown Phar'o' an' es army, what plura-



DRAWN BY EDWARD POTTHAST.

"DISCUSSING DOCTRINAL AND ETHICAL QUESTIONS."

lize Mr. Lot's wife an' turn her inter er column o' Liverpool salt; dat same Gord what turn de waters inter blood, what turn de san' o' Egypt inter fleas an' insects; what kivered ole Job wid sores, killed all es wives, —'cause dey sho had 'em in dem days, good Lord,—an' two hunderd of es chillen. O Lord, keep back f'om us yo' turr'ble strength, deal wid us wid er lovin' han', turn aside f'om us de frownin' face of an angry Gord! An' oh, expecially keep f'om dis hyah young generation dat same turr'ble face what drapped Ananias like er beef in es tracks! O Lord, let us live, so we can change yo' anger inter love, an' yo' frown inter er smile, so that when we die, O Lord, we shall come an' find you not a wrathy, but a well-pleased, Gord."

As Brother Jasper Thompson's effort continued, the surprising eloquence of the petitioner soon wrought the excited crowd up to an emotional state that expressed itself in loud moans and fervid amens. Some of the sisters had begun to rock and moan and sob, when an unexpected partizan spirit in the petition, directed against New Hope, caused a gasp of apprehension and silence. The day was saved by a New Hope sister, who promptly led off with a hymn. The members of her congregation came to her assistance enthusiastically. Between them they sang Brother Thompson out of court, and gave the spectators a chance to scramble back to their seats.

"Excuse me, colonel," said Judge Dewberry, with a courteous wave of the hand, as the latter rose to speak. "Some of you boys back there on the left—you, Mingo!—open those window-blinds, and don't crowd—don't crowd! There!" The judge accepted a fan, and settled back in his chair.

"My friends," said the colonel, "we will now proceed to the business of the day. I shall ask the Rev. Sandy Cornelius to appear before the court and make a statement for New Hope Church touching its attitude in this issue. I shall also ask the assembly to maintain perfect quiet and—ah—to refrain from the moving of feet on the floor. It is an important moment, my friends, a most serious moment—one that demands your highest, most earnest consideration. I think that the woman whose child is crying—while I appreciate her interest in this—ah—discussion—will do well to take him out where it is cooler—the shade of a tree. The child probably wants water. Strict attention is absolutely necessary, my friends. Let the Rev. Sandy Cornelius come before the court."

Colonel Ledbetter resumed his seat, and the Rev. Sandy Cornelius, disengaging himself from a group of New Hope females on the front bench, came forward. He was a tall, slender negro, with side-whiskers, an air of confidence, a black frock-coat, a blue cravat, and a standing collar. The tone of his voice was indescribable, unless it be remembered that every negro, unaware of it though he be, has his model, and that to Sandy the acme of chaste expression and perfect mannerism had been reached by a visiting High-church Episcopalian divine, heard by him in town a few years previous. This impression, and the precise language of two old maids on whose land he had lived, and who had benevolently interested themselves in his education, settled his mental drift. But that which sat gracefully on the divine did not without incongruity sit on Sandy. To quote from the judgment of an old negro, Isam by name, Major Worthington's vade-mecum, the tone of his voice was enough to make a man drop a hand on his hip pocket or look around for an ax.

Sandy began his statement with perfect confidence in his language, himself, and his pose:

"Good morning, Colonel Ledbetter and Judge Dewberry. Major Worthington, good morning, sah. Well, gentlemen, I have n't much to say to you, this bright and pleasant July day, about the case you have so kindly consented to pass on in your wisdom. I will invoke all the brevity I can, gentlemen, and seek not to consume your valuable time. You all know, gentlemen, that I am—ah—the pastor of New Hope Church, which has the honor—ah—of holding you in her lap at this moment. We were all friends, we people of New Hope and Laurel Grove, until summer before larst, when camp-meeting came—"

"Look out, now!" said an old man in the audience.

"Yes, look out, gentlemen, for right there trouble began. I can't go into the rottenness of the thing to-day; it ain't necessary, gentlemen. All I want to tell you is that the pastor of Laurel Grove, at that camp-meeting, was detected in acts and conduct and practices, like a wolf in sheep's clothing, destroying the good name of religion. He did n't deny it; he won't deny it now. Everybody knew it then, and everybody still knows it. Now, gentlemen, I want to say that if Brother Morris had—ah—come before his people and acknowledged his sin,"—Sandy matched his two hands and rocked back on

his heels,—"if, with the spirit of remorse purging him, and of regretfulness preying on him, he had come and said, 'I am sorry, and while it ain't the first, it will be the larst time; forgive me,'—if he had repented in sack-coat and ashes,—I 'd have gone to him with love in my heart and a life welcome in my mouth. Did he do it?" Sandy looked about him and raised his voice to a pulpit shout. "Did he do it? No! He met me with sin in his heart and ready to fight. Said he 'd lick me if I 'd get out of my road-cart! And he went right along before his church like nothing had happened. And the congregation did n't make him come to repentance; they went right along, too. And so I say, gentlemen, New Hope—ah—knowing all this was contrary to the good of the church and the *discipline*—refused to recognize Laurel Grove and to give it the right hand of fellowship. Out of this, gentlemen, comes the —ah—painful trouble you are called on to judge. That is our side of the case, gentlemen, and while I might say more, having—ah—pledged myself to invoke brevity, I will leave the matter in your good hands."

Sandy looked into the eager New Hope faces as he turned away and smiled confidentially. He did not, however, resume the seat he had vacated, although the dresses of the women were promptly drawn aside for him. He spread his hands deprecatingly, shook his head, and worked his way along the wall, followed by considerable applause. Presently his face was visible in the gallery, looking over the terraces of rapt listeners.

"We have heard Brother Cornelius," said Colonel Ledbetter, after the buzz of comment had subsided, "and I must say he has stated his case in a very—ah—frank and business-like way. We will now hear from Brother Morris,"—the colonel consulted a memorandum which he held in his hand,—"from Brother James John Paddywink Paddysaw Isaac Augustus Granville Haynes Morris. Is Brother Morris in the house?"

Judge Dewberry waved his hand to suspend proceedings.

"One minute, colonel," he said earnestly; and then, facing the audience: "I will thank the men near the door not to obstruct it. The heat is very great, and we need all the air we can possibly get. There—there; that 's right, men. Stand aside, stand aside!"

"Is Brother Morris in the house?" repeated Colonel Ledbetter.

"Yes, sah," said a voice, heartily. "Yes, sah, I sholy is." Immediately the somewhat stout form of a very black negro was seen forcing its way through the crowd. "Yes, sah, I 'm in de house, an' I 'm er-comin'!" Morris freed himself at length, and stood in front of the audience, his shining, smiling face and rabbit head lifted toward the arbitrators.

"Good mornin', Marse John, Marse Bob. Marse Craffud, good mornin', sah. Lord, Lord, but hit sho does do me good to see you white gemmen hyah bunched tergether one mo' time dis blessed day! I ain' seen you bunched dis a-way fer nigh on to thirty years." And Morris, dropping his head, laughed silently, oblivious of everything except the presence of the gentlemen in front. "Marse John, de las' time I seen you all bunched was when you marr'd Miss Sally Gonder. I reck'n Miss Sally was des erbout de puttiest little 'oman ever stood up front of er preacher. I c'n see dat chile now—ribbons all down de back, long white puffy dress, flowers er-bloomin' in her hair, an' her littl' face cas' down. Lord, Lord, an' des ter heah 'er say 'I will' an' 'I do'!

"Marse Bob was dere too, as de bes' man, lookin' pow'ful scrumptious wid es forked-tail coat an' white glove, movin' roun' chears for de late comers-in." Morris dropped his chin on his chest and shook again with happy laughter, while the two smiling judges whom he had singled out exchanged glances. "Marse John, don't you recomember, when you was takin' de bride to de train, how yo' lef' hind wheel mash down, an' I come erlong wid Ole Miss' carr'age an' pick you up 'n time to ketch de cyars? An' Miss Sally tech her han' ter mine an' say, when she got out down dere, 'Morris, ef hit had n' been fer you, we 'd never got off on our weddin' trip, an' we 'd er had bad luck all our lives.' An' dere sot Marse Bob in de nex' carr'age what come up. Marse Bob, does you happen ter hol' in yo' mind what you was er-doin' roun' de side of de house de night of de weddin'? 'Cause Ole Miss Gonder hated sperrits like er hen hates de hawk."

"Hold up, Morris, hold up!" said Judge Dewberry. "Don't go back too far! I was pretty wild in those days."

"Yes, sah; an' when I reached under de rose-bush whar you done put hit, an' got dat bottle, dere warn't but ha'f er drink lef'. We sholy was wild in dem days."

"And they do say, Morris," said Colonel Ledbetter, when the general laugh had subsided, "that *one* of us has n't gotten over being wild yet."

"Hush!" said Morris, earnestly, impervious

to the good-natured sarcasm. "Hit's been er long time sence I heah any talk erbout you gemmen. Now dere sets Marse Craffud. He was far from steady in dem days—"

"Stick to the case!" said Major Worthington, sternly. "You are here charged with immoral conduct as a preacher."

A hush fell on the great congregation. Morris smiled.

"Yes, sah, I know des 'zactly what dey say; an' mebby I 'll get to dat bimeby, an' mebby I won't—dere ain't no tellin'."

"Come to the point," said the major, fiercely.

Morris was protected by the circumstances of his environment, and he knew it. He placed his hand against his head and laughed silently, with easy insolence.

"Let him tell it his own way, major," said Judge Dewberry. "It will save time. God knows I don't want to prolong this thing. Boys, *don't block the door!*"

"I 'm goin' ter tell hit my own way," said Morris, for the first time looking around toward the congregation, and still smiling. "I 'm goin' ter tell hit my way. An' don't you niggers crowd de do', fer somebody in dis hyah chu'ch is goin' ter want dat do' 'fo' I gits done er-tellin' de fac's!"

A laugh went up from the Laurel Grove section, and a voice shouted:

"Talk out, Unc' Morris, talk out!"

"I 'm er-*goin'* ter talk out! Now, gemmen," —and Morris turned with perfect self-possession to the judges,—"dis is er nigger case, an' I 'm proud ter meet my white folks any time o' day er night; but what is de main fac' hyah ter-day? Hyah is de main fac': you ain't got no business mixin' up in er nigger fuss, an' you knows hit. You is all natchully ashamed to be settin' up dere messin' up wid er nigger's doin's—"

"Come back to the question, Morris!" said Colonel Ledbetter, still laughing.

"De question you is er-talkin' erbout, sah, ain' been teched yet, but I 'm er-comin' 'long in de way hit lies. Mebby I 'll git to whar hit lies bimeby, an' mebby I won't; but I 'm on de road. I 'm er-passin' Sandy Cornelius des erbout now, an' I 'm natchully 'bleeged to tech 'im, for de road ain' big ernough fer me an' Sandy." Something like a cheer went up from the Laurel Grovers. "Who is dis hyah nigger, Sandy Cornelius? Who is he?" shouted Morris, looking around him. "Lemme tell yer who he is. 'Bout six years ergo he was livin' down erbout Laura Grove. He was ertendin' meetin's down dere, an' so po', so po' dey pass de hat over his head 'thout so much as lookin' at 'im when dey pass hit roun'. Ain't I right, Br'er 'Manuel?"

"Right!" said an old man in the congregation.

"He was er-livin' on some lan' what b'long ter Miss Annie an' Miss Belle, never payin' no rent 'cept when de sheriff levy on es po' ole steer, never wearin' no hat wid er crown in hit, never havin' more 'n one gallus, never ownin' er coat; er-goin' barefoot nine months in de ye'r, an' settin' wid es foot in de ashes de balance. Dere was Sandy Cornelius. Dere was de man what 's hyah ter-day wid er grievunce. How 'd he git hyah? Hyah 's de way: Miss Annie an' Miss Belle tuk pity on 'im. Dey gi' 'im work roun' de house. Dey teach him how ter read de Bible, an' drap some big words fer him ter chew in de night. Dey gi' 'im some ole cas'-off clo'es of dey pa's which come down f'om 'fo' de war. One day he got er chanst ter hyah er town preacher wid er white gown norate f'om er book, an' hit run 'im crazy. He started whiskers ter growin' front of es ears, an' putty soon he was loafin' roun' Laura Grove wid es nose in de air, 'lowin' as how folks down dere was behine de times wid dey little ole log chu'ch. He talk big, mighty big, 'bout his 'fluence wid de white folks,—an' he ain' no fool; I ain' chargin' de nigger wid havin' no sense; I 'm chargin' him wid havin' too much sense,—an' hit warn't long 'fo' some of de foolish virg'ns of de chu'ch tuk up de cry. 'Noo chu'ch!' dey shouted, 'noo chu'ch!' Lord, but hit sholy do look like er nigger will follow anybody an' buy anything! De chu'ch bein' started, Sandy tuk de lead. He was 'lected treasurer of de fun' by des one vote, an' he drap dat vote esse'f. Nobody knowed how hit come erbout, but fus thing we did know, ev'ybody was totin' money ter Sandy. Hit come er-rollin' little by little, but steady. 'T was er day's work hyah, er sack o' 'taters yonder, er load o' wood, er bushel o' cotton-seed or er bucket o' plums, er nickel f'om dis one, er dime f'om ernother; an' de white folks er-helpin' when dey could n't help it. What nex'—what nex'?" Morris's voice rose in a challenge. "Fus thing you know, we done got one hunderd an' nine dollars, as nigh as we could make out, an' 'bout dat time dis nigger Sandy was pullin' dem side-whiskers straight out'ards when he talk, an' wearin' of er linen duster an' er slick plug-hat. He been used to drivin' er steer, but now he done got er road-cyart wid red wheels an' er speckle gray mare, an' was er-splittin' up an' down de big road

seven days ev'y week. Lord! Lord! but de nigger was des natchully resurrected! Now, gemmen, I don't make no charges, I don't cas' no 'sinuations, I ain't 'flectin' on no man, but I am statin' er scand'lous fac' when I say dat Laura Grove ain't see er dime o' dat money, not er nickel o' dat hunderd an' nine dollars, tell dis day! Dey ain't seein' hit now. An' I ask dat nigger, Sandy Cornelius, dis mornin', where is de money—where is hit, where is hit?" Morris paused and looked about him, many voices enthusiastically seconding him. "He don't answer, gemmen, he don't answer!"

There was an uneasy stir among the New Hope contingent, while the Laurel Grovers laughed. "He don't answer, gemmen!" shouted Morris, louder. "He don't answer 'ca'se I 'm er-techin' de raw spot, an' he ain't had time ter make up er special lie. Now I don't 'cuse nobody. I don't say Sandy Cornelius is er wrong-doer, but I do say hit 's pow'ful strange, pow'ful strange, when er nigger what can't pay es rent, can't wear er coat, can't 'ford but one gallus, can't keep es bare foot off de groun' in de summer an' out o' de ashes in de winter, soon as he gits chu'ch money ter hold takes ter dressin' in long-tail coats an' shinin' plug-hats, an' ter ridin' up an' down de big road 'hind er speckle mare. Hit 's pow'ful strange, *but hit ain' pow'ful strange dat Laura Grove ain't never seed de hunderd an' nine dollars!*"

A burst of laughter greeted this conclusion, but when silence was about to be restored, the audience were greeted with hysterical cachinnations from a little old negro in the front row of the gallery, who further emphasized his mood by beating his forehead on his hands clasped on the rail in front of him.

"Stop that man!" said Major Worthington, fiercely. "Isam, Isam!" Isam, for he it was, subsided into sobs. "Throw him out of the window if he disturbs this meeting again!" shouted the major, glaring at the little fellow and striking his stick on the floor.

It must have been apparent that of the three judges Major Worthington alone was but little interested in the proceedings of the day. The truth is, Morris was well known to him, having been a slave of the former owner of Rockledge, the major's cousin. Inheriting the plantation, as he did after the war, he inherited Morris with it. The latter had proved to be a total failure as farmer, cropper, and renter, and, to cap the climax, when the sum of his indebtedness in various ways reached high-water mark, although the crop was in the ground, and labor scarce, he coolly announced to his landlord that he was going to work in "the vineyard" instead of the cotton-field; that he had been "called" and ordered to "gird up his loins" and begin to save souls. It is not surprising, under such circumstances, that the defense which Morris was making had for the major a somewhat hollow ring.

"Marse John," continued Morris, when silence had been secured, "you recomember de year you-all fell out wid de railroad, an' 'stead o' shippin' cotton you-all hauled hit all de way to town, nineteen miles f'om de ribber place? You recomember ole Unc' Dick what marry de third time, an' de las' time got Aunt Dinah's youngest gal? Ole Unc' Dick come erlong ter town dat fall wid er big load o' cotton an' six mules, an' one wheel mash down at de two-mile branch. He lef' little Bill on de wagon, an' 'stead o' comin' on ter town he went back home fer 'nuther wheel. 'Bout time he git ter es house on de quarters road 't was in de night, an' he heah man's voices mixed up wid er woman's laugh. He look thoo er crack ter see er side-whisker nigger settin' up by 'Mandy, eatin' of er ham-bone, an' makin' esse'f puffec'ly to home. Unc' Dick knock, an' de voices say, 'Well, well, who is it?' Den Unc' Dick say, 'You open dis do', nigger, open dis hyah do'!' Dere was er pow'ful scufflin' roun' inside, an' Unc' Dick run roun' 'hind de house whar de side-whisker man was er-fallin' f'om de winder inter de collard-patch. Dey mix up dere in de dark, an' putty soon dere was er voice went up f'om de collard-patch er-cryin' up to de Lord in distress—a voice dat went up an' kep' er-goin' up. I ain't 'cusin' nobody; I ain't castin' no 'spicions on nobody; but dey do say tell dis day dat ef Sandy Cornelius was whar he said he was, nex' day, he mus' o' had er twin brother an' er twin voice an' twin whiskers mixed up wid Unc' Dick's collards dat night."

This upset Colonel Ledbetter and Judge Dewberry. The latter now had off his coat, and was fanning his red neck violently. Again the laughter subsided except in one quarter. Isam was knocking his head on his clenched hands in the gallery.

"Stop that noise!" shouted the major, rising and thundering on the floor with his stick. Isam ceased as to noise, but his dumb convulsion was almost as disturbing. "Get out of that seat and go back to the carriage!" cried Major Worthington. "Do you

hear me?" Slowly and weakly, as one who had grown aged in an hour, Isam crept away through the crowd. "Gentlemen," continued the major, impatiently, to his associates, "this trial is a farce. What is your point, Morris? What are you trying to say?"

"Hit 's like dis," said Morris; "hit 's des like dis. Ef New Hope Chu'ch wants ter sweep out de Laura Grove back yard, let 'em do hit—let 'em do hit! But 'fo' dey starts dat sweepin', 'fo' dey starts dat sweepin', de place ter try de broom is *on dey own door-steps.*"

A burst of applause greeted this, but the major drowned out the noise with the thunder of his stick.

"That is no answer," he said. "That is not the issue. Come to the point."

"I 'm er-comin', I 'm er-comin'!" shouted Morris, excitedly, making his way nearer the judges, and turning his face half to the audience. By one of those swift changes common to the rude orators of the race, and which seem born of an extraneous and controlling influence, he threw off the spirit and tone he had chosen, and lifting his eyes as one who beholds a strange vision, began a chant. The quick change and contrast, the dramatic fervor of the orator, his attitude, and the vividness of the scenes he invoked, instantly caught and held the great audience. "I see er mountain," he chanted. "I see er mountain wid de smoke rollin' down an' down an' down. I see de forked fire in dat smoke, reachin' out, reachin' out. I heah de roar of de thunder, I heah de roar an' I feels de groun' er-shakin' unner my foot. I see de long line o' men rush up de mountain, an' I heah 'em shout an' holler. An' I see 'em come back slowly, slowly, some er-leanin' on some, some er-carryin' some, some er-limpin', some wid deir faces in deir han's, er-cryin' like little chillun. I look ter see who was er-comin'. Oh, I look an' I look! One warn't dere! One warn't dere! One warn't dere!" Morris's voice filled the whole church and echoed out into the still summer day. "Whar was he? Whar was de boy played roun' de creek-holes wid Morris? Whar was de boy climb de tree for de nes' an' de nut an' hunt de rabbit wid Morris? He warn't dere! He warn't dere! Whar was Allen Worthin'ton when night come? Whar was my young marster? He was yonner er-layin' on dat mountain dead—dead!"

A woman in the audience screamed back from her seat: "Whar was you, Unc' Morris, whar was you?"

Morris's voice rang out like a defiant bugle: "I was on dat mountain. I was er-crawlin' on my face, an' my fingers freezin' in de snow. I was lookin' for him. I was lookin' for de boy what played in de creek-holes wid Morris, what climb de tree for de nes' an' de nut an' hunt de rabbit wid Morris; what call my mammy es mammy, too. An' I foun' him! I foun' him dere, dead, dead, wid es arm ercross es eyes an' es sword shot in half. Did I leave him? Did I leave him, Marse John?"

The excited audience answered wildly, "No, no, no!"

"Did I leave him?" repeated Morris, almost frantically, his voice breaking into sobs.

"No, no, no, my brother!" came the chorus of voices.

"No. I tuk him in my arms like our mammy used to take him when he was er baby an' done gone to sleep on de grass. I tuk him in my arms an' I toted him down dat mountain whar de camps had been. I laid him unner de brush-heap. I watch by de boy till de day come back. I go to de man 'hind de hill, an' I say, 'Hyah is my marster's watch an' es ring, an' if I don't bring back yo' cyart an' yo' steer, keep 'em, keep 'em.' An' I tuk es cyart wid de little ole steer an' de frozen dead body of Allen Worthin'ton. I cross de valley, I cross de ribbers, an' I cross de creeks, I come down de slants inter Georgia, an' I laid dat boy on de front porch yonner at Rockledge. Ain't it so, my brothers? My sisters, ain't it so?"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"Anybody hyah don't b'lieve hit, let him git up, let him git up *an' ask Marse Craffud. Dere 's some things you can't wipe out 'twixt a nigger an' his white folks, an' dis is one.*" Morris paused, for both Colonel Ledbetter and Judge Dewberry had leaned toward Major Worthington, who was energetically whispering and gesticulating. Suddenly Judge Dewberry arose.

"Boys," he said, fanning himself, "don't crowd about the door. Where is Sandy Cornelius?"

A great laugh came back from about the rear of the church.

"He des erbout nine miles on de big road in er red-wheel cyart," said Isam, looking in through a side window, his face wreathed in smiles.

"Exactly," replied Judge Dewberry. "Now, boys, Colonel Ledbetter has a few words to say,—don't obstruct the windows,

—just a few words." The judge resumed his seat.

"The fact is, my friends," said Colonel Ledbetter, rising, his face lighted by some happy thought, "we noticed some time back that the—ah—prime mover in this—ah—discussion had left the building and the grounds. There is but one conclusion we can draw from this fact, and that is he abandons his case and thereby admits he has made—ah—a mistake. We are all human. Brother Morris there has probably made mistakes in his life; I have; the major, it is possible, has made them—"

"I made one this morning," said Judge Dewberry, wiping his forehead.

"The prosecution having abandoned the case, I think that about the best thing we can do is to abandon it also. Now, Major Worthington, who does not come among us often, and who wants to see you all happy and peaceful and reunited, has requested me to invite you all, all you good people of New Hope and of Laurel Grove,—or Laura Grove, as Morris calls it,—to come out on next Saturday to Rockledge and pay him a visit. He says if you come, come prepared to forget all about church quarrels, and to join him in the biggest barbecue and watermelon-cutting the country has ever known since the war."

A mighty cheer was the reply, followed by a general rising.

When the excitement had subsided, Judge Dewberry was outside with his coat under his arm and pushing toward the spring which bubbled in the shade of a clump of black-gum trees, while, lost in thought, Major Worthington, having shaken hands with Morris, was climbing into the Worthington coach. The sight of Isam's face caused him to grasp his stick firmly and return to the affairs of the hour. Isam avoided trouble by innocently slamming the door.

"Marse Craffud," he said, "did n't you know dat nigger—dat Sandy Cornelius?"

"Never heard of him before."

"Hush!" And Isam looked on his master as one alarmed for a friend. "Well, sah, when dey was er-tellin' erbout de voices in Unc' Dick's collard-patch, an' of de man what was er-takin' up money fer ter buil' er noo chu'ch, I was er-chasin' erlong in de nighttime, drappin' mer foot in de track of er nigger what had er bag roun' es neck an' somep'n' in de bag er-bitin' an' er-clawin' an' er-cussin'—"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the major, the light coming back into his face. "You don't mean that he is the fellow who stole Mrs. Sykes's parrot, thinking it was a Mexican game rooster?"[1]

"Same nigger, same nigger! An' when I see him up yonner erwhile back an' say, 'Sandy Cornelius, ef yer don't git back in de chu'ch pretty soon you goin' ter miss heahin' Unc' Morris tell de bes' an' de nooest nigger story he got,' Sandy des step over de wheel o' de cyart an' tech up de speckle mare."

WHY THE ROSE DROOPED.

BY CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

WHAT a precious consolation
Is a rose beneath sick eyes!
Yet the sorry thought intrudeth
Of the rose's sacrifice.

For this message floateth from it,
Clear as it had uttered been:
"While I pour thee out my sweetness,
Let me fold thy sorrows in."

[1] See "The Adventures of a Parrot," by the same author, in the previous number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.—EDITOR.

THE COOK AND THE CONVICT.

A WEST INDIAN SKETCH.

BY CHARLES BRYANT HOWARD.

WITH PICTURES BY HARRISON FISHER.

UNDER our dining-room windows lay a strip of gravel path, bordered on the farther side by a luxuriant growth of native shrubs and flower-bearing plants. Beyond this ran a part of the old city wall, built a matter of three centuries ago, on our side no higher than a man's chest, but on the other forming a sheer precipice of solid masonry, upon which the tiny lizards dodged about in the sun all day long. Far down below lay the broad, flat roof of the great presidio, or penitentiary, curiously divided into sections by low walls running around and across, with a group of wooden buildings —workshops, etc.—standing in the middle.

We had recently moved into the house, and one of our chief sources of entertainment in that languorous climate was to sit on the second-story balcony and watch the "trusties," or privileged convicts employed by the warden's family in domestic capacities, at work on the roof, which formed a convenient place for culinary preparations, and likewise afforded exceptional facilities for hanging out the household washing. The person upon whom rested the responsibility of the latter duty—in other words, the warden's washerman—was a jolly-looking, brown-faced chap with a bald head, who first attracted my attention while I was going through certain calisthenics and breathing exercises on the balcony, according to my custom upon getting up every morning. With an expression of petrified amazement, and oblivious of the hot flat-iron which he was resting on a shirt-bosom, he was watching the performance from the window of the little shed where he did the ironing. As I finished and turned to go in, he resumed his work with a shake of his head, as if in despair of ever fathoming the ways of Americans. By the next morning, however, he had apparently solved the mystery and determined to profit by it, for I discovered him standing outside, with his jacket off, closely imitating my every movement with automatic precision, to the delighted admiration of a group of fellow-jailbirds. The "thigh and calf" dip proved too much for his untrained muscles, however, and after a few trials at this he retired into his caboose, rubbing his legs, amid derisive hoots. But he kept it up every morning thereafter, and even persuaded several of his friends to follow his example. It was a highly diverting process to me, and, I have no doubt, proved greatly to their physical benefit.

Our own kitchen was presided over by a diminutive, coffee-colored lady of British West Indian extraction, named Christina. She had applied for the position just before we moved in, and on the strength of her references and unusually neat appearance we gave her a trial, which proved her to be a cook of marvelous excellence. She did display certain peculiarities now and then, among them a habit of serving at dinner dishes of her own invention and at total variance with what we were led to expect, afterward calmly explaining that she did not think those things which had been ordered would be good for us; but everything she made was usually very nice indeed, and as even an ordinarily good cook is a rarity in that country, we retained her gratefully at quite exorbitant wages, and allowed her to do pretty much as she pleased.

We were lying off on the balcony one afternoon toward sunset, when my wife told me to look down into the garden. There I perceived Christina, with her elbows resting on the old wall, peering cautiously over, while her wee little body was completely hidden by the shrubbery. Her back was toward us, and she was going through some mysterious movements with her hands, resembling somewhat the sign-language of the deaf and dumb. Down below on the presidio roof, in an angle hidden from the sight of the armed sentry who was leisurely pacing to and fro at some distance, sat my friend the convict, softly twanging a guitar and

gazing up at Christina, every now and then shaking or nodding his head in response to her signals, or manipulating the guitar in a sort of sleight-of-hand fashion, which seemed to serve as a conveyance of ideas.

I was rather fascinated at first by this silent *Romeo* and *Juliet* performance, and watched it for some time until *Romeo* managed to call Christina's attention to us, whereupon she looked up with a confidential smile and grand display of teeth, not at all abashed, and with a final wave of her hand trotted into the house.

"They do that nearly every day," observed my wife. "Is n't it perfectly charming?"

I did not exactly think so. It was charmingly picturesque, beyond a doubt, but unfortunately I knew it to be a serious offense against the law to hold any communication with the presidio inmates; in fact, out in the street which ended at our garden gate, and was bordered by the continuation of the wall, it was forbidden for any person even to look over, under penalty of being fired at by the guards; which had happened once or twice within my knowledge, though no damage had resulted. I certainly did not want Christina to get shot, in the light of her domestic value; and if a sentry were to fire at and miss her, which was highly probable, he would be a phenomenally bad shot if he failed to hit the house somewhere or other, which a mental calculation of elevations and directions led me to think would be in the region of our bedroom ceiling.

Moreover, though my ideas in regard to an employer's responsibility for the misdemeanors of his cook were extremely vague, it would certainly be exceedingly awkward, for private business reasons, for me to get into any difficulties with the municipal authorities just at that time. Therefore, upon hearing that this interview was a daily custom, I vehemently suggested that Christina be approached on the subject of an immediate discontinuance, but promptly discovered that the situation had struck my wife in a totally different light.

"I think it is all beautifully romantic," she declared. "Think of that little creature standing there among those bushes and things and having her lover—I suppose he 's her lover—play the guitar to her!"

"I dare say," said I. "But, my dear Jane, the romantic part of it becomes merged in the prosaic when you come to think of paying fines, not to speak of getting shot at—"

"Nonsense, George!" laughed my wife. "As if those stupid sentries down there could ever see her little bit of a head among all those leaves! Anyway, Christina might give warning if we asked her to stop it, and that would never do."

I yielded for the time being to these feminine views, and the "romance" was allowed to continue. We came rather to look forward to the interesting exhibition every afternoon or so, and eventually to be quite engrossed in the ingenious methods of signaling. A flower would convey a different message, it seemed, according to its color, red, white, or yellow, or its location on either side of Christina's highly pompadoured kinks; and a cigarette, daintily puffed, appeared to carry on its blue clouds a world of meaning to the languishing *Romeo*, as we continued to call him; while he responded in more matter-of-fact cipher by buttonings and unbuttonings of his jacket, violent rubbings of his head, and monkeyings with the guitar. From all of which it may be judged that the presidio convicts had rather an easy time of it.

In the meantime, by judicious questioning of the second maid, my wife discovered that the convict, whose name was Antonio and who was an old flame of Christina's, was in for eight years on a charge of assault with intent to kill, one year of which he had served; that he was perfectly innocent, of course; and that Christina was moving heaven and earth to get him released, having gone so far as to get a native lawyer to draw up a petition to the governor for a pardon, which, it seemed, I was expected to sign in the course of time, and furthermore get all my influential business acquaintances to do the same. Here was where I strenuously rebelled.

"I really don't see how I can go round asking people to sign a petition on behalf of a scamp of a convict," I argued, "on the strength of my cook's *tendresse* for him."

"Oh, yes, you can, George," replied my wife. "Just think how good we 'd feel if he were pardoned through our efforts."

"And just think how very much otherwise we 'd feel," said I, "if he and Christina got married and set up housekeeping on their own hook."

Jane looked dubious at this prospect, but the virtue of justice triumphed. "No matter," she declared; "it is n't at all right for us to be living in comfort on the fruits of her ill-paid labor, while two loving hearts are wrenched apart by the—the laws of tyrants."

Overwhelmed by this burst of somewhat

illogical eloquence, I merely ventured to protest against the suggestion that Christina was ill paid, but was told that that had nothing to do with it. So matters took their own course, and Jane became so completely absorbed in the question of Antonio's freedom that a few days later, during a dinner call at the executive mansion, she deliberately broached the subject to the governor himself, to my dismay and that sorely tried official's politely concealed boredom.

"My dear lady," said he, resignedly, "if I attempted to devote my time to these petitions for pardons, I should have to put in a requisition for an additional force of clerks."

"But this really seems to be an exceptional case," argued Jane.

"I 've no doubt of it, dear lady; not the least. I—I will see what can be done, I assure you. Excuse me; I think my secretary wishes to speak to me a moment," and exit his Excellency.

On the way home I endeavored to impress upon my wife the fact that governors, like other men, were entitled to relaxation from official duties out of business hours; and in consequence the normal peace of our household was not fully restored until morning coffee.



"THERE I PERCEIVED CHRISTINA, WITH HER ELBOWS RESTING ON THE OLD WALL."

In view of Christina's culinary excellence, and incidentally her frankly expressed desire to shine in a larger sphere than that afforded by our two selves, we had ventured upon one or two little dinners to intimate friends, which had been so highly successful that we determined, in a burst of enthusiasm, to branch out and give a more formal function to some of the official powers, including the governor and his wife. I had personal and private reasons for considering that to do so would be a piece of good policy, but judiciously refrained from imparting these sordid thoughts to Jane.

All hands accepted, including, besides the gubernatorial family, the commanding officers of the army post and naval station, and we concluded to enlist the services of an extra waiter to assist Agatha, the second maid, at table. I came home at noon on the day to find Jane a trifle fidgety, but Christina serene and confident, and left for the office after my siesta, pluming myself on possessing so well-ordered a household. I returned about half-past five, however, to find things somewhat reversed. Christina met me in the hall with an appearance of embarrassed nervousness entirely at vari-



"DOWN BELOW ON THE PRESIDIO ROOF . . . SAT MY FRIEND THE CONVICT, SOFTLY TWANGING A GUITAR."

ance with her usual beaming air of greeting, while I found my wife at the head of the stairs, wearing an expression of stern determination which increased in intensity as she drew me into our room and shut the door.

"Antonio has escaped," she began.

"Has he really?" I replied. "I 'm rather glad—"

"Wait a minute! He 's here in this house!"

"What the—"

"And we 've *got* to have him wait at table to-night!"

"Eh? what in—how—"

"Now listen! José [the man whom we had engaged] can't come, because he got in a fight last night and they bit his ear almost off. He could n't possibly wait—you ought to see him! And Antonio got out,—I don't know how or when,—and Christina found him,—I don't know how either; I think he came here to see her,—and I made her put him right straight off in Simon's cubby-hole [Simon was the monkey]. And she told me he was a splendid waiter,—he used to be somebody's butler somewhere,—and we can't possibly get anybody else in time, and we 've simply *got* to use him. She has ironed out one of your old white suits, and he looks fine in it, only he can't button the jacket."



"CHRISTINA PRODUCED HIM AT MY REQUEST."

I fell into a chair, and reached blindly for a fan.

"An escaped convict wait on the governor at our table! And a—a bloody murderer at that! My dear Jane—"

"He is n't a bit bloody—you ought to see José! And he is n't a murderer either; he only tried to be. He looks as nice and respectable as—as you do. And the governor won't know a thing about it—he 's never visited the penitentiary; he told me so. And we need n't know anything about him either; he 's just a man that Christina found for us to wait at table."

"But the others—" I began, in feeble protest.

"None of them have anything to do with the convicts. It 'll be all right, you see if it is n't. I feel as if he had been sent by Providence. He did n't want to hide in Simon's hole a bit,—of course not, if he 's innocent,—and Christina was quite cross about it. But I made her put him there before she could say a word, and told her to keep him in till it was time to set the table. And he 's been there ever since, except when he came out to show me how he looked in your suit."

"For pity's sake! does he *want* to wait at table?" I demanded in desperation.

"He 's crazy to, and wants to stay and be our servant, Christina says."

This was rather cool on his part, I thought, under the circumstances. However, I yielded, of course. I realized that the dinner, if successful, would be a distinct social triumph for Jane, a matter of no little importance in our isolated colony; and, moreover, I had my own reasons, as stated above, for wishing it to go through properly. We certainly had not aided Antonio's escape, unless the morning calisthenics had something to do with increasing his bodily activity; and we could not be expected to investigate the antecedents of every outsider who came in to assist in a domestic emergency.

But the horrors of that dinner will haunt me to my grave. I went down to inspect Antonio, who had retired again, after setting the table, to the monkey's room, from which Christina produced him at my request. She was a trifle sulky about it, and he wore something of an injured air; but he certainly looked an ideal servant, sleek, plump, and respectably bald, and smooth-shaven and neat as could be desired. He spoke no English, it seemed, but understood perfectly American table customs.

"Now understand, Christina," said I, with all the sternness at my command, "we don't

know who he is or anything about him. And I 'll give him ten dollars if he 'll get out of the house as soon as his work is finished to-night."

Christina, who spoke half a dozen languages, assented grumpily, and the electric door-bell ringing at that moment, I dodged up-stairs with guilt upon my conscience and a prayer within my heart.

The guests arrived in good time. Agatha, trim, black, and beturbaned, brought up the cocktails, which were duly praised, and the traditional bad quarter of an hour passed off with a smoothness which seemed a good omen.

Never had our table looked so well under its dainty burden of flowers and grasses as when we entered the dining-room; never had the golden sections of melon on each plate been so carefully prepared and delicately iced. Even the electric light suspended over the table, hitherto in glaring nakedness, now sent its rays twinkling through an artistically arranged network of native cypress-vine.

But to me it all seemed an awful, uncanny dream. I dimly saw Jane beaming in the light of his Excellency's weighty compliments on the appearance of the table, and the delighted exclamations of the other ladies came to me in a vague, musical murmur; but the chill of my first mouthful of melon seemed to permeate my system with a grim suggestion of prison atmosphere. I had visions of being convicted of "aiding and abetting"; possibly of taking Antonio's place in the presidio itself, eventually to become a trusty, and hang out clothes on the roof in a brown canvas suit, while Jane waggled her hands at me from the wall. And Jane did hate me so in brown clothes.

From which cheerful train of thought I was aroused to a sense of duty by my wife's exclaiming in a tone of exasperation:

"George, do wake up! Mrs. Chuckleby 's been talking to you for five minutes!"

Dinner progressed without mishap, and Antonio acquitted himself in a manner above criticism. He ordered the meekly submissive Agatha, hitherto rather a pert young person, about with silent, almost imperceptible gestures, served the wine at the proper temperature and stages, and was even equal to the occasion when a bat, flying in through the open window, alighted on Captain Haulaway's back and crawled up into his hair. The deft manner in which he removed the beast with a whispered apology, and deposited it in the patio for the gastronomic entertainment of the cat, was a revelation.

No squad of police having arrived, my spirits rose somewhat, but dropped to zero again as I happened to catch the governor's eye fixed upon Antonio's countenance with an expression which was probably due only to a desire to acquire so excellent a servant for the executive mansion staff, in defiance of the Tenth Commandment, but which to me seemed pregnant with recognition and suspicion.

The effect on my drooping spirits of Christina's guava ices at the last, delicious though they were, was worse than that of the melons, and must have made itself evident, for as Jane left the room with the other ladies she whispered that I had better have a glass of brandy instead of a liqueur. I took both, but they did me no good. The affairs of the nation which were discussed over the coffee enlisted only a languid interest on my part; and on the way up-stairs Colonel Galloper's congratulatory slap on the back brought to me only suggestions of brutal prison discipline.

Every step in the street below was to me that of an approaching policeman, and in my nervousness I smoked so many cigars as to call forth a diplomatically worded, but unmistakable, protest from Jane; for the guests were evidently enjoying themselves, and stayed late. At last the governor rose, and humorously remarked that I seemed to be glad of it, judging by the ecstatic way in which I started up at the same time; which of course was the signal for an agonizing five minutes' exchange of wit and repartee on the part of all but myself.

I fully expected to find the house surrounded by a cordon of police as I accompanied the party to the front steps, and was relieved for the moment to find nothing more unusual outside than the governor's carriage. I grasped a ten-dollar bill tenaciously in my left hand, determined to "bounce" Antonio the moment the guests were out of sight, white suit and all, if necessary.

The conventionally enthusiastic thanks for a pleasant evening had at last wafted themselves away on the wings of more or less insincerity, and the governor had his foot on the carriage step, when he unexpectedly turned.

"By the way, by the way," said he, "I forgot something utterly and entirely. Tell our charming hostess that I signed a full pardon for that convict protégé of hers this morning, on the ground of extenuating circumstances and good behavior, and I 'm told he was released to-day at noon."

EUGENE FIELD, THE HUMORIST.

BY FRANCIS WILSON.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, COPYRIGHT BY S. L. STEIN, MILWAUKEE.

His gander-blue eyes are of large-paper size,
  His smile with mirth abounds;
His medieval hair is excessively rare,
  Unknown, in spots, to Lowndes.

E. F.

THE enthusiastic admirer who declared that Eugene Field was "one of the greatest moralists America has ever produced" was more nearly right than he knew. Field's way of exerting moral influence was peculiar, but it was none the less real. People who are not ashamed of wrong-doing are usually afraid of ridicule, and Field had great skill in ridicule; therein he brought his moral force to bear. A great German says that where we allow a friend to correct our morals we seldom forgive a smile; and, indeed, so sensitive are we on this point, it might be added, that we do not wait for the smile—we anticipate it.

About the last thing to which Field would have laid claim was that of being a moralist. He was many other things besides, but he was certainly that. He exercised the privilege which the stage enjoys in common with

the press of condemning "a thousand vices unnoticed by human justice and overlooked by man's laws." Without doubt he did much to curb folly by satire and jest.

There was nothing vindictive or venomous about Eugene Field. His reproofs were of

of Field's connection with the "News," such comments as these:

Mr. James Russell Lowell, a Boston writer whose poems give promise of a brilliant future for the author, will visit Chicago next week as the guest of one of our most enterprising citizens,



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY McCARTHY.

BILL NYE, WILL VISSCHER, EUGENE FIELD, LEON MEAD.

the sweeter, gentler type, not unlike the satire of Charles Lamb, but none the less effective for that reason. He detested shams quite as heartily as Thackeray detested snobs, and so great was his aversion to humbug of any kind that he laughed it down to the fullest extent of his power, and, oftener than not, the subjects of his reproofs laughed with him. For example, Field neglected no opportunity to wax merry over what might be called local literary pretentiousness; and scattered through the columns of his "Sharps and Flats" one might see, in the earlier days

whose reduction in the price of green hams is noted in our advertising columns.

At the formal dedication of the Blue Island Avenue Toboggan Slide last Saturday evening, a beautiful poem in imitation of the Pindaric Odes was read by the gifted authoress Miss Birdie McLaughlin.

Squire Enos Hapgood, who expired by a vicious mule's kick on the West Side last Monday, was one of the most prominent patrons of literature in the West. Before her death, his wife had been a subscriber to "Godey's Lady's Book" for twenty-odd years.

Captain Ben Wingate has named his new barge the *Felicia Hemans*, and the same departed for Saginaw last evening for a cargo of shingles.

Colonel T. Weston Briggs, the well-known real-estate agent, offers his magnificent private library for sale at four dollars per front foot.

At a meeting of the West Side Literary Lyceum last week, the question, "Are Homer's poems better reading than Will Carleton's?" was debated. The negative was sustained by a vote of forty-seven to five. On this occasion Miss Mamie Buskirk read an exquisite original poem entitled "Hope; or, The Milkman's Dream."

It is reported in high literary circles that the McAfee Refining Company will take two pages of "The Easter Current" for the purpose of advertising the excellences of its new brand of leaf-lard.

Among the recent additions to the valuable collection of our esteemed fellow-townsman, N. Hawthorne Smith, is an autograph of Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sahara.

We are informed that a Browning Society has been organized by the inmates of the Cook County Imbecile Asylum.

Field had a great admiration for the poet Edmund Clarence Stedman, whom he once welcomed to Chicago thus:

We 're cleaning up the boulevards
  And divers thoroughfares;
Our lawns, our fences, and our yards
  Are bristling with repairs;
And soon Chicago 'll be abloom
  With splendor and renown;
For ain't we going to have a boom
  When Stedman comes to town?

And gosh! the things we 'll have to eat,
  The things we 'll have to drink,
O'er hecatombs of corn-fed meat
  How shall the glasses clink!
Our culture having started in,
  We 'll do the thing up brown;
'T will be a race 'twixt brass and tin
  When Stedman comes to town.

. . . . . .

Now Stedman knows a thing or two
  Beside poetic art;
Yes, truth to say, 'twixt me and you,
  Stedman is mighty smart:
And so I wonder will he smile
  Good-naturedly or frown
At our flamboyant Western style
  When Stedman comes to town.

Field's attitude toward Chicago was analogous to that of Dr. Johnson toward "Davy" Garrick. The "Leviathan of Literature" loved "Roscius" and abused him roundly, but he would never permit any one else to abuse him. Field had an abounding affection for Chicago, and he satirized her unmercifully, but woe to any one else who dared to satirize her.

It is now not easy to see wherein much of the humor of Field's "Denver Tribune Primer" consists, and Field himself was never very proud of it; but it served its purpose, which was to attract attention to the Denver "Tribune." Yet silly as many of the "Primer" stories now appear, they certainly were a humorous take-off on the "First Reader" of the schools at that time, and, as one may yet see, these brief "Primer" tales not infrequently carry an obvious satire which still obtains. One example will suffice:

Here is a Castle. It is the Home of an Editor. It has stained Glass windows and Mahogany stairways. In front of the Castle is a Park. Is it not Sweet? The lady in the Park is the Editor's wife. She wears a Costly robe of Velvet trimmed with Gold Lace, and there are Pearls and Rubies in her Hair. The Editor sits on the front Stoop smoking an Havana Cigar. His little Children are playing with diamond Marbles on the Tessellated Floor. The Editor can afford to Live in Style. He gets Seventy-Five Dollars a month wages.

It seems almost incredible that any one would be willing to pay a hundred and twenty-five dollars for a small collection of stories of this quality. I suppose it is done on the principle of the purchase of a veritable daub by a master painter. It is an example of his earliest style, and however uninviting, if one is collecting along that line, the purchase of the "Primer" must be made.

To Field no humor was so delectable as unconscious humor. Bald himself, or nearly so, Field had great sympathy with people who, as the phrase goes, "combed their heads with a towel," and he took pains to prove that baldness was a mark of genius. He quoted many names in corroboration of his theory. The list began with Homer and ended with Patrick Henry; it included such worthies as Dante, Shakspere, and Bonaparte as illustrious betweenities. Field declared that the baldest of all was the philosopher Hobbes, of whom John Aubrey recorded that "he was very bald, yet within dore he used to study and sitte bare-headed, and said he never took cold in his head, but that the greatest trouble was to keep off the flies from pitching on his baldness."

There is a characteristic flavor in all that Field wrote. Take his account of the miners

who have "made their pile" and settled down to luxurious discontent and regretful reflection upon the days of their toil in the mountains,

> When the skies were fair and blue,
> And when money flowed like liquor,
> And the men were brave and true.

Bill Gosling, joyfully spreads the news of the insult offered by Three-fingered Hoover to Charlotte Roose, and evidence corroborating the fact of the disrespectful utterance by Hoover is speedily forthcoming, though from unwilling mouths.

Nobody seems to know exactly who Charlotte Roose is, but the rival candidate's



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY FRANCIS WILSON.

FRANCIS WILSON AND EUGENE FIELD AS RAPHAEL'S CHERUBS.

Look at Three-fingered Hoover, "as fine a man as ever caused an inquest or blossomed on a tree," a great burly fellow "with a bunch of yaller whiskers appertaining to his chin." See how he rebelled against the inroad of fashion's ways, and declared he would not attend the "conversazzyony" given in honor of the nuptials of Sorry Tom, owner of the Gosh all Hemlock mine. Then comes a change in Hoover's intentions, when it is shown him that as candidate for the marshalship of the camp it would be unwise, in the interest of vote-getting, not to be present. He then decides to "frequent" the party or indulge in spontaneous combustion.

A conversazzyony being declared to be a thing where people speak a language in which they are particularly weak, Three-fingered Hoover, who had lived in "Noo Orleans" and could "parly voo and git there," proceeds to justify the declaration in his endeavor to "parly voo" at table, where he is adjudged guilty of gross disrespect to "wimmin-folks," when, as a matter of fact, he is simply trying to be helped to dessert. The rival candidate for marshal, brother Dick declares that she is a schoolteacher in the camp on Roarin' Crick, and despite the tearful protestations and explanations of Three-fingered Hoover, the outraged miners, who, "when it came to sassin' wimmin, had blood in every eye," force the three-fingered candidate for marshal "to fall a victim to reform."

If there be anything more tenderly humorous than Field's story of "The Little Yaller Baby," that was comforted on the cars by the strange mother, I, for one, would go a long way for a chance to read it.

These are a few of the many humorous incidents with which poem after poem, story after story, of Field's abound. He had a way, too, of being joyous in his newspaper columns at the expense of people he knew. Especially were his friends of the theatrical profession quaintly hit off.

He pretended to have discovered that Mme. Janauschek's name, translated from Bohemian into English, was simply Johnson, and then he would laugh at the "ridiculous possibility of the burly old lexicographer being known to posterity as Dr. Samuel Janau-

schek." Modjeska, Florence, Crane, Robson, Sol Smith Russell, Dixey, Goodwin, and many others have come in for much good-natured badinage at Field's hands.

Something he wrote of the writer of these paragraphs has caused much misapprehension on the part of the public, who, taking the cue from Field's imagination, have come to believe in the verity of his words, just as myths have grown into beliefs:

We regard Mr. Francis Wilson's legs as the greatest curiosity on the American stage at the present time. We call them curiosities when perhaps we should term them prodigies.

The truth is, they are so versatile, so changeful, that we hardly know what epithet could be applied to them most properly. They are twins, yet totally unlike, reminding one of a well-mated man and wife, who are so different that we speak of them as well matched. The left leg is apparently of serious turn, as may be observed on all occasions requiring a portrayal of those emotions which bespeak elevated thought and philosophic tendencies. The right leg is mercurial, obliquitous, passionate to a marked degree, whimsical, fantastic, and grotesque. The contrast between the two gives us a comedy in itself which is very pleasing, for the constant struggle between the perennial levity of the right leg and the melancholy demeanor of the left leg is funnier by far than most of the horse-play which passes for comedy in these times.



Inscription upon a silver plate given to his youngest son by E. Field.

The inscription written Sept. 16, 1893.

While one with sad emotion throbs
And wildly palpitates,
The other makes its grievous sobs
And loudly cachinnates.
While this one jigs along the floor,
Intent on noisy pleasure,
The other treads the carpet o'er
In many a stately measure.

The combination is a happy one. The left leg pleases the serious-minded, sentimental, and the lovers of the emotional style of dramatic art; the right leg solaces those who believe there is nothing more enjoyable than mirth. Here we find two legs capable of every variety of action. They can shake you out a jig or stride you a minuet; they can sob

plaintively or titter hysterically; they can strut imperiously or wabble ludicrously; they can suggest a spondaic pentameter of the best old classic poets or a bit of modern doggerel from "Puck." Their name is Versatility, and in them we find the passions clearly defined and deftly combined.

This of course is admirable writing,—that is, a happy bringing together of words and phrases, and that, too, most humorously,—but the peculiar part of it all is that it has never been accepted as Field meant it—as a joke; and I am not infrequently grieved by the unsolicited attention of people who really seem to have taken Field's statement literally. At all events, there is no doubt that Field's characterization has greatly detracted from a dignified personality.

I was only one of many friends to be the recipient of Field's attentions in the way of presentation copies of books, manuscript poems, drawings purposely crude, and a hundred other delightful foolings, all characteristically indicative of the man's skill, wit, and humor. It is hardly necessary to say how pleasant it was to receive a first copy of one of his books with, say, this inscription, with initial letters in red, gold, and blue inks:

In answer to your loud petitions
To autograph your "First Editions,"
This shall the world apprise
That I have quit all biblio-madness,
And view with penitential sadness
This tome, which you peruse with gladness,
And mildly criticize.
Oh, would that you might change for better,
Bursting each bibliomaniac fetter,
To join your grateful friend and debtor
Collecting butterflies!

Or this, intimating that he was being importuned to do that which he was really eager to do:

This volume (a copy of "The Great Book Collectors," by Charles and Mary Elton), presented by Eugene Field to Francis Wilson, is the only volume so presented that does not contain an autograph poem; therefore it is an unique.

Or this, in a Japan-paper volume of "Love Songs of Childhood":

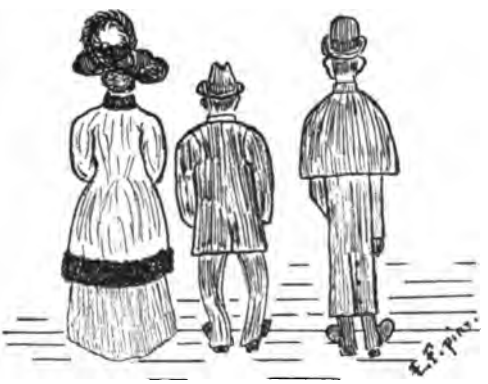
I, who am so rich in sons, but am so scant of money,
Salute you who have wealth galore, but have no little sonny;
And here are childish songs of mine in every key and meter,
And surely Mira's velvet voice will make these sound the sweeter.
They 're offspring of an honest heart that ever prompt and glad is
To speak its love for bonnie maids and quite as bonnie laddies.

Perhaps some other Christmas-time, old Santa Claus, well freighted
With precious gifts, will bring the son for which you long have waited.

I was delighted to find that he had inserted in my Field scrap-book, among many other interesting souvenirs, the sketch commemorating a visit which Mrs. Wilson and I made in his company to the home of common friends, the Ways. Here again, showing the tenacity of Field's memory of "things thought," is that wilfully insidious suggestion as to the curvature of the lower limbs.

From the same scrap-book I gather a photograph of Field, liberally decorated with inky hair, mustachios, and goatee. As I have said, this absence of hirsute adornment was with Field often a subject of jest. Note the inscription underneath the photograph at the beginning of this article.

One day in Chicago, Field proposed that we should go and have our pictures taken. Wishing to have something unconventional, something that would reflect the happiness of the mood that possessed us, I suggested that we sit as Raphael's cherubs. Field assented, and after repeated efforts to keep our faces carefully subdued in one position and properly rhapsodic in the other, the cap of the camera



FROM A SKETCH LENT BY FRANCIS WILSON.

was removed. Copies of these I found in the scrap-book when it came back to me after Field's death.

In another leaf of the same book I found written the inscription upon a silver plate given to his youngest son which is shown on page 450.

It was a part of Field's humor to tell other journalists that he never pretended to be anything more than a newspaper man himself. One reads him ill who does not see abundant evidence of the pride he took in his more deliberate work.

I have heard him lay great stress upon his affection for his newspaper work. He wrote little or nothing for the magazines, the demand upon his time for daily copy forbidding it. Nearly everything he wrote was first published in his "Sharps and Flats" column, and this, consisting at first of short paragraphs of the humorous, satirical type, gradually gave way to literary comment, bibliomaniacal matter, fairy-tales, songs of childhood, poems, prose tales, and chapters of books afterward issued in their entirety. What he said, and especially the way he said it, soon attracted attention. It was recognized that the man and the matter were unusual, and Field's growing reputation has justified that recognition.

To take a man's mental and moral bearings, we have only to find out what his ideals are; that is, what he most loves and detests, what is his religion, what view he takes of his profession and its aims, and, finally, how he thinks and speaks about women. Measured by even so severe a test as this, Eugene Field challenges our respect and admiration.

Field loved all things that are beautiful. He had a wonderful tenderness toward childhood and motherhood. He detested sham and pretense. He lost no opportunity to assail these vices. He lay about him with a two-edged sword of satire and ridicule, like a knight of old, *sans peur*, but with much *reproche*. His feeling for sweetness and truth is shown in many of his writings, but it is best seen in his exquisitely written short stories, such as "The First Christmas Tree," than which nothing could be more tenderly devout.

PICQUART.

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

"FOR love of justice and for love of truth!"
Aye, 't was for these, for these, he put aside
Place and preferment, fortune and the pride
Of fair renown; the friends he prized, in sooth,
All the rewards of an illustrious youth,
And set his strength against a swollen tide,
And gave his spirit to be crucified,—
For love of justice and for love of truth!
Keeper of the abiding scroll of fame,
Lo! we intrust to thee a hero's name!
Life, like a restless river, hurrying by,
Bears us so swiftly on, we may forget
The name to which we owe so deep a debt,—
But guard it, thou! nor suffer it to die!

(*BEGUN IN THE APRIL NUMBER.*)

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE.[1]

BY MARY ADAMS.

PART FOUR.

November the tenth.

I HEARD of a man the other day whose wife went into his room to kiss him good night, and he said: "Mary, why do you do this? I do not love you. There is no other woman in the case. I have not wronged you. But I no longer love you. If I were you, I should not kiss my husband under these circumstances."

This is a true story. Minnie Curtis told me the names of the people. I repeated it to Dana to-day, and he said, yes, she had told him that yarn. He finds it quite a relief, he says, when he is tired and the baby is crying, to run in to the Curtises'. He met Robert Hazelton there, the last time, consulting with Dr. Curtis. The old doctor is not well, and makes over a good deal of his practice to Robert. I asked Dana if he thought Robert saw much of Minnie; but Dana says that Robert has no time to talk to girls—he says he does n't think he is that kind of doctor. It leaped to my lips to ask Dana why he was that kind of lawyer. But I did not do it. If I had, all the answer I should have got would have been: "You don't classify quite correctly. I 'm going into politics," or some equally clever parry. Nothing would have been gained, and something lost—something of that indefinable advantage which a wife (more than a husband, I think) retains with self-possession. A woman can never afford to be cross. Why is it that a man can?

The first lesson of a wife is to learn when not to speak; I doubt if she ever learns why not. I am a dull pupil in the school of marriage. No Wilderness Girl takes to the higher mathematics with any natural grace. If it were not for my daughter—well, if it were not for my daughter? It *is* for my daughter—the insurmountable fact, the unanswerable question, the key that locks me to my lot. If I fled back to my forest, she would cry for me. And if I strapped her on my back and ran—I don't think the governor's granddaughter would make a successful papoose. She is much more like her grandfather than like me, thank Heaven. She has his equable mouth, though it curls at the corners more than his. I think she will grow up into a comfortable young lady, and marry a congressman, and be happy ever after. There is nothing of her father about her yet, except his eyes; hers already have the insouciance, but not the insolence, the superfluous merriment refined by her sex. I have studied her anxiously. She bears my mother's name.

"Marion," I said to-day, "I am glad you are not a boy baby."

She gave me an elfish glance, and the corner of her mouth curled. I never saw a sarcastic baby before.

November the twentieth.

I HAVE the outlines of a Greek tragedy before me. A girl I used to go to school with married a brilliant young fellow of her own social class, whom she adored with that kind of too tolerant tenderness for which, as a sex, we seem to be distinguished. Some overlooked heredity, rooted two generations back, resulted in drinking, and drinking resulted in worse. He left her last spring for a woman such as Fanny never saw in her life. Fanny has two children, and that sort of ill health which heartbreak creates in women, a disorder not catalogued in the

[1] Upon careful examination of the manuscript of which these confessions are composed, the system of dating is found to be, after the manner of women, quite a matter of accident. Days of the month or week are usually observed with something like accuracy, but there is no reliable calendar of the years.

The next available record occurs apparently a year and some months from the date of the last entry given in these columns, and which was coincident with the birth of the young wife's child.

A close study of the copy reveals the fact that certain pages of the Accepted Manuscript are missing, having been torn rather than cut away, and presumably destroyed.

What letters, if any, have shared the same fate, it is impossible to say.—M. A.

medical books. Her family lost their property when her father died, and to-day I had her advertising cards. They set forth the fact that Mrs. Fanny Freer, masseuse, will treat patients at their own homes for one dollar an hour. She will also repair ladies' dresses, and cut and make children's clothes.

I call it Greek because she has not made any fuss about it, but has endured her fate with a terrible and splendid dumbness for which, again, as a sex, we are not distinguished. She is a little blonde thing, too, with a dimple, and a bow-and-arrow mouth, and always had more gloves than I did at school.

I have been ailing lately, I don't know just why. I wonder if I could afford to send for her a few times? It might be at least a comfort to her to come here, where she will be asked to sit at table with the family.

In face of a fate like this, how my half-grown troubles hang their heads! I seem to see them in a row, standing like school-boys punished for playing at Indian massacre. "You foolish fellows!" I say. "You are a shabby lot. There is n't an Indian among you! Any respectable tomahawk would disown you."

I am beginning to understand that happiness in marriage is an art. I used to think it was a gift. In short, what I thought was a right proves to be a privilege.

November the twenty-third.

. . . I HOPE I have not been exacting with Dana. He calls me so, when he is vexed about anything. I never was thought exacting in any other relation of life; but marriage makes a new being of a woman: a wife is as truly born into an unknown world as her child is. It seems to me that I have my own character to form, as completely as my daughter's. I, Marna Trent, slain on my wedding-day, am a transmigrated soul—the "twice-born," as the Buddhist calls it. I am in my second existence. . . . Will there be any others?

I found something in one of Max Müller's Oriental Bibles yesterday over in Father's library, when I went to sit with him and read to him, for Father is not quite well this fall, and it is touching to me to see how he clings to what he calls my "womanly tenderness." (He never said that I was exacting.) Here is what I read to Father:

Though I go along trembling, like a cloud driven by a strong wind, have mercy, Almighty, have mercy!

. . . Oh, I cannot deceive myself, or call things by opalescent names, any longer! My husband is not kind to me, he is not kind!

November the twenty-seventh.

WE took our Thanksgiving dinner with Father, and Dana went to the Curtises' later in the evening. I had to come back and stay with the baby, to let the girls go out. She is asleep, and the house is as still as resignation. I cannot write, and have been trying to read. Dana says I do not keep up with current thought, and that a wife should make herself as attractive to her husband intellectually as she was before marriage. The first sentence I fell upon was this, from a French critic:

It is well that passionate love is rare. Its principal effect is to detach men from all their surroundings, to isolate them, . . . and a civilized society composed of lovers would return infallibly to misery and barbarism.

I think a woman should be quite happy in order to keep up with current thought. Current feeling is as much as I can manage.

TELEPHONE MESSAGE.

"*November the thirtieth.*
"*Main*—20.
"*To Mr. Dana Herwin, from Mrs. Herwin.*
"*By the maid to the office-boy. Peter will deliver as soon as Mr. Herwin comes in.*

"Dr. Curtis sent Dr. Hazelton over to see the baby this noon. He calls it croup. When will you be out?

"MARNA."

TELEGRAM.

"*New York, November* 30.
"*To Mrs. Dana Herwin.*

"Called suddenly to New York on business. Did not return to office. Hope child is better. Address Astor House.

"DANA."

TELEPHONE MESSAGE.

"*The office-boy to the maid.*

"Say, Luella, you tell her he ain't got that message. He took the Limited, and never showed up, only a district messenger that sassed me, and I showed him the door.

"PETER."

TELEGRAM.

"*Astor House, New York, December* 1.
"*To Mrs. Dana Herwin.*

"Yours received too late for midnight express. Will return Limited. Hazelton all right. He 'll bring her through. Cheer up.

Will catch the 3:12. If baby better, telephone station. In that case, take later train.

"DANA."

TELEPHONE MESSAGE.

"*December the first.*

"*To Mr. Dana Herwin,*

"*Care of Chief Operator, West Station.*

"Marion is out of danger. Do as you please about hurrying home. She is still sick, but safe.

"MARNA."

December the first, 10 P.M.

I KNEW he was a good, true, clever man, but I did not know before that Robert Hazelton could work a miracle. I never thought to see the day when I should be glad that old Dr. Curtis could not get to my sick child; but it is my belief that if he had— The new methods and the new remedies are wonder-workers in the control of an able and alert mind, fresh from everything and afraid of nothing. Robert was always a courageous fellow; but he is so quiet about it that one must know him pretty well to rate his intellectual and moral independence at anything like its value.

Together we fought for the baby's life all night. What a night! Solemn, separate from all nights, it stands apart in my life —the look of my child's face, the way her little hands clutched at the air; and the strong, still figure beside me, grasping her from death. . . . He told me to go to bed, and that she could be trusted with Luella. I can't do it. I don't think I could do it even if Dana had got home; and he won't be here till half-past eleven. He telephoned that it was very important, something political, and that if the child were out of danger, he would take the eleven-two; unless, he said, I wished him to come right out? I told him to do as he pleased, and that it was not at all necessary.

He is away so much that he does not seem necessary in these days to very much of anything. I suppose most wives have that feeling. I hope they do not all have another, which persists and pursues me—this feeling hurt, *hurt* all the time. My whole soul is raw, as if it were flayed with some petty instrument or utensil, like an awl or a grater; something not to be dignified as a weapon.

He says he loves the child as much as I do. I thought at first that we should grow nearer and be dearer on account of the baby. But I am kept at home so much with her, and I can't go about, as I used to do, with him; and Dana hates sickness, and all babies are ailing more or less. Even the experience of parentage, which I thought was to unite, seems subtly to divide us. Everything almost that we experience develops the sundering, not the soldering, quality. One day Mrs. Gray said to me:

"My dear, marriage is full of phases. Don't mistake them for finalities."

I suppose that is my tendency—to look upon the stages of a thing as the end of it. When one is caught on a barbed-wire fence, one does not contemplate the beauties of the horizon.

I am writing because I cannot sleep till he gets home. There would be no use in keeping Luella up, and I am happier to watch the baby. Only to hear her breathe is ecstasy. All last night I had a strange, scared feeling. It seemed monstrous that her father should not be there if she died. And when she lived, it seemed somehow abnormal that it should be Robert who saved her. I have never thought of him as a doctor, only as one of my old friends. In fact, since I have been married, I have scarcely thought of him at all.

He, on his side, seemed to have forgotten that we were ever friends. He was all doctor. I don't think he had an idea in his head except to save my baby's life—not because she was mine, but because she was a baby. His face was set and stern; it was as strong as bronze. His peremptory orders rang like those of some military man, a stranger, or some one you had only happened to meet. I always liked his voice. I don't think he looked as short as he used to. It seemed to me as if he had grown. He came again at noon, and again this evening. When he went away at nine, he said: "Go to sleep. The child is safe. Do not sit up for your husband. You are exhausted."

"I will meet him at the station and tell him to come in softly," he added, as he shut the door.

I did not even thank him, or think, till afterward, how kind that was, or how like him. If I had, I doubt if I could have spoken. His manner was as impersonal as if he had been in a physiological laboratory. Now that I think of it, I don't believe he gave the least evidence of anything that could possibly be called sympathy in all that terrible time. I begin, now that the strain is over, to perceive how kind this was in him. I wanted my husband so all the time, I perished so for Dana, that one tender word would have

demoralized me. I should have cried my soul out. And that would have been bad for the baby. I suppose physicians acquire a sorcery about all these things; they never cross the magic circles.

I wonder if I ought not to write to Robert and thank him properly?

"DEAR DR. HAZELTON: I disobeyed you, for I cannot sleep till my husband gets home. So I am writing. And I know that I shall rest better if I try to tell you how we feel about what you have done for the baby. But, now that I try, I cannot tell you; all my words deny me. Her father will see you at once, and express to you our affectionate gratitude for the professional skill and the personal kindness which have saved our child. I expect him now, every minute.

"Yours gratefully and as ever sincerely,
"MARNA HERWIN."

December the twelfth.

I HAVE been shut in so much with the baby, lately, that I have read rather more than usual. I hoped this would please Dana, but I can't say that he has seemed aware of any accumulated intellectual force in me. He says I am narrowing to a domestic horizon. Thinking to amuse him to-day, I carried him this, from an old author:

Woman ought every morning to put on the slippers of humility, the shift of decorum, the corset of charity, the garters of steadfastness, the pins of patience . . .

. . . But it is by no means proved that even then a man would not find his wife a little overdressed.

He laughed.

"That makes a good point," he said. "A fixed sense of moral superiority has a tendency to become tiresome. A fellow resents being always put in the wrong."

"Even if he *is* wrong?" I asked.

"Possibly because he is wrong," replied my husband, with a changed expression. He glanced over the book, and left the room abruptly. I saw him go over to the Curtises' on his way to the trolley; there were fifteen minutes to spare. I did not feel at all surprised—perhaps not really altogether sorry—that he did not spend those fifteen minutes with me. Once I should have grieved. I could hear him playing a duet with Minnie, some rollicking thing. He says she accompanies very finely; his violin has been over there for some time. After he had gone, I took up the book, which he had laid face down upon the baby's crib. His swift and slender pencil-point had run beside these words:

Only a saint can endure a wearing woman.

"December the thirteenth.

"MY DEAR DANA: Will you be patient with one of my constitutional notes? It is a good while since I have written you any, for I see that they sometimes annoy you in these days, and indeed I do not mean to be troublesome. But do you realize, my dear, how hard it is becoming for us to talk? I so often displease you, God knows why. Or you hurt me, though I am sure you do not mean to. I find sometimes that if I have anything of any consequence to say to you, I must write it, or not say it at all. You call it second nature in me to write my heart out. I wonder if it is first nature, and speech only the second one?

"At all events, I found the sentence you had marked in that old English book yesterday. I think you can understand that it has troubled me a little. Do you mind telling me, Dana, what you meant by marking it?

"Your loving
"MARNA, Wife."

"Thursday afternoon.

"DEAR DANA: If you have really forgotten what sentence it was, there is nothing to be said.

"MARNA."

Friday evening.

DID he forget? Had he truly forgotten? If so, either I am "too strenuous," as he calls me, or he was too frivolous. If not, then I am not strenuous enough, and my husband was not—quite—no, no, no! Forever, no! Not to my own heart, not to this secret page, will I pronounce the word.

A "wearing woman"? She who was the dearest, the sweetest, the gentlest, the most tender, the loveliest of girls, the noblest of wives—to him? I who had all the superlatives of love crowded at my feet, treasures heaped for my sake in a passion of such adoring madness as an older and wiser woman than I might have spent herself upon, and must have trusted—I, Marna Trent, once free and glad, now afraid to own to my own soul how sad I am—now bond-slave to this man for my love's sake, and for his—do I *wear upon* my husband?

Then God help us, both the man and the woman, if this be true!

If I had been like some girls I have seen, if I had not cared, or taken pains to please him — Why, I know a young wife who danced all night one night when her husband lay battling for his life at the crisis of typhoid pneumonia, and he lived too, poor fellow. Even in our own set, and we are not at all "smart," thank Heaven! such things go on as I cannot, I *cannot* understand—other men and other pleasures, *any* other pleasures but those he shares with her, and their children abandoned to nurses, and a wall of snow forming all the time between the husband and the wife; glittering snow, beautiful, carved, like the mattress that Catharine of Russia presented as a bridal gift to some persons whose marriage she did not favor, and the mattress was found to be cut out of solid ice . . .

. . . AND yet, if a woman does not make a man happy, has she any right to assume that it is his fault? It seems to me as if the blame must be my own, in some perplexing way that I do not understand. If my mother were alive, I suppose she could tell me where I am wrong. To whom can I turn? The popular creed that married people should never seek advice of any third person seems to me a doubtful dogma. The two-in-one life tends, by a subtle chemistry the formula of which is too abstruse for me, to definitely distinct points of view, and only the ideal oneness can reconcile these; if not reconciled, they may need a third view as much as nitrogen and oxygen need an electric spark to combine them. There are times when I think that Dana is wholly in the wrong, because his offense is so obvious. There are whole weeks when I try to feel myself in error, implicit, if not explicit. My standards of right and wrong are wavering, like flags in the breeze; serving to show only which way the wind is, and sometimes so twisted around their poles that they are of no sort of use—as flags. Then there is more or less wet weather, when they hang limp and soaked.

I SAW a steam-carriage the other day take fire from its own gasolene, owing to some defect in the machinery; it burned up, yet it did not explode; the sealed tank remained true to its duty. Is it miracle or science that married happiness may come so near destruction and yet retain the sealed tank —fire within fire—solid and safe?

IF he is right, then I must be radically wrong. God knows, if he knows anything about me, how much I would rather suffer than not to be right in this subtle and fatal contention which marriage evolves from love. Or, again, I would, how gladly, be proved to be in the wrong, if that would make him right. I do not ask to be this or that, if only he is blameless. Sometimes I think nothing else in life matters at all.

A NATURE may crumble from sheer disharmony in its own elements. A man may be a beautiful amalgam: gold on his brow, and iron in his arms; but if his feet are clay, he falls.

Women kiss the clay, and cover it with their hair, and baptize it with their tears, even as she of the sacred story kissed the Holy Feet, as white as marble, and as strong, which trod the dust of Palestine patiently —never any less the feet of a man because they left the imprint of the God.

I READ to-day about a squash-vine that is impelled by hunger and thirst. "During a severe drought, if you place a basin of water at night say two feet to the left or right of a stray vine, in the morning it will be found bathing in the basin!"

Camille Flammarion said that he knew "an heroic jasmine which went eight times through a board that kept the light away from it." Some teasing person would put back the jasmine in the shade, "hoping to wear out the flower's energy, but he did not succeed."

If a woman were a jasmine, she would be "heroic." If I were a squash, I should at least be respected for the hunger and thirst of my nature.

December the twenty-third.

POOR Fanny Freer came here to-day, for I have not been very well. I kept her to luncheon, and gave up everything else and sat with her as long as she could stay. She has not many patients, and sewed for Marion in the afternoon. She carries herself with a touching dignity. I watched her dimples and her bow-and-arrow mouth, and then the lines on her forehead, as if I had seen a baby crucified. Neither of us mentioned her husband in any way, though she spoke of her children freely. We talked a little about the perplexities of modern life, as they affect women. I think I expected to find her embittered, or inclined to rate marriage by her own pitiable experience. Nothing could be further from the fact. I think she makes a point of her sweet reasonableness—a definite struggle.

She thinks there is no country where there are more happy marriages than in America.

Then I suggested that women are apt to reason too much from personal data. I did not add that she had developed the force of character to rise above this racial trait, but I wished to do so. Fanny is one of those rose-petals that unexpectedly produce the strength of oak-leaves; not falling before storm and sleet, but holding the harder. One sees such women.

I asked her—she has had some experience in her business in town, before she moved out here—whether she found patients infatuated with their doctors.

"Very seldom," replied the masseuse, "unless now and then a married woman whose husband neglects her because she is sick." She added that a doctor would find it hard work to cultivate illusions about his patients, and that this fact alone was enough to clear the atmosphere.

I never cared for Fanny at school, but now I could love her if I had time. When she went away, I wanted to throw my arms about her and cry:

"How did it happen? How do you bear it? Why are you alive?"

Instead, we talked of neuralgia and patterns. I never knew anything about patterns before. It seems there is a vast world where these things are important to women.

I wonder if I do not overweigh my troubles. Dana says I do. He says I have a genius for being unhappy. Yet it seems to me as if I did not ask much to make me happy—a kind word, a kiss, some little thoughtful act. All a woman wants is to be considered, to be valued. All she wants is love—*all* she wants is the Life Eternal. I suppose this is an immoderate demand—something like the demand of a moth for personal immortality.

December the twenty-fifth.

CHRISTMAS again! I have had a happy day. Dana has been at home all day, and last evening he came in laughing, and splendid, with Marion's first Christmas tree across his shoulder—he handsome enough to break a woman's heart if he did not love her, and perhaps (God knows) if he did. Mine melted before the vision of him as the ice was melting on the tree-house. It is a South Carolina Christmas, and needs only a wild pink azalea in the tree-house, or the scent of jasmine on the wet, warm air.

"You beauty!" I cried. "You look like the Santa Claus ideal. I 've always thought it a mistake to make an old man of him. You are young, immortal fatherhood. Kiss her, Dana!"

I held the baby up, and he kissed her rapturously; then he put her down and took me. No, it was not rapturous—no. And yet I think it was love. I tried not to think, not to reason, about it. I have learned that it is not wise for a woman to philosophize about love, and that it is dangerous for a wife to do so.

Job began to whine when my husband kissed me, as he has always done from the very first; he never gets used to it, and lately he has had something of a respite from this source of melancholy. There is that in the dog's constancy which touches me, I must say. He has become accustomed to the baby, though he still cherishes a smoldering jealousy of her. But his feeling about Dana is something finer than jealousy. In fact, Job never accepted the man for the master; why, then, he reasons, should I?

Dana and I covered the Landseer dogs to-night (they had grown too shabby) with a dado or frieze of Greek figures. I cut up an old book of Parthenon plates for it, and Dana helped me paste them on; he did not once object—he was very kind. And he patted the Landseer dogs, and called them David and Dora, and Job growled and snarled at them, and Marion laughed like a brook at Job: she has developed her father's laugh. He has given her a boy doll (of all things) nearly as large as herself, and she is flirting with it like a summer girl with the only man in the hotel. Dana named the doll Dombey.

We went to Father's after Marion was in bed, for he is too feeble to get over here; and I read to him awhile. Dana asked me if I minded his running over to the Curtises' for some music while I was reading. I said, "Not in the least." I was so pleased at his asking me that I did n't care at all. And when we came home he sat down at his own piano, and tossed his curling head, and sang:

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest.

Then he wheeled on the piano-stool with his beautiful, best look, and crushed me to his heart.

"You 're a dear old girl!" he said.

December the thirty-first.

A SUBMERGED country! The Atlantis of the New England climate has evaded us, and it is incredible that azaleas can swing their pink lamps anywhere, or that jasmine can

breathe its heart out on any loving air. The tree-house is stiff with icicles this morning, and the world has got itself into armor, and stirs formidably and heavily, like a medieval lord who kisses his lady in the evening and leaves her in the morning for the wars.

The transformation happened in the night. It was still warm last evening, and Dana brought Minnie Curtis over to play for him here; but the furnace was overheated, and they went out on Ararat and serenaded me, instead; he played his violin, and they both sang "Where'er you walk," and some other things that he used to sing to me. He asked me if I did not enjoy it, and said he thought he was giving me a treat.

"Why in thunder did n't you come out with us?" he asked when he came in, after taking Minnie home.

"You knew Marion had one of her throats," I said. "I could n't leave her—even if I had been invited."

"A wife should never wait to be *invited*," he retorted. "It looked queer, that 's all. A wife ought to think how things look."

"And a husband?" I ventured. "What about him?"

The moment I had said it, I would have unsaid it at any estimable cost. I think it was George Eliot who suggested that half the misery of women's lives would be prevented if they could only teach themselves to keep back the things which they had resolved not to say. But a resolution is a mathematical matter; takes perceptible time, and my fate was too swift for me.

"I should n't have thought," observed my husband, coldly, "that you had it in you, Marna, to be a jealous woman."

Then, indeed, I turned upon him.

"*I? Jealous?* Of Minnie *Curtis?* . . . I should as soon think of being jealous of Dombey!"

"I would n't insult your neighbors, if I were you," he blazed. "A rag doll—"

"Dombey is n't rag; he 's wax," I interrupted.

"Wax, then," said Dana, pettishly. He went into his own room and shut the door—hard.

This morning I scarcely dared to speak to him, he was so manifestly offended, and he went to his day's work without the ceremony of a kiss. That a kiss should ever become a ceremony—is this most pitiable or most merciful?

When my husband came home to dinner, I took all the temperatures I could, dipping here and there, and recording my poor little thermometers, as women do. Half the time I am sawn asunder by the conflict between love and self-respect. In men these two are one flesh; in women—oh, in women they must be sometimes, or the race would be exterminated by civil war. (I think there is a declaration of war between my metaphors, but, thank Heaven, I am not writing for the magazines.)

At all events, I found a field of icebergs driving straight across the bows, and put the ship about. Marion and Job and I are spending the evening up here by ourselves—and Dombey. Marion is asleep in her crib, and Dombey reposes beside her, as usual, with his head hanging over the crib-rail, and his feet on the pillow. I have some doubts of the effects of this habit upon my daughter's manners, Dombey is so big and so very boy; but Dana thinks it an excellent joke. Marion has begun to demand a little brother, and perhaps Dombey may fill the deficiency. Dombey has become a painful subject to me all at once, since last night. I could burn him up, or snip him to pieces. I took Marion to-day to see a big lady doll in a shop, in hopes of effecting an honorable exchange; but though the lady doll, two feet high, and glorious in a wedding-dress spangled with gold-dust, hung upon the arm of a red bridegroom in a fireman's uniform, my daughter clung obstinately to Dombey. I must say I respected her loyalty, while I cannot say that I did not pity her for it. Where will it take her twenty years hence?

Does Dana expect me to come down and storm his tenderness? Must a woman make all the advances after marriage, as she must make none before? Then shall we never be happy, for I cannot, *can*not do it.

Must she always be the first to institute reconciliations? Must she forever forswear herself, and say, "I was wrong," though she knows, on the honor of her own soul, that she was right?

Thursday evening.

VOLTAIRE said that a man could never be in the wrong if he made the first advance toward an offended woman.

NOTE SENT BY LUELLA.

"DEAR DARLING: Don't let us make each other miserable any longer! I cannot bear it. My heart will break, to live this way. I will come down if you wish me to—or per-

WHEN a liner is in fear of invisible icebergs she takes the temperature of the sea to test the question of their vicinity.

haps, even, you would come up? I will do whichever you wish, whatever you want, anything to make you happy, dear. Only be kind to me, Dana! Only be tender and loving, as you used to be, and I will try harder to please you, to do as you wish, to be what you require:

Meet, if thou require it,
Both demands,
Laying flesh and spirit
In thy hands.

Was I wrong about Minnie? Did I speak petulantly? I did not mean to. I don't care how much you play duets with Minnie, indeed I don't. I am not one of the foolish folk. I scorn a jealous wife as much as you do. And that was why I felt so— But never mind that. Forgive me if I was wrong, Dana, and let us be happy again! We used to be happy. We know we can. We are not chasing an experiment, but holding an experience.

"Darling, shall I come down to you? Or would you rather— Do whatever you would like best, only love

"Your

"WIFE."

An hour later.

I HAVE stopped crying,—it waked the baby,—and have lain crushed upon the pillows as long as I can bear it. He sent a note by Luella—the first he has ever written to me in the same house. He did not come up at all. I pin the note upon this page.

"DEAR MARNA: I don't feel very happy to-night, and I doubt if we can amuse each other successfully. Your note is all right, and I accept your apology, of course, and we won't say any more about it. But I think I 'll go to town for the evening, and come out on the last electric. If I don't get out, don't worry. I should be at the club. Go to bed and to sleep.

"Aff'ately,

"DANA."

A GREAT mood has taken the weather since sunset. The ice has suddenly yielded again (like a woman), and a storm is coming up; it will be a fight between sleet and tears all night. The wind raves about the tree-house, and the banshee in my room begins to moan slowly and subtly, as if she were trying her voice with a view to a mighty outcry by and by. The soul of the storm is in me, as it was in the beginning and ever shall be. Worn and worried as I am, half disillusioned of myself, yet would I escape myself for the storm's sake, and because I feel in every fiber of my being as if it would shelter me. I would fling the window up, and let myself go, and ride upon the wings of the east wind, for it understands me, and I love it, and I would trust it, though it took me God knows where. And I would be borne into some wide caverns of the night, where love is always tender (being love), and tenderness, because it is gentle, is always true; and where a woman, lest she perish, is cherished by the mystery that won her.

. . . And what, pray, would become of my daughter? And Dombey?

January the twentieth.

SOME people came to dinner at Father's yesterday, with wives; and he asked me to come over and help him out. Dana was away, so I went alone. After dinner the ladies discussed various social phenomena of the day; they did this with delicacy and earnestness; they spoke of noble friendships as distinct from ignoble follies, and one of them suggested that salvation from the last might lie partly in the existence of the first. The other hesitated.

"Friendship needs nourishment as well as love," she said, "and one goes hungry in a week."

"I should call it—about—five days," replied the other, slowly. Then they both laughed, and changed the subject—to the religious view of the new governor.

I could not join in the conversation intelligently, and I did not find it amusing. I have never felt the need of friendship. My husband has always been my friend. Now—is he so much as that? He seems to be eluding my real life by a strange and fatal process. I do not know how to account for it, or how to define it. It is as if I stood on the edge of a precipice, and saw him disappearing from my sight, a hundred feet below, drawn down by a quicksand of the true nature of which he is, or chooses to appear, ignorant. The descent is subtle and slow; it is not even dignified by the anguish of conscious death; debonair, and smiling steadily, he sinks by inches. I can even hear him sing, as he succumbs without a struggle:

I love thee, I love but thee!
. . . . . .
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old—

If I sprang, and dashed myself down to reach him—what then? He would probably

stop singing (he has stopped, this minute, abruptly and unhappily) and observe without a smile:

"A wife should not annoy her husband."

It is possible that he might select the word "pursue"; he is capable of it; and that would outrage me so that I should quite regret my amiable impulse. If we could sink together, there would be some comfort in it. I am sure I should not mind a quicksand in the least. I would rather suffer with him than be happy without him. But he—he would be happy at any cost. I do not think it is at all clear to him whether default of happiness is to be attributed to the institution of marriage or is (more simply) my fault.

Friday.

DANA has lost his engagement-ring; he says the tourmalins were growing shabby, anyway, and one of them was broken.

"Sunday evening.

"MY DEAR DANA: After what has happened to-day, I cannot—no, I cannot see you again to-night. Luella will bring up Marion's supper, and I do not want any. I am sorry to leave you alone on Sunday evening.

"No, I shall not say anything to Father. I must bear it as best I can.

"YOUR WIFE."

"Midnight.

"OH, ask me to forgive you! Ask me, Dana! For love's sake and your own sake—not for mine. All my being stretches out its arms to you. I would forget—would love you, trust you, and begin again, if you will *try* to be more patient with me, if you will remember to be kind to

"Your

"MISERABLE MARNA."

March the thirteenth.

DANA has the grippe, the real thing; he has been sick for ten days, and persistently refuses to have a doctor, so of course it has gone hard with him, poor fellow. I have taken care of him as best I could. I have not had my clothes off for three nights, for he needs a good many things, and one takes cold so easily, getting in and out of a warm bed. I brush his hair a good deal, to make him sleepy, and I read to him hours at a time. A man is so unused to suffering that a woman, if she loves him, cannot help being patient with him; that is a matter of course. If she can help it, if she resents the natural irritability of his race too much, I am almost prepared to say that she does not love him.

Sometimes, when I am very tired, when I can scarcely keep on my feet, and he does seem *almost* unreasonable, I say to myself:

"Suppose you had never had the right to take care of him? Suppose he were sick in some remote place, and you could not get to him?"

An hour ago he fell heavily asleep, for he insisted on taking a dose of laudanum (I could not help it; he will, now and then, when he has pain to bear), and I was on the edge of the bed beside him, for I had been trying to magnetize the pain in his head with passes of my hands. I could, for the first year after we were married, quite often, but not lately. I had hoped to forestall the laudanum in that way to-night; but he would not give me the chance; he would not wait. So I was sitting cramped and crooked (that is why I am writing, to try to drive the ache out of my body by a little exercise of my brain), and his handsome head lay upon my arm and shoulder, and his curling hair stirred with my breath. He looked more than ill—he looked lonely and wretched; and for the first time I saw lines across his forehead, the real carving of life cut clearly.

"He, too, has unhappiness," I thought. "It is not I alone. In marriage one cannot do anything alone—not even suffer."

"You poor, poor boy!" I thought. And I laid my cheek upon his, and then I kissed him softly. He did not wake, and I kissed him a good many times—as I used to do. He did not know it.[1]

"July the sixth.

"OH, Dana, can't we begin again? Is there no way of blazing our path back through the forest of married life? I tell you, from my soul, if there is not, we are lost. I do not know how it is with you—I do not know how anything is with you in these times on which we have fallen; sometimes I think I understand almost any other friend I have better than I do my husband. But, for me, I perish. All my nature is astray, a homeless, hapless thing.

"Do not think that I blame you, dear, or throw our mutual misery too solidly upon your shoulders. I know that I was very young, that I gain the tact of experience

[1] A three months' silence precedes the date of the next entry, but no pages have been mutilated or removed from the manuscript. On the contrary, there has, it seems, been no effort whatever to add to the record in any way.—M. A.

more slowly than most wives, that I crave a good deal of tenderness—perhaps I am 'exacting,' as you say. I know that I do not learn to be alone readily, and that I grieve over little things. I am afraid my heart is a ganglion, not a muscle, for it quivers and winces at everything. Indeed, I try to be different, to be patient, not to expect too much. Oh, believe that I do try to be the kind of woman you prefer!

"It seems to me that if we could go back and try all over again, we might be happy yet. Love does not die. Love is the life everlasting. It suffers maladies and syncopes, and it may be hard bestead and have to fight for its life—but it is alive, Dana, and it must be cherished like any other living thing. We have laws and penalties for the slayers of men. What court sits in judgment on the murderers of love? Somewhere in the spaces and silences there must be such an inviolate bar. Shall you and I go there, handcuffed together, waiting judgment? Oh, my darling, what can we plead? Mighty joy was in our power, and we slew it, between us. We were the happiest lovers, ours was the maddest, gladdest bridal, we had reverence and ecstasy, and our real went so far to outrun our ideal that we left our ideal behind us—and now the feet of our real move heavily, and the race is spent. We covered the face of delight with our marriage pillows, and smothered it till it breathed no more. So we buried it, for it stared upon us. We two, man and woman, elected to a great fate, slayers of a supreme love, recreant to a mighty trust—who will take our brief?

"MARNA, a Wife."

"*Sunday evening.*

"MY DEAR HUSBAND: I have reached the point where I cannot *live* and go on as we are.

"Your loving and unhappy
"MARNA."

"*Monday.*

"DEAR DANA: I think if I *could* die, I should not hesitate long.

"MARNA."

"*July the tenth.*

"DANA MY DARLING: What happened this morning distresses me so that I cannot wait till to-morrow, and you said you should not come back to-night. What can I do for you to make you happier, more calm? You have not been yourself for months, I think. Are you ill? Does something ail you that you keep from me? I am sorry if I called you cross when you were suffering. I ought not to mind things so much, I know. I think this terrible weather is too much for you. I feel it a little myself. If I were you, I would go directly to the sea somewhere, and I send this in to the office to propose it with all my heart. I will not mourn, and I will try not to miss you.

"As you say, we cannot afford to move the whole family; and as you see, I cannot leave Father this summer, he is so feeble. He spoke of the Dowe Cottage in the spring, but lately he has said nothing about it; he acts a little strangely about his affairs. Has it ever occurred to you that he has lost anything—any property, I mean? Once he would have told you; but lately you have been so busy, and you see so little of him. And he never talks business to me.

"As long as Marion keeps well, I can stand it. Dear, I don't mind it much. I can take her over to Father's, where the rooms are large enough to shut up; and we shall get along nicely. I think you had better go to Bar Harbor or to Nova Scotia at once, if you feel like it.

"Your loyal and loving
"MARNA."

TELEGRAM.

"*To Mr. Dana Herwin,*
"*Digby, Nova Scotia.*

"Yours received. I did not mean that at all. Oh, try to understand!

"MARNA."

"*July the thirtieth.*

"MY DEAR DANA: I telegraphed because I could not bear it that you should mistake me so. I am sure by this time that you will have re-read my letter and my meaning. Must it come to this, that you and I need a new vocabulary to interpret each other—in small, common matters like this? The 'little language' of love we have lost the art of, like electives one learns at school or college, and then forgets. But the Queen's English, Dana! Do I use it so stupidly? Am I so crass with it that you cannot take me right?

"Try to understand me, Dana! A loving wife is not abstruse. I don't feel in cipher. If I express myself so, it is because I am so afraid of offending you that I am not natural, and so I am not simple. I do not feel at home with my own husband. I try too hard to please you, dear! I need so to be comprehended that I cease to be comprehensible.

"Oh, try, Dana, *try* to understand

"Your wholly longing, always loving
"WIFE."

August the seventeenth.

THE date when a woman accepts the fact that the man she loves cannot or will not understand her, and that she must abandon the attempt to make him do so, is one of the birthdays of experience. These are as definite as the other sort of birthday—as my daughter's, for instance, which occurs to-day.

I don't know whether her father has forgotten it, or whether his letter is delayed. He has been in Washington on some business (I do not know what; I have given up asking now; he gave up telling some time ago), and was so overcome by the cruel heat of the place that he has fled to Maine to cool. I think I read yesterday that the President is in the Rangeleys on a fishing-trip. Dana knows the President, who was a friend of Senator Herwin's, and I have fancied that he values this important acquaintance as one which he does not owe to my father. It is a week since I have heard from Dana. I must say it occurs to me to wonder whether he has gone fishing with the President. In that case, letters will be uncertain. Dana likes to do the uncertain, and I will try to be prepared for anything.

I have bought the big lady doll for Marion, but she regards this acquisition to her family indifferently. Her devotion to Dombey is unassailable. In deference to this feminine weakness, I contributed a golf-suit to Dombey's wardrobe. She has named the lady doll Banny Doodle—a mystical appellation, intended, I think, to be a term of reproach. She is two years old to-night, at ten o'clock. She calls her father "Pretty Popper," and cried, when she woke up, because Pretty Popper had not come home. To be exact, she calls him "Pity Popper."

September the fifteenth.

I ONCE knew an irritable and discontented woman who lost an eye and lived in danger of perfect blindness. She became suddenly cheerful and charming.

"It is so much to keep one eye," she said.

It is two weeks since he came back. He did go fishing with the President, and I heard nothing from him for ten days; but that seems now so small a trouble, all my troubles are such dwarfs beside this which has happened, that I look upon myself with contempt for having ever been disturbed by them. Life seems to be a long chromatic scale, all its major notes expressed by its minors, or the other way if you choose. Suffering is purely a relative.

Who said, "The young are only happy when they experience pleasure; the old are happy when they are free from pain"? I have ceased to be young, but have not learned to be old.

My husband is going as consul to Montevideo. The appointment was offered him, virtually, on that fishing-trip, and he formally accepted it the day before he came home. He did this without consulting me.

September the seventeenth.

IT is only by fragments, as I have the strength or can compass the courage, that I can write anything about it. Yet I have a confused consciousness that I had better record (though to what end God knows) some of the events of these days—which flee by me like racers running on thorns, blood-tracked.

He began the night he got home, nervously, as if he were flayed to have it over:

"Marna, I have accepted an appointment."

"A pleasant one, I hope, Dana?"

"To me—yes. I don't think I have been well lately. I want travel, and distance, and a pretty abrupt change of scene. It is a foreign appointment."

One quick "*Ah!*" escaped me. After that I did not speak for a good while. I took up the baby, and put her in my lap, as if she were a shield between me and my husband. When I could not look at him, I could bow my face on her soft hair, and it steadied me a little.

"The President was glad to oblige my father's son. He would have done something different, something better, I think, if he could. There was no other post open but this just now. I don't mind it; I want a different climate—I am really not well, though you never have found it out. Besides, I want something out of the common course—a new experience—fresh life. A man of my type is not adapted to New England. He perishes of ennui in the life I lead here. At any rate, I 'm going. I am going in October."

"You did not—speak to me—about it." My lips were so stiff that I am not sure they articulated the words, but I thought they did. "I am—your wife. You did not—tell me."

"What would have been the use?" he said. "You would only have made a fuss. My mind is quite made. I am going to Uruguay."

Then I know I spoke out, I think I cried out:

"*Uruguay?*"

I held out the baby at my arm's length between us. I felt as if she might, as if she must, protect me from what would happen next. I sat staring.

"Do shut your mouth," he said fretfully. "That expression is not becoming."

I put the baby down, for my head swam; I thought I should drop her. She ran over to him, calling "Pity Popper!" and poked Dombey into his arms to be kissed. He did not touch them, either doll or child. I thought he dared not trust himself. His face worked. I think he said:

"We might as well have this scene over."

"And I?" I said. "And Marion? And Father? Father is failing; he is a dying man. You knew I could not leave Father —now! You *knew* we could not take the baby—to Uruguay."

"You can do as you please," he replied stiffly. "You are my wife. You have the right to come, of course. Or I have the right to ask it, for that matter. But I do not press the matter. I wish you to please yourself."

I got up and went to the window and looked out at the tree-house. It was moonlight, as it was the night he kissed me for the first time, and the shadows from the vines were floating over us. I could hear Minnie Curtis warbling at her piano. She was practising one of Dana's songs:

> Till the sun grows cold,
> And the stars are old,
> And the leaves of the Judgment Book
> unfold!

I went back, and put my hand upon his arm.

"Do you desert me?" I asked.

He threw my hand off with an oath.

"Put me in the wrong—as usual! You always do. I 'm tired of your everlasting superiority. If I did leave you, you could n't blame me. Nobody could. We ought to be apart—we wear on each other—we need absence, a good dose of it, too. We only make each other miserable. We—"

This was not all. I cannot write the rest. Some of his words will sound in my ears till my funeral bell out-tolls them.

"Very well, Dana," I said. "Do as you please."

"I do not leave you, you understand!" he cried hotly. "You are welcome to come with me. Or I will send for you by the next steamer, after I have found some sort of a place for you—if you prefer. You are at perfect liberty—to come, if you choose."

"And Marion?"

His eye wavered.

"And Father?"

"I did not marry your father. You are my wife. You can accompany me, if you wish, of course."

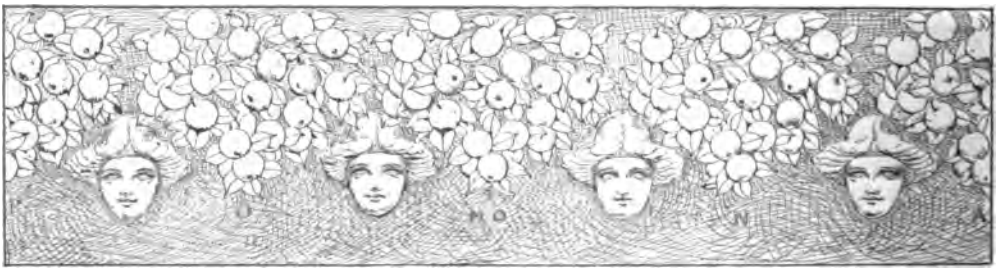
"I shall sail," he added, "the seventh of October."

He was as white, by then, as the wedding-dress of Banny Doodle, whom Marion had dragged contemptuously by one leg, and flung head downward in her father's arms. I stood staring at those two spots of whiteness—the doll's dress and the man's face. Everything else in the room had turned black. I could not even see my child. But I heard her rippling:

"Pity Popper!"

I think she asked him to kiss her. And I think he did.

(To be continued.)



THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

FOR more than a year the thousand tongues of Rumor have spread the report that the Premier of England would retire either at the conclusion of the Boer War or after King Edward VII's coronation. This set all Englishmen at the puzzling task of trying to bridge the gap that he will leave in public life. Nature made the Marquis of Salisbury as marked in his person as in the place he has filled—a grand figure of a man, bulking big in body and with a leonine head, ever moving weightily, with a dominating, massive personality, upon the scene, and at the same time narrowing the great field of public life by his individual grasp upon it. The House of Lords is of a size that allowed him to appear to fill it except when a Disraeli blinded the public eyes to all except his own pyrotechnic brilliancy. And in the larger battles, where the weight of a discussion gained them a world for their arena, it was only when the grand figure of Gladstone confronted him that Salisbury lost something of his impressiveness. His mental grasp, and the confidence in himself which made him leader of the master party of politics, inclined him to assume two great rôles at once in public life, until, not long ago, he gave the conduct of Britain's foreign affairs over to Lord Lansdowne.

It will be difficult to think of the Lords without its central figure of the noble marquis, with head and body bent forward, apparently oblivious of the debate in progress, until, in his turn, with indolent manner, he slowly raises himself to his feet, leans a heavy hand upon the table before him, and, with immobile face and monotonous tone, utters those impromptu sentences which are as well polished as if he had prepared them in advance, and those delicately chosen words, every syllable of which will be read by all Englishmen at their next day's breakfast.

And what will Whitehall be, or London itself seem, if we know that we are not, by a lucky chance, to see on any day the great figure of the marquis filling the brougham in which he sits bent forward as he rides from the railway-station to Downing street?

We are prone to belittle our great contemporaries, but we may be sure that Lord Salisbury will be quoted and discussed by generations yet unborn, if only because he was three times the active and potential head of England's government in the years when she was breaking her narrower bounds and assuming an imperial character. Perhaps the noble marquis may in time come to be regarded as having acted as a brake upon the speed of this transition, as an anachronistic figure representative of all the conservatism of his fellow-countrymen, and holding back with a bulldog grip the excess of the spirit of these swiftly moving days of our electric age, when the sudden creation of a new Germany and of a civilized Japan, and the equally sudden world-activity of America and Russia, made confusion of the diplomatic traditions and the commercial situation of what now seems to have been but yesterday.

When one studies the effects of what is called "aristocratic blood" in the faces and bodies of such Englishmen as George Wyndham, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Argyll, or Lord Rosebery, there seems little trace of them or it in the huge, bent, clumsy figure of this latter-day Cecil, or in his heavy, rough-hewn face. Nature carves these contrary features upon her human chessmen. The very Earl Marshal of England is so made up that report declares him to have been many times mistaken for a

rough-and-ready Boer when he was with the British forces in South Africa.

Yet Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoyne Cecil, the subject of this sketch, is not only a scion of an ancient house, but of a patrician stock which has ever been commanding, given to the ruling of men and the mastery of great affairs. It is a far step from Edward VI (1547) to Edward VII, and from Elizabeth (1558) to Victoria, yet the Cecils were prime ministers of all these monarchs, and of Bloody Mary in her reign between that of Edward VI and Elizabeth. No other family in England has been so often and so long conspicuous above its rank, filling the highest position twice at times centuries apart. The first of the blood to be Prime Minister was William Cecil, first Earl of Burleigh. He was Secretary of State to the boy king Edward VI, and managed himself and his portfolio so tactfully through the subsequent reign of Mary that he remained *persona grata* alike to the dominant Catholics, the oppressed Protestants, and to his sovereign. He served Elizabeth for no less than forty years as her chief counselor, and apparently no man, unless it may have been Dudley, possessed her respect in so great a degree as this bluff Lincolnshire squire who had risen so high and yet who obviously aspired no higher, but was content to execute his royal mistress's commands with a patient, prudent skill which made it possible for him to yield or to compromise when he could not successfully insist upon his way.

Burleigh sat in Elizabeth's presence when the highest nobles bent their knees and awaited her permission even to stand before her. We may be sure that no effort to dislodge him from her favor by open or covert means was left untried; but Elizabeth leaned upon him and to the last gave him her full confidence. Even at his death-bed, the often capricious and self-willed queen, who had not spared him in her tempers when he was hale, came to rally his spirits and to assure him of her regard.

Hatfield, the manor-house of the Cecils and the home of the present Marquis of Salisbury, knew Elizabeth as a prisoner when her sister Mary was queen. The present noble mansion had not at that time been erected, however. It was while Elizabeth was detained there that she received her summons to the throne. Her trusted counselor Burleigh then had his town house by the Thames-side in London, where there were so many mansions of the great dukes and lords of those days, of which houses there now remain only parts or altered relics, like the Heralds' College building, Somerset House, and the so-called Palace of Cardinal Wolsey, now a barber's shop near Temple Bar. The house of the Cecils stood where the Hotel Cecil now stands, and there, on several occasions, Queen Elizabeth was a guest of Burleigh. Hatfield, as the American visitor to England sees it to-day, was built by Lord Burleigh's son and successor in office, who had it from James I in exchange for a country property which the king coveted. This son was the first Earl of Salisbury, Robert Cecil by name, who stepped into his father's power and place under Elizabeth, and was Secretary of State and Lord High Treasurer to her successor, the first James.

It is interesting to pause here and note that William Cecil, first Earl of Burleigh, lived contemporaneously with Shakspere and Spenser, and must have known more or less intimately Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Philip Sidney, and Francis Bacon. His descendant, the present marquis, as adviser to the second of England's great queens, pursued his path in public life side by side with Palmerston, Derby, Russell, and Benjamin Disraeli, and won his way against the foremost Englishman of our time, Gladstone. The names that illumine our yesterday—Thackeray, Dickens, Tennyson, Bright, Cobden, Wellington, Peel—were all living forces in his day. And where Elizabeth had been a prisoner, Victoria was his guest at Hatfield, when she was a young wife, and again when she celebrated her first Jubilee.

The present marquis was born at Hatfield, February 3, 1830, and was called Lord Robert Cecil as the second son of that marquis who was Lord Privy Seal in Derby's first term as Premier, and, later, was Lord President of the Council under Lord Derby. The young Lord Robert got his earliest schooling at Eton, and between his seventeenth and nineteenth years was a student at Christ Church College, Oxford. Thence onward, in 1849, '50, '51, and '52, he led a life as strange for a prospective Premier of England as it must have been advantageous to him as a man, as a leader of men, and as the executive of an empire embracing many crude civilizations. He first made the grand tour of Europe, and then went to New Zealand. As a younger son of a somewhat penurious father, his way was left for him to make, and we know that he lived for a short time the life of the cattlemen in New Zea-

land. Were he anything other than an Englishman, and had he not risen to the post of Premier of England, we should know much about the part he played there, whether as cow-boy, cook at the cattle-station, superintendent, clerk, or what not; but such is the English attitude toward one of his birth, his always exemplary conduct, and his final towering success, that the national respect for individual privacy becomes exaggerated in such a case to almost absolute silence.

From New Zealand Lord Robert went on to Australia, swept thither in the rush to the gold-fields. Here he was a miner, working a claim and living in the rudest sort of shack. Australians are met who have known his fellow-miners, and have heard that England's future Premier was there called "Long Bob Cecil." Those who mistakenly fancy that it is discreditable to a penniless youth to have carved his early way amid rough surroundings and with rough companions have sought to correct his true biography with the statement that he went to Bendigo, where his hut was long exhibited to the curious, upon a military expedition to quell a rebellion of the miners; but the years of his wanderings and the time of the rebellion do not coincide.

Lord Robert Cecil returned to England in 1853, and was elected to Parliament from Stamford, whose electors retained him as their member from his twenty-third to his thirty-eighth year (1868). The administration when he entered Parliament was that of Lord Aberdeen, who led a composite ministry, reflecting those troubled political conditions which grew out of the struggle toward free-trade principles, and which left the Tories in opposition and greatly weakened. Lord Robert, newly elected a fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, made his bow to the nation in a protest against a proposed measure for reforming the great university. This effort attracted much attention even from the leading statesmen, and from that day onward, although he bore a modest part in the Commons during the first years of his membership, he was seen to be ever ready and active in debate and noted for his ultra-aristocratic views and extreme Tory principles. Already he began to evince an interest in scientific discoveries and pursuits and to show marked scholarly and literary leanings. There was at that time in the metropolis hardly a single more aristocratic figure. He was very tall and slenderly and gracefully formed. His hair was jet-black, very thick, and earning the vague description of "beautiful." His face was that of an intensely reflective man, sober, even grave, and very haughty. In his tastes, companions, habits, and demeanor he is declared to have been an aristocrat of the aristocrats. It was in an almost sadly toned voice that he uttered those ironical and belittling epigrams and phrases in which the irony was tempered by good-natured unconcern, and the contempt was dulled by a suggestion that the speaker was proof against anything deeper than superficial concern over the trifles men of opposite views magnified into troubles or grave national dangers.

During his career in the Commons he fell in love with Georgina Alderson, the eldest daughter of the judge and baron of that name. She was neither rich nor a great beauty, yet she was a maiden of fine appearance, comely, witty, and accustomed to the elevating and informing society of the leading men on the bench, at the bar, and in literature. The young lord, whose father appears to have been an ungracious parent, severe in the exercise of his authority, and close in the sharing of his means with this son at least, opposed this love-match. But Lord Robert, either through infatuation, wisdom, or wilfulness, persisted in the courtship, and at twenty-seven years of age married the lady of his choice. This marriage led to another extraordinary phase of the budding Premier's career. When thrown upon his own resources as a youth he had traveled far and sought his fortune in rough fields; now refused assistance by the father who insisted that he should have married an heiress, he set himself up in modest chambers near the newspaper offices, and worked as a journalist. He chose the fields of an essayist and a leader-writer, and contributed to the then brilliant "Saturday Review," the "Quarterly," and the "Morning Chronicle," as well as, to a considerable extent, to the editorial page of the "Times." From his marriage in 1857 until the death of his elder brother, when he became Lord Cranborne, he made his living as a writer for the press.

Here I may pause to tell a trifling anecdote, which is well vouched for, and is of more value for the insight it gives into the mental attitude of his countrymen toward a man who ends so varied a career with supreme success than for its importance as an incident in the noble marquis's life. Not longer ago than the Diamond Jubilee, near the close of the great Victoria's death, a journalist of world-wide note was commissioned to seek an interview with the Pre-

mier. He was promptly ushered into the great man's presence, and conducted his business without by word, hint, or tone suggesting that he remembered having worked upon the same newspaper staff with the Premier when he was Lord Robert Cecil. At the close of the interview the Premier called him by his surname, as in the old days, without the prefix "mister."

"Cowper," said he (I substitute a false name for the true one), "I never paid that bet of sixpence which I lost to you one day in the —— office. Do you remember it?"

"Yes, your Lordship."

"Let me pay it now," said the marquis, and handed over the small coin. "I have often thought of it."

To the American reader it will seem almost past belief that the journalist should have been ready, as he certainly was, to leave the Premier's presence without at least some exchange of reminiscences of the days when both were members of the same staff of the same newspaper. To the English reader there will appear nothing in this little anecdote, for even the common politeness of the journalist in waiting for the Premier to broach the subject or not, as he willed, will be considered an essential feature of the respect due to the greater man. The English reader, on the other hand, will marvel at such democracy and unchanging fellowship as was shown by our literary President, the other day, to the newspaper reporters who were ending their out-of-door vigil near the school in which our chief magistrate's son had lain dangerously ill. "Well, boys," said the President, "Ted is better, and I think he is out of the woods."

To return to Lord Robert's career in the House of Commons, which ended in 1868 with his becoming the heir to the marquisate, the histories now compiled do not award him unmixed praise either as orator or politician. He is said to have cut an awkward figure when addressing his fellow-members. He gesticulated ungracefully, even clumsily, and his voice was harsh and inflexible. As a politician he was not to be depended upon by his own party, and so biting and severe were his retorts in debate and his characterizations of the men and principles which he opposed, so seemingly needless and uncalled for were his sarcastic utterances, that many members heartily disliked and many others feared him. His great gifts, other than the intellectual equipment which rendered him instantly ready and resourceful in debate, did not make themselves apparent at this time, unless they were recognized in the very narrow circle of his intimates. Intense conservatism, a haughty, unwavering devotion to caste, and a firm faith in the virtues and established rights of the nobility and the Church—these principles never lost his support or found him wavering; but he did not hesitate to differ with his party at times, and even (by his pen, at least) to warn that party against its leader, when that leader was Disraeli.

It was in 1865 that he became Lord Cranborne and heir to the great estates and wealth of the head of the Cecils, and in 1866, apparently as a reward for his vigorous and masterly opposition to the Reform Bill of the previous year, he was invited to become a member of the new Tory government (Lord Derby's) as Secretary of State for India. In the very next year he retired from the government, because he found it impossible to follow his party in its surrender to the tendencies it had been opposing by presenting a bill to extend widely the suffrage. Thus he confirmed the belief of those critics who declared him unreliable, but remained true to his only slightly masked hostility to Disraeli and to that exalted faith in the aristocracy which, from first to last, caused him to oppose the strongest of the democratic tendencies of the time and left him unable or disinclined to enter into an enlightened sympathy with the masses.

Great events followed closely in this period of his life. In 1865 a member of the Commons, in 1866 a member of the government, in 1867 back in his seat as plain member for Stamford, in 1868, by the death of his father, he became Marquis of Salisbury, and in May of that year he took his seat in the House of Lords at the age of thirty-eight. Upon his resignation of the Secretaryship for India, and doubtless because of the masterly ability he displayed as a manager and financier while in office, he undertook the duties of chairman of the Great Eastern Railway, performing them with distinguished success during three years.

He found almost no chance, or leave either, to continue in the calm and staid upper house the style of speaking which had most distinguished him when he was laying the foundations of his public career. Though it was in that chamber that he was called "a master of flouts and gibes and jeers," he had both mellowed a great deal and, to a greater extent, had learned to control himself. At the worst, he had never been cruel or intense, and though his retorts and com-

ments in debate had stung many men and had moved even more men to dislike him, they were regarded and intended by him but as the sparks which fly from iron on an anvil and serve rather to point out their source and occasion than to do damage of themselves. On the other hand, he did bring to the House of Lords more of importance and interest to the country than it was enjoying when he first lent to it his youthful energy, the fresh result of his study of public affairs, his resourcefulness, wit, and brilliancy as a speaker, and his extraordinary mental gifts and information. Only while Lord Beaconsfield shone there was the Marquis of Salisbury anything less than the central and dominant figure in the chamber. Before the country Mr. Gladstone was first, and in the House of Lords Beaconsfield was the most observed and masterful figure; but when the Premier departed, Lord Salisbury at once rose to his former position as the master figure with the master mind, and throughout the remainder of a term which measured virtually half his lifetime he not only kept that place, but added to it the luster, dignity, and strength which slowly and steadily enriched him, increased the respect in which he was held by all the people, and the trust which was lavished upon him by all who were of his political faith. Although Lord Beaconsfield outshone him for a brief space of time, the marquis did not hesitate to differ with him or fear to oppose him in debate.

When Mr. Disraeli became Prime Minister in 1874 he invited the marquis to accept the post of Secretary of State for India for the second time. A time of trial this proved, because of the condition of affairs which disturbed the government of the great dependency. When he had held this office two years Lord Salisbury was chosen as the British representative at the conference of the powers in Constantinople in 1876, when the Bulgarian atrocities had aroused the indignation of Christendom, and the powers vainly conferred for the purpose of exacting of Turkey such concessions to her Christian subjects, and such other reforms, as might prevent the impending war against the Sultan by the Czar.

A proof of the minor phases of his skill is supplied by the recollection of Charles K. Tuckerman, the American minister to Greece, who was at this Constantinople conference. He says of Lord Salisbury:

> From the moment of his Lordship's arrival until the breaking up of the conference, he lost no opportunity for showing the Turk that a perfect *entente cordiale* existed between himself and the Russian ambassador. They were seen almost daily together, *bras dessus et bras dessous*, walking, talking, and driving like political allies and bosom friends. Brutus and Cassius, Damon and Pythias, and other examples of devoted friendship, were nothing to the fraternal embraces of England and Russia on this occasion. The two keen-witted ambassadors perfectly understood each other, and probably nudged each other's elbows as they observed the success of their policy upon the Turks. The ministers of the Sublime Porte were nonplussed and disgusted, for they had built their hopes of the designs of the conference being frustrated on the political antagonisms and jealousy between England and Russia. Lord Salisbury's policy in this respect was above all praise, and the result was that it promoted harmony in the councils of the commissioners, favored unity of action, and left the Ottoman government solely responsible for the failure of the conference.

Lord Salisbury seems to have anticipated the hopelessness of the attempt to bring the Turks to reason and avert the threatened war between Russia and Turkey. At an evening reception given by Lady Salisbury, I remarked, in conversation with the marquis on the character of the Turks, that their motto seemed to be, "*Après nous, le déluge.*" Always ready with a pointed epigram, he replied: "If they are not precious careful, it will be, this time, *le déluge* before *après nous.*" And it was.

The dreaded war was declared, and Lord Derby resigned the post of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to be at once succeeded by Lord Salisbury, who thus at forty-eight years of age (in 1878), while in his most vigorous manhood, began the study and conduct of those matters beyond the domestic concerns of England which are believed to have interested him more than any other public duties he ever undertook.

The Berlin Congress (June, 1878), five months after the close of the Russo-Turkish War, had its inception in Lord Salisbury's noted despatch to the powers, and to that congress he was sent in company with Lord Beaconsfield. One result of the congress was the autonomous character and Christian government which are possessed by Bulgaria to-day. The two English members of the congress were received at home with a hearty welcome and the plaudits of the nation, but in 1879 Mr. Gladstone put to the test his demand for an ending of the so-called "vigorous foreign policy" of Britain and for the recognition of the rights of other nations. He did this in his celebrated Midlothian campaign—a contest marked by vigorous, aggressive daily speeches of such intellectual force that what Beaconsfield, at

another time, characterized as "exuberant verbosity" proved invincible eloquence, and swept Gladstone in and Beaconsfield and Salisbury out by a Liberal majority of one hundred and fourteen votes.

When Lord Salisbury again took office, five years later (1885), it was as Premier of Great Britain. The increasingly powerful Home-rulers of that day combined with the Conservatives, and the Gladstone government resigned. Lord Salisbury resumed his work as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in combination with his Premiership; but his government was not solidly founded, and in the next year Gladstone led the Liberals back to power. He now embraced in his program a scheme for home rule in Ireland, and being defeated, gave the Conservatives, or Unionists, another lease of power, with Lord Salisbury as Premier for the second time, and for a term of six years, or until 1892. In the second year of his administration he again took to himself the management of foreign affairs, and that secretaryship he retained during the remainder of that period.

Again, when he came to the command for the third time, in 1895, he filled the dual post of Premier and Foreign Secretary, only resigning the subordinate place after Queen Victoria's death, when he conferred it upon Lord Lansdowne, a statesman whom he both admired and trusted, though at the time the appointment was made the country was far from unanimous in its approval of the step, the recollection of the mishaps, mistakes, and unpreparedness of the War Department under Lord Lansdowne in the early stages of the war in South Africa being then fresh and bitter in the public memory.

We turn now to glance at the public life and personal characteristics of this statesman who three times held the chief place under the crown, and four times guided the British ship of state through the generally troubled or threatening waters of her foreign relations. I will not attempt to pass my own unimportant judgment upon his policy and methods, as any Englishman would have a right to do. Nor will I more than describe his manner and appearance on the single occasion when I met and spoke with him. I remember first of all his great and bulky figure, which, without in the least impairing my high respect for him, awoke in me the almost humorous suggestion that he was the personification of his fellow-Englishmen of a somewhat earlier date—an individual John Bull embodying the physical characteristics of the typical esquires of the time of his birth and perhaps a century back of that day. He is not only very tall and heavy, but his greatest bulk, as I saw him, was across his shoulders and from his chest to his back. It may be that the well-named Burleigh, who served Elizabeth so faithfully and won her unbroken respect and trust, was another such man in appearance—and why not in the bases of his intellectual make-up as well?

In private talk he was good-natured, kindly, and graceful. He made an address on that occasion, and I recall his manner as that of a person aware of the possession of important knowledge, and aware, too, of the keen interest that was felt in what he had to say. This consciousness was not shown as a popular politician might easily have declared it, with any degree either of vanity or of cock-sure confidence, but with exceeding modesty, as if he were a savant explaining a discovery in public—precisely, indeed, as I afterward heard Signor Marconi explain his success in sending a message across the Atlantic. Lord Salisbury arose, inclined his body above the waist forward, without altering the firm upright position of his legs, and spoke in a simple, straightforward manner, without a helpful gesture or a noticeable modulation of his voice. His language was clear; his painstaking to make himself understood and heard by all was very apparent. Neither artifice nor ornament was in either the manner or the matter of his address.

He kept apart from his hearers, as it is said he always does, for he has no magnetic or sympathetic quality in his voice or personality. And he lacked geniality, precisely as all who have described his speaking have declared. But on the occasion when I heard him there was none of that sarcasm, contempt, or plainly apparent sense of superiority to the limitations which bind most other speakers or take account of the prejudices and preferences of the majority. It was this spirit which led him not very long ago to declare in the House of Lords that the English are not an artistic people, and to add that the one man who sought to have them otherwise (the late Prince Consort) was a foreigner, had not succeeded to any large extent, and had passed away.

He possesses sincerity, but it is always manifested without enthusiasm. He has eloquence of a highly polished kind, but it is better calculated to please the educated than the plain people. Only in one campaign

—against the Gladstone Home Rule Bill—did he "swing round the circle" with stump speeches to the people, and then it became very evident that, if he cared to get in touch with the masses, he did not succeed in doing so, but stood apart and addressed the higher intelligence of the few rather than the hearts or the prejudices of the many. He used no notes, but spoke with slight preparation and from deep conviction. The frequency of brilliant and perfectly worded similes, characterizations, and what Disraeli called "jeers and taunts" in his addresses, suggested careful preparation and a marvelous memory. That last he must have had, for in debate in the House of Lords he never took written notes of the points he meant to answer or the answers he meant to make, yet he rose in his turn fully armed with reply. He leaned heavily upon one hand in speaking, and spoke without halts or breaks to the end of what he had to say.

Like every foremost figure in a nation, the English view Lord Salisbury's conduct of affairs as either wise or mischievous, according as they are Liberals, Radicals, Anti-imperialists, or Unionists. There are those who argue that his desire for peace, or the intense aversion to war of the royal mistress he served so often and so long, was indulged to such an unwise extreme as to make his "graceful concessions" take the form of distinct and great losses to England both in prestige and in territory. His failure to interfere when the Boers were arming for a war that could not have been directed elsewhere than against England, his mild course in China when the other leading powers wrested territory and commercial concessions from that country, his generous course toward France in Madagascar, West Africa, and Siam—these are all cited as instances when the same temper (which no one criticizes for its patience at the time of the Kaiser's telegram to the Transvaal) failed in producing the greatest gains possible to England, though at the risk of war. The patience and good humor of the Premier at the time of President Cleveland's Venezuela message in 1895 is by some recalled to mind as another instance of the masterly handling of a nation's affairs in a moment fraught with danger of war. But without in the least detracting from Lord Salisbury's credit for avoiding war wherever such a course was possible, I am able to testify that England would not have supported a government which pursued any other course in that juncture. The air broke out with American flags,—just as it did again when President McKinley died,—the music-halls (to which it is said that Mr. Gladstone sometimes went in order to judge of the temper of the masses upon momentous public questions) resounded with ballads and cheering on behalf of peace and good will toward America. It was a very little later, when the Kaiser sent his impulsive message to the Transvaal, that the populace felt its fighting blood deeply stirred, and that Lord Salisbury won deserved credit by his calming, pacifying treatment of the situation.

The irony and sarcasm in the noble marquis's speeches seemed not to be the reflex of a nature at all unkindly. He is declared to think the best of all men and to trust them all—a strange quality in a practised diplomat. An anecdote which may not be true, but which perfectly illustrates his view of his fellow-men, is one that was told of him when Disraeli died. "I could have liked Beaconsfield very much," he said—"until I remembered his waistcoats."

Lord Randolph Churchill seemed, as the saying is, to get upon Lord Salisbury's nerves. He was fond of the brilliant politician personally, but as a public man he believed Lord Randolph to be mistaken and dangerous. While the one was leader of the party and the other was leader in the Commons their relations became strained, because they viewed the duties of each other from contradictory standpoints. Lord Salisbury was at the head of the Foreign Office, and cared more for that field of his work than for anything else. Lord Randolph believed it to be his right, and a necessity, to be kept informed of all that his chief knew of foreign affairs, in order to fill confidently his own trying place in the House of Commons. This annoyed and irritated Lord Salisbury, and when, in December, 1881, Lord Randolph and Lord George Hamilton differed and Lord Randolph wrote to Salisbury a letter which contained a suggestion of the impossibility of his enduring that of which he complained, Lord Salisbury replied accepting Lord Randolph's resignation. It is said that Churchill had not meant to resign, but he was unable to extricate himself from the position into which the marquis thus forced him. This was the Premier's way of ridding himself of annoyance and of ending what others fancied was a struggle for supreme control between the elder and the younger man.

Much work that was of great importance

has fallen to his hand while he has been in command. By agreements with Portugal, France, and Germany he determined the possessions and boundaries of the various European holdings in Africa, and if he did not restore and preserve England's former relations with Turkey, he did so control her place in Egypt as to put England's supremacy there beyond future question. He is a strict and sincere churchman, and has championed the ancient rights and dogmas of the Church on all occasions, opposing disestablishment, legislative interference with the ritual, and many other movements against which churchmen were united. He thought and fought with his party on the extreme demands of the Irish. He disbelieved in universal suffrage, except in a form modified by what he considered proper precautions for the protection of property. He was not opposed to a reforming of the House of Lords in ways which would make it more representative of the people. But in domestic legislation he has allowed others to play a more important public part than he undertook, and in time the nation has come to believe that he found his tastes far better suited by the management of Britain's foreign policy, in the conduct of which he could largely keep his own counsel and keep out the interfering tendency of the democratic age, with which he had none too much of sympathy. That he has worked as a public servant at all was because he felt that what he did was done for England rather than for the people he so slightly understood.

He has given the best of himself to England and given it willingly. His recreations have been found in books and scientific pursuits. He has been an omnivorous reader of all that is best in the old and the new literature of the times, and there has seemed to those who both shared his tastes and enjoyed his society nothing of note or moment that he has not read. One of these gentlemen told me that one day he succeeded in securing a first copy of an important French philosophical work, and hurried to Hatfield to air his acquaintance with it. He broached the subject to the Premier, who at once replied, "Yes, I read that work in advance proofs sent me by the author," and proceeded to discuss it intimately.

Still pleasanter to him are the hours he spends in his laboratory, which is said to be unsurpassed in completeness and modernness by any private laboratory in England. From his youth he has had a bent for this work, and in physics especially he has attained such knowledge as to be sought, for counsel and discussion, by some of the greatest minds in that field. It is even said of him that if he had not been a great statesman he would have made a greater scientist. The reason that he has written and spoken very little upon scientific subjects is that, owing to his modesty and because of his association with many brilliant lights in science, he perhaps too fully realizes that other men have a better right than he to discuss in public those matters in which he feels himself to be only a student. He has turned his work and knowledge to practical account at Hatfield, where the manor-house, outbuildings, and grounds are illuminated by electricity generated by the water-power provided by the river Lea, which runs through the estate. This power performs other useful work as well. The devices by which it serves these purposes are of the most modern and perfect character, and were planned by the marquis.



THE VOLCANO SYSTEMS OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

SEVERAL GROUPS OF ACTIVE VOLCANOES.

BY ROBERT T. HILL,
Of the United States Geological Survey;
Author of "Cuba and Porto Rico, with the Other Islands of the West Indies."

TROPICAL America is a geological mystery. Hinged in between the North and South American continents, the contours of its land and water areas are always inviting scientific inquiry and never satisfying it. The North American Cordilleras end in the latitude of the city of Mexico; while the South American Cordilleras terminate at the Caribbean Sea half a thousand miles to the eastward. Between them is the "American Mediterranean," as the combined waters of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea are termed, girt by mysterious lands.

HUMBOLDT'S THEORY SUPPLANTED.

ACCORDING to the Humboldtian geography, the two American continents are virtually dominated by a continuous Cordilleran system, running like a backbone through South, Central, and North America, and binding the whole western border of the hemisphere in one great mountain system.

Humboldt's theory has long been unacceptable. The Andean Cordilleran trend, which dominates the western coast of South America, after crossing to the north of the equator trifurcates, bends slightly eastward, and abruptly terminates in northern Colombia.

Many geographers, especially Felix and Lenk, have shown that the main Cordilleran system of Mexico, which is the southern continuation of the Rocky Mountain region of the United States, abruptly terminates with the great scarp, or *Abfall*, of the so-called plateau a little south of the city of Mexico, and that these mountains have, as to their origin, no features in common with those of the Central American region lying to the south thereof.

Between the widely separated termini of the main North and South American Cordilleras, as above defined, and extending directly across their trend at right angles to them, lies another great system of folding, to which the term Antillean may be applied. By means of this the Caribbean Sea is almost entirely surrounded on all sides except the east by mountains trending east and west and by submarine ridges of the Antillean type. The Windward Islands, marking the eastern border of the sea, are largely old volcanic heaps.

REGIONS OF PRESENT VOLCANIC ACTIVITY.

THE active volcanic groups of the Western Hemisphere occur in five widely separated regions:

1. The Andean group of volcanoes of the equatorial region of western South America.
2. The chain of some twenty-five great cinder-cones which stretch east and west across the south end of the Mexican plateau.
3. The Central American group, with its thirty-one active craters, extending diagonally across the western ends of the east-and-west folds of the Caribbean corrugations, fringing the Pacific side of Guatemala, San Salvador, and Costa Rica. This is separated from the Mexican group on the north by a large non-volcanic area, the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and on the south from the Andean volcanoes by the Isthmus of Panama, where no active volcanoes are found.
4. The chain of volcanoes of the Windward Islands, marking the eastern gate of the Caribbean Sea, standing in a line directly across the eastern termini of the Caribbean Mountains, trending east and west, and parallel to the Central American group similarly situated at their western termini.
5. The volcanoes of Alaska and the Aleutian Islands.

REGIONS OF EXTINCT VOLCANOES.

THE Isthmus of Panama, the Pacific coast of South America west of the Atrato, the north coast of South America, the old vol-

canic areas of northern Mexico and the United States, and the Great Antilles, are regions in which volcanic activity has long been quiescent.

THE GREAT ANDEAN GROUP OF VOLCANOES.

THE northern Andes present some of the most superb volcanic spectacles in the world. In the little republic of Ecuador, says Mr. W. E. Curtis, directly beneath the equator, rise twenty volcanoes ranging from 16,000 to 22,500 feet in height and presided over by the princely Chimborazo. Eighteen of the twenty are covered with perpetual snow, and eleven have never been reached by any creature except the far-flying condor. Those who have seen Vesuvius can judge of the grandeur of Cotopaxi if they will imagine a volcano 15,000 feet higher, shooting forth fiery vapors from a crest covered by 7000 feet of snow, with a roar that can be heard six hundred miles. We may be able to appreciate the grandeur of this group if we picture to ourselves twenty of the highest mountains in America, three of them active volcanoes, standing along the road from Washington to New York.

THE VOLCANOES OF COSTA RICA.

THE central volcanic plateau of Costa Rica presents a complete and sudden transition from scenery covered by luxuriant vegetation to an open, timberless mountain and basin topography. The transition is as if one had been suddenly taken from the isthmian lowlands and deposited into the great valleys of Mexico or those of our own Cordilleran region. As far as the eye can see, the superb summits of the Costa Rican volcanoes form a background, Poas (altitude 8692 feet), Barba (9309 feet), Irazu (11,350 feet), and Turialba (11,000 feet), while in the foreground, at an average altitude of 5000 feet above the sea, lie the great fertile upland basin valleys of Costa Rica. The landscape changes in color from the deep green of the coastal vegetation to the grays and browns of the higher mountain scenery of western America.

The mountains of Costa Rica, as a whole, have not the aspect of symmetrical cinder-cones, but collectively they constitute a long series of high, serrated masses with slopes deeply scored by erosion, very much resembling our own Rocky Mountains. These masses are surmounted here and there by true cinder-cones, which in themselves form but a small proportion of the entire mass.

The crater of Irazu consists of a vast cinder-cone nearly a mile in diameter, the highest rim of which, according to Petier, is 11,350 feet above the sea. Within this older crater are numerous later craterlets. The entire crater occupies but a relatively small portion of the great mountain mass which it caps, and is apparently a later parasitic summit growth upon a much older mass. According to the records of the eruptions of Irazu, the principal material ejected in historic time has been hot water. The ejecta constituting the crater, however, consist principally of scoriaceous cinder, accompanied by occasional boulders of black basic rock; and were it not for these historic statements, one could believe from recent appearances that the matter had been erupted within the last ten years. Of the great mass of material composing the present crater there are only two occurrences of coherent lavas, and these constitute beds only a few feet in thickness, and were probably ejected at widely differing intervals. One occurs in the southern part of the oldest rim; the other is a stratum, exposed by erosion, interbedded in the ash of one of the secondary craterlets.

THE CARIBBEE CHAIN OF VOLCANOES.

STRETCHING like the piers of a bridge across the entrance to the Caribbean Sea, from the Anegada Channel of Porto Rico to Trinidad, off Venezuela, is a double chain of beautiful lands which may be called the Caribbee Islands. They rise from a narrow submarine bank, like the Greater Antilles, but have a north-and-south trend, directly at right angles to that of the latter, each chain probably representing the survival of what were great islands in former geologic times. The volcanic Caribs are now only half exposed to the eye of the observer, for the greater base of their perimetric frames is hidden by the water for 5000 feet in depth. Who can estimate the millions of years which they have been growing by a series of sudden explosions at long intervals apart? They include twenty-one islands besides the Grenadines. The latter comprise several hundred distinct islets, often merely heads of rocks rising above the sea, and extending sixty miles in the general axis of the chain between St. Vincent and Grenada. Barbados, about one hundred miles east of the circle, and Aves or Bird Island, about two hundred miles west, are included by some writers in the Caribbean chain. This chain in the northern half of its extent consists of a double row of islands. The inner circle,



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

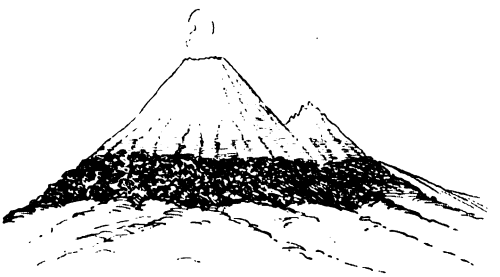
AREQUIPA (19,250 FEET) AS SEEN FROM THE PLAZA OF AREQUIPA, CHILE.

which more completely spans the distance between the Great Antilles and South America, is the main chain, and the outer circle is made up of secondary and dependent features.

The islands of the main chain, including Saba, St. Eustatius, St. Kitts, Nevis, Montserrat, Guadeloupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Grenadines, Grenada, are volcanic heaps of weird insular forms, rising precipitously above the sea, attaining a height of 4428 feet in Martinique, clad to the very top by vegetation, and usually clouded in mist. They are composed entirely of old volcanic material, and from the richness of their vegetation and the blackness of their rock present a dark and restful landscape even under the tropical sun.

The outer circlet of islands, including Sombrero, Anguilla, St. Martin, St. Bartholomew, Barbuda, Antigua, Désirade, and Maria Galante, with the exception of Antigua, which is partly volcanic, are islets of white limestone and coral-reef rock, rising nowhere over 200 feet above the sea, and resembling in color the Bahamas. They rise from a submerged slope extending oceanward from the inner chain.

The whole group of the West Indian Islands records prehistorical convulsions compared with which the present outbreak is only a gentle shake-up. Everywhere there are sunken volcanoes and ridges and little headlands projecting above the water which indicate former cataclysms. All the Grenadines, for instance, in the Windward chain, are undoubtedly the remnants of an island larger than any which now survives in that chain.

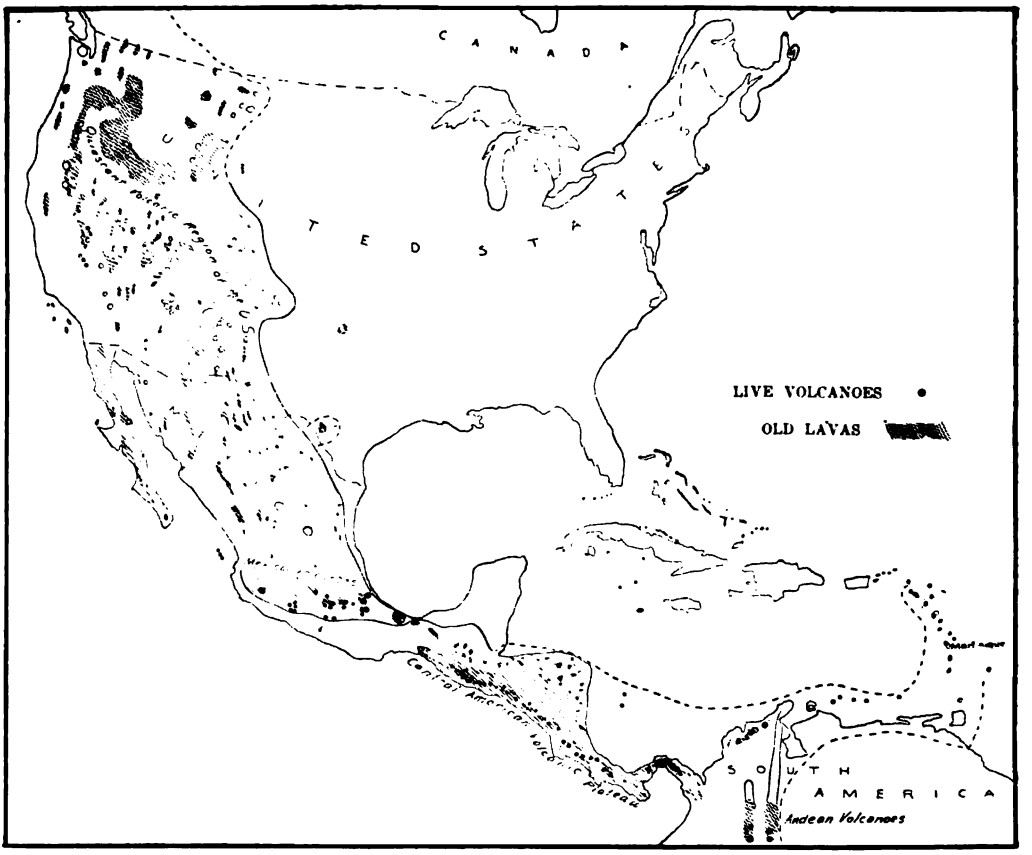


COTOPAXI, ECUADOR (19,613 FEET), AS SEEN FROM A DISTANCE OF NINETY MILES.

ERUPTIVE WARNINGS FROM ST. VINCENT.

ST. VINCENT is the only island of the group which in historic time had been known to suffer from volcanic explosions. The present eruption of its *soufrière*, or sulphur-crater, near the northern end of the island, is the third which has taken place in historic times. It is a single island, with no outlying rocks or islets.

The island culminates in the vast crater of Morne Garon, which was the scene of a tremendous eruption in 1812, when the earthquakes which for two years had terrified the West Indian region and the South American coast culminated in an explosion which was a most devastating and far-reaching cataclysm, being rivaled within recent years only by the explosion of Krakatua, in the Strait of Sunda. In Carácas ten thousand people were buried in a single moment, and ruin was wrought along the entire line of the Andes by earth-



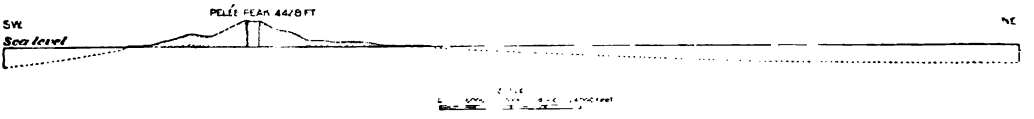
MAP OF LIVE VOLCANOES AND LAVA-FIELDS (OMITTING THOSE IN THE MAJOR PART OF SOUTH AMERICA AND ALASKA).

quakes accompanying the event. The soufrière of St. Vincent vomited vast clouds of dust, which darkened the sun for an entire day and spread over a hundred miles of sea and land. This eruption changed the configuration of the island and destroyed its eastern end. The crater formed at that time was half a mile in diameter and 500 feet deep, and was a beautiful lake walled in by ragged cliffs to a height of 800 feet.

MONT PELÉE THE ONLY LIVE VOLCANO IN MARTINIQUE.

THE island of Martinique consists of three volcanic piles or groups of piles, from the summits of which radiate deep gorges and knife-edges. Of these three features, known as Mont Pelée, Carbet, and the Caraibe, respectively, the latter two were oldest in age and have never in the memory of man exhibited the least sign of activity.

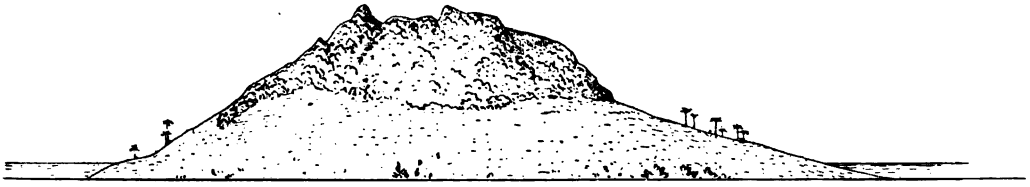
Mont Pelée, at the northern end of the island, was, before the present eruption, a great cone standing about 10,000 feet above its base, and about half submerged beneath the waters of the ocean. The portion which stood above the water-level was about eight miles in diameter and was surrounded on three sides by water. To the southeast the old ejecta from this cone had coalesced with those from Carbet, making a neck of land which united them. Thus it will be seen



PROFILE OF MONT PELÉE, MARTINIQUE, ABOVE AND BELOW THE LEVEL OF THE SEA, BEFORE THE RECENT CONVULSION.

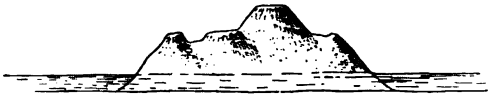
that, notwithstanding the apparent topographic complexity of Martinique, Pelée may be considered separately as a typical single volcanic cone.

Many of the reports from Martinique mention flows of lava. My observation upon the rocks of these islands shows that they are mostly trachytic cinder-eruptions. This material has for the greater part been ejected as cinder, but there is no reason why it should not flow, in which case the lava would run with far greater rapidity than the basaltic lavas of the Vesuvius and Mauna Loa types, which run very slowly, like viscous molasses.



THE VOLCANO OF THE ISLAND OF ST. EUSTATIUS.

Grenada, the most lovely of the islands, culminates in a peak 2749 feet in height, upon the summit of which are two beautiful crater-lakes. No known eruptions have ever been reported from this island, although earthquakes have been felt. The islands north of Guadeloupe—Montserrat, Barbuda, Nevis, St. Kitts, and Saba—are apparently more completely extinct than the others. The single peak at Saba terminates in a cone 2820 feet high, while the inhabitants of the island live in a secondary crater some 500 feet above the sea. St. Eustatius has a most conspicuous crater called the Punch Bowl. St. Kitts, too, has a crater about 1000 feet deep in the center, Mount Misery, which dominates the island. Hundreds of fissures on the flanks of the mountain still continue to emit sulphurous gases. Brimstone Hill, one of the parasitic cones, 789 feet high, is capped by a picturesque fortification. The most superb cone of all the Caribbean group is that which constitutes the islands of Nevis, rising above the sea 3596 feet.



THE ISLAND OF SABA AS SEEN FROM THE ISLAND OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

FIRES THAT MAY BLAZE IN DOMINICA.

DOMINICA is nearly as large in area as Martinique. Mount Diablotin, its culminating-point, is 4747 feet in height, and has an old crater on its slope about half-way to its summit. Until 1880 this was known as the Boiling Lake, and was heated by many hot springs boiling up from its bottom, which every five minutes broke into foaming geyser columns. In the year mentioned, however, there was a slight tremor followed by land-slips, and new craters were opened in the hill below, when the waters disappeared from the lake. These fissures still emit volcanic gases and are constantly shifting their position, while the rivulets flowing from them are swollen along their courses by springs of sulphurous water rising from the crevasses. These facts show that Dominica may some day suddenly alarm the world as has Mont Pelée.

ST. LUCIA.

ST. LUCIA has one of the largest and most threatening volcanoes of the whole group, known as Little Soufrière, some 3145 feet above the sea. It has a deep crater lined with deposits of sulphur, the fumes of which constantly rise from the eruptive matter in its depths. Many hot springs are found throughout the island.



THE ISLAND OF SABA FROM ST. EUSTATIUS.

THREATENING SIGNS IN GUADELOUPE.

GUADELOUPE has more distinguishable volcanic vents than any other of the islands. Grosse Montagne, 2370 feet high, is in the northwest; the Deux Mamelles, 2540 feet, is to the south of this; while La Soufrière, still farther south, is 4900 feet high. At the southern end of the island are two other old volcanoes, the Caraibe and Houlemont. On the slopes of these mountains igneous energy is still active at one or two points, such as Bouillante, at the foot of the Mamelles, while little craters in the sand emit hot vapors, and even in the east gas-bubbles rise along the shore. At intervals, when the clouds pass away, La Soufrière may be seen "smoking" from all points of the island. There are several soufrières or steam-jets which make this so-called smoke, and within the last two or three years, accompanied by quaking, these have changed their localities. This mountain of Guadeloupe has recently given much more external evidence of danger than either St. Vincent or Martinique.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

IZALCO (5386 FEET), SAN SALVADOR.

GREAT HEIGHTS AND DEPTHS.

THE most wonderful features of the Caribbean region are concealed beneath the waters. Here may be found the greatest extremes of height and depth in the known world. From the top of the Sierra Maestra, on the south coast of Cuba, nearly 8000 feet above the sea, there is a dip of nearly 19,000 feet to the base of that mountain, which is submerged some 10,000 feet below the water. Brownson Deep, just north of Porto Rico, is over 27,000 feet in depth. The Sierra de Santa Marta, a volcano on the north coast of Colombia, is over 18,000 feet in height. These

great extremes exist within less than six hundred miles of each other, the difference in levels being eight and a half miles.

AMONG THE PEAKS OF MEXICO.

SPANISH America, from the city of Mexico to Cape Horn, furnishes many records of volcanic disasters, and in those countries the priests annually sprinkle the mountains with holy water to keep quiet the demons of fire they are supposed to contain. Seven years ago there was an epidemic of volcanic outbreaks. Vesuvius and Etna, Mauna Loa in the Hawaiian Islands, and Gunong on Great Sangir Island, burst into eruptivity. Simultaneously on our own continent Colima, the great volcanic mountain of western Mexico, 12,750 feet above the sea, showed terrible activity.

For over a year earthquakes — often reaching as far north as San Francisco — have been giving warning of the recent eruptions. Eight months ago they had become so violent that President Diaz ordered the people of the little city at the foot of Colima to abandon the place. Cerobuco (6100 feet), in the state of Jalisco, near the Pacific coast, was in violent eruption in 1870, and has emitted gases and vapors ever since. Its main crater is a pit over 1000 feet in depth.



ORIZABA (17,830 FEET) AS SEEN FROM THE FOREST OF XALAPA, MEXICO.

Within sight of Colima stands the Nevada de Colima, 200 feet higher, its dome now covered with snow and supposedly extinct. Just eastward, in Michoacan, are two similar peaks, Patamban and Tancitaro, which are also quiescent. Still eastward we find another mountain, Jorullo, which is known as the volcano of six cones, and which still growls and fumes. To the north, near the capital, Morelia, are other volcanoes.

The greatest caldron in the world is the volcano of San Andreas, east of Morelia, which is a crater-lake filled with boiling water. Seven majestic craters form the great amphitheater known as the Valle de Santiago, in which is situated the city of Toluca. The "Naked Lord" is the popular name for the Nevada de Toluca, a great snow-clad summit of 16,610 feet. The city of Mexico is surrounded by a perimeter of volcanic peaks. Old streams of lava reach to the very gates of the city from the Cerro de Ajusco, on the south. To the southeast rise the twin volcanoes Iztaccihuatl (15,705 feet) and Popocatepetl (17,540 feet). Still to the eastward some fifty miles, and overlooking the Gulf of Mexico, is the monarch of the system, the great peak of Orizaba (17,830 feet), the loftiest peak on our continent.

VOLCANIC REGIONS OF THE UNITED STATES.

PROCEEDING northward from the southern border of the volcanic region of North America, the path of fire leads toward our own land. Off the Mexican coast are three desert islands, the Tres Marias, composed of ash and lava, of recent origin. The whole of the desert peninsula of southern California is a mass of ancient volcanic debris, with many craters still smoking. So late as April, 1892, the earthquake shocks of one of these bursting volcanoes shook the State of California. Professor Diller has published a most interesting paper on a late volcanic eruption in northern California, which Dr. Harkness of San Francisco believed to have been in eruption in 1840. Trunks of pine-trees still stand in the lava which encircled their bases, but Professor Diller thinks that the nearest approximation of the time that can be made is within the last two hundred years.

Near the mouth of the great Colorado of the West is the peak of Pincato, a mile high, which exhales deadly fumes of sulphur and has several cones surrounded by a field of lava.

The volcanic fields of the United States extend over California, Arizona, and New Mexico, and northward into Idaho, Oregon, and Washington. Even though these volcanoes have mostly expired, they are the most interesting of all the many queer features of the West, and there is no assurance that their concealed fires will not again break forth to illumine our country.

As in Mexico, these craters are all situated on the border of, or within, the Great Basin between the Sierra and the Rocky Mountain ranges, which form its circum-



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

CRATERS AND GLACIERS OF MOUNT SHASTA (14,350 FEET), CALIFORNIA.

ference, and the desert plains of which were only yesterday, in geologic time, covered with numerous lakes, such as the Great Salt Lake, and others as large as Superior, whose waters, with a few exceptions, have since disappeared.

Only one group of these craters lies east of the Rocky Mountain border of the Great Basin, and those are on the margin of the plains in northeastern New Mexico, near the Texas line. The most conspicuous is Mount Capulin, six miles south of Folsom Station. This is a beautiful cinder-cone (altitude 9000 feet) and rises nearly 2750 feet above the railroad. The vast crater at its top is about a mile in diameter, slightly broken down on its western side. From its summit many lava-flows can be traced. To the southward from six to twenty miles there are several similar craters, while to the northward there are many smaller ones, called *monticules* by the Mexicans. Around these craters there are numerous flows of vesicular, ropy lava. If the fires which so recently illumined its summit should burst forth again, they would be visible from Denver to Galveston; yet this superb volcanic mountain is so little known to Americans that it has not found a place upon our maps.

About two hundred miles south of the Capulin group, nestled at the head of the old lake valley which extends southward between the San Andreas and Guadaloupe ranges, is another crater from which has flowed a vast lava-sheet which buried all other rocks. This crater belongs to a class found in other parts of New Mexico, which geologists say gave forth a thin liquid lava that spread with great rapidity over the adjacent country, instead of flowing slowly like thick molasses, as do the volcanoes now active. At what time these eruptions took place no man can tell. Even the Mescalero Apaches have no trace of them in their traditions, although the Moquis say that other craters in New Mexico have been active since the Spaniards came.

West of the Rio Grande, on the Atlantic and Pacific Railway, there are similar cones. These craters may have been in activity since Columbus discovered America. They look as threatening as Vesuvius. On the great Zuñi plateau, north of them, stand Mount Taylor and dozens of other volcanic



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

MATO TEPEE, WYOMING.

A volcanic plug or neck, the core of an old volcanic crater, the cinder-cone of which has been destroyed by erosion. Height 1100 feet above the river.

necks or pipes, old craters from around which all the cinders have been eroded, leaving only the lava which filled their craters. There are numerous other craters in New Mexico, and all the more recent ones stand near or on the beds of the recently drained lakes. Perhaps the disappearance of the vast bodies of water was in some way connected with these volcanic outbursts. Ninety per cent. of the ejecta of all volcanoes consists of water in the shape of steam.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PROFESSOR G. K. GILBERT.

A LAVA-PATH IN ARIZONA.

EXTINCT CRATERS IN THE MIDDLE WEST.

CONTINUING westward into Arizona, Utah, and Nevada, the vestiges of volcanic action increase. San Francisco Peak, in north-central Arizona (altitude 12,794 feet), is a vast overwhelming mass of lava. Upon the plain below and around this peak are dozens of craters and cinder-cones, the great size of which is lost in comparison with the central giant.

From San Francisco Peak to Mount Taylor, two hundred and thirty miles east, is one of the greatest lava-fields in the world, fully 20,000 square miles in extent. Over three hundred ancient volcano necks can be seen in this region and on the great plateaus to the north extending into southern Utah. In the old valley of Salt Lake, in southern Utah, stand Mount Fillmore and other craters which are of more recent date and which Mr. Gilbert says may yet break forth again. On to the northward, in Idaho, Oregon, and Montana, are other vast lava-fields, including many striking scenic features,



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

AN EXTINCT CRATER IN ARIZONA.

among which are the lava-beds made memorable by the valiant campaign against Captain Jack and his Modoc band.

Crossing the deserts of Utah and Nevada to the eastern foot of the Sierra Nevada, we reach Mono Lake and its group of craters in southeastern California. These are a portion of a great north-and-south belt of volcanic openings that skirt the east front of the Sierra. On the south margin of this lake are twenty craters, the central cone of which rises 9480 feet above the sea and 2750 feet above the lake—a monument which, were it in the Eastern States, would outrival all other natural wonders, yet it is lost in the vast multiplicity of superb features in the West. On the other edge of the lake and projecting as islands above its waters are still more recent craters, accompanied by hot springs and fumaroles which warn us that the volcanic forces are only slumbering beneath the surface.

The country around for miles is thickly strewn with ash and lapilli, and the indications are that a hundred years have not passed since these volcanoes have been in awful eruption. A peculiar kind of lava here is volcanic glass or obsidian, from which the Indians manufactured arrow-heads.

The volcanic features thus far described are diminutive, however, in comparison with those found in the northwestern corner of our republic.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

MODEL OF THE SUPPOSEDLY LAST VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN CALIFORNIA, SHOWING A CINDER-CONE AND LAVA. (AFTER DILLER.)

THE GIANT VOLCANOES OF OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

THE great range of the Sierra Nevada terminates in the northern part of California, and thence to the northward the Cascade range continues to

the British possessions—a great chain of volcanic peaks and cones covered with snow and dense forests. The principal volcanic cones are Lassen Peak and Mount Shasta, in northern California; Mount Pitt, the Three Sisters, Mount Jefferson, and Mount Hood, in Oregon; and St. Helen's, Adams, Rainier, and Baker, in the State of Washington. The southernmost of these is Lassen Peak, which is the terminal peak of the Sierra. That it is still prepared for action is shown by the solfataras and hot springs, from whose crater sulphurous gases and steam are constantly emitted. Owing to these emanations, the pioneers have called this crater "Bummer's Hell." Here are numerous little volcanoes, which intermittently shoot forth showers of mud, accompanied by an ominous rumbling sound.

Who can describe the glories of Mount Shasta, rising 14,350 feet above the Pacific, clad with living glaciers? On the west summit is a beautiful crater nearly a mile in diameter and 1000 feet deep. Along its western slope are the remains of hundreds of smaller volcanoes stretching out into the plain.

Still to the north, in Oregon, near Mount Pitt, are the wonderful crater-lakes—ancient craters whose orifices are filled with water.

In the majestic region of the Columbia River the volcanic eruptions—massive sheets and cones—attain an enormous development. In the cañon of the river are precipitous cliffs 3700 feet high, 3000 feet of which are basalt—the once molten lava which flowed over the country.

Proceeding northward along the western Cordilleras, the volcanic phenomena become grander, until they culminate in Mount Rainier, standing 14,526 feet above the adjacent water.

Mount Hood is the most graceful of the volcanic peaks, and rises to a height of 11,934 feet. It is a very old volcano, and its crater is almost destroyed by the ravages of time. The clouds and mists which encircle its summit are mistaken by many for smoke.

East of the Cascade range, in the northern end of the Great Basin region, are found the wonderful lava-flows of Snake River, covering ten thousand square miles, while all through the vast region we have described are fragmentary patches of eruptive rocks of older ages, showing that since middle geologic time the West has been the seat of vast and long-continued volcanic eruption.

VOLCANIC ACTIVITY IN ALASKA.

MORE than sixty-one volcanoes in Alaska and the Aleutian Islands form a path of fire between the Eastern and Western hemispheres. Within the last three hundred years they have been in eruption more than fifty times, and their lavas constitute the rocks of the islands. Even as this is written they are reported on fire.

Most interesting of this group is Bogoslof, which in 1796 was torn from the womb of the sea and still fumes and smokes. Mount Edgecumbe, on an island near Sitka, is a very symmetrical crater and of great interest to Alaskan tourists.

Except in Alaska, none of the volcanoes of the United States has been seen in violent action by white men. A great majority of the cones are cold and dead forever, and the center of activity seems gradually to have concentrated in the tropics.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

Disaster and Doubt.

A CATACLYSM of the extent of that in the West Indies has incalculable effects upon the human mind. A wave of pain and sympathy passes quickly over the world, but also a wave of religious questioning and doubt. One recalls the similar effects of the Lisbon catastrophe, as expressed in that poem of Voltaire's, "Sur le Désastre de Lisbonne," of which "fine and powerful piece" John Morley says that it is "the only non-dramatic poem of his which has strength, sincerity, and profundity of meaning enough firmly to arrest the reader's attention, and stimulate both thought and feeling. . . . Here he threw into energetic and passionately argumentative verse the same protest against the theory that whatever is is best, which he afterward urged in a very different form in the 'refined insolence' of 'Candide.' . . . He sees mankind imprisoned in a circle of appalling doom, from which there is no way of escape. . . . He can find no answer, and confesses his belief that no answer is to be found by human effort."

But there are other poems of despair, of a later time, which show that a stupendous object-lesson like that of Lisbon is by no means necessary to bring about a pessimistic view of human life,—as, for instances, Poe's "The Conqueror Worm," and sad-hearted James Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night":

> We do not ask a longer term of strife,
> Weakness and weariness and nameless woes;
> We do not claim renewed and endless life
> When this which is our torment here shall close,
> An everlasting conscious inanition!
> We yearn for speedy death in full fruition,
> Dateless oblivion and divine repose.

As a matter of fact, if it comes to the question of losing or holding faith in a benevolent Providence or World Spirit, one single case of suffering, apparently the effect of a mechanical, overruling fate crushing down upon sensitive and helpless humanity,—one single instance is enough to stagger the human understanding. The Christian hypothesis, frankly and confidently accepted, surely lessens greatly the weight of human woe, both by its teaching of that "greatest thing in the world," love,—sympathy and kindness as between all the brotherhood of man,—and by its gift of a "glorious immortality."

But even the devout Christian must not be blamed for finding the problem of human agony insoluble, as he can hardly fail to conceive that a God, of the kind he imagines God to be, might have produced all the good effects of suffering without resorting to such measures of seeming ineffable cruelty. Yes, even the "good Christian" cannot be reproached if he quote with solemn assent that saying of the Book of Job: "Behold, God is great, and we know him not."

Yet for the deist, the Christian, and, too, for those who are loath to accept any conventional religious formula, there are reasons and resources for good hope, or at least for ample courage, in face of the inscrutable relation between nature and man. It would seem that nature, as has been said, "punishes without cruelty and saves without mercy." There are devout minds that rebel against that view of nature which accepts the physical world as "absolutely and ultimately the divinely aimed-at and established thing." William James declares that this notion is found, indeed, only in very early religions. "I wish to make you feel," says this subtile and suggestive writer, "that we have a right to believe the physical order to be only a partial order; that we have a right to supplement it by an unseen spiritual order which we assume on trust, if only thereby life may seem to us better worth living again." Professor James, with all his splendid fervor and vividness of expression, argues strongly in favor of *believing what is in the line of our needs.* "Often enough," he says, "our faith beforehand in an uncertified result *is the only thing that makes the result come true.*"[1] The present writer could have furnished the author a striking illustration of this last assertion, wherein a drowning girl's life was saved largely by her own "will to believe," while sinking a third time—the loud cry of one of her rescuers that they were "coming" and that she was "all right" inducing a belief that gave her courage to struggle once more up from the suffocating depths into reach of a rescuing clutch.

We can do no better in this our plea for a sane and saving optimism in the presence of every pain and disaster of earth, whether attacking the individual or overcoming appalling numbers of men, than to quote the thrilling words with which Professor James ends one of his most suggestive and salutary essays:

> These, then, are my last words to you: Be not afraid of life. Believe that life *is* worth living, and your belief will help create the fact. The "scientific proof" that you are right may not be clear before the day of judgment (or some stage of being which that expression

[1] "Is Life Worth Living?" in "The Will to Believe, and Other Essays in Popular Philosophy," by William James.

may serve to symbolize) is reached. But the faithful fighters of this hour, or the beings that then and there will represent them, may then turn to the faint-hearted, who here decline to go on, with words like those with which Henry IV greeted the tardy Crillon after a great victory had been gained: "Hang yourself, brave Crillon! we fought at Arques, and you were not there."

Frank R. Stockton.

THE names of some writers suggest not merely certain well-known books, recall not only a distinguished career, but also an atmosphere, a personality, distinct and altogether attractive. In American literature Irving's was such a name. The name borne by the author of "Rudder Grange," "Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," and the rest, was also peculiarly such. To say that a story was in the Stockton manner was a sufficient description. As a matter of fact, there were no stories, except his own, in exactly the Stockton manner; for, although he had, doubtless, many deliberate or unconscious imitators, the charm of the Stockton story was too personal for successful conveyance. There were some stories by Stockton himself where a faulty plan, or some other obstacle, prevented the proper and natural flow of his genius: but where all was fortunate, the result was absolutely unique and absolutely inimitable; though that it was inimitable was not always understood by literary aspirants, one of whom, we remember, called at this office and pleasantly offered to supply regularly, for each successive issue of the magazine, a series of stories "like 'The Lady, or the Tiger?'"!

And speaking of this, Stockton's most famous short story, it is a significant fact that it is not a "funny" story at all. It is a psychological study, an inquiry into human passions and instincts,—what you will,—but not, strictly speaking, humorous. Indeed, the distinctly humorous stories of Stockton depend for their effect not so much upon the oddity of their situations,—though his invention was delightfully playful and original,—as upon their insight into the human heart, their truthfulness, their naturalness. An editorial in one of our daily papers, immediately after his death, treated his works, not without reason, as those of a "realist."

But the thing that carries farthest in Stockton's writings is their geniality. He was a purveyor of good cheer for mankind. His own was far from being a hilarious nature; there was no lack of seriousness in him as a man: but he was genial, kindly, good-hearted; and he pursued the art of giving pleasure, through his artistic creations, with enjoyment of the work in itself, and with enjoyment of its results upon others.

To those who knew Frank Stockton intimately —especially to those who had had the unforgetable pleasure of association with him in editorial work (as did the editors of both THE CENTURY and ST. NICHOLAS), his death, even at a ripe age, seems calamitous. But looking at his life impersonally, it was as rounded and complete as it was beautiful and enviable. He had lived to see his best writings take an almost classic position; he had recently the gratification of placing upon his shelves a uniform edition of his entire works; he had enjoyed of late years the acquisition of a country home of unusual dignity and beauty, just suited to his tastes and his needs; he had in this world nothing but friends.

This is the happy fate of authorship, that the spirit of the man passing into his books lives forever. So will the circle of the spiritual friends of this gentle humorist, this man most lovable, widen as the years go on. For no one can take his place. There can never be another Stockton.

The Competitive System in "Society."

AN English lady who recently visited New York, being asked her opinion of its society, is said to have remarked that it would probably be more worth the name if it were conducted less upon the competitive system. To any one who has eyes to see or ears to hear, this characterization of certain New York social circles (to say nothing of their imitators elsewhere) is both apt and suggestive. It is not to be denied that every group of American society contains individual examples of men and women devoted to the highest personal ideals and to the good of humanity, and such examples are not wanting even in the so-called "fashionable rich set," but it is evident that changes are rapidly going on which, unless arrested by other influences, make it likely that these exceptions will grow fewer and fewer. The machinery of advancement to prominence in this set has now become so familiar that, given unlimited money, a decent presentableness on the part of the woman involved, and a willingness to stoop to conquer, and almost any couple is in a fair way to reach the goal.

Within the last five years the growth of the plutocracy in New York by accretion has been marvelous. Possessors of fortunes suddenly won in stocks or wheat or mines or manufactures rush to New York to join in the display of luxury and the competition for prominence and publicity, thus greatly increasing the vulgar fraction of our people so represented. This has raised the basis of admission to the desired set from, say, one million to five millions of dollars, or even higher. But in other respects the standard of admission has not changed for the better, rather for the worse.

It is easier to-day for vast fortunes tainted with cruel greed or sharp practices or downright rascality to find an asylum in "society" than it was a generation ago. Every season witnesses the coming of a fresh contingent of the *nouveaux riches*. And with the moral barriers less formidable, partly through intermarriage and the sale of social birthrights, for something more than a mess of pottage, the whirl of Vanity Fair goes merrily on, with the result that there is now in New York city, among the "swagger" rich, a new type of society. To speak of it as intellectual is to excite derision. To consider it as a school of high breeding is to seem sarcastic. No one looks to it for leadership in the large matters for which, as a body, the best society should exist—

in manners, in conversation, in original taste, in genuine sympathy with literature and the arts, or in moral tone. Instead of being a natural aggregation of cultivated men and women, it lives in the public eye and by public artifice. Last year a certain railroad president, let us say, or a wealthy corporation master, was not in the coveted circle. To-day, having become necessary to the success of some cherished scheme, he is able tacitly to exact social recognition of its promoters for his family. In due time, by skilful manipulation, they may become the center of similar activities, until the competitive system, breaking up, by sheer complexity, into groups, resolves itself into a more truly selective society, advancing to higher uses through a reaction of the better element against this deterioration. Just now it is of intense interest as a development of "expansion" at home, and worthy all the attention that the sociologist or the novelist can bestow upon it.

A deplorable feature of this competitive system is that it touches the imagination of those lower in the scale of income, and produces among them a fever of discontent and ambitious unrest. They become a pushing crowd of egotists; their homes lose the simplicity of the old-time American family and become centers of social intrigue; the marriages of their children are, if not actually arranged, then promoted, with an eye to the main chance; they hang upon the triumphs of the society column; they give themselves over to fashionable vices, such as gambling at bridge whist, scandal-mongering, and sycophancy, until their peace of mind becomes a thing of the past, and they lose their sense of the perspective and dignity of life. Such misguided materialists remind one of the famous sonnet of Keats "On Fame," which, read, so to speak, in the feminine gender, might appropriately be entitled "On Social Ambition":

How fever'd is the man who cannot look
Upon his mortal days with temperate blood,
Who vexes all the leaves of his life's book,
And robs his fair name of its maidenhood:
It is as if the rose should pluck herself,
Or the ripe plum finger its misty bloom;
As if a Naiad, like a meddling elf,
Should darken her pure grot with muddy gloom.
But the rose leaves herself upon the brier,
For winds to kiss and grateful bees to feed,
And the ripe plum still wears its dim attire,
The undisturbèd lake has crystal space;
Why then should man, teasing the world for grace,
Spoil his salvation for a fierce miscreed?

These tendencies are worth more than cursory attention from the student of American life. The effect of this wide-spread social unrest cannot but be detrimental to the children born of such mothers, and, so far as cities are concerned, to the national character. We have long been a nation of eagerly competitive men; if now the mothers (naturally nervous and of delicate organization compared with foreign women) are to give themselves over to a struggle for social supremacy, one shudders to think what the next generation will lack of repose and wholesomeness.

Nobody living outside New York knows how difficult it has become here for people of moderate means to bring up their children in the love of genuine things. It is still done by many, but with increasing effort and only by dint of a strong will and an inheritance of the truest graces of life: simplicity, the domestic affections, and the love of nature and one's kind. It is to the cultivation of these graces that we must look for a rescue from the artificiality and the vulgarity of the pitiable circle in every American city known as "the smart set."

Against the tendencies here spoken of, there must be, before long, a strong revolt, and it will come about, not by ignoring them, but by individual dissatisfaction with them on the part of more of those among the richer class who are now just outside the vortex of this real social peril. Already contributing to this end are distinguished examples of public spirit, self-sacrifice, and wise benevolence on the part of rich Americans, both young and old.

Maxfield Parrish's Western Pictures.

At various times our artists have brought from the far West pictures that were revelations to eyes not familiar with those regions. Bierstadt's canvases were not of the rich, modern school, but they told in a novel way an interesting and picturesque story. Thomas Moran's pictures, especially of the then newly discovered Yellowstone, were astonishing and marvelous statements; they told a story of intense color which was hardly believed till ratified by many visitors. Remington's virile drawings portrayed freshly and strongly the rough life of the West.

The pictures of the Great Southwest made by Maxfield Parrish for The Century Magazine are a new and striking pictorial contribution to the knowledge of that most interesting country. Those printed as contrasting frontispieces in the May number show something of their charm of color. Even the black-and-white renderings of them hint at this color, while they give accurately the largeness of view of these pictures, the fascination of their low horizons and enormous skies, their suggestion of loneliness. There is an understanding of the perspective of these mountains and plains that lives in the mind of an artist of imagination, and that strikes the imagination of those who look upon them.

Parrish is moved by a vivid sense of that loneliness to which we have referred. It seems that after drawing figures in a picture he would sometimes paint them out, feeling that they were an impertinence—that the picture with figures, or with too many figures, failed to convey one of the most characteristic features of the scene. This imaginative artist has, in his Western pictures, added a brilliant page to his exquisite accomplishment.

Prize-Winners in "The Century's" Competition for Humorous Drawings.

FOLLOWING is the result of the competition for humorous drawings announced in THE CENTURY for February:

First prize ($100): E. Noyes Thayer, Chicago, "Pesky little rascal, you don't see no gun, eh?"

Second prize ($60): F. Taylor Bowers, New York city, "Uncle Isaiah."

Third prize ($40): George E. Senseney, Washington, D. C., "A Protest."

These pictures will be published in an early number of the magazine.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Gray Stone Wall.



THIS is the gray stone wall.

This is the honest working-man
Who builded the gray stone wall.
He kept at his work for four long weeks,
And was paid just fifty dollars.



This is the artist with pointed beard
Who painted with ease the gray stone wall
That the working-man had builded.
He painted the picture in seven days,
And it brought five hundred dollars.

This is the poet who wrote a song





About the sketch of the gray stone wall
Which the clever artist had painted with ease;
The gray stone wall which the working-man
Had builded with so much labor.
He wrote the song in a single day,
And it went for a thousand dollars.



This is the tenor, the famous tenor
Who sang the song of the gray stone wall;
The song which the poet deftly wrote;
The gray stone wall which the artist had limned;
The gray stone wall which the working-man
Had builded of sweat and muscle

The famous tenor sang the song
In a couple of minutes before the king,
And *he* received five thousand,
Of dollars a good five thousand.

The singer sang,
And the poet wrote,
And the artist brushed,
And the workman—worked.
Sing hey for the gray stone wall!

Charles Battell Loomis.



Microcosms.

IT is rather harder to be petty outdoors; there is so much breadth all around.

Do I believe in chaperonage? Yes, for my boy!

IT won't do to be only partially a lady.

COMETS are probably male: their eccentricities can be computed.

THE most uninteresting person in the world is he who is interested in everything equally.

THERE is more joy over one sinner who makes up a quorum than over the ninety and nine who come regularly.

BEFORE giving one's life to a Cause it is well to be sure that the gift is of some value.

I NEVER knew a man to object to any sphere for a woman that had him for the hub.

To observe the habits of an echinoderm—that is science. To do the same thing for a man—that is only fiction.

TEMPERAMENT covers a multitude of sins.

IT is queer how much tyranny slipshod people discover.

LIFE happens to some folks only in novels.

IF mere ideas are not truth, they are at least the cloth of which it is made.

NOTHING worries a woman so much as not to belong to things.

Dorothea Moore.

The Disadvantages of Reputation.

THE Early Bird woke in the gray of the dawn
And hustled him out of the nest;
His feathers were ruffled, his eyes were half shut,
He had n't had near enough rest.

And "It 's pretty hard lines," any one who 'd been up
Might have possibly heard him affirm,
"When every one else can be catching a nap,
I have to be catching that Worm!"

Catharine Young Glen.



AN OLD TIME FOURTH OF JULY.

DRAWN BY CHARLES D. HUBBARD.

Molière's Housekeeper.

I WISH that I had red-heeled shoon,
And silken stockings clocked with gold,
Black velvet breeches, or maroon,
A cloak with broideries manifold,
A wig perfumed like *Mascarille's*,
A hat with plumes that sweep the air;
This would I doff, and click my heels,
To you, the servant of Molière.

To you, because, your toil forgot,
You listened to *Barbouillé's* woe,
And dust and duty heeding not,
Tartuffe you helped to overthrow;
At précieuse and demoiselle
You clapped your comely hands in turn;
Your anger burned at *Sganarelle*
The while you let your paté burn.

At creditors you stormed and swore;
You smiled when La Fontaine came in;
You begged from him a louis d'or
The while he stroked your dimpled chin.
You cheered your master in the day
Of empty purse and larder lean.
No doubt he put you in a play;
Come, tell me, are you not *Dorine?*

You frown, you blush, you pout, and so
In full confession you appear.
Hush! do not let the critics know
That I have come upon you here,
Lest in their wisdom they declare
('T is merely facts they reason with),
Like Egypt's queen, you are not fair,
Like William Tell, you are a myth.

Dwell here, *Dorine;* and, late or soon,
In merry fancy waxing bold,
I 'll wear the stockings and the shoon,
The cloak with broideries manifold,
The wig perfumed like *Mascarille's*,
The hat with plumes that sweep the air;
And this I 'll doff, and click my heels,
To you, the servant of Molière.

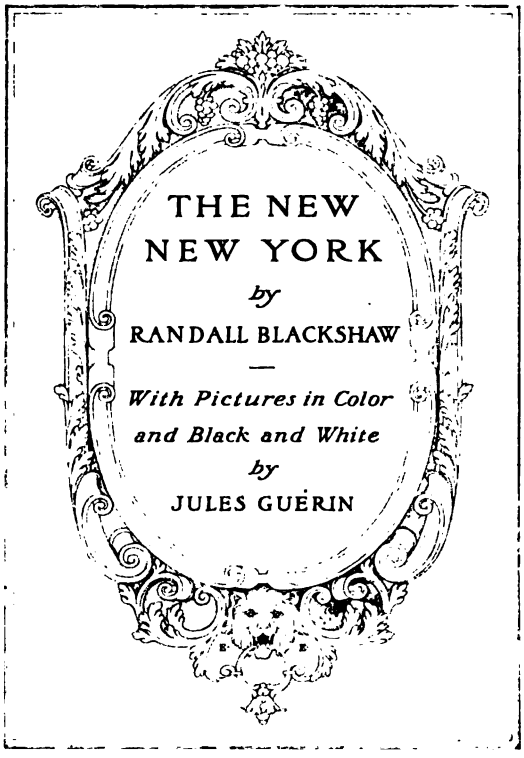
Robert Gilbert Welsh.



THE PROPOSAL.

"You 'll have to ask papa."

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THE NEW
NEW YORK
by
RANDALL BLACKSHAW
—
With Pictures in Color
and Black and White
by
JULES GUÉRIN



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MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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THE NEW NEW YORK.

BY RANDALL BLACKSHAW.

WITH PICTURES BY JULES GUÉRIN. (COLOR PLATES ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.)

WHAT has been done to make a great city, of which Manhattan Island shall be the heart, what is now doing toward that end, and what has been planned for the near future, it may be worth while to note thus early in the twentieth century.

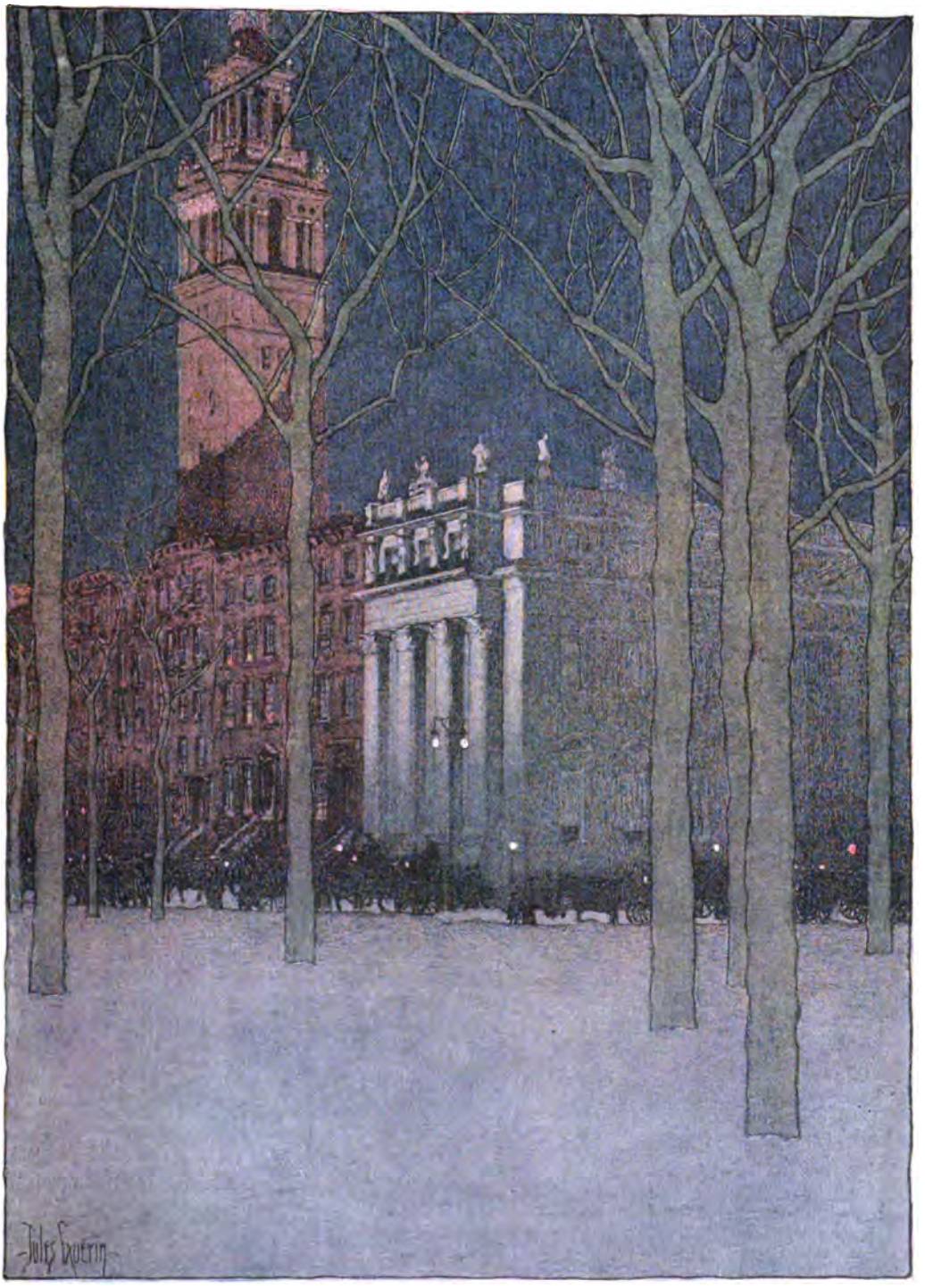
New York may never weave for the human spirit the spell that was woven ages since by Rome and Athens. Though it should attain to the hoariest antiquity, its very name must prevent its becoming, like those of the Greek and Roman capitals, a synonym for age. Its history began less than three centuries ago, when traders from Holland bought the island from the aborigines; and while the founding of Rome by the foster-children of a wolf may be an incident less well authenticated than this "deal" in real estate, it appeals to the imagination with far more potency. The identification of the town with the name and fame of the Father of his Country is a fact of cardinal interest, and one that the local historian justly emphasizes; yet the story of any one of a hundred Old World cities surpasses that of the New World metropolis in its attractiveness to lovers of the romantic and picturesque. Color and warmth are sadly lacking in the mental picture that rises at mention of the city's name. The chronicler may dazzle by the magnitude of figures expressing municipal growth and commercial achievement; but statistics, no matter how amazing, can never take the place of legend or ancient history.

But to-day a new New York is coming to birth which bids fair to vie, if not in historic interest, at least in magnificence and beauty, with even so splendid a capital as that of France. The fair new city lies in the embrace of the old one like the new moon in the old moon's arms, throwing into high relief the harsh parental outlines. One might almost fancy that the town had been bombarded by a hostile fleet, such rents and gashes appear everywhere in the solid masonry, ranging from the width of a single building to that of a whole block front, nay, even to a succession of blocks, as where the new East River bridge has made foot-room for itself on the Manhattan shore. The very spine of the island has been split by dynamite in preparing the way for rapid transit; and where excavations are being made in preparation for certain new buildings, it looks as if lyddite shells had exploded, ripping up tons upon tons of bed-rock and gravel.

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THE HALL OF FAME (McKIM, MEAD & WHITE, ARCHITECTS), UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.



THE APPELLATE COURT-HOUSE (JAMES BROWN LORD, ARCHITECT) AND THE TOWER OF MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

Reckless as all this seems, wasteful as some of it undoubtedly is, by far the greater part of the destruction wrought has been commercially inevitable, and in accordance with a law of growth that involves the reconstruction of the city's central and more crowded quarters simultaneously with the pushing forward of its frontiers. A hundred thousand dollars must be sacrificed, if necessary, to provide for the advantageous investment of a million. The sweeping away of blocks of tenement-houses is a mere incident in the making of an indispensable bridge or creating new parks for the poor; the old inadequate reservoir at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second street is yielded cheerfully when a site is needed for the great central building of the Public Library; and no protest is heard when the Egyptian temple in Center street, yclept the Tombs, makes way for a larger prison, constructed on strictly modern lines, or when St. Luke's Hospital at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fourth street gives place to a club-house and private dwellings that adorn and enrich the neighborhood. The old Columbia College buildings at Madison Avenue and Forty-ninth street, recently replaced by handsome houses, had outlived their usefulness; and the extension of such a mansion as that of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh street fully justified the tearing down of the adjacent "brownstone fronts." But the pecuniary, or even the esthetic, gain is less obvious when a fine new house in the same avenue, overlooking Central Park, is destroyed to make room for a somewhat larger one; or a dwelling of the palatial character of the Stewart house at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth street is demolished in the interest of purely commercial structures; or so new and costly a building as the Progress club-house at Fifth Avenue and Sixty-third street is destroyed to furnish a site for a pretentious private residence.

The longest and most important step toward beautifying the city was taken when Central Park was created from the island's rocky ribs. That was over forty years ago; and one might say that rather more than had been given with one hand, by the making of the park, was taken away with the other, some fifteen or twenty years later, when the elevated railways were allowed to be built. Had such a tunnel as is now being constructed been a financial or engineering possibility a quarter of a century ago, four of the city's main avenues might have escaped disfigurement by the railroads on stilts that deface them to-day. The esthetic blight inflicted by these unsightly structures was by no means offset by the subsequent laying of subways for the telegraph and telephone wires formerly festooned overhead along many of the principal streets and avenues.

The need of Central Park is more obvious to-day than it was when the transformation of a midurban desert into an oasis was begun; and the laying out of Riverside Park and Drive—the pictorial effect and accessibility of which have just been doubled by the construction of two viaducts, one at Ninety-sixth street, and the other, on a vaster scale, over the valley through which One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street goes down to the Hudson River—and the creation of Van Cortlandt, Bronx, Pelham Bay, and other parks beyond the Harlem River, were measures of equally far-sighted civic wisdom. So, too, was the making of the Harlem River driveway, or the "Speedway," as it is popularly called; for the provision of a long and wide and level road on which thoroughbreds should be allowed to show their paces every day removed an ever-present menace to the integrity of Central Park, since the owners of fast trotters, many of them members of the ruling Tammany ring, were unable to contemplate unmoved the adaptability of certain portions of the park to racing purposes. Only less important in degree were the northward extension of the East River Park at Hell Gate, the metamorphosis into a shaded lawn of the sandy East Side waste known as Tompkins Square, and the wholesale destruction of human rookeries, most notably at the Five Points and Mulberry Bend, to make room for small parks in the heart of the tenement-house district.

Hand in hand with the provision of small parks for the people has gone the creation of school-houses on greatly improved lines, thoroughly fire-proof, handsome and dignified in appearance, provided with roof playgrounds, and inclosing courtyards spacious enough to insure a permanent abundance of light and air. The City College is to abandon the inadequate building, which has long been a local landmark, at Lexington Avenue and Twenty-third street, in favor of a spacious home at Amsterdam Avenue and One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street. As the distance between the two locations is over six miles, this step is one of the most significant indications of the city's growth. And a sign of its growth in commercial conse-



COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY (McKIM, MEAD & WHITE, ARCHITECTS).



THE WASHINGTON ARCH IN WASHINGTON SQUARE (STANFORD WHITE, ARCHITECT).

quence is to be seen in the establishment of a free high school of commerce, to be housed in a large and costly building in Amsterdam Avenue, the corner-stone of which was laid last December.

Recreation piers have been erected at several points along the North and East rivers, and the building of others has been arranged for. They are brightly lighted at night, and on certain evenings in the summer music is provided for the delectation of the crowds that fill them; and as there is no charge for admission by day or night, they admirably supplement the service of the small parks as breathing-places for the poor. Incidentally, they are an ornament to the water front. The same impulse that prompted the building of these piers has led to the establishment of public baths and public comfort-stations, and the adaptation of the old Castle Garden to use as an aquarium.

Piers for commercial purposes, more nearly adequate to the needs of a great port than the old ones in use these many years, are being constructed on both sides of the city. Along the North River, from West Washington Market, at the foot of Gansevoort street, to the foot of West Twenty-second street, a new sea-wall, 3000 feet long, is to be built, with ten great two-storied piers, 800 feet long by 125 feet wide, at the foot of the intervening streets. As the river cannot be narrowed without the permission of the Secretary of War, the building of piers of this size, skirted by a street 250 feet wide, will necessitate the condemnation and removal of several blocks of property, the price of which, added to that of the piers themselves, each of which is expected to cost about $300,000, and of the sea-wall, will make the total expense of this improvement something like $8,000,000. And an effort will be made to gain the approval of the new administration for a plan to improve the docking facilities for half a mile or more farther northward. Along the East River, between Whitehall and Montgomery streets, a sea-wall and eight piers have been constructed at a cost of $5,000,000 or so; and new piers have recently been built at Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets.

When the underground railway (the so-called "Rapid Transit" system) finds itself in running order, at the close of next year, one of the most vexatious problems that confront great municipalities will have been solved for New York, and one that has been exceptionally difficult of solution here, owing to the island's length and narrowness. When the tremendous feat has been carried to a successful issue, and the greater part of the city's appropriation of $35,000,000 has been converted into steel and concrete and fireproofing, there will be little to show for it to wayfarers in the street. They will note, perhaps, the entrances to the subway stations, except those that are hidden in certain newly built hotels along the route; and between One Hundred and Twenty-fifth and One Hundred and Thirty-fifth streets, spanning Manhattan Valley, and at One Hundred and Forty-fifth street, crossing the Harlem River, they will find a steel viaduct carrying the railway-tracks. But the road, as a whole, will be as inconspicuous as a penknife in a pocket, and what is now the most useless and obtrusive feature on the city's face will have shrunk into a beneficent invisibility.

From City Hall Park, near the lower end of Manhattan Island, the Rapid Transit tunnel will carry four tracks to One Hundred and Third street and the Boulevard (Broadway), a distance of nearly seven miles. The left-hand fork of the Y will follow a northerly course, for another seven miles, to Bailey Avenue, on the farther side of Spuyten Duyvil Creek, carrying three tracks as far as the station at One Hundred and Forty-fifth street, and two from that point to its terminus. The other branch, with its two tracks, will trend to the northeast, passing beneath the Harlem River and terminating at Bronx Park. This terminus, also, will be nearly fourteen miles from the original starting-point. At about One Hundred and Ninety-fifth street, on the west side, and a mile north of the Harlem on the east, what has been up to those points an underground will become an overhead road, running on elevated tracks. In other words, about five and a half miles of the Rapid Transit line will be in the open air. At Manhattan Valley, elevators will carry passengers *up* to the stations; at certain other points they will carry them *down*—in one or two instances to platforms nearly a hundred feet below the level of the street. This depth is reached in the Washington Heights region, where for a distance of nearly two miles the building of the tunnel has involved mining operations very different from the open-cut excavations that have sufficed for the greater part of the work. Similar boring has been done under the northwest corner of Central Park, the total length of the "drift" in that neighborhood



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

THE ELECTRIC POWER-HOUSE, SEVENTY-FOURTH STREET AND EAST RIVER (GEORGE H. PEGRAM, CHIEF ENGINEER).

being about a third of a mile, and its greatest depth about sixty-five feet.

It will not be long before spurs of the underground road will be carried down Broadway and beneath the East River to Brooklyn, at an expense of $8,000,000; and perhaps to Bay Ridge, and thence, by a plunge under the Narrows, to Staten Island. By the time this is achieved, the Pennsylvania Railroad will be carrying out, at an estimated expense of $50,000,000, its stupendous project of a four-track railway, in two eighteen-foot tubes, extending beneath the mile-wide North River from the Hackensack Meadows in New Jersey to New York city, where it will open out into a station 1500 by 520 feet in size, between Tenth and Seventh avenues and Thirty-first and Thirty-third streets. Above this enormous underground station a bridge 100 feet wide will stretch between Thirty-first and Thirty-third streets. The end of the bridge will be approached by evenly graded carriageways; and stairways will connect the bridge with the platforms below, which will be skirted by twenty-five tracks. Eastward of Seventh Avenue, the Long Island Railroad, now a branch of the Pennsylvania, will lay three single-track tubes—one each under Thirty-first, Thirty-second, and Thirty-third streets—to and beyond the East River, where they will come to the surface in Brooklyn at a point seven or eight miles from the New Jersey entrance to the tunnel.

This great undertaking involves tunneling the island on a lower level than that of the Rapid Transit subway. Its significance is far-reaching, and so will be its effects. By adding immeasurably to the city's accessibility from the mainland, it will vastly increase its commercial importance; incidentally it will increase real-estate values, and lead to a radical improvement in the architectural quality of the buildings in the neighborhood of the proposed station, which is to be modeled, in a general way, on the Gare d'Orléans in Paris.

It is worth noting that the disclosure of

the Pennsylvania's plans has led to the incorporation of a company which talks of spending $40,000,000 to parallel that corporation's tunnel and to accommodate certain other railroads that are seeking entrance to New York. It is also announced that a new company, capitalized at $8,500,000, has been formed to complete the unfinished tunnel beneath the Hudson River from Jersey City to Morton street, New York, for use in connection with the Metropolitan Street Railway of New York and the Jersey City and tributary electric railroads. Of the 5580 feet under water, 4000 had been excavated when work was discontinued, several years ago. The New York terminal station of this tunnel will be in the West-Side block bounded by Christopher, Tenth, Greenwich, and Hudson streets.

President Cassatt's declaration that electric traction will be adopted in the Pennsylvania tunnels, as being "in every way the most practical, economical, and the best for the interests of the railroad company and the city," coming just before the recent fatal collision in the smoke-and-steam filled tunnel in Park Avenue between Fifty-sixth and Ninety-sixth streets, was promptly followed by the announcement by the New York Central Railroad Company of its intention to use electricity in handling its suburban traffic within the city limits—that is to say, between Mott Haven, beyond the Harlem River, and the Grand Central Station at Forty-second street. This will involve the construction of a tunnel beginning to descend from the present track-level at the lower extremity of the tunnel now in use for all trains, and thereafter to be used for through trains only, and extending beneath the train-yard to the station, with an underground landing-place connecting with the Rapid Transit tunnel station at Forty-second street, as well as with the railroad-station overhead. The new tunnel, which will form a wide loop under the Grand Central Station, will be large enough to carry several tracks, and its construction will virtually double the present capacity of the terminus. To the many thousands of passengers on the several lines that use the Central's tracks, this too-long-delayed reform will be an incalculable boon. The carrying out of its various plans in this connection, necessitating the acquisition of whole blocks of valuable real estate, the purchase of which has been under way for some time past, will of course involve very heavy outlays, and the railroad company has arranged to raise $43,750,000, or more, by the issue of new stock.

The use of electricity on the Pennsylvania, New York Central, and Rapid Transit lines will follow hard upon its adoption on the elevated roads, on which the experimental trips of a train made up of motor-cars and "trailers" were made in January last. An enormous power-house for the generation of 100,000 horse-power (twice as much as is produced by the immense dynamos at Niagara Falls) has been built beside the East River above Seventy-fourth street, with seven substations scattered about the city; and as the new motive-power will enable trains to start and stop on a curve, a station costing $100,000 will be built at Manhattan Avenue and One Hundred and Tenth street, and equipped with eight large electric elevators to carry passengers to the dizzy height of the tracks at that point.

Second in importance only to the actual and projected tunnels are the bridges that will bind the city to Long Island, if not to the mainland also. The gigantic union railway-bridge that has been dreamed of as a link between Manhattan and New Jersey may have had its death-blow in the adoption of the plans devised by a clever English engineer for the Pennsylvania road alone; but the Brooklyn Bridge in use for the last nineteen years is to be supplemented by three others, one of which is expected to be in commission before the close of 1903. From its anchorage near the foot of Delancey street, New York, it stretches 2800 feet to its anchorage in Brooklyn, E. D., with a clear span of 1600 feet between its open-ironwork towers, and at its lowest point an elevation of 135 feet above the water. The estimated cost of this picturesque structure, which, when completed, will have been a little over seven years in building, is approximately $15,000,000. This was about the cost of the first Brooklyn Bridge, which took over thirteen years to build.

The new bridge is officially known as No. 2, owing, not to its location, but to the date of its construction. Between this and the old bridge (No. 1), another (No. 3) has been arranged for. It is to be of the suspension-bridge type, a few feet wider than the one at Delancey street, and, including its approaches, a quarter of a mile longer, yet its cost will be about the same ($14,750,000). And yet another band is to link together the opposite shores of the East River. Bridge No. 4, as it is called, will be a cantaliver affair, having a central pier on Black-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE (JAMES B. BAKER, ARCHITECT).

well's Island, and costing about $11,000,000. And besides the recently constructed bridge spanning the Harlem at One Hundred and Forty-fifth street,—the latest of the many by which that stream is crossed,—one of unusual height is some day to overleap the great gap between Inwood, at the northern extremity of Manhattan Island, and the Spuyten Duyvil heights beyond, joining Riverside Drive with the new transpontine parkway from which it is now cut off by Spuyten Duyvil Creek, the outlet of the Harlem ship-canal into the Hudson River.

Fortunately for the architectural future of the city, the temptation to overtop the highest building previously erected is resisted now and then, in circumstances where it would be easy to yield to it. Notable among the monumental edifices that might have vied, had they so wished, with the

heaven-aspiring Park Row Building, are the home of the Produce Exchange, facing Battery Park, the Herald Building in upper Broadway, the Appellate Court-house overlooking Madison Square,—a block below the immense and ornate Madison Square Garden, with its soaring tower tipped by St. Gaudens's "Diana,"—the Bank for Savings in Fourth Avenue, and the New York County Bank in Eighth Avenue (these two, like the court-house, of snowy marble), the Greenwich Savings Bank in Sixth Avenue, and the Bowery Bank at Grand street and the Bowery.

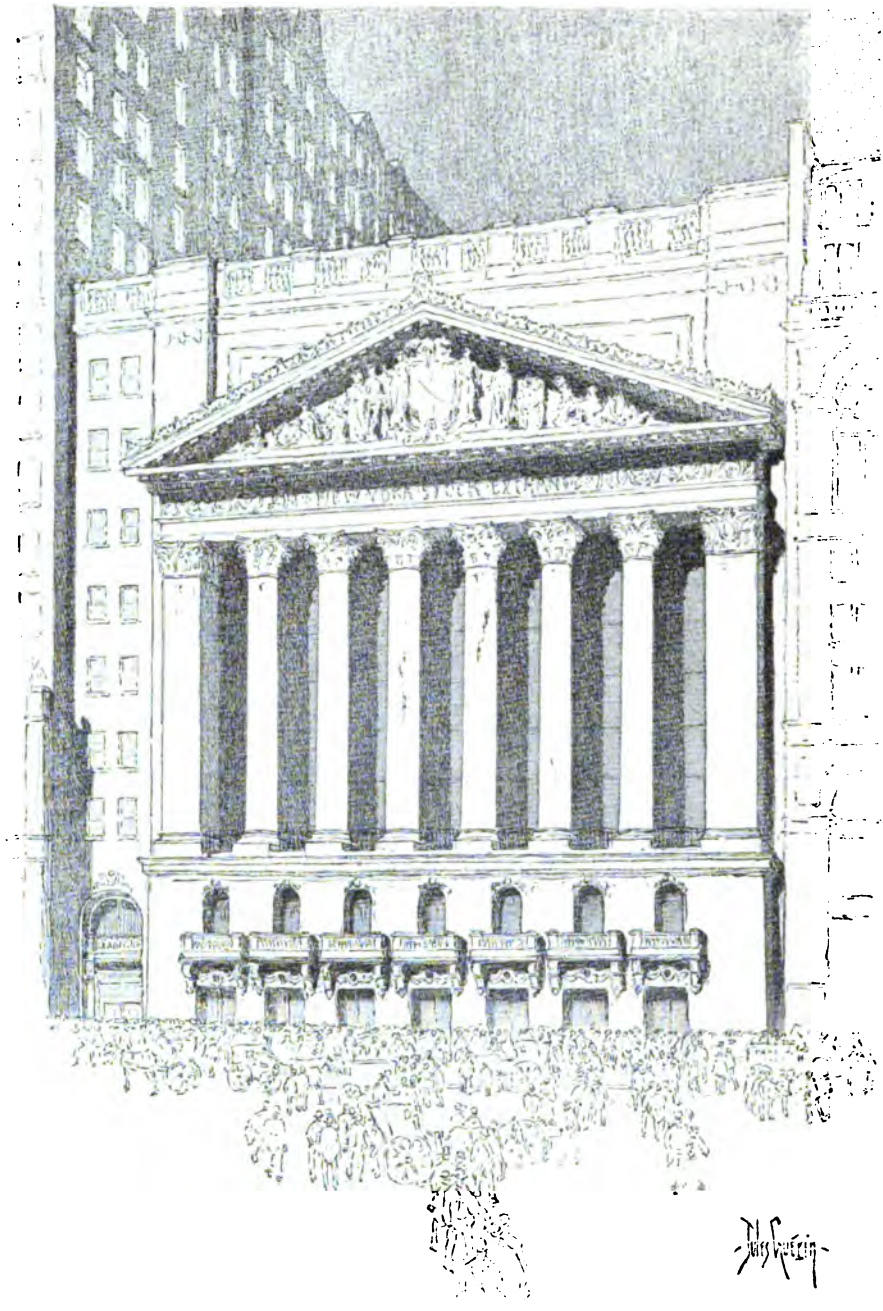
It is natural that the skyward tendency should manifest itself least strongly in the case of public buildings, where pecuniary returns on the investment in steel and stone are not looked for. Thus, the vast new Custom House (for which Congress has appropriated $3,000,000, and is asked to appropriate $1,750,000 more), now in course of construction immediately south of Bowling Green and east of Battery Park, at the lower end of Broadway, is to be limited in height to half a dozen stories. The present ponderous and imposing structure in Wall street (from the steps of which Garfield addressed the crowd when Lincoln was assassinated) was sold, with its site, for $3,265,000; yet the First National Bank, which bought it, is undecided whether to occupy it, on taking possession two or three years hence, or to replace it with a modern office building!

Among the nation's real-estate holdings in this city, the Post Office, to be erected when Congress appropriates the necessary $2,500,000, will rank next to the new Custom House. It is understood that the site of the new office will be farther up-town—that is, nearer the local center of population—than that of the present building, erected at enormous cost less than thirty years ago, yet long since antiquated and outgrown. When the old office was built, the local postal receipts were $3,000,000 a year; now they considerably exceed four times that sum.

The most important municipal buildings now in course of erection are the Tombs prison and the Hall of Records, both well down-town, in Center street. Each of these new structures, the cost of which will run into the millions, will take the place of a noted landmark; the original prison, demolished to make room for the new one, having been one of the most picturesque, and, though not old, yet one of the oldest-looking buildings on the island; while the present Hall of Records, which is to be preserved, is the oldest, if not the most interesting, public building in the city, being a noted relic of old New York.

Of non-official buildings projected or already begun, none is more important in its indirect bearing on the commercial greatness of the city than the home of the Chamber of Commerce at Liberty street and Liberty Place, the corner-stone of which was laid last year, and which is to cost $1,500,000. It will be interesting to compare this magnificent building with Fraunce's Tavern at Broad and Pearl streets, which was the birthplace of the Chamber in 1768, and has ever since existed as a public house. The new building will be, in a sense, a companion to that of the Clearing House Association in the next street (Cedar); and only two blocks farther down-town, linking Wall street with Broad and New, is rising the highly ornamental home of the Stock Exchange, where last year's sales of 265,000,000 shares of stock are likely to be eclipsed before long, and where the cost of a membership certificate has reached the "record" price of $80,000. About two millions of dollars will be expended on this building, and every modern invention will be utilized in it by which time can be saved to men engaged in a business wherein, preëminently, time is money.

None of these buildings is of the sky-scraping class; and what that means to their neighbors was strikingly illustrated in Pine street, the other day, when a private banker's decision to erect a three-story building for his own use added $75,000 to the value of the two lots in the rear. In this connection it is worthy of note that the Park Bank is to make large lateral additions to its present home in lower Broadway, in the form of L's extending to Ann and Fulton streets, without imitating its more ambitious rivals by providing office-room for outsiders. When a bank houses itself in a sky-scraper, it is usually with a view to the making of a safe investment of its funds. When an insurance company does the same thing, it is largely with a view to attracting the public eye. Imposing architectural effects are often the result, as in the case of the Equitable, the Mutual, the New York, the Home Life, and the Manhattan, down-town, and of the Metropolitan in Madison Square, which is extending its broad-based marble headquarters over the site of the recently demolished Academy of Design at Twenty-third street



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY G. M. LEWIS.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE (GEORGE B. POST, ARCHITECT).

and Fourth Avenue, and of the Lyceum Theater adjoining.

The almost simultaneous removal of Columbia College from Madison Avenue and Forty-ninth street to Morningside Heights, overlooking the Hudson River, and of New York University from Washington Square to University Heights, beyond and overlooking the Harlem, led not only to the replacing of the old college buildings with valuable buildings of modern type, but, especially in the case of Columbia, greatly accelerated the development of the new neighborhoods. Already there is ample promise that Morningside Heights will become, from an architectural point of view,

what its natural features predestined it to be—the most beautiful section of the city. Only a little way from the impressive Low Library and lesser Columbia buildings, the story of which is as yet by no means told, the great Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine (which will compare not unfavorably in size and beauty with the famous Old World shrines) is gradually taking shape, after ten years of halting progress;[1] and between the cathedral and the college stands the vast bulk of St. Luke's Hospital, built only a few years since from the proceeds of the sale of the hospital building and grounds at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fourth street. Even nearer to the university are the stately buildings of Barnard College, for women (now an almost integral part of Columbia), and the Horace Mann School, erected at a cost of half a million, which was first occupied in December last.

The most conspicuous and most famous of the many striking edifices in this neighborhood is the tomb of General Grant in Riverside Park, opposite One Hundred and Twenty-third street, where it rises 160 feet from its base-line and nearly 300 above the level of the Hudson. This has waited five years, and may have to wait many more, for the equestrian statue and portrait panels that are ultimately to embellish it. In the meantime, the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument at Riverside Drive and Eighty-ninth street, on which the city has spent $250,000, has become an actuality; but the attempt to perpetuate, by popular subscription, the Naval Arch of 1899 has been abandoned. As yet, therefore, the beautiful Washington Arch in Washington Square, designed in 1889 by Mr. Stanford White, is the only monument of its kind in the city. A notable improvement in the neighborhood of the tomb was the recent substitution of a formal colonial garden for the unsightly sheds in the rear of the hotel on Claremont Heights, as the upper end of Riverside Park is called.

As an architectural monument, the next place to the Cathedral of St. John will be held by the Public Library, the foundations of which have just been laid on the site of the old reservoir in Fifth Avenue, from Fortieth to Forty-second street. This vast white marble building, 366 feet long by 246 feet wide, standing a little back from Fifth Avenue, will be not only a thing of beauty, but the latest expression, in equipment and organization, of modern thought on library problems. And it will not be long before its power for good in the community will be reinforced by the sixty-five branch libraries that Mr. Carnegie is to build at an outlay exceeding $5,000,000, the estimated cost, by the way, of the central building alone. Of the branch buildings—to be designed by some of the most artistic architectural firms in the city—thirty-seven will be allotted to the borough of Manhattan. The contract for the building of the first of these, in East Seventy-ninth street, was let in February last.

Before the end of the present year, the new wing of the Metropolitan Museum, extending to Fifth Avenue at Eighty-second street, will be thrown open to the public. The recent completion of this addition, at an expense of $1,000,000, has drawn public attention to the fact that the sketch plans for the museum as a whole, drawn by the late Richard M. Hunt, call for a series of similar extensions, wherewith the large original building is to be completely surrounded. As the city bears the expense of building, a large part of the income from the recent princely inheritance of over $5,000,000 from the Rogers estate will be available for the purchase of additions to the museum's art collections. On the opposite side of the park, in Manhattan Square, the Museum of Natural History is constantly undergoing enlargement to accommodate its increasing stores of animal, vegetable, and mineral wealth.

It may be some time before the local art societies, nobly discontent with the comparatively new Fine Arts Building in Fifty-seventh street, can carry out their ambitious project of a union building for exhibition purposes, for which they are looking heavenward, just now, for a windfall of $1,500,000; yet it is reasonably certain that before many years the National Academy of Design will have further improved the site it already occupies in part, in Amsterdam Avenue between One Hundred and Ninth and One Hundred and Tenth streets, where the realization in stone and steel of the designs for a highly ornamental edifice awaits only an adequate addition to its building-funds. And it will not be very long before the New York Historical Society, now at Second Avenue and Eleventh street, begins to establish itself on the block front in Central Park West extending from Seventy-sixth to Seventy-seventh street, which is to be the scene of its activities during the second century of its existence. A wing will be

[1] See illustrated article in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for February, 1902.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

GENERAL GRANT'S TOMB (JOHN H. DUNCAN, ARCHITECT) AND RIVERSIDE PARK.

constructed first, pending the completion of the fund of $800,000 necessary to carry out the building plans.

A striking improvement has already been noted in the architecture of the public schools recently erected in New York; and some idea of the activity of the movement for providing seats for the many thousands of pupils hitherto crowded out may be had from the latest reports of the Board of Education, which has recently removed from its former simple quarters in Grand street to a huge new building at Park Avenue and Fifty-ninth street, more than three miles farther up-town. During the year ending July 31, 1901, eight new school-houses were completed in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, at an expense of over $2,000,000; during the same period contracts were let, to the same amount, for the construction of seven more, including the Commercial High School; and two others, previously contracted for, were in course of building. One of the two delayed school-houses—No. 171, extending from One Hundred and Third to One Hundred and Fourth street between Fifth and Madison avenues—is a fine example of the new type of such buildings in this city; and the East Side is soon to be ornamented with a high school for boys, extending from Fifteenth to Sixteenth street between Stuyvesant Square and First Ave-

nue, which will appropriately illustrate the old Dutch ideals in architecture. This will be a huge affair, costing over half a million and accommodating 3400 pupils.

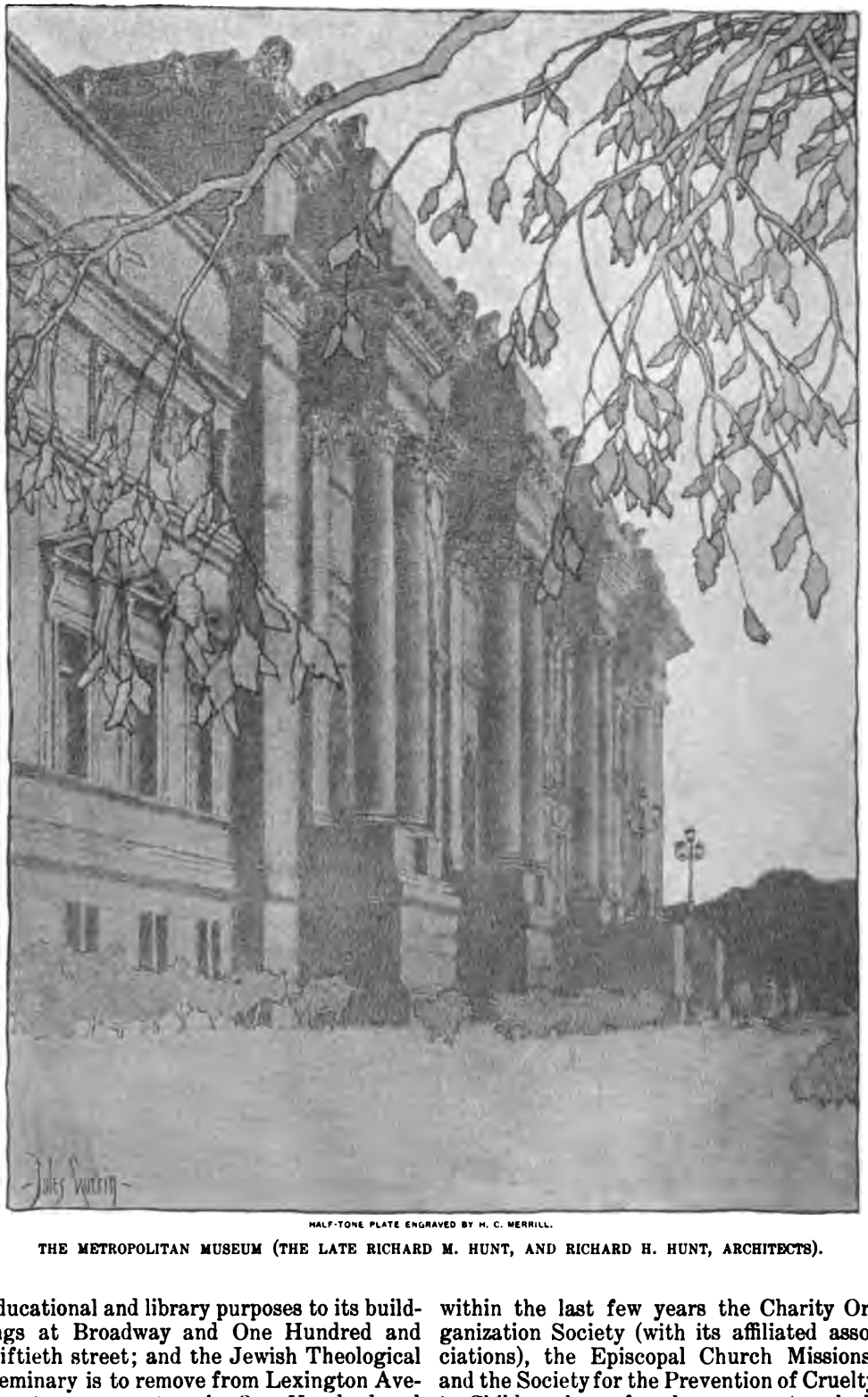
Progress is making on the Episcopal cathedral on Morningside Heights; an addition is being made to the Catholic cathedral in Fifth Avenue; the four colossal statues recently placed in niches on the exterior of the tower of Trinity Church in Broadway may be said to complete that old-looking, though far from ancient, edifice; St. Ignatius's Episcopal Church is rising gradually beside the Methodist St. Paul's in West End Avenue; the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes is nearing completion in Amsterdam Avenue, where the stone facing of the late Academy of Design in Fourth Avenue is to take a new lease of life, saving some $50,000 to the thrifty parish; the unfinished Russian (Greek) Church in Ninety-seventh street between Fifth and Madison avenues adds a new and striking note to the architectural tone-color of Manhattan; and the Broadway Tabernacle, which has yielded to the overwhelming commercial pressure at Sixth Avenue and Thirty-fourth street, will soon make a new stand at Broadway and Fifty-sixth street—its third site in sixty years' existence. This list of churches building, or to be built at once, makes no claim to exhaustiveness, but is sufficient to give some impression of the extent to which New York city is being made over.

By the 1st of April, 1903, the Young Men's Christian Association, which has sold its old home at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third street, expects to be housed in a new one, eight or nine stories in height, extending from Twenty-third to Twenty-fourth street between Seventh and Eighth avenues. Its appropriation for building purposes is $450,000. The Lying-in Hospital at East Seventeenth street and Second Avenue, overlooking Stuyvesant Square,—the gift of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan,—has just been finished at an expense of about $1,250,000, and the New York Infant Asylum has taken possession of its new home at Sixty-first street and Amsterdam Avenue; the Manhattan Maternity Hospital is to build in East Sixtieth street between First and Second avenues; the Mount Sinai Hospital will leave Lexington Avenue this year for new and more spacious quarters in Madison Avenue, extending from One Hundredth to One Hundred and First street; the purchase by the New York Central Railroad of the two Park Avenue and Lexington Avenue blocks between Forty-eighth and Fiftieth streets will make it necessary for the Woman's Hospital and the Episcopal Orphan Asylum to seek new homes; the Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society is raising $250,000 to add a wing for



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. H. NORTHCOTE.

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT (C. W. & A. A. STOUGHTON, AND P. E. DUBOY, ARCHITECTS), RIVERSIDE DRIVE.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM (THE LATE RICHARD M. HUNT, AND RICHARD H. HUNT, ARCHITECTS).

educational and library purposes to its buildings at Broadway and One Hundred and Fiftieth street; and the Jewish Theological Seminary is to remove from Lexington Avenue to new quarters in One Hundred and Twenty-third street near Broadway; while within the last few years the Charity Organization Society (with its affiliated associations), the Episcopal Church Missions, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children have found permanent and almost luxurious homes in Fourth Avenue, the

Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at Twenty-sixth street and Madison Avenue, and the Presbyterian missionary societies at Fifth Avenue and Twentieth street.

Nothing of late years has more strikingly emphasized the growing importance of New York as a social center than the increase of the number, membership, and wealth of its clubs. The first of these to yield to the demand for a building of the monumental type was the Union League, whose home at Thirty-ninth street has been one of the landmarks of Fifth Avenue since 1881. The Century Association followed it up-town, from its modest but cozy quarters in East Fifteenth street, ten years later, and now occupies a handsome house in West Forty-third street. The Metropolitan had not long been organized when it moved into its Italian Renaissance palace at Fifth Avenue and Sixtieth street. Then came the University Club's removal in 1899 to a many-storied granite mansion, Italian of another type, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fourth street; and two years later the New York Yacht Club moved into a building in West Forty-fourth street worthy of the prestige of this greatest of boating associations, and a fitting repository for the America's cup. The Union Club, after long resisting the northward tendency that had proved irresistible to its rivals, has yielded at last, and having sold its old home at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-first street, is erecting a splendid new one at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-first street, on the corner next above St. Patrick's Cathedral. The City Club, devoted to the cause of good municipal government, has arranged for the erection of a home of its own in West Forty-fourth street; the Republican Club has accepted designs for a handsome ten-story building in Fortieth street, overlooking Bryant Square, on the site lately occupied by St. Ignatius's Church—"a typical New York club-house of the latest type," with kitchen on the top floor behind a summer roof-garden; the Sons of the Revolution have planned a dignified edifice, only two stories high, which will probably be built in West Fifty-fifth street; the Progress Club, having disposed of its spacious home at Fifth Avenue and Sixty-third street, will build a still more commodious one at Central Park West and Eighty-eighth street; and the City Teachers' Association is raising a fund for building purposes. The Harlem Club, at Lenox Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-third street, occupies one of the most notable buildings in the upper part of Manhattan; the Catholic Club's quarters in Central Park South may fairly be regarded as permanent; the local clubs of Yale and Harvard graduates are sumptuously housed on opposite sides of West Forty-fourth street; the Arion Society of music-loving Germans can adequately entertain a royal prince in its home at Park Avenue and Fifty-ninth street; and some of the large athletic clubs, such as the New York, the Knickerbocker, and the Racquet and Tennis, have local habitations in keeping with their size and wealth.

Among the private houses now in course of erection are such notable examples of domestic architecture as those which Mr. Carnegie and a United States senator from another State are building in Fifth Avenue, overlooking Central Park. The former is noteworthy for its comparative simplicity, the amplitude of open space about it, and the effect of seclusion secured by surrounding it with well-grown forest trees. The progress of the latter has been marked by the incidental purchase of the quarries from which the stone is cut and of the foundry where the bronze-work is making. That such a house should cost $2,500,000 is less surprising than the fact that the recent alteration and redecoration of a neighboring Fifth Avenue "mansion" should have involved the expenditure of $600,000 or more. A private dwelling, princely in size and appointments, is to replace the Progress club-house at Fifth Avenue and Sixty-third street.

Many millions are involved in the plans for new hotels of the largest and most modern type soon to supplement such new and typically metropolitan hostelries as the Waldorf-Astoria, the Holland House, the Imperial, the Manhattan, the Savoy, and the New Netherland. Among these are the nineteen-storied Hotel Terminus, to be built by the Subway Realty Company, opposite the Grand Central Station, at Park Avenue and Forty-second street; the great caravansary that the Astor estate is demolishing the St. Cloud at Broadway and Forty-second street to make room for (both of these will have direct underground connection with the Rapid Transit tunnel); the new Astor building in Broadway between Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth streets; a twelve-storied structure at Seventh Avenue and Forty-ninth street; and the hotel that is to form a part of the projected Pennsylvania Railroad station in West Thirty-third street. Then there is the slowly growing Hotel Martha Washington, for women, in



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY (CADY, BERG & SEE, ARCHITECTS).

Twenty-ninth street near Madison Avenue —an ornate twelve-story affair, to cost, with the land it stands on, $750,000.

But no less typical of the New York of to-day than these hotels proper are the so-called apartment-hotels, where suites of rooms are engaged by the year by families that either use the dining-room of the building or go out for their meals. Many of these peculiarly modern compromises between the hotel and the apartment-house are going up in all the residential parts of the city, including even Harlem, hitherto the stronghold of the class of tenants that prefers the apartment-house proper, with its individual dining-rooms and kitchens. These hotels range in height from eight to twelve stories or more, and sometimes occupy the entire front of an avenue block. Most notable among the newer buildings of this type is the one completed this year, under the direction of the Astor estate, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fifth street.

Of theaters, large and small, there are at least threescore in the borough of Manhattan; yet such is the demand for additional accommodations that at least eight new ones have recently been planned. One of these will be built next door to the Republic and the Victoria theaters in Forty-second street at Seventh Avenue; another on the opposite side of the street; a third in West Forty-fourth street; yet another in the same neighborhood, the Longacre Square district; a fifth on a site not yet announced; a sixth in One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street near

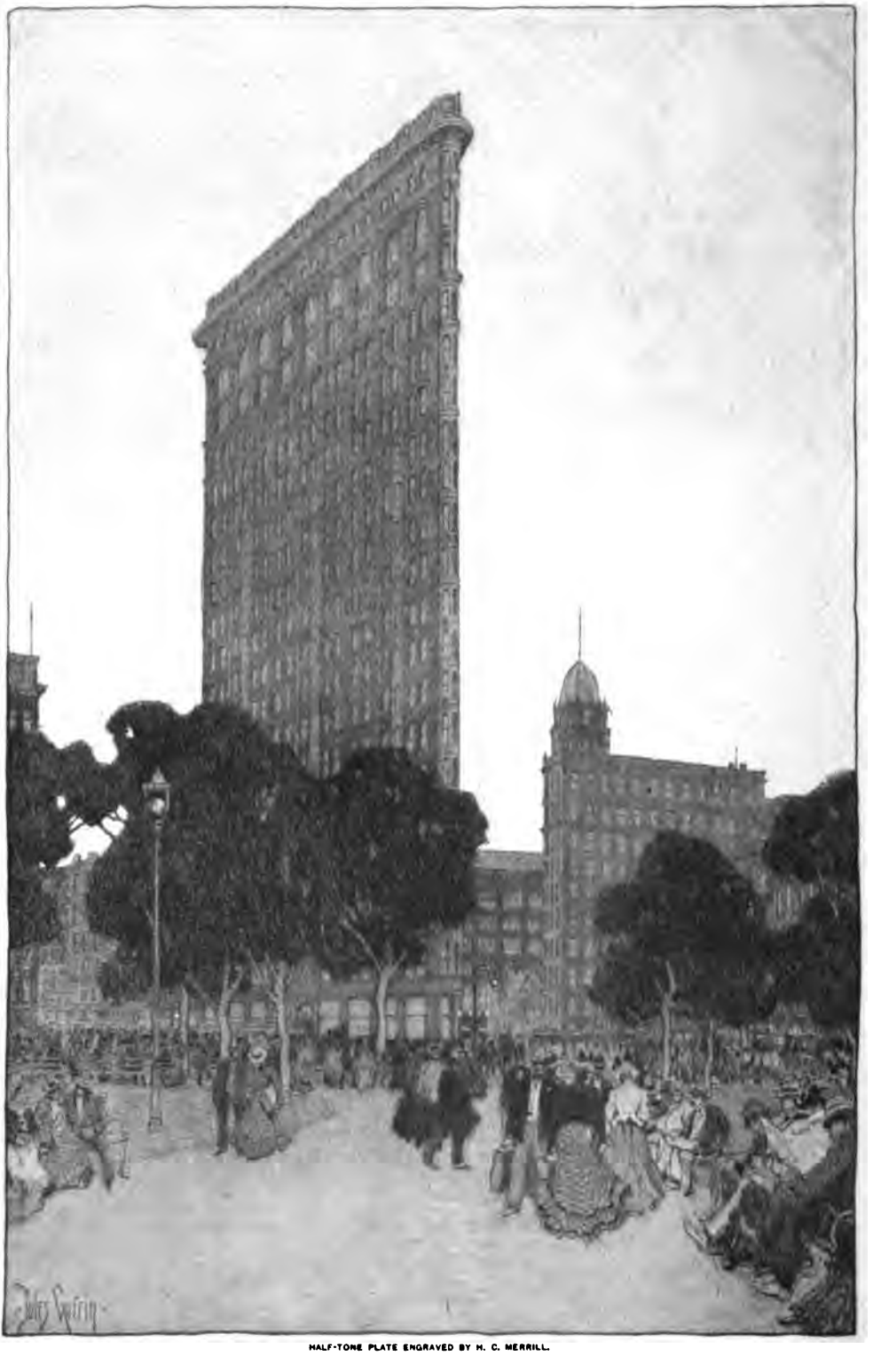
St. Nicholas Avenue; a seventh (the new Lyceum) in Forty-fifth street east of Broadway; and an eighth in the Bowery.

It would be an endless task to enumerate the buildings for business purposes that are rising with mushroom-like celerity and frequency in all parts of the city, though mention may be made, in passing, of such as are to replace familiar landmarks. First among those which by virtue of their size and situation are likely to become landmarks themselves must be counted the Cumberland Building in the triangle at Broadway, Fifth Avenue, and Twenty-third street, nicknamed "the Flat-iron." Then there is the Knickerbocker Trust Company Building, soon to occupy the site of the Stewart house at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth street; the trust company building that is to confront the Metropolitan club-house across the Fifth



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

THE UNION CLUB (CASS GILBERT, JOHN DU FAIS, JOINT ARCHITECTS) AND ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

"THE FLAT-IRON," TWENTY-THIRD STREET AND BROADWAY (D. H. BURNHAM, ARCHITECT).

Avenue end of Sixtieth street; the Bank of the Metropolis in Union Square; the store which has replaced the Star Theater (formerly Wallack's) at Broadway and Thirteenth street; and the business buildings being erected on the site of the residence of the late Marshall O. Roberts at Fifth Avenue and Eighteenth street, Chickering Hall on the diagonally opposite corner, the Union Club three blocks farther north, and Colonnade Row (formerly La Grange Terrace) in Lafayette Place. A notable structure is the Windsor Arcade, that marks the site of the burned Windsor Hotel at Fifth Avenue and Forty-seventh street, and emphasizes the fact that height is not indispensable to striking architectural effects.

The various railway plans that have been in the air for some time past have concentrated attention on the neighborhood of Herald and Greeley squares, where Broadway, Sixth Avenue, and Thirty-fourth street intersect one another. Here two whole block fronts have been swept away, and while one is to be occupied by a "specialty" store, the other, with an annex across the street, is to be the site of a vast department store. On the opposite side of the avenue, the Broadway Tabernacle and adjacent buildings are to be razed and the site dedicated to the god of trade. Nothing could better illustrate the tendency of the large retail shops to follow the northward movement of population than the fact that a shop in Grand street, that ten or twelve years ago did an annual business of $6,000,000, was closed last year for want of patronage, while in Sixth Avenue, from Fourteenth to Thirty-fifth street, whole block fronts are constantly being removed to make room for department stores that cut deeper and deeper into what may be called the *hinterland*.

The original purchase-price of Manhattan Island—sixty guilders—was equivalent to $24. Building-sites in the Wall street district have been bought of late years at more than $240 per square foot, and the assessed valuation of the real estate in Greater New York is to-day $3,237,777,260. Building-plans filed during the year 1901 called for the expenditure of about $150,000,000; and there are no signs that this hitherto unparalleled expansion—which is shared in a measure by the other chief cities of America—has reached its bounds.

To recapitulate: First in significance among the changes now making or soon to be wrought in Manhattan must be put the actual and projected railway tunnels, the East River bridges holding a good second place. Next to these comes the erection of such magnificent buildings as the Episcopal cathedral, the Public Library and its many branches, the proposed Post Office and the Custom House, the Chamber of Commerce and the Stock Exchange. The municipality's contribution to the growing greatness of the city is not restricted to the building of bridges, but includes the Zoölogical Park and Botanical Garden sites and buildings, bridgeways and viaducts, parks and parkways, improved school- and fire-houses, recreation piers and piers for commercial purposes, free baths, public comfort-stations, and smooth street pavements. Private initiative provides new university and college buildings, churches, club-houses and theaters, hotels, apartment-houses, and private dwellings, and office buildings that rival the tower of Babel not only in height but in the linguistic diversity of their occupants. This lavish expenditure of wealth and energy, both collective and individual, must result within a very few years in the creation of a virtually new New York. And if we succeed in retaining an enlightened local government, and the admonitions of the Municipal Art Society and the Municipal Art Commission are duly heeded, the proposed tricentennial celebration of the discovery of the Hudson River will find us in 1909 prouder than we have ever had reason to be of the magnificent city that in three centuries has been reared on Manhattan Island.



DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"'WHY HAVE YOU NEVER WANTED TO MARRY?'"

AN AFTERGLOW.

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH.

ELIZABETH moved restlessly about her room. Occasionally she sighed, lifting a hand impatiently to push her hair from her neck. For the first time in years she had begun to think of Randolph, and of her own life as marred. The newly awakened consciousness bewildered her, for with middle age there had come to her a certain fullness of development, overtopping, as it were, all record of waste places in her youth. But now, to her confusion, she found that here at the Harbor, where, as his young fiancée, she had said her last good-by to him nearly a quarter of a century before, some trick played by the law of association revived in her a sense of outraged feeling.

She had not expected to find the place so full of the ghosts of those far-off summer days, for she had altogether forgotten, until she came back, that in that other time he had been part of the air she breathed. It astonished her to discover that she still felt him everywhere. The flap of a white sail rounding the point in a stiff summer breeze, or the grating of a keel on the graveled beach, were like voices shouting his presence. The long sandy roads that wound in and out among the pines brought back visions of his youthful figure coming through the woods to meet her, his hat waved gaily aloft when he was too far off to call, his steps quickening when he caught sight of her, his lithe body swinging with inimitable grace. She could even see the lips parting as he smiled, and hear the quick, glad note of his greeting when he touched her hand. The very stars themselves, twinkling above the black gloom of the tree-tops, recalled him.

She resented this constant intrusion of his presence, with its inalienable air of possessing her by right of its joy in her existence. She had long since resolutely put all thought of him away, and it seemed to her now part of the general impertinence of life, and of his particular perfidy, that he still had power to break through her reserve.

It was all Randolph, too, ridiculously enough, filling the picture, just as he had done then, when, with the insistent quality of blithesome youth, he had dominated everything. She had disappeared from the scene, except as any other person looking on, enraptured with the vision.

There was only one place in the Harbor where any vision of herself came back to her, a self detached from her now as though in reality it had belonged to some other woman of long ago, the story of whose pain still moved her. The tie that held her to the girl that she had been in those summer days when Randolph loved her seemed no more substantial than one which holds us to a dream oppressing us in waking hours; and yet Elizabeth could not shake it off.

Out on the rocks, wave-washed and brown, thrust out from a shoulder of headland to the right of the Harbor like a huge sinewy arm into the sea, two figures always lingered like wraiths—that of a young man, and that of a clinging girl, happy in her faith and her trust and her all-absorbing love. Elizabeth saw them whenever she looked. She thought of them before she slept, the boom of the surf in her ears. She was aware of them, especially of that young girl, even while she talked of other things.

"What are men made of?" she said to herself, thinking again of the wasted sweetness of those days. "Why should discord and unrest in the world surprise us when at the very foundations of life men are willing to play riot with faith?"

The blow had been so unnecessary and so cruel. Even his friends had agreed to that. Some of the things they had said came back to her now with a shock.

She drew a chair up to the window, and, resting her chin on her hand, looked off toward the rocks. The opaline sea, where it rose and fell, broke into scallops of delicate white at their base.

"Yes, unnecessary and cruel," she thought bitterly. "Nothing since has ever been the same. One may talk and reason, grow in new directions, and fill one's life with new things, but such a hurt as that to the young

girl out on the rocks there no power can heal. The woman who has grown up in her stead is another person, better, perhaps,—why not?—after so many battles fought and victories won. Yet, perhaps, after all, *not* better, only—different!

"He, possibly, is just the same," she went on, her thoughts, like clouds swept by the wind, taking new forms, yet always veering toward a given point. "Men usually are. Love is little more than an episode with them, sweet enough while it lasts, but another flower farther afield is as good. It is the whiff of the perfume that they want, or, when weary, the draught of some cooling cup from a spring that is pure, making a journey pleasanter but not suggesting complications or delays by the way. It is one reason for their assumed superiority—their lack of morbidness, their ability to grow along the lines of a primal impulse. It is why they keep young. Recollections never oppress them. The only affections they mourn are those identified with daily habits or the comfort and security of domestic life.

"It is not what it should be!" she cried, with a long, indrawn breath that shook her body, "and it is what makes women one-sided and queer. And how like the general confusion of life, too," she added, "that the few men who never hurt any one are men who in youth do not seem to know what the joy of a day can be, or the glory of one wild, full moment in it—men," she thought with increasing bitterness, as she lowered her eyelids, glancing down from under them without changing her position—"men who grow up to be just such cut-and-dried, uninteresting personages as that one on his veranda below there, spectacled and sedate; stupid, as any one could see, and certainly fussy."

It had fascinated her, ever since she came, to watch him from her window up under the roof—a window she had chosen because of its view. She could look down on the houses of the summer visitors, and off to the bathing-beach with its gay pavilions, and out on the ocean stretching beyond them. In every mood she came back to this window, and whenever her bitterness increased she watched the fussy gentleman on his porch, surrounded by his family: his comfortable, portly, and complacent wife, his overgrown, high-voiced daughters, and his awkward sons. All day long he was bothering about the awnings, running after his children with umbrellas, or going down to feel the wet grass with the palms of his hands, to see whether it was damp enough for overshoes.

"That is the kind of man," she went on, "whom it is always safe to love. One can be sure of it from looking at his wife, so unruffled and so calm, basking in her husband 's solicitude, and indifferent to the awkwardness of her children.

"But they are happy, such women. Children rise up and call them blessed."

Elizabeth was speaking aloud now, standing in the middle of the floor, her arms raised, her hands clasped behind her head. "And what do the rest of us gain—those of us who have been robbed in our youth, our fountains poisoned? There is nothing—*nothing* ever for us, except a wider knowledge and a deeper sympathy, making us able to help others avoid our mistakes."

She went back to the window again and looked down at the family group. The gentleman was reading to his wife, who, with fat hands spread out on the arms of her chair, was rocking back and forth, her skirts lifted awkwardly just above her shoes, her generous waist-line suffering no restraints.

"I wonder if she abandoned the struggle to keep up appearances without a qualm. We 're handicapped, we single women. We care when our waists are too big and our clothes unbecoming. We can never take love for granted, as women can who, like her, have husbands and children to approve of anything they say and do. But how serene her face is! Mine must always be different."

Again Elizabeth turned away. Resting her face in her upheld hands, she studied herself in the mirror, looking into her own eyes with a questioning gaze that grew in its perplexity. The hunger in them startled her—the unsatisfied, the questioning, the wasted. They were eyes made for trust, and as she thought of it something like the ghost of that old look flitted across them again, and once more Elizabeth thought of the young girl out there on the rocks.

"Why did it have to happen?" she cried. It was dastardly to have given her such a blow and himself to have gone scot-free.

Outside the wind had changed, sweeping the haze from the sky and covering the sea, no longer opaline but sapphire, with myriads of tiny flash-lights snapping dazzling silver in the sunshine. The gaily colored pennants on the bathing-pavilion at the beach stood out straight from their poles against the clear blue of the cloudless sky.

Elizabeth roused herself. "This will never do; I must pull myself together," she said. "I 'm no better now than some old and broken soldier groaning over an ancient

thrust. What nonsense it is, too," she added, throwing back her head, "and at my age! Why, I have scarcely thought of Randolph in twenty years. I will go now and sit on the rocks, where I 've been too cowardly to go before. By facing them perhaps I can drive these old specters away."

It was characteristic of her that, some call for action having sounded, she dressed herself with scrupulous care, taking her hand-glass to see that her hat was straight, and, with a thin hair-pin slipped under her veil, pushing a little farther back a refractory strand of soft hair. Once or twice she changed a jeweled hat-pin so that she caught the gleam in front.

When her work was done she was good to look upon. The black hat rested on brown hair just turning gray about the temples and drawn up from the forehead; her thin white dress fell about a slight figure with broad shoulders and rounded waist—a figure that might have belonged to some girl of twenty, except for its perfect poise and that inalienable air of distinction belonging only to those whose lives have been adjusted to a dominating thought, which, held to, lifts the character, and finally becomes unconscious consciousness. The silk umbrella that she took from the table was green, and the ribbons at her throat and waist repeated the color of the leaves in her bonnet.

With her hand on the knob of the door, she paused for an instant before opening it, straightening herself with an indrawn breath, then walked out into the corridor and down the hall with that superb carriage of the body most women envied in her. Those who had known her father would have caught in that pause an old habit of the general when a bugle-call summoned him to parade. His sword buckled, his gloves on, there was always that momentary pause in which he stood in his doorway drawing in his chin and throwing his shoulders back before stepping out to take command.

Elizabeth hesitated once more when she reached the lower floor. The side door through which she generally made her escape was crowded with people whom she knew, waiting to take their places in the stage. Nothing was left for her but the door leading direct to the front piazza. To cross that without being stopped on the way always involved something like a dash through crowded thoroughfares to reach a quiet stretch beyond. For the piazza of a summer hotel is a kind of Midway Plaisance where many varied interests concentrate. Bands play on it; venders display their wares; strangers pass up and down and disappear—sight-seers, old and young, well dressed and shabby, who help to add variety and a certain quality of the picturesque, but who disappear suddenly as from a railway-station, only to make room for another throng. Old frequenters are stationed at intervals along its length—men and women of regular habits, and identified with certain corners and shady retreats, to which their titles have become as clear as though entered on the books of the registrar. Some of them are early settlers, ill at ease among the new improvements, and wearing the look of those never sure of a recognition. Some of them are social mendicants, beggars of particular favors, springing unawares at one from every corner, demanding subscriptions to some dance, a half-hour's sympathy in a doleful tale, or a kindly interest in an entertainment for charity.

Everything is told on its wide stretches. All the news and more is bandied about. Nobody escapes discussion. Those who like to keep away and get their out-of-doors in another direction discover that their desire for seclusion draws universal attention to them; like village hermits, they become the most conspicuous of passers-by.

It was never easy for Elizabeth to cross. She had often envied the ability of certain women to pass with heads erect through the crowd about the doors, looking neither to the right nor the left, escaping to the other side without being entangled by a promise on the way. The habit of courtesy was too strong in her for that. She could hardly avoid, at least, returning some salutation from a friend, nor did she know how to pretend not to see what she had seen from the corner of her eye—an acquaintance who had risen from a neighboring chair and was coming forward to greet her. She meant to try it, however, to-day, and raising her sun-umbrella before she left the hall, she rested it on her shoulder so as to escape under its cover.

Just as she reached the steps, however, some one in high falsetto notes called her name twice. Elizabeth hesitated, sighed, then turned. She knew the voice. It was that of an old lady in black, seated just to the right of the door, a white fichu round her neck and puffs of black hair about her face. She was very stout and short of breath. In one hand she held a cane tied with a black ribbon. She never sat anywhere else, commanding as she could from this position all

approaches. With flattering smiles she levied various taxes of personal service upon passing acquaintances. She now wanted Elizabeth to take her to the beach.

There was nothing to be done, and Elizabeth knew it. She had been brought up to respect, whatever her mood, certain obligations to older persons. But the compelling touch of age and helplessness was in the hand that the old lady, with satisfied air, laid on the younger woman's arm, and it seemed to Elizabeth, longing to be free and alone with her thoughts, as if the slowly moving figure at her side, rocking with every step, was like some grim and uncongenial circumstance holding her down to the prosaic and the every-day.

All the world was out in the gay sunshine, on foot or in carriages, hurrying past them to the beach. Hats were raised to Elizabeth; young girls smiled a good morning to her; and even a colored porter lifted his forefinger deferentially to his cap as he passed.

A carriage holding a lady in white, with a lace umbrella over her head, met them as they reached the corner, and the lady, calling to her coachman to stop, sprang out.

"I was just on my way to see you," she began excitedly, drawing Elizabeth aside with an apology to the old lady in black. "I 've the funniest thing in the world to tell you. Your old flame Dick Randolph is here, living somewhere near your hotel. Fancy his ever coming here again! Perhaps," she added archly, "he knew that you were to be here." Then the friend, with another apology to the old lady, drove off laughing and waving her lace umbrella at Elizabeth.

"Here! Richard Randolph here!" How dare he!" Elizabeth murmured, her eyes fixed on her friend's retreating umbrella. "Then he will see me." Her impulse was for instant flight, but the old lady had her arm again.

"It is quite like having a daughter of my own," she was saying. "Your father, the general, was one of my earliest friends. Not so fast, my dear; I 'm not so young as I once was. Your father in those days used to say—"

But Elizabeth was paying no heed. She felt suddenly a sense of outrage. The man whose memory, like a specter, had risen from the long ago to haunt her had added still another outrage—that of coming back alive to look at her again. That was the agony—that he would dare to look at her.

She felt that she had been taken unawares, trapped in an enemy's country. The very vagueness with which his whereabouts had been indicated made her feel that he might be anywhere, everywhere, gazing at her from innumerable directions. His one pair of eyes multiplied themselves into a thousand pairs, stationed in this window and that, and even behind the bushes that she passed. She felt angered, insulted, tricked, and finding it for the moment difficult to breathe, she lifted her hand and drew her collar away from her throat. The gesture recalled her to herself. "But he must not see any trace of the pain about me," she said; "it must be as though it had never made any more difference to me than to him."

"You remember, don't you?" the old lady asked, still speaking in short and labored breaths. It was astonishing that to one to whom it was such labor to speak, long-winded speeches should have been such delight.

"Perfectly," answered Elizabeth. Had she really ever forgotten? But did he remember her? She glanced around her as though even now he were looking. She could not rid herself of the impression that he was watching her, and, strange vagary of a troubled mind, it made her feel suddenly old and queer, as if he were saying—he who had always been so critical of others—that she had "gone off." She heard her own heel scrape on the asphalt as though she had tottered in her walk, like other old maids whom she knew, and she felt he would notice it. She had been so lithe as a girl! She did not want him to think that his hurt had had anything to do with it.

She lifted her head to hold it more proudly and defiantly, and then wondered if she had been drooping it, thrusting the chin out in front and crooking the neck behind, like middle-aged women who keep their waistbands too tight.

"I am glad you remember," the old lady continued, pausing at the crossing. She was obliged to step down sidewise, her cane first, with an effort that caused her a groan or two. She still held Elizabeth's arm. "He was one of the handsomest and most gallant of gentlemen. You get your courtesy from him, my dear. I am not so sure about your eyes. You certainly remember his."

"Yes, deep blue," moaned Elizabeth. Every one had known that about Randolph's eyes—deep blue, with black lashes under thick black brows. Then the hair that waved about the temples, and the gleaming white teeth, and the long, straight legs and broad shoulders. Remember him! She would know him anywhere.

There he was now!—coming down a side-path, a young girl with him.

There was no mistaking the tilt of that hat or the way the parasol was held. No other man of to-day ever put into the holding of one that protective air. Ah! but she was glad that she had heard he was here, so that she could prepare herself; for they all must meet on that next corner!

Elizabeth's knees shook with the thought, and she bent her head to hide her face, leaning over the old lady and telling her to step gently. But the pavement was narrow, and they came face to face, the young man lifting his hat in apology as he went ahead. The eyes that had met Elizabeth's, however, were black.

"Fancy my making such a mistake!" she murmured. "I suppose I 'm excited. I must look about more calmly."

She was aware of doing so even while she was settling the old lady on the veranda of the bathing-pavilion. A chair had to be placed out of the draught, yet where nothing that went on could escape the old eyes. Her veil had to be pulled down at just such an angle to keep a streak of sunlight out, her fan opened and held up to keep off the glare from another direction. Then a second chair had to be drawn up for her feet, and her skirts tucked about her ankles. With every one of these changes the old lady had a word to say and a suggestion to make, hitching her shoulders at times to convince herself that she was comfortable. But even while Elizabeth, with a graciousness which never deserted her, lent herself to this uncongenial service, she was aware of looking for Randolph.

"Why have you never wanted to marry?" asked the old lady, recognizing her helpfulness. "It 's a great pity that you remain single. You 're just the woman for a wife, my dear."

"Some of us are born to be single," the younger woman answered, with a smile meant to parry all intrusive touches.

The shaded veranda by this time was crowded with people—women in pretty foulards, men in white flannels, invalids, young girls, and children, their chairs so closely packed that movement was difficult except where, by common consent, a passage-way next the doors of the dressing-rooms was left open. Up and down this passage a constant stream of gaily dressed people passed, the ladies with skirts held up to keep them from contact with the wet sand brought in by the bare feet of the bathers. Women in bathing-suits, with crash towels in their hands, indifferent to decorum, came out of the door of one section and ran into that of another, looking for small children whom they had left in the surf.

Below the pavilion stretched the beach, covered with bathers in every conceivable costume. Photographers had their cameras set, and bathers dripping with sea-water were posing before them.

Beyond them all stretched the ocean, sparkling in the sunshine, its breakers dotted with hundreds of heads, some bound in Turkey red, rising and falling with the swell Beyond the swell the life-saver waited in his catamaran, his hands on the oars. Beyond him, again, the diving-float was anchored, with men and women crawling up and jumping off; and far beyond this, again, was the blue of the horizon.

Somewhere in that moving throng Elizabeth felt convinced that Richard was to be found. He used never to miss a bathing-hour. Had he not lifted her over the breakers a hundred times? Shielding herself now behind the old lady, who talked incessantly, calling passers-by to her, Elizabeth watched for Randolph. But it was not until she reached the Casino on her way home from the beach that she saw him. He was sitting under one of the red-striped umbrellas which shade the small tables. His back was toward her, but she knew the dip of the shoulders, and the way in which he rested his forearms on his knees, leaning over as he talked. Her restlessness vanished at once. She had a strange sense of content, as though a curtain had been rung up on a stage, and she was privileged, without being rude, to examine at leisure the actor at whom she had only dared glance in the street. She followed every line of the figure—that long straight neck, now bronzed by the sun, and that other line, which had been his glory, from the armpit to the slim, incurving waist. She studied again and again the rebellious wave in his hair, close-cropped about his ears. It was all as she remembered it. And the young girl in blue before him, with her rosy mouth wreathed in smiles—would he hurt her, too, she wondered, with a sudden pang of keen remembrance. Could he be as cruel a second time?

A feeling of fierce, unreasoning anger flamed through Elizabeth, and again the look of her father, the old general, was in her face. She wanted Randolph to turn, so that, looking at her, he might remember, and that girl before him be spared.

"Come, come!" said the old lady, peremptorily, with impatient tappings of her fingers on Elizabeth's arm. "Luncheon will be ready before we are there." With hunger the old lady's tone was apt to change. Elizabeth, however, ignoring the voice beside her and the constant tappings on her arm, allowed herself to be detained by different persons who came up. She wanted to wait until Randolph turned and saw her. But he was too absorbed. It had always been his way: he knew how to concentrate present interests.

The man and the girl in blue were still under the red-striped umbrella when Elizabeth and her companion left. Once out of the Casino, and without having had a glimpse of his face, Elizabeth grew impatient to be at home. She wanted to think how that young girl might be saved. All thought of herself had gone.

The piazza of the Marlborough, when she reached it, was filled with well-dressed men and women home from the beach, and Elizabeth, having settled the old lady in her chair, found herself surrounded. Some one came up to propose a drive, another an expedition across the bay. A mother, with a timid daughter tucked under her arm, wondered if Elizabeth would chaperon "the child" at a hop. Elizabeth was handsome, and promoters of festivities are never indifferent to such a fact.

No one would have imagined, as she stood there, tall, distinguished, and superbly poised, speaking first to one and then to another, that her knees had begun to shake again and her heart to beat fast; for she had seen him coming—the man from the Casino with the girl in blue.

She waited until he was within a foot of her, then turned. He should see that she was vigilant, and then he would not dare his old-time perfidy.

Elizabeth, however, looked into the face of a man she had never seen before.

"I might have known that it was not he," she thought, growing calm again. "Richard's tread on the pavement was so light."

"That 's young Clayton," some one said as he passed. "He 's engaged to Richard Randolph's one pretty daughter. She only arrived last night."

"Richard Randolph's *daughters?*" Elizabeth cried, putting out a hand to steady herself, and laying it on the arm of the speaker. All the big hydrangeas on the piazza were rustling from a sudden gust of wind that also swayed the empty rocking-chairs. Elizabeth had an odd sense, somehow, of swaying with them. "Richard Randolph's *daughters*," she repeated, with eyes transfixed, her hand still on the arm of the speaker. "Is he old enough for that?" But to herself she was saying: "Daughters! Dick with daughters! And I 've been looking for so young a man! But of course; if I am forty-three, he must be fifty and over!"

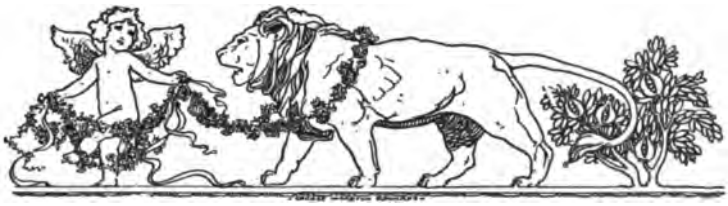
She laughed nervously, then, catching the break in her own voice, laughed again, adding a little staccato note to take the place of the one that had broken and nearly betrayed her. She was aware of being glad that no one seemed to have noticed her late agitation, and with the sense of her own escape from all ridicule at her mistake came another keener sense as of laughter at the folly of all long-cherished wrath. Her anger vanished like a bubble that had been pricked. That saving grace of humor, which all her life had made the real saneness in her, was redeeming her at last, changing as in a flash her point of view. Like a sudden illumination there came to her the realization that the young Randolph who had hurt her no longer existed; that he, too, had gone through some process with time, and been metamorphosed into another kind of person. "Just suppose that I were still angry with him," she thought; "I should not even know what kind of old man to be angry with."

"How many daughters has he?" she asked in the low, clear tones which had always been one of her charms.

"Four," said the lady. "You must have seen the other three. They have a cottage near the hotel, and they 're always on the veranda. There 's Mr. Randolph now. I wonder how he likes Clayton."

Elizabeth looked. Richard Randolph stood on the corner of his veranda, his spectacles pushed up on his forehead. He was examining his barometer, to see what the sudden gust of wind had meant. Then he drew up the awnings, pulled back the chairs, and went indoors.

He was the fussy gentleman whom Elizabeth had seen from her window reading to his comfortable and complacent wife.



THE SONG OF EVE.

BY EDNAH PROCTOR CLARKE.

OUT of the black of the night he came,—
The hot ferns hid the dawn,—
Alone in the awful loneliness
I heard his life-breath drawn.
What count the anguish and the curse?
See! in the flashing sun
Another Adam! another Adam!
And such a little one!

Come hither, come hither, ye spotted pards,
Behemoth and hornèd gnu,
And look on the wonder God hath wrought
Betwixt the dawn and the dew!
From the cloven rock, the humid fen,
The ooze of the blue abyss,
Come forth, ye mothers of teeming earth!
Can ye show aught like this?

Yea, lioness proud with thy clumsy cub,
Well mayst thou stare to see;
And narrow-eyed leviathan
Whose spawn the sun sets free.
What wouldst thou say? He is only one?
Naked? and weak? and small?
Ho! peering fox, thy littered six
Are foxes, after all!

Look at his brow, like the citron bud,
The open eyes below,
His crumpled hands with fingers five
And pink nails all arow!
Up on thy feet, my Man-Child! Stand!
Look on them in thy pride—
Thou, who shalt crush the tiger's rage
And on the jaguar ride!

Gray, hairy mammoth, blow thy trump
To cheer him if he weep!
Ye chattering apes, go softly by:
Your lord doth deign to sleep.
Low they bow to my cradling arms;
Vassals are they of thine;
But, Littlest One, thy clinging lips
Are mine—mine—mine!

Thy father was made of a soulless clod
And I of a riven bone;
Out of the thought of God we came,
Motherless and alone.
But thou art wrought of flesh and love
With the breath of God within.
Oh, surely, God, who gave me thee,
He hath forgot my sin.

And Adam, thy father, when he shall come,
He, too, shall straight forget
The flaming sword, the sealèd gate,
The toiling and the sweat;
And love again as he loved before
'Neath the Forbidden Tree;
For though I lost him paradise,
Lo, I have brought him thee!

A WISHING SONG.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

ATTER usin' de spring fer a lookin'-glass—
A-wish, wish, wishin'—
Mr. Rabbit tuk a walk on de pastur'-grass—
A-wish, wish, wishin'
De gals come along—*Will you let us pass?*—
Des a-wishin'.

He bowed, he did, an' he shot one eye—
A-wish, wish, wishin'—
An' he tip his beaver when dey pass by—
Des a-wishin'.

Oh, ladies all, ain't you skeered er ha'nts?—
A-wish, wish, wishin'.
Skeered er no, we 're gwine ter de dance—
Des a-wishin'.

Miss Meadows done say dat we kin go—
A-wish, wish, wishin'—
An' show um how ter skip on de heel an' toe—
Des a-wishin'.

An' it 's *Oh, Mr. Rabbit! won't you go 'long?*
A-wish, wish, wishin'—
An' dat 's de reason I 'm a-singin' dis song—
Des a-wishin'.

An' *Oh, Mr. Rabbit! does you know de place?*—
A-wish, wish, wishin'—
Mr. Rabbit chaw his cud an' wrinkle his face—
Des a-wishin'.

It 's right over yander at de head er de dreen—
A-wish, wish, wishin'—
Whar de branch runs google, an' de leaves is green—
Des a-wishin'.

Mr. Fox 'll scrape de fiddle, Miss Cow 'll blow de horn—
A-wish, wish, wishin'—
An' de tune gwineter tell how de sheep shell corn—
Des a-wishin'.

Mr. Rabbit, he stood dar, slicker dan sin—
A-wish, wish, wishin'—
A-lookin' at de gals, an' a-rubbin' his chin—
Des a-wishin'.

An', *Ladies all, kin you read me dis riddle*—
A-wish, wish, wishin'—



DRAWN BY A. B. FROST. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

"AN', LADIES ALL, KIN YOU READ ME DIS RIDDLE—"

What gwineter happen ter my noddle-niddle—
A-wish, wish, wishin'—
When dey 's so much Fox an' so little fiddle?—
Des a-wishin'.

So, ladies all, ef you 'll skuzen me—
A-wish, wish, wishin'—
I 'll santer roun' ter de Trimblin' Tree—
Des a-wishin'.

I 'll slip thoo de bushes, an' up I 'll creep—
A-wish, wish, wishin'—
An' listen ter de Mockin'-Bird talkin' in his sleep—
Des a-wishin'.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

THE HOTEL VERANDA.

MRS. POTTS'S PERPLEXITY.

BY EDNA KENTON.

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLOTTE HARDING.

MRS. POTTS laid down her magazine and stared, for a second regardless of her world. Fortunately, the brilliant trap and its occupants were at that moment engrossing every one's attention, and by the time the talk, more animated than ever, had begun again, the lady was her own serene and gracious self. Outwardly: within was turmoil that refused to be lulled. That girl, that girl, and Regie hardly twenty! Mrs. Potts actually felt her large quota of human sympathy cake within her into the coldness

of a settled purpose. After all, we are near akin to animals at moments when conventions fall away and the primitive emotions insist on expression. And the one thing that rouses every mother, be she tigress or woman, is impending danger to her offspring. Mrs. Potts was roused.

She sat there for an hour longer, and turned pages at proper intervals. Then she left the great hotel veranda to the freedom of comment that she was well aware would follow her exit, and went up to her room and sat down and thought.

What she had seen that afternoon had come as a shock despite the gossip she had overheard the day before; and the shock lay not in the startling magnificence of the turnout, nor in the wonderful beauty of the woman who drove it, nor in the presence of her son beside the woman, but in the expression of the boy's face as he listened to some gay retort she had flung out at him as they dashed past.

Mrs. Potts was not a woman to imagine horrors nor to exaggerate circumstances, and for that she was thankful now that she began to review every particle of gossip she had heard, since the arrival of the Merrits at the Springs, concerning their fabulous wealth and their almost pitiful newness to it. There was a Mrs. Merrit and a Mr. Merrit, but they had sunk into obscurity beside their daughter. Her trap, with its matched and matchless horses, had created talk for quite twenty-four hours after its first appearance. Since then it had been seen semi-daily, and of late it had roused general comment only through its occupants.

Young Regie Potts, despite his youth, was distinctly worth while; and for the last ten days he had been publicly and constantly seen everywhere with Miss Merrit, more often than not in her distinctive turnout. She drove a great deal and was a fine whip. Physically speaking, she was a magnificent creature. Her figure was superb, her hair, eyes, and coloring were perfect. If she rouged and penciled, one examination was not sufficient to establish the fact. Her clothes she wore with lavish recklessness characteristically plebeian, and they were fit for the trousseau of a Russian princess. She was almost never seen with women, but the men attended her constantly. However, it had been remarked that her treatment of them never verged on coquetry, though it often passed to a marked degree that invisible line that divides the masculine from the "eternal feminine."

"I don't dare," thought the troubled mother, "ask Regie a word about it. The only thing to do is to meet the girl. We go up to Elmscort next week; but that does n't dispose of the intervening week here. The creature, so far as I have seen anything of her, is hopelessly vulgar. Her people are unspeakable. What shall I do? My foolish Regie!"

And then Regie came in, very straight and very flushed and very handsome. He flung himself into a chair beside his beautiful mother. Taking up her hand, he began to talk all sorts of nonsense to her with such an incoherently happy note in his young voice that she said to herself, with a fatally certain intuition, "The mischief is done already. Oh, my foolish Regie, what can I do?"

"I must meet the girl," she said over and over again. And that evening at the house dance, as Regie came up to Miss Merrit's chaperon with Miss Merrit on his arm, he saw, to his momentary horror, his mother in the group. For one bald instant he hesitated; then he presented Miss Merrit.

"The beautiful princess and the toads," thought Mrs. Potts, as the girl began volubly:

"I 'm glad to meet you, Mrs. Potts. I 've often told Regie it was funny I knew him so well, and you by sight, and yet passed you day in and day out without speaking. I 've told him it was a wonder you would n't think it queer."

"I am sorry my son should not have presented you to me before," Mrs. Potts returned.

Something in the reply or the manner of it embarrassed the girl, for she laughed unnecessarily, and her color rose a little.

"I 've told him a good many times I 'd like to meet you, but something has always been the matter, till the other day I told him I did n't think he ever intended I should meet you till I had to." She glanced toward Regie with a smiling significance. His face had crimsoned, but his lips were set sturdily. He came forward.

"Pardon me, mother. Miss Merrit, it is our dance."

"There he comes again, just as we 're getting acquainted. Ain't it funny, Mrs. Potts! Well, 'I 'll see you later.'"

She gave a broad slang intonation to her last sentence, threw in a charming smile, and in another moment Mrs. Potts was alone, with that Bowery echo ringing in her ears.

She had met the girl, and the affair grew



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

"FOR A MOMENT A STRANGE, UNWELCOME SYMPATHY FOR THE GIRL SWEPT OVER HER."

worse and worse. If it had been possible to misconstrue her words and manner, Regie's bearing was unmistakable. And his mother had seen through his boyishness and embarrassment a dignity and a new-found manhood that made her feel the tragic seriousness of the affair as never before. He had felt the unseen stress in the meeting of the two. One needed defense against the other, and there was no mistaking the fact that it was against his mother that he had taken up arms in defense of "Clem" Merrit.

She came up to Mrs. Potts later in the evening, on the arm of another man.

"You just drop me here," she said, with an easy congé. "You don't mind, do you, Mrs. Potts? I want to talk to you. You see," she went on, in a voice that a queer self-consciousness made more strident than usual, "I 've wanted to meet you ever since we came. I rather took a fancy to you right away, especially after I got to know Regie so well." She laughed half consciously. "I told mother I did n't see why she did n't get to know you. But mother 's shy. She 's not used to things yet, and she says she 's half afraid of you." She laughed again. "Regie 's been funny about it, too. I tell him *he 's* shy! I reckon he has n't talked much about me to you; has n't told you anything?"

Mrs. Potts struggled with a sick disgust. "My son has told me nothing," she said briefly. Her voice sounded gentle because she had to make an effort to speak at all.

The girl sat silent. Suddenly a stick of the fan she was twisting snapped. She threw the frail thing to the floor. "There!" she said, with another conscious laugh; "and it 's expensive enough, too: cost three hundred and fifty in Paris." All at once her whole manner changed. Her unbearable self-consciousness fell away, and something dumbly honest shone out of her great, beautiful eyes. She looked directly at Mrs. Potts.

"Regie 's a nice boy," she said, almost shyly. "He 's just a boy, too. I 'm twenty-six." There was a deeper confession in the speech than she herself saw. Mrs. Potts felt it, and for a moment a strange, unwelcome sympathy for the girl swept over her. It was only momentary; then it passed: but it left behind, born of it, an inspiration so bold, so sincerely hard, that she did not at once act on it. At last she leaned forward and laid her hand on the girl's arm, and under the touch Miss Merrit flushed sensitively.

"We are going up to our summer home next week," she said. "A few friends are to come to us then, and I should be so pleased if you could feel free to come. It is an informal invitation, as I have not called on you as yet; but I shall remedy that soon—"

"Oh, that 's no matter," Miss Merrit returned, with her old sang-froid. "Yes, I 'll

be glad to come. Of course I 've just met you; but I know Regie so well, and I reckon it ain't your house any more than it is his. Don't mind about calling. Just run up any time. Yes, Mr. Carter, I reckon it is our dance. I thought you 'd given me the slip, sure." She laughed with a loud gaiety, and floated away.

One gift of the gods she had besides her beauty of face and form: she danced divinely. Mrs. Potts watched her with a growing horror. For a moment she could have cried out her retraction of the invitation she had just given. What had she done? The unspeakable vulgarity of the girl! "No more your house than his!" Then she remembered that one strange softening of her voice and face and eyes. Up to this time Mrs. Potts had been counting on having a worldly, ambitious, hard woman to deal with. That touch of pathos complicated the already bad business, but, on the other hand, it might be the key to the unraveling of the whole tangle.

The next morning Regie dawdled round considerably and palpably. His mother was writing letters, and he eyed her half questioningly from time to time. Finally he said, with a visible effort:

"Oh, by the way, Miss Merrit said something about your having asked her out to Elmscort next week. Was it necessary on the strength of a first introduction?"

"Not necessary," Mrs. Potts responded calmly.

"Well, do you think—does it seem as if the whole party and she would get along? You see," he went on swiftly, "she 's not 'way up in art and music, like the Grayson girls, or Lorimer, or the rest. If it was an athletic crowd she 'd work in all right, for she 's clear up on that."

"Then that taste throws her on your hands, dear. And when athletics pall, she shall be my special guest, if she does n't 'get along,' as you put it. I hope it won't be unpleasant for you, Regie."

Regie stared very hard out of the window for a few moments. Then he came up behind his mother and put both arms about her.

"It won't be unpleasant, mater, for me; but I 'm afraid it will be hard for her. I hope you 'll make it easy for her. Of course she 's not exactly your sort, mater, but—she 's a nice girl." And then Regie went quickly out of the room, and Mrs. Potts, in her horrible perplexity at all the complications of the whole dreadful affair, wondered again for the fiftieth time if what she had regarded at the moment as a heaven-sent inspiration was to prove the mistake of her life.

TEN days from the evening when she first met Miss Merrit, Mrs. Potts was greeting her at the foot of the stairway in the Elmscort hall. Regie, at the farther end, was divesting himself of the outdoor garments in which he had gone to meet her.

"You are not too tired to come down to dinner, my dear?" she asked. "We are only a few to-night—"

"Tired!" Miss Merrit interrupted in a voice that suggested anything but weariness. "Goodness, no! I feel fit as anything. Fine old place you have here. I like a good hall." She was still staring frankly about her when Regie came up to them.

"I told you we 'd be late if I took you round by the Rock Bridge. You have just half an hour before dinner."

She was on the second stair, and she leaned down over the railing and patted his cheek. "Chirk up, old man," she said cheerfully. "You 'll see me on hand when the eating begins."

Regie flashed one look at his mother; then he thrust his hands very deep in his pockets and strode off to the den.

When Miss Merrit came down for dinner, half an hour late, she bore away the palm from every woman in the room, so far as appearance went. Her pale-yellow gown toned in superbly with the gold of her hair, and her beauty was something startling.

"You must have gay times here," she began to the whole table, as soon as they were seated. "That hall out there took my eye from the first, and I nearly fell out of my window up-stairs trying to see where that long veranda goes to. Regie, you 'll take me out after dinner, won't you? He 's already told me of some of the sprees you have here," she went on, addressing Mrs. St. Claire, an aunt of Regie's, who, from the moment she began to speak, had been surveying her through a lorgnette. "I can help you in that, for there 's nothing does me so much good as just turning myself loose for a ripping good time."

"Indeed!" responded the lady, much against her will, but impelled thereto by the girl's gay laugh. "I should so imagine!"

Miss Merrit surveyed her with a stare quite impertinent enough to be called well-bred. Then she turned to her neighbor and dropped her voice. "Who is the individual?" she murmured. "Was that a facer?"



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

IN THE MOONLIGHT.

Mr. Lorimer, a literary man of some note, smiled. "I might call it that," he said.

Another course was being served. Miss Merrit flashed a furtive glance toward Mrs. Potts before she chose her fork for it. On her return she met Lorimer's eyes. "Well, yes," she said coolly. "I did n't know which one to use, and I don't care for a bluff myself unless it 's a good one. You 're pretty sharp, too, are n't you?"

"It 's my business to be," he responded, smiling.

"Well, don't watch me too close," she retorted. "I feel myself out of the running already. You people are n't my class, and I declare I don't know whether you 're swifter or slower."

"We might be called slower," he said rather carefully.

"Is that a facer, too?" she asked. "Well, I don't care. I can stand a man's come-back better than a woman's. Women are mean little things, don't you think? And, after all, I don't think I 'm fast."

"My dear Miss Merrit—" Lorimer began.

"Oh, that 's all right," she interrupted. "Women call me that. Men don't, generally, because they know me better. And then, everything depends on the point of view. I 'm not made to be looked at from the ordinary woman's standpoint. But—" she stopped and smiled charmingly at him, "even a tortoise is faster than some animals."

Lorimer laughed outright. "I infer I am very slow," he said. "Well, I 'm slow enough to dare give a woman a warning. Here it is. Don't talk much to Mrs. St. Claire. Your life will be happier."

Miss Merrit looked at him for a moment. Then she drooped one milk-white lid over the eye next him. "I catch!" she said, with such an inimitable intonation that Lorimer's mirth drew on them both the lorgnette of Mrs. St. Claire.

When they got up from the table the men went with the women into the drawing-rooms. Lorimer seemed rather interested in his new acquaintance, for he sat down by her and began talking busily. Suddenly Regie, standing near, heard a question that froze his blood.

"Sing?" repeated Miss Merrit, in answer to it. "Yes, I sing. I studied nearly a year in Paris. My father spent any amount of money on my voice, and my teacher said—"

"Then won't you sing for us, Miss Merrit?" Mrs. Potts interposed, and Regie became a rigid fixture to the window-seat as a hush fell over the guests, and the girl, in the midst of it, walked cheerfully across the room and sat down to the piano.

"Guess I 'll give you the 'Jewel Song.' That 's from 'Faust,' you know," she explained over her wonderful shoulder, and forthwith began.

Mrs. Potts closed her eyes, and Regie set his teeth in silence. How the rest of the company bore it is immaterial, save that Mrs. St. Claire's lorgnette was never once removed from the girl throughout her absurd rendition of the aria. Lorimer had gone over to the piano with her, and in the uncertain silence that followed her conclusion he bent down to her.

"That does n't suit you," he said. "Try something that does."

"You 're not a bit backward, are you?" she laughed. "How 's this?" She dashed into a rag-time melody, and began to sing a foolish coon-song. By the standards of coon-song literature she sang the thing exceedingly well, and when she finished there was liberal applause—from the men. She cast a swift glance behind her, and as she caught sight of Mrs. Potts's face, composed though it was, her own underwent a change.

"No," she said shortly, in answer to the requests, always from the men, for more. She got up from the piano with a new look in her eyes. Regie from his place saw it. He passed his mother, with a whispered "Pardon," as he took from her hands a light silken wrap. Then he went on down the room to where the girl stood.

"You wanted to see where that veranda goes to," he said lightly. "Will you let me show you?"

There was a look of passionate gratitude in her eyes as she took the shawl from him, but she turned to the men who surrounded her with all, and perhaps a little more, of her old gaiety.

"Can't give you any more to-night! The moon has gotten into my blood. Come on, Regie. I don't care whether we see the veranda or not. Just let 's clear."

Mrs. St. Claire's gaze followed them out of the long French window into the shadow of the pines. Then she rose most portentously, and crossed over to Regie's mother.

"What is this, Clarissa?" she asked sternly. "Have you lost your senses, with Reginald so young and impressionable, to have that creature about?"

Regie's mother had a look at her command which, according to Regie, was warranted to "down any lorgnette ever invented." It was that look which she called into play now.

"Martha," she said softly, but with unmistakable clearness, "Miss Merrit is not Regie's guest, nor yet yours, but mine; and as my guest she is not to be criticized."

It was not the least part of Mrs. Potts's perplexity that she was growing to feel, in spite of everything, a sympathy for the girl that would not be thrust aside. The trouble



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

"AND THEN SHE WENT OVER TO THE DOOR AND CLOSED IT SOFTLY BEHIND HER."

Mrs. St. Claire sniffed scornfully and withdrew, but her sister sighed. The girl was *dreadful*. At dinner she had shown her ignorance of many details; her singing was unspeakable; she was loud and unrefined: but, in spite of it all, Regie had gone most gallantly to the rescue. How would it end? had been grave enough on the supposition that Regie was entangled with a pitiless adventuress; but the situation was growing into something far worse. Whatever else the girl might be, an adventuress she was not. And then Mrs. Potts found, to her horror, that she was wishing the girl any-

thing unspeakable, a being without remorse, without human feeling, anything but what she was. Some entanglements were worse than those with adventuresses. How would it end?

THE week had ended. Every one had gone on the afternoon trains, save Miss Merrit, who was to take the late flier for New York. She had come down early, dressed for dinner, but had gone out into one of the pine groves near the house, and for two hours nothing more was seen of her. Regie had not appeared, either, and Mrs. Potts dined alone. About eight Miss Merrit came in, but she went directly to her room, and had sent down for some coffee, with a request for a carriage at ten.

Mrs. Potts spent the next hour in walking restlessly from hall to drawing-room, and from drawing-room to library, full of a disquietude that was almost remorse. And yet she had certainly acted for the best. It had been the wisest and kindest thing to show Regie by fearful contrast what this girl was. It had been kindly done, and since she had grown to know the girl better she had had no fear for the ultimate outcome. Why, then, since Regie was saved, could she not be glad? She started nervously at a quick swish and rustle above her. Miss Merrit, in the most tailor-made of blue tailor-gowns, was coming down-stairs, bag in hand.

"It 's not train-time," she said, in answer to Mrs. Potts's quick glance at the great clock; "but I wanted to see you for a little while before I left. I 've seen—your son already."

Mrs. Potts's heart contracted. It was the first time she had ever said anything but "Regie." The girl led the way into the library and motioned toward a chair. Then she folded her hands together and stood before the older woman, as straight and beautiful and proud as a young goddess.

"I wanted to tell you," she began in a low voice, "what he did n't want me to tell at first, before I came here—that we were engaged. He said he was too young and still in college; and that was all right: but I guess he was afraid, too, of how you 'd take it. I never thought about that part very much until I came here. Since then I 've been thinking of not much else. This week has been a hard week, Mrs. Potts. In a sense it 's not your fault, and yet again in a sense it is." She stopped a moment. The room was as still as death.

"I wonder what you 'd say if you knew how I 'd been brought up—whether it would help you to understand, or whether you 'd turn away the more. My father was of good enough family here in the East somewhere; but he had to cut the place, and he went out West to mine. He met my mother out there. She was—an actress. After a while, after I was born, he married her. I was on the stage when I was in long clothes. When I was six I was an old-timer. We had our ups and downs. I never had any schooling to speak of till a few years ago; then my father struck it rich in a day and retired. Since then I 've had all the money I 've wanted; and he has wanted me to use it on myself and for myself, and with it make a good match. And I 've known a lot of men; but there 's been a mighty few of them I 'd ever think of marrying.

"I told all this, and more, to your son the night he proposed to me—everything. I 've told my father no man should ever marry me without knowing the whole story. And—he still wanted me. But I give you my word of honor I never thought of how you would take it, or of his—or of my duty to you.

"You see, I 've lived all my life with men. I don't understand women, and they don't like me. I wish they did. I never cared about it till this week, but I grew to hate those men crowding round me. For the first time in my life it did n't seem nice. I 've looked at things always from a man's standpoint, and it 's hard for me to consider a woman's views. No lady ever laid her hand on mine in just the way you did the other evening, and I can't tell you how it made me feel; and I thought for a little bit that perhaps one woman, one lady, at last liked me.

"It 's been a pretty hard week, Mrs. Potts, for it 's wakened me up, and I 've seen what I 've missed, and what I 'll have to miss all my life. I know why you did it, and I want to tell you you 've succeeded. You 've shown me the gulf. I 'm not going to throw myself into it, but no more am I going to try and step across. It 's been hard to stay it out. But I don't blame you. If I had such a son, and he was so near ruining his whole life, I 'd have done the same thing.

"There 's just one thing more I 'd like to say. I 've said it already to your son, but I want to say it to you. It 's my father has the ambition, and all because he 's so proud of me. As far as I 'm concerned, I would n't marry a crown prince unless I cared for him, and I would n't tell any man my whole story unless I—

"I saw your son this evening and had it out

with him. He blames himself terribly for feeling the difference as he has felt it, seeing you and me together. He calls himself a beastly cad, and all that, and he would n't believe me when I told him his manner toward me this week has been my one comfort—and it has. It was only that he could n't help it, and I could n't, and you could n't. It 's been hard for us all. You 've flicked me on the raw time and again; but it 's been mostly involuntary. You did n't mean to.

"I had to throw him over myself. He 's so mad with cut pride that he 'd marry me to-night. And—he blames you some. He says the test among your sort of people was unfair to me. Well, it was. But it was fair to him and to you, and I want you and him to know that I don't blame either of you. He 'll see it straight in a little while, and be glad you did what was hard and right."

She stopped. There was the noise of wheels outside. Mrs. Potts raised her head and half rose; but Clem came over to her and pushed her gently down.

"Don't," she said. "I know you 're sorry it all had to happen; but it had to, and if you want to do anything for me at all, you 'll let me go away without a word." She half turned away; then she came back.

"There 's one thing I 'd like to have you say to your son. It 's not the heart-hurt that 's the worst in this for either him or me. I 've never had much of a chance, and I 'm not a lady; but I know one when I see her, and I know a gentleman. And I want you to tell him that he 's one clear through. That 's what 's cutting him up more than losing me. I want you to tell him that."

And then she went over to the door and closed it softly behind her.



"ASK WHAT YOU WILL."

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

ASK what you will, I must obey your hest!
Thus much, my lady-bird, seems manifest
To you and me, who well each other know.
What you, small tyrant, beg, I must bestow:
Come; falter not, but proffer your request!

Is it the flower I wear here on my breast?
My favorite nag? The book I love the best?
Some dainty gown? Some brooch or necklace? No?—
Ask what you will!

See how the sun, down-sinking to his rest,
Gilds with his glory all the roseate west!
I linger on, in life's chill afterglow.
Nay; smile, dear child—ah, like your mother!—so!
Stay but a moment! Now—my own, and blest—
Ask what you will!

LITTLE STORIES.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.,
Author of "Hugh Wynne," "François," "Circumstance," etc.

VII. "THOU ART THE SOUL OF THY HOUSE."

"Thou art the soul of thy house, and he who after thee inhabits it will know thee."
PAVEL SYCHOFSKY.

MY friend Secton is a Ph.D. in psychometry, and believes that all things created by man have souls, and remember, and are what he calls influential. It is sad nonsense. He believes in lucky and unlucky houses, and in shops where the successive owners always fail. He goes further, and says that it is morally dangerous to live in a house where a murderer has long dwelt, or in which a murder has been done. My doctor says there is only one kind of ghost, and that it lives unseen of any in houses where certain kinds of diseases have killed men. This idea captures my imagination, through my reason, and does appeal to me. As to the other style of ghost, I entirely disbelieve. My friend is hurt when I say that ghosts must be rare, since there is no mention of them in the last census; nor of rattlesnakes, says Secton, who dislikes trifling with the serious, and does not see the logical value of a jest, nor why I grin at his houses with "influential memories."

That doctor of mine also smiles at Secton's queer notions, and taps his forehead indicatively. But then, the doctor is a materialist. As extreme a mystic as Secton is more to my taste. I can readily see why, with that kind of a doctor, my wife remains neither well enough to be of use, nor ill enough to be honestly pitied. He says: "Bah! a ghost. I should put a thermometer under his tongue, and soon know where he came from."

One night in June, when my wife was away, Secton called at my house in South Kensington, and began at once on his hobby. I smoked and listened, mildly amused. Secton is very persistent. He suspects me of having a little leaven of love of the mystical, which is true of most reflective men.

He said at last: "I have often tested my own belief as to houses. Will you submit your skepticism to a trial?"

I replied that I would.

He said: "I have hired a house for a week. I want you to sleep there two nights. To be brief," he added, "I make no suggestive statement. I have furnished one room, the second story back. Occupy it two successive nights, and, mind you, it is not a question of ghosts."

The next night he called for me.

We had a long drive in a hansom to a suburban house near St. John's Wood. Here Secton gave me a key, and left me at the door.

The dwelling was large, and had a small walled garden behind it. It was about eleven when I lighted the candle I found in the hall, on the floor, for the house was, as he said, unfurnished. It smelt close and musty. I walked through several rooms to a little conservatory. I found nothing unlike a multitude of other so-called villas.

I went to my room, locked the door, lighted three candles, set my shaving-case and toilet affairs on a chair, for want of a table, and went to bed. It is proof of my indifferent attitude of mind that I slept well. I awoke early, about six, and, to my surprise, felt a strange sense of depression, a melancholy so convincing that I seemed of a sudden to understand how it was that men may desire to die. I sat up with a feeling of horror and of recoil as from an abyss. I struck my repeater. It was after six o'clock. As I looked about me in the dim light, I saw my razor lying open on the bed. It startled me. I was sure I had left it on the chair.

I got up and walked about the room, and after a little began to be more myself. As it was very warm, I opened a window. When I turned toward the bed, the razor, closed,

was lying on the chair. I began to dislike the adventure, and again to feel the cloud of melancholy, like a shroud, about me.

I dressed and went home, and after breakfast was as usual. By nightfall I had explained it all to my satisfaction, and, reassured, went gaily back to the house.

Nothing unusual happened. I smoked a cigar or two, read a sleep-compelling novel, and went to bed at ten. I woke twice in an hour, conscious each time of fear, the product of dreams which at once faded past recall. After this I was unable to sleep. I was restless and uneasy. At last I got up, and in the darkness had abruptly a sense of alarm which was like a possession; that is, as of a thing, a mood, which owned me. I found a match, and lighted all my three candles. I was in a cold sweat, and afraid with the fear a nightmare brings, and with this terror I was, also, in a mood of deep gloom. I dressed and went to a closet to find the novel I had left on the shelf. I was resolved to dismiss these sensations. As I took it, I saw some empty vials, and one which was half full. I took it up, and uncorked it, and smelt it to learn what it might be. It was laudanum. I staggered across the room with it in my hand, and with an oath threw it into the fireplace. I had resisted the deadliest temptation life had ever set in my way.

I went slowly down-stairs, and must have been in a queer condition, for I seemed to be moving with an onerous use of will-power. At last I was out in the air, and was at once relieved. After walking about for hours, I reluctantly went back to the house, and up to my room. The fragments of the bottle I had broken when I threw it on the hearth were gone.

I felt, as I stood in amazement, looking about me, a slowly gathering renewal of the melancholy of the night before. Was it all a dream—or what? My power to reason was, I felt, affected by the mood of gloom, and by the desire, the longing to—I would not say it even to that confidant, my own mind. I hastily put my toilet things in a hand-bag, and went away to get, at home, a bath and breakfast. The feeling of depression was with me until evening.

When I called on Secton and made my statement he asked if I were satisfied. I replied that, as to the razor, it must have been a lapse of memory, and possibly—

Secton broke in: "But I say, man, do you leave open razors on your bed and forget them? Or do you mean me to believe that it is a habit of yours to get up in your sleep and shave yourself?"

"But," said I, "how else can I explain it?"

"That is just the question. I can explain it. What about the laudanum?"

I replied that I must have been, in some way, the fool of my own suggestive imagination.

"Well," said he, "you certainly reason very oddly. And so you remain unconvinced."

"Of what am I to be convinced?" I said nothing of my melancholy mood, nor of the temptation. I hated to think of what was an absolutely new, and as surely very humbling, remembrance for a man as decisive as I.

He sneered as he returned: "You wished to test the value of my belief that houses have active memories and may affect, as with a moral malaria, those who live in them."

"Yes; that is put fairly. What of that house—what does it remember?"

"I will tell you. Three persons have taken their lives in that house; no one can live in it."

"Stop!" I said. "Were they all of one family?"

"Yes."

"That," I urged, "seems to me to lessen the value of your test.

"Does it?" he said. "For them, perhaps; but not for you. Now be fair."

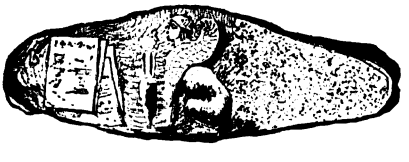
I said it required thought.

I think he knew I had not been entirely frank, for he asked if I would try another night in the same house.

I said, "No." Upon which he replied, smiling:

"I do not ask why. I am satisfied."

Secton has good manners. He might have made himself disagreeable.



THE GREAT SOUTHWEST.

IV. THE TRAGEDY OF THE RANGE.

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER.

WITH PICTURES BY MAXFIELD PARRISH.

ONE of those incontrovertibly statistical bulletins of the government reported the other day that the number of cattle in the United States was decreasing at the rate of about two million a year, although the demand for beef was never greater and the prices never higher; that since 1895 Texas alone had lost two million five hundred thousand head. In the year 1900 more than a million cattle, to say nothing of numberless horses and sheep, perished from hunger and thirst along the wire fences and the dry river-beds of the range country, chiefly in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Wyoming, and Montana. One cattleman in New Mexico killed no fewer than four thousand horses from his range, and converted their bodies into soap and fertilizer in order to save the grass for his cattle. A few months ago a band of cattlemen and cow-boys stampeded a herd of sheep over a precipice into a cañon in Wyoming, killing a thousand of them. Similar tragedies have been enacted in many places on the range during the last two or three years, and they have not always been free from human bloodshed. Only yesterday a herder driving a great flock of sheep was held back by the foresters at the edge of a government timber reserve in California, and before permission could be obtained for their passage, half of them had died of hunger and thirst. Go where you will in the range country of the Southwest, and you will see countless hundreds of white skeletons, often still partially covered with the dry and crumpled hide of the animal. In one spot, near a river-bed, I counted over a hundred and sixty, all full-grown cattle. These grisly remains are dotted along every railroad line, but they are best seen in the dry washes far away from the cities.

These are the birth-pains of a new Southwest. The old, free, reckless life of the range passes; a new life, some of the characteristics of which I shall try to delineate, is struggling into being.

The way of civilization in a new land passes comprehension. Its motto seems to be: ruin first; there is time afterward to save. Civilization is a good deal like a wild, full-blooded boy: it must first sow wild oats, waste its patrimony, disgrace its antecedents; then it is ready to begin the serious work of life. That has been the history of the range country: swift ruin for thirty or forty years, with a resulting wreck that it will require a century of hard work, perseverance, and self-control to save.

Think of what the range country was as recently as thirty-five or forty years ago, when man first invaded it. Though often denominated a part of the Great Desert, it was yet the peaceful dwelling-place of millions of buffalo, deer, antelope, and wild horses, and thousands of Indians. It was a goodly land: the plains were covered with rich and nutritious grasses; the rocky hills were grown up to shrubs and trees; even the loose rocks of the desert were hidden in season with flowering vines. All the grazing creatures roamed over a vast territory, working north in summer and returning south in winter, seeking always the best feeding-grounds. The result of these yearly tides of animal life was a sort of natural rotation of pasturage in which some part of the range was always at rest, growing up to good grass, and producing seed against another season of invasion by wild herds. Nature had arranged all these things in her own perfect way, so that the range should be forever protected and preserved. She maintained the balance of animal life with exquisite perfection: she matched the Indian, the wolf, the lynx, the lion, against the buffalo, the antelope, the deer, the wild horse, and

the rabbit, so that they all progressed together, going to no excesses, preserving the range as they would a home.

And then the white man broke in—one is almost tempted to say, with a whoop. The buffalo must be killed whether there was need of food or not, and so he slaughtered right and left; he also killed most of the antelope and the deer; he caught some of the wild horses, others he shot in pure sport. It was not long before he had acquired the spirit of the Apache, but he was a more accomplished Apache than any of the red breed. He was a scientific Apache. The last buffalo of the great Southern herd disappeared about 1876, and the Indians, those who had escaped this wild white man, were soon afterward hustled off to the reservations, for they could no longer live on the plains, having no meat. Then the grass, ungrazed by wild herds, took a new start, and grew rank beyond belief. Where now the gray earth is as bare as your palm and literally blowing away little by little, a hunter might have crouched in the grass as in a jungle while he stalked a deer. In many places it was as high as a cow's back.

The cattleman followed the hunter, spreading rapidly from Texas, Kansas, and Nebraska westward and northward over all the range States,—New Mexico, Arizona, California, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Wyoming, the western part of the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington,—to each State according to its grass-land, and mostly east of the Rocky Mountains. Texas was and is the great State of the Southern range, and Wyoming, Montana, and Colorado are the great States of the Northern range. In those days of the first invasion it was all a golden land. "Here," said the cattleman, "is food for all the cows in the world." So he began raising vast herds, and they multiplied and spread like locusts, for the grass and the water were both free, and horses were to be had for the catching. He thrived abundantly—at first. With money he grew more and more independent: he had extensive ranch-houses and many horses; he became a dead shot; he was free-handed, democratic, warm-hearted, truculent, brave, a healthy, hard-drinking fellow, with his lungs full of the freest of free air. No restrictions hedged him in save those conveniently set by his own conscience or inspired by respect for his neighbor's six-shooter. It was a glorious primitive society.

For ten years, more or less, say from 1874 to 1884, and later than this in the Northern range, there was universal prosperity and plenty of money: to be a cowman meant being a small but powerful king with a princely kingdom, the boundaries of which were set by precedent and by the honor of custom,—as far as a man on horseback could see, and by water,—as firmly as if corner-marked and title-deeded. There was no rent and virtually no taxes to pay. A man might own a hundred thousand cattle and not an acre of land, though he claimed "range rights" to fifty thousand acres, and enforced those rights with blood and iron.

Apparently this was a new sort of free life in which man had risen above the old slow rules of thrift. It was a simple business: turn the cattle to grass, and when money was needed, round them up and sell them.

But the lucky dog sometimes has difficulty in enjoying his bone in peace. Lured by the stories of sudden riches in the cattle country, other men, as bold and hardy as the first, flocked in from all parts of the world, and began raising big and little herds. The building of the railroads across the continent stimulated immigration: the great Texas boom followed the completion of the Texas Pacific Railroad in 1883. At first the early comers welcomed the new rangers, sold them cattle at exorbitant prices, chuckled at their innocence, allowed them to come in on the ranges, and grew richer and richer. There were times when Texas steers, big and little, brought twenty-five dollars each on the range. But the tide swelled, and the cattle continued to increase enormously. Presently the first real settlers, the "nesters" of Texas, who wished to fence the land for farms, appeared in numbers, and the early comers, the original cow-boys, began to chafe. "Who's elbowing me?" they inquired, and there was prompt and effective shooting and the wholesale cutting of the new fences.

Many good men lay down in the hot sand, never to rise again. But that, bad as it was, did not tell the whole story of destruction. If cattle had been killed instead of men, the trouble might have been averted, but the herds went on multiplying until they covered all the range, giving it no rest winter or summer. Each cowman scrambled for all he could get; he argued that if he did not take the grass his neighbor would. And who cared a rap for the future! Life was short and money tangible. At first there had been enough grass to support one steer to every two acres of land; in half a dozen years a steer did well to make his living on five

acres. After that the ratio steadily widened. So great was the struggle for new territory that whole herds of cattle sometimes went twenty miles or more to water and then back again, galloping every step, and working hard between times to get enough from the failing ranges to keep life within their lean carcasses. And to-day there are many parts of the range that will not support ten cattle to the square mile, one steer to every sixty-four acres, and it is a good range indeed that will feed a steer to every twenty acres. There are whole ranges in Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, once rich beyond belief, that are completely deserted and given over to the desert.

If the cattlemen had been left undisturbed in their own country, the range might have been better preserved. But when the rich grasses began to give out, the black, white, and crowfoot gramas, the curly mesquit, the sedges, and the needle-grasses, which were wonderful cattle-food, the rangers conceived the idea of introducing more sheep, knowing that sheep will thrive where cattle starve. So it happened that vast flocks appeared on the range, burning across it like so much live fire, the sheep eating out the vegetation to its very roots. And where sheep have fed, cattle will not, or cannot, live. It became a common experience for a cattleman to be "sheeped," as he called it, and it was not surprising that he looked coldly on the sheepmen and their flocks. On the other hand, the sheepmen asserted, truly enough, that the land belonged to the government, not to the cattleman, that it was free range, that the sheep had as much right there as the cows. Result, six-shooters, as usual. In some cases the cow-boys fortified the water-holes, preventing the sheep from drinking, and hundreds died terribly of thirst. In other cases, more bold, they rushed in, shot down the shepherds, and "rustled" the sheep to their death over some precipice, or killed them by shooting. The stories of the cattle and sheep wars, especially in the Northern range, would make a book—and they are still in process of making. It was no man's land; therefore might was right. But sometimes the range was eaten so bare that the cattleman lost interest in it and sold out to the sheepman, and let him have his way.

One would think that when the sheep had eaten out the grass, often digging it out with their hoofs, literally to the roots, that no more damage could be done to the helpless earth. But this was only the beginning. In places where sheep could no longer find subsistence on the range, especially on the Southern range, the goats came,—they are coming yet,—beardless, long-haired, active Angora goats. The sheep only grazed; the goats both grazed and browsed. They not only ate the grass, but they took the leaves and twigs of almost every living plant, even nibbling the spiniest of the cacti. Not a thing escapes them; they are burning the land out even closer than the sheep. In some cases hogs were added, for they could dig up the roots of the last vestige of the green things. It seemed that man would not be content until he had left the range a desert.

In the meantime nature's perfect balance of animal life had been woefully disturbed. Dreading inroads on their calves and colts, the cattlemen had poisoned or killed off the wolves, lynxes, and coyotes, those regulators of the ranges. As a consequence, the jack-rabbit, the prairie-dog, and the gopher rose instantly to power. And these new wild rangers were more difficult to dispose of than the wolf, for they could not easily be poisoned, and they were too spry and too numerous for shooting in any numbers. As a consequence, millions of these animals soon occupied the range. In many cases the rabbits became so troublesome that large parties of men organized to round them up and kill them off in great numbers. The prairie-dogs not only ate the grass, but they dug up the very earth, making huge mounds of barren sand, often acres in extent. Jared G. Smith, an authority of the Department of Agriculture, who has given much attention to these problems of the ranges, estimates that five jack-rabbits will eat as much grass as one sheep, and twenty prairie-dogs will eat and spoil more, and that there are regions in Texas where the prairie-dog villages support a population of from two to five thousand to the square mile.

But there were other pests besides animals that fell upon the range, now that it was naked and unprotected. Scores of worthless weeds crept in to take the place of the rich grasses. The cactus came, especially the prickly-pear, sprawling over countless acres of land, using up the good soil, and keeping off the cattle. So, too, came the prickly-mesquit and other shrubs, crowding in on the bare land until whole ranges were utterly ruined so far as cattle- and sheep-feeding was concerned. When the cattle began to starve right and left, the cowmen were sometimes compelled to go out with coal-oil and torches and burn the spines from the

cactus, so that the cattle might make a poor living until a time of better feed. It was a sorry expedient, but it had to be adopted.

In the meantime, away back when the ranges were at their best and the cow-boy was first rising to power, the trapper and the miner appeared in every valley, and often the lumberman came to the hilltop. In those days many Southwestern streams were full of beaver, which built extensive dams at frequent intervals along the valleys, thereby holding back the floods and providing moisture for the growth of trees and grass. The trapper promptly caught and killed every beaver, and the floods came and washed down unrestricted in a wild torrent for a few weeks in the year, cutting out a deeper and deeper channel and carrying off great quantities of silt and valuable surface soil. The valley trees and vegetation, having now no water-supply during the greater part of the year, in many cases withered and died. At the same time the miner had been at work. Coal for his machinery was not to be had, so he ruthlessly stripped the hills of wood, big and little—wastefully, too, for I have seen whole hillsides covered with stumps more than waist-high; the choppers had cut the trees off where it was easiest, leaving the best of the trunk to rot. Whole townships were thus stripped of their scanty timber,—mesquit, live-oak, juniper,—for use in the mines, and in many places the lumber companies cleared the hilltops of their splendid covering of pine, cedar, and hemlock, often with ruthless wastefulness, leaving the tops, so that the first fire utterly ruined all the young growth of trees.

Grass and trees and weeds are great water-holders and conservators. When they were thus swept away—and they had been centuries in gaining a firm foothold—the water rushed down the hills, forming deep, unlovely washes, or cuts in the earth. A wash often began with a single hillside cow-trail, down which trickled in rainy weather a tiny stream of water. With the next flood the trail became a narrow ravine; with the next it was twenty feet deep and gashing the country for miles, and spreading sand and boulders over acres of good grass country. Whole districts in the Southwest, especially in the mountain States, are to-day cut up with these deep washes, where fifteen or twenty years ago there was hardly a ravine. It seems, indeed, as if both man and the elements had conspired utterly to ruin the range country. Many of the men have been partially punished by the wholesale starvation of their cattle and horses and the ruination of once rich ranges. Indeed, if indefatigable nature, always hating waste, had not provided certain new forage-plants, many parts of the range country, especially in Arizona, would to-day be wholly uninhabitable. One of these plants, and the best, is alfilerilla, a low-growing, vine-like plant of the geranium family, a determined and persistent pioneer, fearless of dry weather and hot sunshine, and pushing out everywhere over the bare hills with resistless ardor. Its invasion is one of the marvels of the range. The first seeds were brought from California in the wool of a flock of sheep which was driven across country some fifteen years ago, and from that small beginning it has spread until in some districts the whole country in spring is green and soft with it. Without this "fill-ree," as he calls it, many a ranger would have to go out of the business.

In this way these forerunners of civilization, the cow-boy, the miner, the trapper, the hunter, the lumberman, brought ruin to the range. I am not here raising the question as to whether such ruin was inevitable as a precursor to the future solid development of the country, nor do I wish to detract one iota from the boldness in the face of hardships, the energy, the enterprise, the consummate persistence, of these pioneers in a new country. Such human qualities cannot be too warmly commended: I am rather stating the bare results of the invasion by man of a virgin land. Naturally these pioneers, like their brethren of the cities, were working strictly for their own interests; they were not planning for posterity. Posterity could look out for itself; their stomachs were empty. And the power that might have prevented ruin was slumberous at Washington, looking East, North, South, but never West or Southwest. The range was nearly all government land or, in the case of Texas, State land, much of it unsurveyed; therefore it was free. It is a peculiarity of Congress, indeed of all American governing bodies, that they never do anything until they are driven to it. Here was the range, reputed for a long time to be desert: it was not worth bothering with. And the cowmen, miners, hunters, and trappers, who were profiting by the free land and free water and free timber, naturally kept quiet enough, settled their differences in their own way with powder and shot, built up a society wild, free, democratic, hospitable, lovable, unpractical—and swiftly ruined an empire. I say ruined: they ruined it as



MAXFIELD PARRISH. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

THE SIGN OF A THIRSTY LAND.



MAXFIELD PARRISH. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"THE CACTUS CAME, ESPECIALLY THE PRICKLY-PEAR."

completely as they could, for the country was immense and resistant. It has been impossible as yet, as well as unprofitable, to reduce it quite to the condition of a desert.

The time has now come to introduce the new Southwesterner, indeed the new Westerner, for he has come alike to the North and to the South, and he is setting himself to the gigantic task of overthrowing the old, wanton Westerner and saving what he can from the wreck. The new man—call him rancher or farmer—has not come suddenly. In some sections he has been at work for years—in parts of Texas, where he is protected by comparatively favorable land laws, since the early eighties; in others he is just arriving; but he has been strong enough only within the last few years to exert any perceptible influence. No evolutionary changes are ever sharply defined; advancement is the result of many inextricably overlapping influences. The buffalo-hunter overlapped the cow-boy, the cow-boy overlaps the sheepman and the goatman, and all three have overlapped the new rancher. The miner has always been present. Jack, the cow-boy, is still powerful on the range, together with the old careless life he represents so well; but he has had his fling: the time is near when he will shoot up a town or rope a constable for the last time. And the man who follows him is quite a different person—not so picturesque by a long way, not so carelessly free, a person whom Jack despises with all his big, warm, foolish heart, and dreads with all his unpractical head. For Mr. Brown is from Kansas,—or is it Wisconsin?—a practical, unpoetic man, who wears suspenders and a derby hat, whose rear pocket bulges to no six-shooter. He is wholly without respect for the range boundaries set by honorable custom; he looks up his rights in a calfskin law-book, and sets down his expenditures in a small red book, so that he can tell at the end of the year how much he has made or lost. One of his chief weapons is the barbed-wire fence, which he strings ruthlessly along the rivers or around his leased school land, where cattle once roamed free. Kill him, and be done with it; but next day comes Mr. Smith from Ohio, and with him Mr. John Doe of Boston, doing the same despicable things, as Jack sees them. Is there no end of them? And killing, unfortunately, grows unpopular—even dangerous. What is to be done with men who won't fight?

Yes, Smith has come, scattering homes with women in them; to-morrow he will build a cheap little church, spireless but hopeful, he will have his school-house and his justice-court. But every day for years he will have to fight for his very life for laws to regulate the range, for the rights of the small settler and rancher. Nor can any one who has not seen it with his own eyes understand the violence of this struggle between the old and the new. Do not imagine for a moment that Smith is a philanthropist, or that, feeling shame for the ruin of a splendid empire, he is setting himself with deliberate patriotism to save what remains of the wreck. By no means. Smith is as healthily selfish as Jack himself, but his interests cry for law and order in opposition to the present conditions of anarchy, for the private and peaceful possession of land instead of a bloody and wasteful free range, for homes instead of tents. And he finds everything against him.

In the first place, except in Texas, there are virtually no laws regulating the range—an empire of four hundred million acres of grazing-land without a government! Large tracts of the land are even unsurveyed, and every settler must perforce be a squatter until surveys are made. True, he may homestead his one hundred and sixty acres in the platted districts; but of this range land such a bit of property will not support a family. The land is suitable only for grazing, and thousands of acres are required even for a small ranch. Every non-partizan student of Western conditions long ago recognized the absurdity of applying the same laws to the arid plains of Arizona and Wyoming as to the fertile valleys of Illinois and Minnesota, where even forty acres will support a family, and the crying need of a new system of laws especially adapted to the range. Many bills have been introduced into Congress having such a change in view; but immediately the majority of the range lords, whose great herds are fattening on free land, and who control the politics and influence the newspapers of their sparsely settled States and Territories, lobby these bills out of existence. They well know that the range is failing, but they wish to make as much from it as possible while anything is left. They desire no change: anarchy is good enough for them, and anarchy still prevails, and prevails to an extent little realized east of the Missouri River. The cowmen and sheepmen still fight one another as they have been doing for years, and together they fight the small settlers. Mr. Smith is looked upon as an intruder, referred to contemptuously as a "farmer," and more often than not he soon



MAXFIELD PARRISH. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

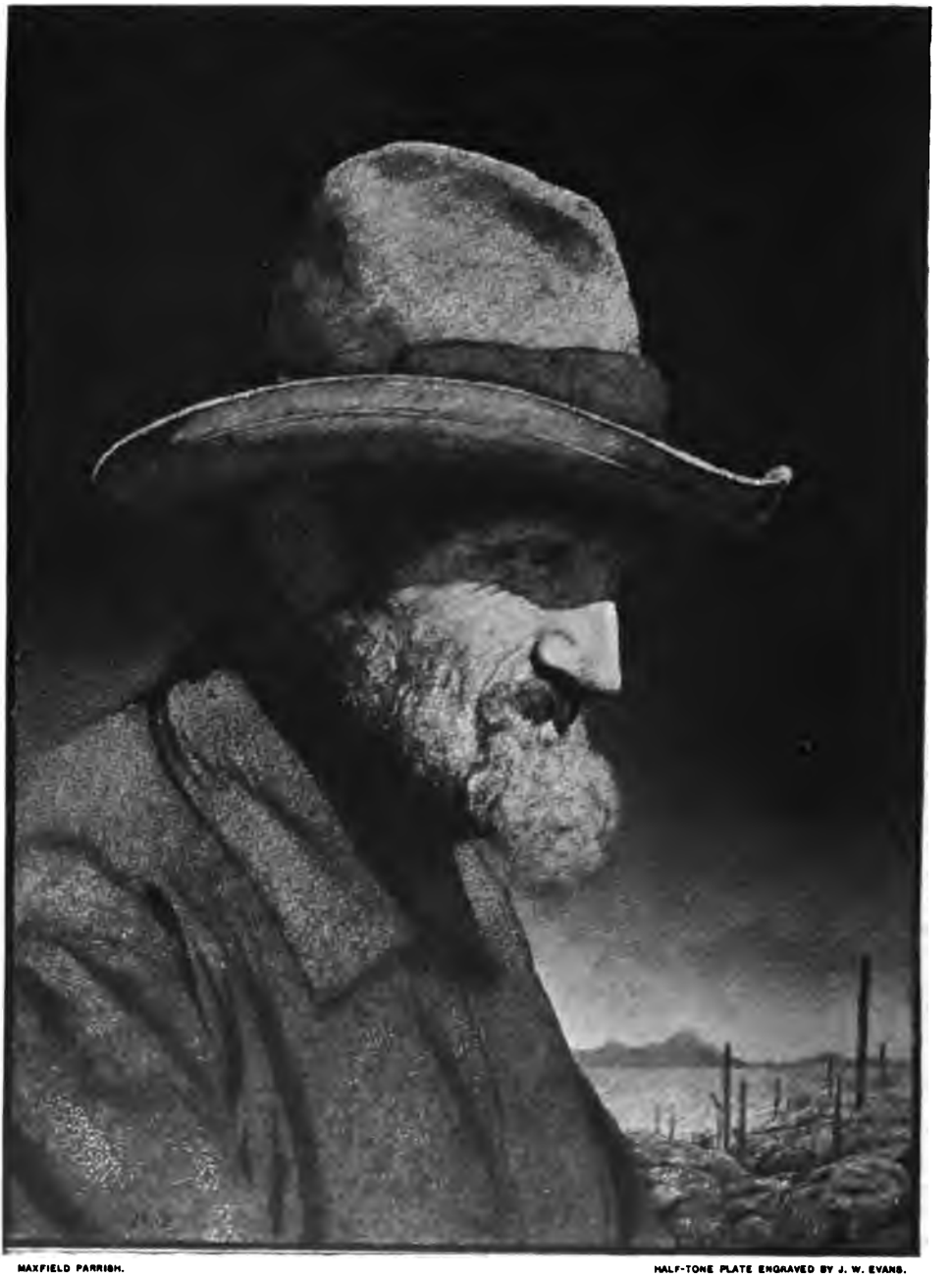
IN THE TRACK OF THE FLOOD.

finds himself crushed or driven out. These are plain facts, known to every one. Texas alone is free from these chaotic conditions: her lands are under the control of the State authorities, and while the laws there might be better, they are at least sufficient to protect settlers in the enjoyment of some of their rights. No better illustration is needed of the contrast between law and anarchy than a trip from Texas, where the State law controls, across New Mexico and Arizona, where the Federal government encourages chaos, ruin, and blood. On one side of the boundary-line are houses and schools and a settled population attached to the soil; on the other side, a nomadic industry striving wastefully for the failing products of the arid soil and defeating the interests of good order and national development. It would not be fair to condemn all the large cattle- and sheep-owners, many of whom are desirous for better laws, believing that their business can be better conducted under private control; while, on the other hand, the small rancher often declares against any change, fearing that the wealthy cattle-owner will be able, under any leasing or other private control system, to acquire vast tracts to himself, fencing off all the small herds and flocks that remain.

If Mr. Smith had only the old cow-boy, the small cattle-owner, to compete with, he would soon conquer and secure better conditions; but Jack is now only the symbol of the free range. The great herds and flocks are at present nearly all owned by companies, corporations, bankers, brokers, packing-house owners, and so on, men of shrewd business sense, who well know that their large profits depend on the use of the property of the government, free range and free food. It is not at all surprising, therefore, that they should discourage legislation which will permit private control of the range—the only measure that will save what is left of the cruel wreck.

But the new Westerner is also determined. Usually he has followed the streams, taking up land under homestead laws, and in the process of irrigation he has fenced off the water from the flocks and herds of the rangers. Here and there he has also been able to lease school lands from the State or Territorial government, a section here and there, and sometimes he has gone out boldly on the range and fenced, unlawfully, it is true, but with the full knowledge that fencing, periodic rest, and proper rotation of pasturage is the only thing that will permit the range to recover itself. These lawless but necessary fences have in their turn been a fruitful source of trouble, the free ranger demanding that they be taken down, the fencing ranger protecting himself with six-shooters. Only recently the owner of a fence inclosing two hundred and twenty thousand acres of free land was compelled by prosecution to tear down this barrier to destruction. If there were any way of leasing the land from the government, the lease-holder would of necessity care for it and protect it, so that in the end he would be able to raise a very much larger number of cattle to the hundred acres than under the haphazard and wasteful methods now prevailing. Indeed, with the number of cattle on the range falling off, and meat rising always higher in price, with increasing profits to the range lords, the time must soon come when the public at large, East as well as West, will clamor for relief. It will be seen that the range question is national, not Western, that law and order, though it works hardship at first, is necessary to continue and increase the meat-producing capacity of the whole country.

So profitable has the cattle business been during the last few years to the great rangers that they have been able to make war on the incoming settlers with a high hand. In several instances they have actually bought out all the irrigation farmers on a river in order that they might, by owning the water-rights, secure their possession to all the tributary free range. By this method labored improvements, houses, homes, and irrigated fields have been allowed to go to waste, and settlers have disappeared. In other valleys, however, the irrigator has held his own, and, by cutting off access to water by the cattle of the range, has reduced its earning capacity and compelled the cattle- and sheep-owners to move on. Strange as it may seem, the attitude of many of the Western States, the expression of which is hardly disguised by the newspapers and politicians, is opposed to incoming settlers. The impression is conveyed that the country is a desert not capable of supporting any considerable population, and that it must be left wholly to the rangers. But ask any irrigation expert and he will tell quite a different story. In the ten years from 1890 to 1900, the population of Wyoming, which is peculiarly a range State, increased less than thirty-two thousand, and that of Utah less than seventy thousand, while Nevada actually decreased in population by three thousand. If it had not been for mining development and the coming



MAXFIELD PARRISH. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

A SOUTHWESTERN TYPE: BILL SACHS, "THE FLYING DUTCHMAN," AN OFTEN-HELD-UP STAGE-DRIVER OF THE OLD DAYS.

of the Smiths and the Browns to the irrigated valleys, it is safe to say that most of the range States would have shown no perceptible growth in population. Yet with proper laws regulating the range and the use of water in irrigating—two great matters now being brought to the attention of Congress—all these so-called arid States and Territories are destined, without a shadow of doubt, to see marvelous improvement, furnishing an outlet for the people of the rapidly overcrowding East. The range, now so nearly ruined that it will support only a fraction of the cattle and sheep that it once did, will feed an increasing number of cattle, and the people's food will be cheaper. There

is enough water for both ranger and irrigator, and enough range for many more cattle and sheep, if only there existed any rational system of control and distribution.

Yes, the new Southwesterner is coming and bringing new hope with him. He is damming the streams with huge and costly masonry, where the beavers once did the work freely and well. The water that he thus saves up, he carries down in canals to the plains below, where he spreads it out on the desert land and raises fruitful crops, and his cattle, which are not to be "punched" after Jack's fashion, feed on the near-by range. He has built up cities and encouraged railroad-building; he requires newspapers and civilized comforts. He has even entered on the range itself as a competitor of the wealthy cattle-owner, and he is experimenting, assisted by the government station, to see how the ranges can be reclaimed by the planting of various grasses and by proper rotation and rest. He is studying the prairie-dog problem; he is discussing the possibility of breeding a cactus without spines, for his cattle to eat in time of drought, thus turning to advantage one capability of the range that has long been neglected. His class is in sufficient force, too, to make a loud clamor in Congress and to stir up the indolent giant at Washington to do something. "Here," he says, "this is your land: you must take care of it—what there is left worth taking care of." He is demanding the survey of those portions of the range that remain unsurveyed: he knows that free land and free water mean a ruined country. This he is trying to impress upon Washington. Assisted by patriotic Easterners, he is demanding that the lumberman and the miner be regulated in the cutting of timber, and he has been so far successful that the government has created vast forest reserves in the mountains, and in some instances has sent out agents to protect them from trespass, and to keep the cattle and sheep from doing damage. Yet more reserves are needed and more men to protect them—and men, too, who are chosen for merit, not for personal or political reasons, else favoritism and laxity will nullify the interest of the law. Laws have also been passed to regulate the miner in cutting the scant timber from the desert lands, though none of the laws yet go half far enough, or are enforced as thoroughly as they should be. Indeed, never before was there greater need of patriotic statesmanship at Washington than there is in dealing with this multitude of complex Western questions—irrigation, the range, the forest reserves. We have been meeting these problems half-heartedly, inexpertly, harmfully, playing into the hands of the wealthy rangers, and by vacillation hindering the proper development of the irrigable valleys. Our forest reserves, it is true, are much to our credit, although they are yet only half protected. If only some prophet might arise who could show to the people of the country this terrible tragedy of the range in its true light, the ruin that now is, the crying necessity for better laws and the rehabilitation of the Western empire, changes might soon be wrought.

WORDS.

BY JULIE CLOSSON KENLY.

WORDS are the glittering treasures of the tomb
In which the ages lie. What ravishment
Of mood and light and color and sweet scent
Hides in the dusty lexicons, where bloom
Star, sea, and sun names, all the glow and gloom
Which eye has seen, and lips made eloquent—
Beautiful words, serene or turbulent,
The brilliant ravel from the Poet's loom!
What keener pleasure can a craftsman know
Than sorting, gloating, till the symbols grow
Incarnate to his mind, and cease to be
Mere threads of ink, but live and laugh and grieve,
Quickened by his own soul, as when you see
Dull drops flash prismy in a rainbow weave!

IN THE FAR EAST

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Pictures by Alfred Brennan

Clorinda and Ann they have gone to Japan
To study the language and see what they can;
And when they return we shall probably learn
An infinite deal about Primitive Man.



For there 'tis he hives, and apparently thrives
On sweetmeats and sake, and uses no Knives,
But skilfully picks up his food with two sticks,
And smokes little pipes in his rice-paper dives.

He eats his fish raw, and regards with deep awe
His grandsire, and worships his mother-in-law;
And when the man dies he comes back in new guise—
Another such people the world never saw!



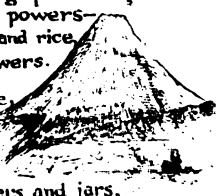
For aught that one knows, yonder saturnine crows
Are souls of dead ances tors flying in rows:
All blossom-like things once were maidens, so sings
Old Omar — in peace may his ashes repose!



A land not like ours, that land of strange flowers,
Of dæmons and spooks with mysterious powers—
Of gods who breathe ice, who cause peach-blooms and rice,
And manage the moonshine and turn on the showers.



Each day has its fair or its festival there,
And life seems immune to all trouble and care—
Perhaps only seems, in that island of dreams
Sea-girdled and basking in magical air.



They've streets of bazaars filled with lacquers and jars,
And silk stuffs, and sword-blades that tell of old wars;
They've Fuji's white cone looming up, bleak and lone,
As if it were trying to reach to the stars.





They've temples and gongs, and grim Buddhas in throngs,
And pearl-powdered geisha with dances and songs;
Each girl at her back has an imp, brown or black,
And dresses her hair in remarkable prongs.

On roadside and street toddling images meet,
And smirk and kotow in a way that is sweet;
Their obis are tied with particular pride,
Their silken kimonos hang scant to the feet.

With purrs like a cat they all giggle and chat,
Now spreading their fans, and now holding them flat;
A fan by its play whispers, "Go now!" or "Stay!"
"I hate you!" "I love you!"—a fan can say that!

Beneath a dwarf tree, here and there, two or three
Squat coolies are sipping small cups of green tea;
They splutter, and leer, and cry out, and appear
Like bad little chessmen gone off on a spree.

At night—ah, at night the long streets are a sight,
With garlands of soft-colored lanterns alight—
Blue, yellow, and red twinkling high over head,
Like thousands of butterflies taking their flight.

Somewhere in the gloom that no lanterns illume
Stand groups of slim lilies and jonquils in bloom;
On tiptoe, unseen 'mid a tangle of green,
They offer the midnight their cups of perfume.

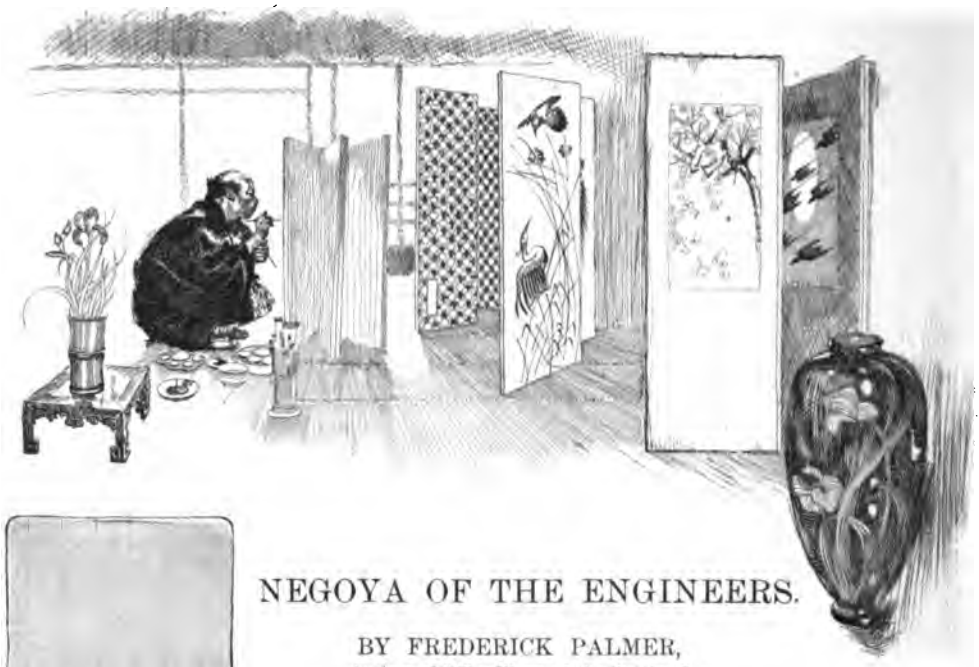
At times, sweet and clear from some tea-garden near,
A ripple of laughter steals out to your ear;
Anon the wind brings from a samisen's strings
The pathos that's born of a smile and a tear.

Through fantasy's eye I behold, when I try,
Clorinda and Ann in their rickshaw dash by—
The little bronze Jap who is pulling the trap
Seems straight from a shelf in the shop of Yen Hi.

The sky it is blue, and that hedge of bamboo
Is something to note in its summer of dew;
But nothing I see, in my glimpse is to me,
Fair pilgrims, so fresh and delightful as you!

A grace like the grace of a rose lights each face,
Alert in its framing of ribbon and lace . . . . .
Eyes, azure and gray, you have come a long way
To find that the world is a wonderful place.

What innocent zest you have brought to your quest
Of all that the East may unfold of its best!
For you let be hid all that's dark and forbid,
And be as it were not, white doves from the West!





NEGOYA OF THE ENGINEERS.

BY FREDERICK PALMER,
Author of "The Ways of the Service."

WITH PICTURES BY ORSON LOWELL.

SOME men go to war in terror of the fear in their own hearts, only to surprise themselves by becoming heroes; others think that opportunity means glory, until their wabbling knees refuse to carry them forward when the charge is sounded. The Japanese soldier, especially, does not knit his brows over metaphysics. His courage may be an instinct which he imbibes with his mother's milk; it may be habitual, as politeness or sourness is with you or me; certainly, whether he finds life pleasant or not, it is a greater privilege to die for his emperor than to be born rich. The exception which proves the rule lives in the port towns and looks up to his fellow-countrymen who wear high hats, while their bare feet are shod with straw sandals, as examples of modern progress.

For Negoya's perversion, Tora San (which is the Honorable Miss Tora in English) was entirely responsible. She was the daughter of the screen-painter who lived on the hillside half a mile beyond the home of Negoya's father, the ivory-carver, in the town of Ojiji, which is so remote that if a tourist visits it the bareheaded inhabitants follow his jinrikisha and ask him to take off his pith helmet and reveal the kind of birds he keeps in this strange cage. If he grants their request, they may lift his trousers legs to see if he is the color of his face all the way down, meaning no more by this than a kindly, law-abiding interest in his affairs, such as the New England villager would show in a Buddhist priest who should appear on the common.

There you have the reasons back of my word for it that Negoya had not been tainted by any foreign wickedness. When he was called to serve his term as a conscript, he was put in the engineers, where he was kept too busy—for it is drill, drill, drill, and then drill again, in the Japanese army—to get into mischief. Finally, he grew accustomed to the military cap which made his head so hot at first; finally, the sores worn on feet (which had grown to man's estate in *getas*) by the foreign style of boots became calloused.

Choko, a stocky boatman of Ojiji, who had

become the wit of the company, railed at Negoya as being more of a priest than a soldier. Long before he dared to tell Tora of his love, Negoya preferred to sit alone thinking of her to chatting with his comrades. She was his ideal of a maiden, and he was her ideal of a soldier. He was taller, his manners were gentler, than the others whom she knew, especially Choko, that chunk of a man, half buffoon and half wrestler. They plighted their troth one day, with the consent of their parents, as is the custom in Japan, under a bower of wistaria blossoms which filled Tora's garden with their fragrance. Without the slightest thought that they would ever be separated, they planned to occupy a house of their own after Negoya's term of conscription was over.

Three days later the engineers and all the Hiroshima division were ordered to China; whereupon the Hiroshima division shouted for joy and set to work. At the moment Negoya longed for battle as much as the others, and cheered as loudly. While he was packing his kit, however, a mist rose before his eyes. He wondered if he should ever see Tora again. Trembling for the consequences of such presumption, he was bold enough to ask his captain if he might go to town from the barracks for a few minutes to—why, to see his mother, of course.

"So, that is what you 're dreaming of!" was Captain Oake's tart reply. "Your mother does not want to see you. She wants you to go where the Mikado sends you, and to go without asking questions."

With that, Captain Oake, his hand on his sword and his head thrown back in happy contemplation of events to come, walked up and down, speaking a word of admonition to one man and another as they came out of the barracks in field-equipment. Off they marched with sturdy, mechanical steps. At the station, after the telegrapher had whispered in the captain's ear, the captain bade the men remove their heavy kits. Then he said:

"The train will not be here for an hour. You may go to see your mother, Negoya; and the others who live near here may go, too. But be back in forty minutes."

Negoya never saluted with greater enthusiasm; he never ran faster as he hurried through the streets, his boots clapping on the hard dirt pavement, in sharp contrast to the clicking of getas and the shuffling and slap-slap of sandals. Only his brother was at home. His mother was at a neighbor's. The neighbor's house was on the way to Tora San's, and thither he hastened. Almost upon the threshold, Choko and some of his friends, bursting out of a side street with laughter and shouts, nearly jostled him over.

"It 's Negoya! brave Negoya!" cried Choko. "I saw him drop a tear on his knapsack. He weeps for fear of the pigtails. He weeps when he is going to China to fight side by side with foreigners and show them the might of Nippon! For foreigners think that we are pretty playthings, like our dolls, and Negoya wants them to think so."

"Cry, cry, cry, Negoya!" Iijuma, who was the shadow of Choko, added.

Negoya had not recovered his power of speech and scarcely his breath before they were gone. Shame mounted upon wrath at the sight of two figures in front of the neighbor's house. They had come out at the sound of the voices. Yes, his mother and Tora, who was with her, had heard all that had been said. Nothing could have stung the pride of either more than the suggestion it had conveyed. For the Spartan woman of story is the every-day woman of Japan.

"I have no farewell for you!" cried his mother—"no farewell for a son who cries out of fear. If you prove a coward, may you never burn my eyes with your presence again!"

Then her getas clicked down the street, leaving him and Tora San, who as yet had said nothing, together. Quite motionless, she was looking up at him through her eyelashes with a reproach that stabbed his heart. He longed to have Choko present now, that he might wrestle with him until one or the other lay exhausted in the gutter; to have a battle take place on the spot, in order to show Tora that he was the bravest soldier in all Japan.

"I 'm not sad because of the war, Tora," he said. "I am sad at leaving you."

"I hope that is all," she replied dejectedly. "I am going home—so many people are listening."

Negoya, who had not taken his eyes from Tora San's face, now saw that a little crowd, mostly old women and old men and boys and young girls who were tending babies, had gathered. These are the punctual and busy bearers of the gossip of the town.

"You don't think I 'm a coward, do you?" he asked, after he had followed her to the end of the street, while she had not spoken a word.

"We shall see," she replied. "If you are, and Choko is brave, I shall marry Choko."



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"THEY PLIGHTED THEIR TROTH ONE DAY."

There was a laugh at their side—the roaring laugh of the boatman himself.

"I 'll remember that, Tora San," Choko said. "We 'll make a pretty couple. I 'll have a boat of my own and build you a fine house."

Tora, her cheeks aflame, ran up the hill as fast as her getas permitted.

"I 'll remember, Tora San," he called, "I 'll remember!"

She stopped. The tiny feminine form closely wrapped in its graceful kimono looked down from the hillside upon a grinning, buoyant, dwarfed giant, whose calves were fairly bursting from his military leggings, and upon the ivory-carver's tall son, a pair in as strik-

ing contrast as Vulcan and Apollo. Of the two, for such as she, there ought to have been only one choice.

"I 'll do as I say, Negoya!" she cried defiantly. "I 'll do as I say, Choko!"

Tongue-tied by his amazement, Negoya was half aware that Choko leered scornfully at him, slapped him on the shoulder, and told him that he might grow his hair long and become a Chinese, as the Chinese always ran away. Then the unhappy lover awoke to see the retreating figure of Tora San on the hillside and that of Choko turning a corner.

He had no time to spare now, but must hurry back to the station. As he went he began to wonder if it was true that he was a coward. He did not mean to be, but yet he, a Japanese, had a second time dumbly allowed Choko to impugn his honor without replying. A Japanese guilty of that might be guilty of anything.

Then he laughed at his fears. He would follow wherever Captain Oake led, he told himself; and he was coming back to marry Tora San. His eye lighted on a row of little gods on a vender's stand. One of them, in the old-time armor of Japan, seemed to step forward out of the ranks and beckon him. Negoya's last coppers went to buy it. On no account is Bishamon to be scorned. If you believe in him, he will give you peace of mind by making you confident that nothing can harm you, up to the moment when something does. Negoya pretended to believe this, only he did not at heart, such being the way of the Japanese with their gods, even as it is with many of us with ours.

With Bishamon in his pocket, Negoya arrived breathless at the station. Choko and his comrades were already there, standing in line with the company, their kits on their backs. They had heard the roar of the approaching train, and were looking up the track for its appearance.

"You are five minutes late," said the captain, scowling. "Have you been dreaming by the wayside or gathering flowers, you ivory-carver? If that 's the way you are going to behave, I 'll tie a pigtail on to the back of your head."

"And Tora San will never marry a Chinese," Choko whispered. "She 's going to marry me."

In the car Choko sat near him, but Negoya was at the window on the side of the town. As the train pulled out he could see the main street, where he had played, the school-house where he had recited his lessons in singsong monotony with his fellow-pupils. Then he looked toward the hill where Tora San lived. For a second he saw a roof with a garden behind it, before town and river and hill were whisked out of sight.

"Tora San and I will build our house beside her father's," chuckled Choko, thrusting forward a grinning face.

Choko's comrades giggled. They were prepared to giggle at anything that Choko said to Negoya now. Negoya had to bear being the butt all the way to Hiroshima and again on board the little coasting-steamer which acted as transport. At last he forgot that he was a soldier under discipline. He and Choko grappled in a struggle which threw the deck into commotion. There was scarcely room for them to move, so thick were the legs and arms about them. In a twinkling, Choko, who was much the stronger, had his antagonist down, but barely before Captain Oake broke through the wall of spectators by pounding shoulders and cuffing ears, to tear the combatants apart and hold them at arm's-length.

"Shame upon you who have worn the Mikado's cloth for a year! Who struck the first blow?"

"I did," Negoya replied impetuously. "He said I was a coward. He said that I ought to be at home wearing an obi [a woman's sash] instead of the Mikado's uniform. He said that I was a coward—a coward!"

Negoya's voice bore hard on the word which had become a nightmare to him. Then he raised his hand to the salute, and thought of what his mother and Tora San would say when they heard of his disgrace.

"When you said that to a Japanese, you, not he, struck the first blow," said the captain, turning sharply on Choko.

Suddenly Choko had changed from a boaster to a penitent who expected to be sent to prison instead of to war.

"Choko, ask Negoya's pardon for what you said. Negoya, ask Choko's pardon for striking him."

This done, Captain Oake gave them a lecture, promised them hard work in China, and held punishment over their heads as a warrant of good behavior.

There were too many new sights and too much to do the next day for Negoya to think of himself or of home. When he awoke in the morning the transport was at anchor off Taku. He opened his eyes to see forty men-of-war of all nations. The nearest group flew the flag of his own land. All the



strength of the engineers' lungs was spent in greeting, and back across the water came the answering cheers of Japan's seamen, who fight as well with quick-firing guns as their fathers did with bows and arrows. Yet this great fleet was as powerless as so many wing-clipped ducks to do any harm on shores invisible through the mist at a distance of nine miles. Upon the rising tide the transport passed in over the bar and by the forts of mud, up the muddy Pei-ho, its banks lined with houses of mud, and beyond the houses fields of the color of mud; and Negoya knew now that Japan, with its fields set like gardens among banks of foliage, was indeed beautiful.

The close of the day found him bewildered, and his company in a compound in the foreign settlement of Tientsin. For the first time he had looked upon foreign soldiers. How could the English see over their big noses? Were the Japanese so small because they washed so much, and the Russians so big because they did not wash at all? With such questions to answer, even Choko had had little time to discuss other things until they lay down for the night. From the other side of the settlement, by the native city, came the sound of the firing of the Chinese "snipers," who had begun their regular evening diversion.

"Brave Negoya! He is not a coward; oh, no," said Choko. "Wait till we go out tomorrow. The first bullet that comes will make Tora San mine."

While the others were asleep, Negoya listened to the distant popping. With the thought that each bullet could kill him, he

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

"THE RETREATING FIGURE OF TORA SAN."

began counting the shots. He was past two hundred when he fell asleep.

After all, he was the victim of circumstances rather than of any fault of his own, except the tendency of an ivory-carver, who is an ivory-carver's son, to dream. If he had not been in love with Tora San he would have said, as the Japanese say, whether they miss a train or a fortune, "*Shikata ga nai*" ("It can't be helped"), when a bullet struck him; he would not have recognized the existence of fear. Choko had put the thought of it in his head by calling him coward in the presence of his mother and his sweetheart. Their action had awakened in him the fear of a possibility, which preyed upon his mind until now he was convinced that he would run from the enemy, and thus complete a disgrace which he fully realized was worse than death.

At least, that is the pleasantest construction to put on his part the next day in building a pontoon-bridge across the river. All went well for a time. The engineers had finished the bridge to within fifteen feet of the shore. A junk lying a hundred yards up the river, plainly in sight of the Chinese trenches, was just the thing to fill the space. Captain Oake chose ten men to go with him after it. In this detail, which stole along the bank like cats after mice, were Negoya and Choko. They had their shoulders against the junk, straining to push it into the stream, when they received a message that they had been observed by the Chinese. The message was unwritten and was delivered promptly. A dozen bullets zipped by. Negoya felt as if a giant had blown him over with a breath. He found himself on all fours in the sand. He looked up, expecting a harsh rebuke. The others were still lifting as if nothing had happened, their faces stern with effort. Perhaps Captain Oake had not seen him, or had thought that he had slipped. He put his shoulder to the junk again.

"We need a pry. There 's one. I 'll get it."

Negoya recognized the voice, while the fire was diverted to another target. Bullets cut little troughs in the sand at Choko's feet, as, upon his own initiative, he ran toward a heavy pole lying by the waterside some fifty yards distant. Captain Oake sang out encouragingly to him. He was as unmindful of the bullets as if they were peas thrown at him in play, for the realization of fear had not yet entered his heart. It seemed an hour to Oake, who expected every second to see him tumble; it seemed only a minute to Choko (and it was really not much more than that) before he was back and had thrust one end of the timber into the mud under the hull of the junk.

"I 'll tell the colonel of this, my good Choko," said the captain. "Now, all together, with the strength of coolies—*hi-yah-oh!*"

The junk responded too promptly. It slid, as a ship from the ways, out into the stream, beyond reach, and moved off with the current. The captain cried out that they were going to lose it; but his sentence was unfinished before Choko had thrown himself aboard. Using his pry and vaulting-stick as an oar now, he could easily steer the junk. His manner of jaunty triumph was joy to the dancing eyes of his commander.

"He can barely read a lesson, let alone turn a stick of ivory into a living thing. But I am no boatman," thought Negoya, bitterly, as he edged his way along under cover of the bank.

When the Chinese again directed their fire upon Choko alone, he made a grimace and a gesture of contempt which set Captain Oake and all his men to laughing—all except Negoya.

"If Tora San could see Choko now!" whispered Iijuma, who was as proud of Choko's deed as if he had performed it himself.

As deftly as he would have swung a sampan alongside a ship's ladder, Choko sent the junk to its place and held it, ready to be joined to the others.

"I shall tell the colonel of this. Yes, the Mikado may give you a medal for it, my good Choko, my brave Choko," said the captain.

"Humbly I thank you for deigning to notice my poor achievement," was the reply in politest Japanese, there under fire. "May I crave that you will condescend instead to write to Tora San, the girl I wish to marry when the war is over?"

Choko shot a malicious glance at Negoya.

"With all my heart, I will," said the captain.

That bridge had now enjoyed all the immunity it would until the Chinese were driven out of their earthworks and the native city of Tientsin. The first supply-cart that passed over it was hailed by a shrapnel; and thereafter, whether the passers were in squads or in companies, they halted for breath and made a run for it, with the result that the shells burst behind them as they passed under cover on the other side.

While some men were making the junk

fast, others were laying planks. Negoya had a hammer in his hand, about to drive a nail, when ten thousand fire-crackers in one seemed to explode in his ear, and the air was ripped by fragments of steel. His comrades' attention was attracted to him by a faint cry for help. They saw his head just above the water, and hauled the dripping figure



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

"THE ENGINEERS HAD FINISHED THE BRIDGE TO WITHIN FIFTEEN FEET OF THE SHORE."

aboard the junk. They searched for his wound, but found him untouched except by fear.

"Where is your hammer?" demanded the captain.

Negoya could only salute and look alternately at the captain and the water.

"Pah! Blockhead! Help Iijuma to tauten that rope!"

The captain puffed out his lips in contempt and tossed his head angrily.

Other shells came in rapid succession, and men were hit. With every crack, Negoya, try as hard as he would, trembled.

"I 'll write to Tora San what Negoya was doing when Choko was so brave," Iijuma whispered to him.

As they ate their meat and rice in the evening, back in the compound, Choko alone of all his comrades addressed a word to Negoya.

"Tora San will not marry a coward," he said bluntly.

The others gave him looks more cutting than words. Now that he was a proved coward, he was beneath banter. They did not offer him a light from their cigarettes; they would not eat from the same dishes with him. In their lexicon there was no analysis of the emotions which turn the cowering recruit of a first battle into the hero of the second. Negoya kept his hand in his pocket, and in the hollow of it his god Bishamon. Sitting by himself, he drew in the earth at his feet a character from the Sanskrit which means the luck of ten thousand years; which, in past ages, traveled through Burma, Tibet, and China to the temple lanterns of Japan, without changing form or meaning.

"The shells have burst with a great bang, the bullets have whistled terribly," Negoya thought. "There was death all around, yet

death was far away, for only four men were hit. I was a child frightened by noise. To shudder and flinch does n't make me any smaller as a target. If I am to be killed, then I am. *Shikata ga nai.* If I am not killed, then I must be brave, or Tora San will not be mine. To-morrow I will run ahead and do as grandly as Choko. If Choko is not hit, surely I shall not be. He is only a boatman. To-morrow night Iijuma shall not turn away when I ask him for a light for my cigarette. To-morrow—yes, I will teach Choko that he is only a boatman."

Thus he was dreaming when Captain Oake called him. The captain's little black mustache was bristling, his lips were pursed, his eyes glared fiercely at the private before him through their narrow, slanting windows. He began with the word which stood for all of Negoya's hopes.

"To-morrow," he said, "we go to drive the Chinese out of their stinking city. My company will blow open the great gate and make way for the foreigners to follow. I want none but brave men with me. The Mikado would blush for shame if the foreigners should pass a Japanese soldier who had lagged in a ditch out of fear. So I shall leave you, Negoya, to wear an obi and guard the picks and shovels. Then you need not dig into the sand like a crab or lose the Mikado's hammers."

Of what use were the dreamer's resolutions now? All that a Japanese holds dear was lost. If he returned to Ojiji, the women and children would pelt him with offal and call him worse than offal. He fell upon his knees before his captain.

"It was the noise," he pleaded. "It will not frighten me again. I beseech you for another chance."

"The noise? A fine excuse for a soldier! You were taught what to expect. The others did not flinch."

"I know, I know, and I shall not flinch to-morrow. I will run on ahead of everybody. No foreigner shall see me in a ditch alive. It is no disgrace to be found in a ditch dead if your face is toward the enemy."

"You are not wanted to run ahead any more than you are wanted to fall back. You are wanted to keep up with the others and do as you are told," the captain said thoughtfully.

His hesitation was a breath of hope to Negoya.

"No; you will remain behind with the picks and the shovels," Captain Oake concluded.

Negoya arose. Gravely he saluted his captain.

"Tell Tora San that I was not afraid, at the end."

The words came in a gulp. They were followed by a calm "*Hek, hek, hek*" ("Yes, yes, yes"), as Negoya drew his bayonet from its sheath to drive it into his body.

In other days, in those days of romance in which Negoya was living at that moment, his captain would have witnessed without protest, as a matter of code, the tragedy about to be enacted. In the year 1900, he sprang to Negoya's side and struck his hand down.

"The day of *hara-kiri* is past," he said. "The Mikado does not want his sons to die for nothing."

Negoya had forgotten that Oake was his captain and he a private; he had forgotten everything except the horror of his position.

"You yourself are a coward, then. You will not let me serve my country," he replied.

Oake recoiled in sheer astonishment at such language from one of his men. But the old Japanese chivalry, which held that death alone can atone for dishonor, rose in him.

"You will go with us to-morrow, Negoya," he said, "and afterward you will be punished for insubordination."

The next day's work made strong men as weak as children. Blowing open the gate was easy only in theory. It cost, besides the skill and courage of the Japanese engineers, blood and misery for the allied troops. With usual particularity as to form, time, and detail, the Japanese general had set the hour for the event. He was warranted in this, for his jaunty soldiers had never failed him in anything he had planned. It was no fault of his, no fault of theirs, but the skill of German-trained Chinese gunners that postponed the climax from dawn of one morning to dawn of the next.

Of all the engineers that night as they marched out of the compound, Negoya bore the heaviest pack. Besides the load on his back and his rifle, there was the load on his heart. Consciousness of loss of sleep, which weakened the steps of the others, was crowded out of mind by other thoughts.

Captain Oake himself carried the gun-cotton and the fuse, which were as sacred as the covenant to his chivalrous soul. He, in common with the general, thanked fortune for the clouds which obscured the moon. Whispers flew from the officers' lips to the

man who scraped his heels on a stone or made an exclamation. On they crept, feeling their way by the houses on the side of the road leading to the gate. A private bayoneted and an officer throttled a Chinese outpost who suddenly awoke from a nap with an exclamation. A shot or a shout might cost a thousand lives instead of the price of a wad of guncotton and a fuse. To go to the gate itself or as near the gate as they could before they were observed—such were the orders. Every step seemed to Oake as counting a number upward in promotion. If he should actually reach the goal! His whispers of excited warning were louder than the noises which the men made.

Between him and such good fortune flashed a barrier of the fiery breaths of rifles, blown toward him from down the road. Every man dropped on his belly. Oake whispered that no one was to fire, under penalty of the Mikado's curse. The proud sons of Japan had to submit to the attack as a Chinese coolie submits to a beating. Negoya, who had promised himself to be so brave, made his hands two vises to keep them from trembling; he dug his toes into the earth to keep his legs from shaking.

Breaths coming and going and the surgeon creeping softly to the wounded were the only sounds. Thus they waited until the fire of the enemy's detachment which had been placed outside the gate slackened. Then, in fear of the very silence which answered them out of the darkness, whence they had heard the outpost's ominous throttled cry, and where they had seen shadowy forms suddenly dispelled, the Chinese began to fall back. Still no Japanese rifle spoke at those moving spots which were a little darker than the night.

It was then that Negoya had an inspiration worthy of a dreamer and the lover of a screen-painter's daughter, who made images of gods and heroes out of ivory.

"We can follow them to the gate. Those on the wall will not fire; they cannot tell us from their friends."

"Silence, and don't lose your rifle as you did the hammer," was the reply.

Later, Oake recalled how a Japanese despatch-boat in the war with China, coming round a cape at night, found itself with the Chinese fleet and ran on with the enemy, as if a part of it, unnoticed by the stupid lookouts, until, suddenly batting its lights, it slipped away under the cover of another cape. All Japan smiled with the despatch-boat's commander, whose name the Mikado knew within the week as well as the Prime Minister's. But in war it is often better not to think at all than not to think quickly. By the time that Oake had realized his lost opportunity the Chinese were safe within the gate.

Dawn was the arranged signal for the engineers to charge. It revealed in all its strength the mass of gray stone which towered over the figures huddled under cover of huts by the roadside. In their time white men have built walls, but they were palings beside this.

When the word was passed to make ready, Negoya felt his legs trembling again.

"You must run, run, run, and run ahead, run ahead!" he said to them, angrily, as if they were a being apart from himself.

From their altitude the Chinese, swarming on the parapets, had made out the white-capped figures behind the huts. They were ready, too. They had read in their drill-books not to fire until a charge began. That much they could do with copy-book correctness, but nothing on their own initiative to meet the emergency of the moment.

As the engineers sprang into the road they were met by a fire which sounded like boiling grease, which would shrivel up any line of men as a feather is shriveled on a griddle. With the blood of their fallen soaking into the dust of the road, men and officers sought cover again as suddenly as if withdrawing their hands from contact with a red-hot iron. One solitary figure ran on, with fear in his heart and his legs under discipline,—it was miraculous, as all Japan believes to-day, that he was not hit,—until, hearing no shouts at his side, no following footsteps, and only the hiss-hiss, whistle-whistle which rasped the marrow of his bones, he sank down behind a mud house, spent and bewildered. Negoya looked back to find that he was twenty yards beyond his fellows. He recalled what Captain Oake had said, and told himself that error was again his fortune.

If he had thought that a fourth of his men could have reached the gate alive, Oake would have made another effort. He would rather have opened his arms to receive death than to send the message in which he confessed that he could not go on until the fire was silenced. In time, an orderly crept back with the general's word to the engineers to remain where they were until further orders. Already the allied forces, in a long, thin line on each side of the road, had broken from cover and charged toward the wall, scattering dead and wounded behind them. On

they went until the moat stopped them. There they sought protection behind ancestral graves or by burrowing in the mud of the salt-marshes. They were as helpless as a giant bound at the foot of a precipice while a dwarf is tumbling stones upon him from the heights. They could only dodge and pray.

Fifty field-guns knocked up clouds of dust and showers of splintered masonry on the parapet of the wall all day. Still the Chinese rifle fire kept up its rattle, and the engineers, who were to uncork the bottle for the troops to pour in, might not move.

Negoya, hugging the wall of the house, was nearer the enemy than any other man. After he ascertained his position he did not even dare to look back again, for fear that Captain Oake would send him from the field for his disobedience. He thought a great deal: and the sum of his thinking was that whatever he, the ivory-carver's son, did in war would be wrong, while whatever Choko, the boatman, did would be right; that he could be brave if he ran; that he could not help trembling when lying still under fire.

The general, working his way along under cover of house to house to Captain Oake's position, observed Negoya.

"How did he get there?" he asked.

"He kept on running after the others had lain down."

"Indeed!"

Neither the general's remark nor his manner signified anything. He turned to other things, for that was the busiest and greatest day of his life.

Without food or drink, Negoya lay, only his cloth cap between his head and the burning sun. Night found him still with no thought of returning to Captain Oake's presence. He was quite prepared to remain there alone until his fate overtook him. *Shikata ga nai!*

In the night, as the general had planned, the engineers moved as near to the gate as they might and still be safe from the effects of the explosion. Negoya joined them as they passed. When Captain Oake recognized him, he asked wearily:

"Why did you run on ahead?"

Negoya was quite sure that another rebuke was coming.

"I—I don't know," he replied hopelessly.

"You don't know!" was Oake's exclamation and his only reply.

The moment when it is darkest just before dawn was the one chosen for placing the dynamite; that for its explosion, the break of day. Thus the Chinese could not see what the engineers were doing, and yet the allied troops could see where they were going and also what opposed them as their lines closed up into a column and rushed into the breach.

"Choko and Negoya, you are to go with me to make the mine," Captain Oake whispered.

Choko crept to the captain's side, but Negoya did not move.

"Negoya!" he repeated.

Negoya came.

"Are you afraid to go?" Captain Oake asked.

"No, no! I could not believe that you wanted *me*," he replied.

Unnoticed, on all fours, they moved to the mighty doors of the city. Their whispers and their digging were unheard by the Chinese in the great pagoda over their heads. When the work was finished, the captain sent Negoya and Choko back as they had come, with warnings that any noise would mean the Mikado's curse on their heads. With the quickened touch of one working in darkness he felt of the connections of the fuse for the last time, applied the match to it, and ran, expecting to hear the bursting roar of an explosion and to feel the earth rocking under his feet. As he lay down among his men he was already in the grip of a dreadful possibility. He looked toward the mine and saw no spark of fire.

"Negoya," he said, his voice quivering in his throat, "it is the only fuse with us."

Before a messenger could go to the compound and return it would be broad daylight. That meant that the allied army must lie without food and athirst, except for salt water, flat in the slime, with the sun baking its back for another day. Oake could foresee the general asking with savage impatience why no duplicate fuse had been brought, and his contempt for the excuse that it had been lost in the charge.

Negoya thought that the captain was putting all the blame on him. An idea first associated itself with action when he realized that the little knoll on which he was lying was dry. At his fingers' ends was a piece of frayed Chinese matting. He made it into a roll. Without a word to ask for permission or to explain, he ran to the gate. Lighting his improvised torch, he thrust the flame fairly into the spot where the fuse had burned to its end. Then he sprang back. Oake envied him the inspiration of thus giving up his life for his Mikado when one life meant so much.

So the way was made clear for the allied infantry. A thousand or more were already inside the native city in chase of the fleeting garrison when Negoya first began to wonder why he did not see the gods of high heaven about him. Instead, he was looking at a fragment of the iron-bound door which, with one end resting on a great stone, protected him from the debris. Those who rescued him had already heard the story of his deed. Then Negoya saw the general himself, and the general offered him a cigarette out of his own case.

"Am—am I brave?" Negoya asked.

The general nodded, smiling.

"Will you tell Tora San that I am brave?"

"I will tell the Mikado."

When the news reached Ojiji, Negoya's mother posted it on her door and sat under it, blushing—at her age!—with pride, while Tora San announced that she would not marry Choko.

(BEGUN IN THE APRIL NUMBER.)

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE.

BY MARY ADAMS.

PART FIVE.

October the twenty-first.

THE great crises of life are not, I think, necessarily those which are in themselves the hardest to bear, but those for which we are least prepared. My present fate has the distinction of possessing both these features. Like many forms of distinction, it is more uncomfortable than enviable.

I suppose one ought to be glad if one is capable of the sardonic. Perhaps it is a healthy sign. Probably that class of people who pass their lives in a chronic fear of being or of being thought "morbid" would call it so. On the contrary, I doubt if it is a sign of anything but the mere struggle for human existence. I am the mother of a child, and I must live. Since I must live, I cannot suffer beyond a certain point. I dimly perceive that if I could rise to the level of something quite alien to my nature, I might thrust off by sheer mechanics a measure of what I endure. I wonder if this expulsive power is scorn?

There should be schools of the prophets for a betrothed girl or a bride. She should be taught to pray: "I find myself deficient in the first trait of character necessary to womanhood. Lord, give me scorn."

I meant to record to-day—again to what end who knows?—something of what has happened. But I find I cannot sit up long enough. The pen shakes in my hand like a halyard in a storm.

October the twenty-seventh.

I HAVE written many letters to him, but have not sent one yet; I can't do it. If I am wrong, I shall be sorry and repent; so far, I do not find it possible.

He sailed on the seventh of the month, as he said he should. For a long time Dana has done everything that, and precisely as, he purposed. I cannot remember when he has yielded to an expressed wish of mine because I expressed it. Perhaps I should have given this more weight, as a sign of deviation in his feeling toward me; but in fact I have regarded it as a form of nervousness. Yet I cannot see that he is ill, except now and then, as everybody is. Indeed, much of the time he has been in better health than usual—vigorous, animated, often excitedly so. He has had many moods and phases, but in one respect he has undergone none: his determination to break away from his surroundings has been sustained till it became inflexible. A consulship is only the mold into which his will has hardened. It happened to be Montevideo. It might have been Venice or Constantinople, the Philippines or Hawaii. He cabled, as he had arranged, and said that he was safe and well.

What took place between him and Father I never knew, and probably I never shall. The inevitable interview occurred the next day after he hurled the news at me, for it could not be said that he broke it. He came from the other house with face like clay, gray and stiff, and locked his library

door upon him. How he received this, the first and probably the worst of many strokes which he must meet, I am not likely ever to be told. Men wince under another man's rebuke, I observe, when a woman may pour her heart at their feet to no visible impression. Father is as dumb as he in the marble group of the Laocoon. He has aged ten years since Dana went, and weakens visibly every day. We have scarcely dared to talk about it, either he or I. He sent for me once, and I went over, and knelt beside his chair, and laid my head in his lap, and said:

"Never mind, Father!"

He put his hands upon my hair, and seemed to grope for me; and then he began to sob—my father! I have never heard that sound before, since my mother died. I think he said: "Daughter Marna! My poor daughter!" But his words were broken. When I had comforted him a little, and kissed his wet face, and laid my cheek upon his gray hair, and blessed him, and calmed him, he struggled to his feet, and held me at arm's-length, and read my face with the look which used to be called "the governor's eye" when he was in his prime.

"You shall not stay—on my account," he said with the governor's voice. "You shall accompany your husband. I will not come between you. Ellen can take care of me; and I have been thinking perhaps some of the cousins would consent to live here and look after me a little. I should not need it very long. A wife's place is beside her husband. I will not consent to come between you and yours."

I know that my eyes fell before my father's. I think I thrust out my hands to ask him to spare me. But all I could say was:

"Don't, Father! don't!"

I tried to tell him that it was not he who came between me and my husband; but I think he understood without the telling, for he did spare me.

"I am not going to Montevideo," I said. "There is nothing to be done, Father. I have decided. I shall not accompany my husband—not now."

Monday evening.

LIKE a hurricane, gust upon gust whirling, the days that were left drove by. Dana became suddenly quiet and strange, almost gentle. I helped him in all the ways I could think of about his packing, and little things. I sewed a good deal, and mended all his clothes myself, not letting Luella touch anything. And I asked Robert Hazelton to put up a case of medicines for him for sudden illness, and tucked it in between his golf-suits and his old blue velveteen coat—the coat I used to kiss. Robert hesitated, I thought, about the medicines. His face was set and stern. But he gave them to me. We did not talk about my husband's going to Uruguay; and I am sure that he had already heard of it.

Oh, I did my best! It was a miserable best, for I do not think I am a brave woman, and sometimes I crumbled to ashes. Then I would go away alone, for a while, to regain myself, or busy myself with some order—anything that I could think of that would give Dana any ease or comfort. I got everything that he liked for dinner, all his favorite soups and meats, and the pistachio cream and sponge-cake. I find myself wondering if he would not have liked escalloped potatoes better than soufflé. And I would have given five years of my life if the fire had not smoked in the dining-room, and annoyed him so, that last day but one.

The last day—the last day! If I write about it, should I stand a chance of forgetting it for, let us say, the span of one omitted pang? Sometimes it works that way. I slept a little toward four o'clock, between then and six. The banshee moaned so that I had to stifle her with a handkerchief. Once, in the night, I am sure his door opened, and once again I thought it did. And once I am sure that I heard him weeping.

I did not cry—not then. I only lay staring and still. That sea-song which he read to me in the Dowe Cottage before we were married kept coming into my head:

> The stars swing like lamps in the Judgment Hall
> On the eve of the Day of the Last Awaking.

I got up at six, and took care of Marion, and put on my old ruby gown. I had made up my mind not to go to the train with him, and I was glad I had, for when he saw me, the first thing he said was, "So you are not going to see me off?" with unmistakable relief. I think he was afraid there would be a scene in the station, or perhaps he really felt as if he could not bear it, himself. It would be something if I could believe that.

There was, in fact, nothing left to say or do, by that time. He had arranged with Father about all sorts of business concerns, and taught me how to use my check-book (I never had one before), and he had done all the proper things. You might have thought he was only running over to London and back for three or four weeks.

"I will find some kind of home for you when I can look about," he said several times. To this I made no reply.

"I will let you know at once, as soon as I come across anything," he repeated. But I felt that there was nothing to be said.

"You don't seem particularly anxious to join me," he complained. "Of course I don't wish to make myself disagreeable about it. I will write often," he added, "and shall cable as soon as I arrive."

When I asked (still not replying), "Have you packed your thick silk flannels?" he flushed.

"Other husbands do such things," he urged. "Other wives accept and accommodate themselves; they do not claim a martyr's crown for the ordinary episodes of political life. You will get along, I am sure. You are very clever; I never knew you fail to do anything that you tried to do; and your father will relieve you of all business cares. You will do nicely until we can be together again—"

"Do you want a photograph of the baby to take with you?" I interrupted. I folded one in an envelop, and handed it to him, writing on it her name and age. Nothing was said about a picture of myself; nor did I speak of our being together again; I could as well have said it in the throat of the grave. I watched him strapping his trunks as if I were watching the earth being shoveled between us.

Marion ran up and sat on the steamer-trunk, and commanded him, stamping her little foot: "Pity Popper take Baby widing! Take Dombey! Take *Baby!*"

While we were packing his valise, a hand-organ came up Father's avenue, and began to play negro melodies. There was a woman with the man, and she sang shrilly, to a tambourine:

Keep me from sinking down!

It was a bright day, and the maples on the avenues were of the topaz color, and had the topaz fire; they met against the sky like the arch of joy in some strange world where people were happy. But the woodbine on the tree-house, the one we planted the fall we were married, was ruby-red.

At the last, some power not myself compelled me, and I ran out and picked a leaf of the red woodbine from the tree-house, and looked for a photograph to pin it on, but could not find any. It seems he had taken one, after all. And so I put the leaf into his dressing-case; but first I kissed it. He did not know.

When he had said good-by to Father and to the servants, he kissed the baby, and put her down, and looked about for me. I was up-stairs, for all I could think was to get away, not to be seen by anybody; and he followed me. I thought he would. He came into our own rooms, and shut the door. I think he held out his arms, I think he spoke my name several times, but in very truth I do not know. I only know that the fountains of the great deep stirred and rose upon me. A woman's poise, self-control, self-respect, purpose, pride, resolve—these are grand sounds, great words: a woman's breaking heart defies them all.

I think when he tried to kiss me that I hid my face, and slid from his lips to his breast, and down, with my arms around him, till I clasped his knees, and so sinking, I fell and reached his feet. And then I called upon him, and cried out to him—God knows what—such cries as heartbreak utters and the whole-hearted cannot understand. I suppose I begged him not to go. I suppose I prayed him for love's sake, for mine, for the child's, and, above all and everything, for his own. I suppose I spent myself in a passion of entreaty which I cannot remember and he will not forget,—I, Marna, his wife, —wetting his feet with my tears. I have moments of wondering why I am not ashamed of it. I think of it stupidly, without emotion, as something which had to be—the inevitable, the revenge of nature upon herself. It was as if I watched the scene upon some strange stage, and criticized some woman, not myself, for an excessive part she played.

Last night I dreamed it all over, as if it were a play, and I sat in the audience, and Dana and I were on the stage. But when I looked about me, I found that the audience was serried with women, thousands upon thousands—that all Womanhood had thronged to the drama, and sat weeping; and suddenly I saw that the house rose upon me, because I alone did not weep, but criticized the woman on the stage.

"She is nature!" they cried. "She is ours, and of us, forever."

But I looked into my husband's face, and I saw him debonair and smiling, and I cried out upon the women:

"Then is nature set against nature, and womanhood and manhood are at civil war."

So I woke, and the door into Dana's room was open, and I remembered what had happened.

A SHORT letter has come from him; it said that he was comfortable, and would give details by the next mail, and sent his love to Marion.

November the eighth.

I WILL not be ill, and I cannot be well, and therefore am I racked. Dr. Hazelton wishes me to suffer him to offer some professional service; I think he said there might be consequences which I did not foresee if I received no care. I shook my head, and he turned away; and then I called him back and thanked him, and shook my head again.

What could he do? I am broken on this wheel.

SENT.

"*November the tenth.*

"MY DEAR HUSBAND: I have your letters and your cable, and thank you for them. I have not written, partly because I have not been very well; but I am not at all ill. When you write more particularly, I shall know better what to say. So far, I feel as if I were writing into the air. I shall become accustomed, no doubt, to the new conditions, and adjust myself to them. Marion is well, except for one of her throats. She talks a good deal about Pity Popper. Father remains about the same, and there is no news but domestic items, which would not interest, and might annoy, you.

"I am, faithfully,

"MARNA, your Wife."

UNSENT.

Undated.

"DEAR DARLING: I write you a thousand letters in my heart, and I fold them there, and seal them with my kisses, and blur them with my tears, till the words lean one upon another, and cling to each other so that they are illegible for very clinging, as lovers are lost in oneness for very loving.

"I am trying to bear it, since you have willed it—oh, believe I try! I keep hard at work, and am busy with Marion, and I am a good deal with Father, for I *will not* wade into my misery. If I do, I shall be swept away. There is terrible undertow in a woman's nature—it would hurl me into an abyss. I wish I had been a different woman for your sake, Dana—not to mind things so, and not to grieve. I think if I had been of another fiber, coarser-grained, if I had not cared when you were not tender, or when I was alone so much, if I had been ruder of nerve or tissue—do you suppose you would have liked me better? I spend my nights thinking how I could have been a better wife to you. I can see so many mistakes I have made, so many ways in which I could have done differently and pleased you better. I dream a good deal about it, and always that you have come back, and that we are happy again, and that you love me, and are glad to be near me, as you used to be. But I do not ask you to come back. Act your own nature. Have your will. If it kills me, remember that I tried to bear it. Though it slay me, I will not pursue you with my love—my bruised and broken love.

"Did you know you left your blue velveteen coat, after all? I found it on the floor, and hung it up in your closet. I was rather glad you did leave it, for it comforts me a little. I kiss it every morning and every night—a good many times at night. It is fortunate that it is an old coat, for the shoulders and sleeves get pretty wet.

"Your desolate

"MARNA."

December the tenth.

DR. ROBERT allows me to go down to dinner to-day, the first time for some weeks. I think I must have been pretty sick, yet I cannot see that anything in particular has been the matter; everything is in good condition, unless there has been a little feebleness of the heart's action; but there is no real disorder, Dr. Curtis says. He has been in a few times to see me, but left the case, as he leaves most of his cases now, to Dr. Hazelton. Possibly there has been some congestion in the brain, hardly enough to call a fever—and, really, I don't care enough what ails me to insist on knowing, unless I am told. Neither of them has shown any uncontrollable desire to tell me what has been the matter.

One night when I was lying in a sort of stupor, seeing strange things and thinking stranger, and not supposed, I am sure, to be capable of hearing any, I must have absorbed fragments of conversation between the old doctor and the young.

"Have you thought of trephining?" asked Dr. Curtis, with a doubt and a dogma warring in his voice. "If there should be anything in the nature of a concealed inflammation—"

"Would you operate for heartbreak?" demanded Robert, fiercely. "There is absolutely nothing else."

"*Damn him!*" cried our old doctor.

Dr. Robert did not answer. He got up and went to the window, and stood with his back to Dr. Curtis—a short, strong figure, as stern

as granite; he trembled like the river of light which broke through the closed blinds against which he stood. I saw the sun-motes whirling about his head and shoulders at the moment when I recognized him in that flaming stream.

Now that I am better, and look back upon it all, I can see that it must have been Dr. Robert's face which I saw so often when I was the sickest—a calm, protecting presence, tireless and strong. I scarcely remember seeing Fanny at all. I could have blessed Robert, but I do not think I did. I dreamed so much of Dana, and had such visions, all the while. I thought I should die, and Dana so many thousand miles away. Nothing was of any consequence but Dana.

I wonder if I talked about my husband? Much? I dare not ask; and Robert would cheerfully be put to the second question, but he would not tell. I am glad that the doctor is not a stranger, if there must be a doctor at all. I suppose, really, he has been very kind to me. I must remember to thank him.

To-day I found some of my letters to Dana put away carefully in a drawer in his desk, but not locked. I have taken out a few, and put them into the Accepted Manuscript: they will be safer there.

December the eleventh.

It occurred to me to ask the doctor if anybody had told Dana that I had been ill.

"Your father," he said, "and I."

"You did not cable for him?" I fired. I felt the color slap my cheeks. Dr. Robert made no reply. "I will never forgive you," I cried, "if you asked him to come home—for *this!*"

"The danger was not so imminent as to make it really necessary," he answered quickly. Afterward this reply struck me as less candid than it might have been; but I did not pursue the subject, for I saw that I had pained the doctor.

To-day my husband's letters came—two or three of them, blockaded in the mails. They express the proper amount of concern for my "indisposition,"—that was the word,—and request to be promptly informed of any change for better or for worse.

What *is* it about that phrase? Oh, I remember. It was for better and for worse that we gave ourselves to each other.

Wonderful, those ancient oaths, sanctified by centuries of bridals! One must reverence language drawn out of the live, beating human heart—an artery of love through which a mighty experience has poured.

"In sickness and in health"? "Till death us do part"? Who knows but the time will come when the marriage service shall be thus amended?—

"Till sickness us do disenchant." "Till distance us do part."

Fanny Freer took her heart in her mouth to-day, and warned me in so many words that I was becoming vitriolic.

"It is quite unnecessary," she said. Fanny has taken care of me since I have been ill; I have named her Mercibel—Angel of Sickness, Beautiful Mercy. When her dimple dips into her bow-and-arrow mouth she is irresistible. How divine is the tenderness of a woman! It has ineffable delicacy, the refinement of a self-abnegating nature, a something passing the affection of man. A woman hungers and thirsts for the compassion of her own kind. I lean to Mercibel, "for my race is of the Asra."

Men have little tenderness, I think.

I had written so far when the doctor called. I must say Robert is very kind to me. There is a certain quality in his manner which I do not know how to define; an instinctive or an acquired forgetfulness of himself, a way of thinking no suffering too small if he can relieve it, no relief too insignificant if he can offer it. I am told that his patients love him devotedly, and that he sacrifices himself for poor and obscure persons to an unfashionable extent, so that Dr. Curtis and the older men feel quite concerned about him.

"Are there not hospitals and dispensaries?" they say. I believe they are plotting to tie him to a hospital of his own. Many people lean on him; they "clamor" for him, Mercibel says, and she has worked for him a good deal; I suppose she knows. One need not clamor, and one may not lean, but I do feel grateful to Robert. Now that I am getting better, Marion is ailing; the doctor thinks this delicacy of her throat needs careful attention, and I am sure he gives it. Dr. Curtis tells me to trust her entirely to Dr. Hazelton, and that he has not his superior in our school among the young physicians of the State.

It is difficult to believe that Robert was ever a lover and suitor of mine. I have quite forgotten it, and I am sure he has. I wish he *would* marry Minnie Curtis.

I wonder if Dana has written to Minnie? She does not mention it. I think she would if he had. I have written to Dana to-day. The doctor offered to mail it for me

direct from the post-office on his way down-town, that it might catch the outgoing steamer. I wish I did not find it so hard to write naturally to my husband; but I think that my embarrassment grows worse and worse. I feel so bruised all the time; it is as if he had beaten me—my soul is black. And he never raised his hand against me in my life. Mercibel tells me that husbands sometimes do such things. And he was often very angry with me—God knows why.

I am glad he never did that. I should have taken the baby and gone out of the house forever. I can't say that I should not have wished I had n't, but I should have gone; I am quite sure of that, for I am so constituted. I am called a tender woman; but there is a shield of implacability in me, steel, deep down beneath my satin. If there were not, I think I should be dead.

One day the doctor said to me in quite a casual way:

"Did you have occasion to notice any marked nervous irritability in Mr. Herwin before he went to Uruguay—say the last six months?"

"Why do you ask?" I suggested.

"I am answered," said Robert. He bent over the powders which he was folding collectedly; his profile was as impersonal as a symbolic medallion.

"You will take these," he said, "one dry on the tongue every night. You will give Marion the others, in six tablespoonfuls of water, one teaspoonful every two hours."

He rose, snapping the elastic on his medicine-case, and his lips parted. I saw that he would have spoken. In fact, he left without another word.

December the twentieth.

TO-DAY the doctor said abruptly:

"Write to your husband often; and—pardon me—write as kindly as you can."

I sat staring. Robert has never spoken so to me before. I was inclined to resent his words; but it would have been impossible to resent his manner. This is something so fine and compassionate that I do not know how to qualify it. Mercibel calls it his oxygen. "That is what they clamor for," she says, "an invigoration that can be breathed. Every patient feels the same about him."

I wonder if Fanny wanted me to understand that the doctor had no particular manner reserved for myself? She need not have undergone any anxieties. She does not know that Robert and I meet like two spirits, having left all personal relations far behind us in an old, forgotten world.

SENT.

"January the third.

"MY DEAR HUSBAND: I have not been quite strong enough to write you any details before now, and I knew that Dr. Hazelton had cabled you, though I did not know it until several days afterward. I shall hear from you soon, no doubt.

"I had been over to see Father rather late that evening, and had carried him our little presents, Marion's and mine, and he kissed me good night three times, and blessed me, and said:

"'Daughter, you have never given me one hour's anxiety; you have been nothing but a comfort to me from the first moment that they laid you in my arms.'

"In the morning, in the Christmas morning, while it was quite gray and early, Luella waked me, and said that the doctor was down-stairs and wished to see me for a moment. Even then I did not understand; I thought perhaps he was called away on some long case, or out-of-town consultation, and had come to leave directions about Marion,—for he takes such care of Marion as I am sure you will be grateful to him for,—and I dressed and hurried down, stupidly.

"Robert was standing in the middle of the library, and when I saw his face I said:

"'Something has happened to Father! I will go right over.'

"I started, and pushed open the front door, and out into the snow, for it had stormed (and the banshee had cried as she does in storms) all night. James had not begun to shovel the paths, and it was pretty deep. But before I had waded in I felt myself held strongly back by the shoulders, and the doctor said:

"'Do not go, Marna. There is nothing you can do—nor I.'

"Ellen had found him at six o'clock, 'looking that happy,' she says. And the doctor got there in a few minutes, but he is sure that nobody could have saved Father. It was an embolism in brain or heart, they think.

"We buried him beside Mother, on the third day of Christmas week. Of course I knew you could not get here, and I tried not to think of it. He left a sealed letter for you. Shall I send it on? Or would you rather wait?

"You will forgive a short note, for I have not been quite well, and there are many cares and perplexities to be met.

"Your affectionate wife,

"MARNA."

UNSENT. *Undated.*

"MY DARLING: I know you do not realize what I am undergoing, and I tell myself so every moment, lest I should lose myself and think hardly of you. I say: 'It was so sudden that he could not come, and now that it is over, why should he come?' It is true I long for you so that it seems as if I could not live. But I do not like to tell you so. I am not used to bearing so much quite alone. I never had a real bereavement before—I see now that I never did. I think if I could creep into your arms, and hear you say, 'Poor little wife!' that I could cry. I find it impossible to cry.

"I begin to understand for the first time something of what people mean when they say: 'It was easiest for him, but hardest for us.' All those truisms of grief and consolation have never had meaning for me; in truth, I don't think I have respected them—the uncandid prattle about resignation, the religious phraseology made to do duty for honest anguish. But now I think of all the old human expedients enviously. Perhaps if I had been a devout woman I might know how to bear this better. Do you think I should? Dana, it sometimes comes to me, on long nights when I cannot sleep, to ask myself, with the terrible frankness of vigil, whether, if you and I had been what are called religious people, we should have found marriage any less a mystery—for us, I mean; any easier to adapt ourselves to. There may be something in the trained sense of duty, something—who knows?—in that old idea of sacrifice, in the putting aside of one's own exacting personality, in the yielding of lower to higher laws. Do you suppose that the Christian idea can come to the rescue of the love idea? I do not know. I am teaching Marion to say her prayers. I hope you will not mind?

"Dana, Dana, I love you! Sometimes I wish I did not; but I do. I cannot help it. I must be honest and tell you; sometimes I try to help it. I think that I must stop loving you or die; and I grope about for something to take the place of loving you, some interest that I could tolerate, any diversion or occupation, some little passing comfort, the kindness of other people to me, something to 'keep me from sinking down.'

"Your lonely and your loving
"MARNA."

SENT.

"January the fifteenth.

"MY DEAR HUSBAND: You will be notified, of course, in the proper way by Father's lawyers, but I am sure you should hear it first from me. The property is found to be in a strange condition—depleted, Dr. Hazelton calls it. There are some shrunken investments, and there has been some mismanagement at the factories since he has been obliged to delegate everything so to other men, who have not proved conscientious. Then there are those lawsuits about his patent on the linen thread—you know you used to take a good deal of that off his hands; but lately I think he has been wronged somehow, and was too feeble to right himself. At all events, something like a couple of hundred thousand is swept away. And, in fact, my inheritance will prove so small that I am thinking seriously of renting the old place. Do you object? I have only Father's friends to take counsel of, and Senator Gray advises me to do this, decidedly.

"Please reply by next steamer.
"Your affectionate
"WIFE."

CABLE MESSAGE.

"*January* 20.

"*Herwin, United States Consulate,*
"*Montevideo, Uruguay.*

"Drs. Curtis and Hazelton wish Father's house sanatorium. Twenty years' lease. Cable reply. MARNA."

SENT.

"January the twenty-fifth.

"MY DEAR DANA: Your cable came, after a little delay. I suppose you may have been out of town? We do not altogether understand it, but I fancy that happens with the cable. It seems clear, however, that you interpose no objections, and, not knowing anything better to do, I have closed with the sanatorium offer for the old place. I think I would gladly be in Uruguay if I need not see my decision carried into effect. I have put the whole affair into Mr. Mellenway's hands, so that there shall be no blunder.

"It seems this sanatorium idea has long been a fad of Dr. Curtis's and a dream of Robert's; and the other day that rich old man Pendleton, whom Robert has kept alive for years, surrendered his ghost and his will. Everything goes absolutely to Robert to support a private hospital after his own unrestricted pleasure. Robert says it is such an opportunity as some men in his profession would give their lives for. Dr. Curtis is to be the figurehead, but Dr. Hazelton will be in virtual control, being resident superintendent,

but with a staff of subordinates which will permit him to retain portions of his private practice. Otherwise, Fanny says, his clientèle would rise and mob him. If I *must* see anybody in the old house, I would rather it were friends than strangers. I am trying to mold my mind to it without grumbling. I think there is this about the great troubles —they teach us the art of cheerfulness; whereas the small ones cultivate the industry of discontent. I hope you will be pleased with what I have done. You see, Dana, that what I have of Mother's has dwindled with the rest, and, I suppose, for the same reason. I hated to have to tell you, but really, dear, I don't see just how we could get along if I did not rent the place.

"Thank you for your last letter. If they were a little longer sometimes, I could feel that I could form a better idea of your life. You seem as far from me as if you swung in a purple star upon a frosty night—at the end of dark miles measured by billions in mid-space. But I am

"Loyally your wife,

"MARNA.

"P.S. Marion is becoming dangerously pretty, and your eyes grow older in her every day. She sends her love to Pity Popper, and commands that you kiss Dombey, distinctly omitting Banny Doodle, who is, at this writing, head down in the umbrella-rack, by way of punishment for invisible offenses. Last Monday Banny Doodle was saved by old Ellen, at the brink of fate, from being scornfully run through the clothes-wringer.

"Ellen has asked my permission to spend the winter with me, refusing any wages. Thank you for the last draft. I shall use it as wisely as I can, and I am learning to live economically, because I must. We have given up the telephone."

May the twenty-fifth.

IT is one of the days that make one believe that everything is coming out right in some world, and might do so in this one if the weather would last. Showers of sunshine drench the brightest grass, the mistiest leaf, I think I ever saw. The apple-tree is snowing pearl and coral upon the tree-house. (If Dana could see it, I should be quite happy.) The world is one bud, blossoming to a faithful sky.

Marion is out six hours of every blue-and-gold day with Job and Ellen, who, between them, spoil the child artistically. After her hard winter, the baby herself seems but a May-flower, a pink, sweet May-flower, opening in a shady place. If it had not been for the doctor—well, if it had not been for the doctor, I cannot think what would have happened, or what would yet happen. I cannot, now, imagine myself without him. He who saves her child's life recreates a mother.

The old home and the new sanatorium are wedded more comfortably than I should have thought possible; and I have outgrown the first pangs of jealousy. They call it the Pendleton, as if it were an apartment-house. The patients are not so many yet, of course, as to be disturbing, and the whole thing moves on rubber-tired wheels. Mercibel has a permanent position there.

It is said that all sanatoriums, or such institutions, are replicas of their superintendents. About this one there is a certain gentle cheerfulness, a subtle invigoration, which is Dr. Robert all over again. He is the soul of his hospital.

I have noticed that the preoccupations of very busy men do service as apologies for neglect of friendly claims to an extent which is deified in the spirit of our day, like a scientific error, or any other false cult. I, who have no claim upon this overworked man, either of his seeking, or of my wishing, or of the world's providing, am touched by a thoughtfulness which I have no right to exact and no reason to expect. When I think of the intricacies which have resulted in the simple circumstance that my father's house has become a private hospital, I must feel that the hand of mercy has remembered me.

Once when Father was calling on Whittier at Amesbury, Mr. Whittier said: "I wish I had thee for a neighbor." I have often wished I had a neighbor, a soul-neighbor who was a house-neighbor. I never had before.

All this cruel winter my old friend has befriended and defended me from every harm between which and myself he could, by any ingenuity of the heart, interpose his indefatigable tenderness.

I choose the word, but I do not give it the lower translations. He has taught me what few women learn, what fewer men can teach, that there is such a thing as trustworthy tenderness. I might almost call it impersonal tenderness. Language does not betray it; expression does not weaken it. It is as firm as the protection of a spirit, and as safe. Swept into the desert of desolation as I am, something upholds me, that I do not perish. Is it mirage, or is it miracle?

There is a marvel which many women dream of but do not overtake—the friendly kindness of a strong, good man.

May the twenty-seventh.

No letter has come yet from Dana. It is now three weeks since I have heard. Once, in the winter, it was four.

"I would keep on writing," the doctor says. How did he know that I had not? Sometimes it seems to me as if I could drop into the unfathomable silences, and at other times as if I must. Dana's letters are no more natural, I perceive, than mine. Some of them are curiously involved and elaborate, and others are one dash of the pen, like a tongue of fire that may reach anything or nothing.

He writes so frostily in one letter that my heart freezes; and in the next I find a kind of piteous affectionateness before which I melt and weep.

He has ceased to speak of making a home for me in Montevideo. At first he wrote about hotels and the discomforts of housekeeping—about the spiders and lizards. After that he said that the climate would not do for Marion, and that there was no doctor in the whole blanked country to whom I would be willing to trust the child. There is a certain something in his letters which perplexes me. I showed one of them in April to Robert.

"Do not resent this," he said. "Be patient; be gentle."

He walked across the room, and returned.

"As if," he added, "you were ever anything else!" I could have thought that his grieving lip was tremulous. He has a delicate mouth; but it is stronger than most delicate things, and never betrays him.

Did I once think him a plain person? At times his strong, unostentatious face assumes transfigurations. There have been moments in my desperate and desolate life this year when he has looked to me like one of the sons of God.

How manifold may be the simplest, sanest feeling! I cherish in my soul two gratitudes—that of the patient, and that of the mother—to this kind, wise man. I might add a third: the thankfulness of an old friend for a new loyalty. To-day the doctor said to me, quite incidentally: "The next time you write to Mr. Herwin, pray tell him that I suggested that he should hunt up that medicine-case, and take atropin 3× twice daily."

"What for? Malaria?" I asked.

"I think you said he complained of malaria," replied Dr. Hazelton.

June the first.

MARION had one of her feverish turns last night, and Ellen went for the doctor. It was a warm, soft night, and we had only candlelight in the room. I use Robert's candlestick a good deal for sickness; it holds an English candle and burns all night.

When he had stirred Marion's medicine, and covered the tumbler in his conscientious way, he nodded at the gold candlestick.

"You keep it well polished," he said, smiling.

"It has proved a faithful compass," I answered, smiling too. "I believe they don't always, do they? I heard the other day of a wreck on the coast of Norway which was caused by the deflection of the needle."

"Yes," said the doctor, "I read that. It was attributed to a magnetic rock. There really are such, I think, though they are rare." He began to talk about the coast of Norway with more interest, I thought, than the subject called for. It was as if he deflected my mind from the compass. I felt a trifle hurt, and a certain pugnacity into which I lapse now and then (and for which I am generally sorry) befell me. I took the compass up, and shook it. The candle flared out. I lighted it again as quickly as I could, for the baby complained that I had "grown it dark" and she could not see "her doctor." He watched the needle mounting steadily.

"See!" I cried, "the candle went out. But the compass holds true. The needle points due north, Doctor."

"And always will," he answered solemnly. In the vague light, and moving away from me as he was, for he had risen abruptly to end his call, his strong features were molded by massive shadows. Even in stature he seemed to change before my eyes, and to grow tall, as figures do that one sees in a fog.

June the fifteenth.

DANA'S letter has come at last. It is a very strange letter. He offers no explanation of his silence, no apology for the neglect. He writes with a certain vagueness which is almost too impalpable to be called cold, and yet which chills me to the soul, like a mist when the sun is down. He sends his love to Marion, and I am to remember him to the doctor. He is glad I am in such good medical hands. He mentions again that there is not a decent doctor in that country, and

adds that he does not think the climate agrees with him, that he was fooled on the climate, and that the whole blanked nation is a malaria microbe. He incloses a draft (a small one), and inquires whether I had not better have the telephone put in again; in fact, he makes a particular request of it. I wonder why his mind should fasten on this, the only detail about my life which has seemed, for some time, to take a very distinct form to his imagination, or even to his recollection.

I handed the letter to the doctor. Although I hesitated about troubling him, I did not hesitate about the letter. There is seldom anything now in my husband's letters which I could not show to another person, unless, indeed, I should not for the very reason that I could. Now and then some sharp word or phrase pierces the soft, elaborate surface,—some expression like a stone, or a tool, which did not take the frost-work, or from which a clouded sun has melted it, —but for the most part Dana has ceased to be cross to me. Sometimes I wish he were. I read a story once of a poor woman who fled and hid herself from her husband (but he was one of the brutes), and, being illuminated by repentance, he sought and found her. His first expression of endearment was a volley of oaths. "The familiar profanity," so ran the tale, "reassured the wife. She nestled to him in ecstasy."

There is something in Dana's excessive and courteous good nature which troubles me.

Dr. Robert read this letter slowly. I had the ill manners to watch his face boldly while he did so. It was inscrutable. He folded the letter and handed it back without a word.

To-day Mercibel brought me this note from him—the first that Robert has written me since those old days in the other world where I was dear to him. It is a comfort to know that I am so no longer, and I am sure he has forgotten that I ever was. I am quite ashamed of myself that I recall it. Women have relentless memories about the men who have once loved and honored them; I think they cherish these tender ghosts of experience after a man himself has virtually forgotten them.

I fasten in the doctor's note:

"MY DEAR MRS. HERWIN: I have given the matter some thought, and I suggest that you have your telephone reconnected, as your husband seems to wish it. I do not know that my reasons for the advice are so definite to myself that I can very well make them clear to you; but, in fact, I urge it.

"Sincerely yours,

"ROBERT HAZELTON.

Later.

"P.S. I am called out of town on a distant consultation, and expect you and Marion will both keep quite well till I return. I shall be gone till day after to-morrow. In case of any sudden need, my first assistant, Dr. Packard, will do excellently, if Dr. Curtis should not be able to come to you. Dr. Packard has access to my case-books and Marion's remedies.

"I have taken the liberty of asking the telephone people to call and receive your orders this afternoon. It may save you some trouble."

I am ashamed to say that my discreditable impulse was to refuse to see the telephone manager when he came; for once I was a girl of what is called spirit, and certainly Robert has taken upon himself—

What? What *can* the doctor take upon himself but a thankless and uneased burden, a neglected woman and her ailing child? What can he take upon himself but sacrifices without hopes, duty without comfort? What shall I take upon myself but the ashes of repentance? I am not worthy of such high comradeship.

I have ordered the telephone put in again.

"MY DEAR DOCTOR: I send this to let you know at once on your return that I have obeyed you. The wire will be reconnected by Sunday, and I shall send my first message by way of that old and reëstablished friend —if I may?—to yourself.

"I do not find it easy to express my sense of obligation to you, but I find it harder not to do so.

"I have been everything that is burdensome and trying, and you have been everything that is kind and wise and strong. I have been all care and no comfort; believe that I understand that, even though I do not seem to. You are always nobly giving, and I am always pitiably receiving, some unselfish, friendly service. Sometimes I feel ashamed to allow you to be so considerate of my child and of myself; and then I am ashamed that I have been ashamed; for God knows we have needed you, Marion and I. What would have befallen us without you I do not find myself able to imagine. I often try to explain to my husband, when I write

him, all that you have done and been and are to us.

"Far better than I can ever do, he will acknowledge your faithful kindness when he returns to us, and to himself. Oh, Robert! do you think he ever will? I am

"Your grateful patient and
your sincere friend,
"MARNA HERWIN."

July the fifth.

YESTERDAY I was really ill. I think it was the terrible weather (of course I miss the sea), and something that troubles me, and the loss of sleep caused by the excess of patriotism on our street; in fact, this has lasted five nights, culminating on the night of the third. The doctor says that his patients, some of whom are of the nervous species, have suffered to such an extent that he is prepared to wish the American nation had remained in a colonial condition. He divided the entire night between his sick people and the ruffians on the street, for the private guard that he had provided proved incompetent to cope with them. Once, in the night, I heard footsteps outside my cottage, and looking out, I saw the doctor's patrolman softly pacing around our house. Nothing has been said to me about this, and I have not told him that I know it; but the tears smarted to my eyes—that little act of thoughtful care was so divinely like him.

As I write, Ellen is singing to Marion in the nursery:

His loving kindness,
Loving ki-ind-ness,
Lov-ing ki-i-*ind*-ness, oh, how great!

Every time that Ellen strikes a high note Job barks. Ellen is a musical Methodist, and Job, I have always maintained, is a Unitarian. I think Job misses his master's singing. The piano has been mute, now, nearly a year; I have never touched it since he left. Ours has become the home of the unsung songs.

I am writing on in this preposterous way because something has happened. It would be easier to record any histrionic episode, any thrilling incident of fate or of fiction, than the intangible circumstance which I wish to enter upon this candid page.

What (I think I have said before) are the plots of event before those of feeling? They seem to me inartistic and dull.

I, who live—more quietly than most of my class and my years—the secluded life of a New England lady; who play only the poor rôle of the slighted wife, not even dramatically deserted; I, who have not the splendors of a great tragedy to throw high lights upon my gray story—I, too, experience drama.

How shall I maintain my untaught part upon this stage of the spirit? For me it confuses more than if I were a woman of the world. I perceive that I am not representative of my day, that, young as I am, I belong to an elder time: I am an anachronism. For I am a woman of the home, and the homing nature has sheltered me. Mme. de Staël, when she was dying, said: "I have loved God, my father, and liberty." I have loved my father, my husband, and my child. Now every thought is a spectator in this, to me, uneducated action; every hope, every feeling, every nerve, is an actor. My nature seems to be taxed with a new and imperious expression of itself. Am I appointed to some solitary scene, some thrilling monologue, where duty and desolation are at war?

WHEN the doctor was called to-day, he seemed distressed at finding me more ill than he had supposed, though, really, I think it was what many physicians would have dismissed as a nervous attack, and disregarded. He said at once:

"Did you have a letter yesterday?"

"I did not sleep," I answered; "the boys in the street—"

"Yes, yes, I know. Can I see the letter?"

"I think not—this time, Doctor."

"Very well. Any news in it?"

"None. About the same thing."

"It is not necessary for me to know details. What I must know is, has there been an emotional strain? It makes a difference with the prescription. Your pulse is not quite as firm as it ought to be. You were grieved at something? You need give me no particulars—"

He turned to prepare his powders, and neither of us spoke. Marion did the talking; she trotted up to my lounge, and asked when Pity Popper would come home.

"You are to sleep, no matter how much trouble it takes to keep the house still," the doctor said peremptorily. "I will give orders to the servants myself as I go down. Ellen shall take the child over to Mrs. Freer for a few hours. I will ring and direct this."

He rang, and Ellen came, and Marion went. The doctor went on folding powders calmly. I turned my face upon the sofa-pillow, and closed my eyes. I had on one of my thin white gowns, and the lace at my

throat stirred with my breath, and tickled my cheek a little, so that it annoyed me, and I started quickly to brush it away.

The suddenness of the motion took him unawares, and my eyes unexpectedly surprised his. He had finished folding powders, and sat looking at me, thinking that I would not see, believing that I would not know, perhaps—God grant it!—himself not knowing how it was with him.

It all passed like a captured illusion, which escaped, and refused to be overtaken. The soul of the man retreated to its own place, and the lens of the physician passed swiftly before his guarded eyes. The defense was something so subtle but so instantaneous as to be superb. I honored him for it, from my heart.

But, ah me, ah me! Some other man, some stranger, some new friend, might perplex me, but not this one. For I had seen Robert look like that—how long ago!—when he was free to love me, and I to be beloved.

July the sixth.

I SAID that something had happened. What? The lifting of an eyelash, the foray of a soul. Nothing more. Yet am I hurled by the movement of the drama.

To-day Dr. Packard came to make the professional call. He reported Dr. Hazelton as excessively busy, and summoned off on a consultation by an early train. How haggard Robert looked that last time he was here! He had slept less than any of us. His eyes had the insomniac brilliance and the insomniac honesty. I do not think I even told him that I was sorry for him. The omission taunts me now that I cannot see him.

SENT.

"July the seventh.

"MY DEAR HUSBAND: Your last letter hurt me, but I will not dwell on that. I am sure that you must have felt truly ill to write just as you did, and I am distressed and anxious. I cannot think that the climate agrees with you, as you say. Your intimation that you may not serve out a much longer term in the consulate would have given me pleasure but for—you know what. There seems to be always a lost bolt in the machinery of human happiness. As you say, the mill never turns with the water that is passed. New currents sweep the whirling wheel, and new forces start the life and fill the heart.

"Marion is well, and I am better.

"Your affectionate wife,

"MARNA HERWIN.

"P.S. No; I do not mind that gossip about you. I would not stoop. I could no more believe it than I would believe it of myself. Give yourself no concern on that score. Whatever else may happen, you are incapable of *that.*

"I cannot deny that it wounds me that I am not in a position to defy the world and the worst with my confidence in my husband—my ultimate confidence burning deep in the dimness where the great elements of character are forged. But of this we need not speak. Let it suffice that I trust you, Dana.

"And, dear, I have sometimes thought that was a wicked proverb. It may not be the same water that turns the mill, but it is the same stream, Dana."

July the eighth.

TO-DAY the doctor came. He has resumed himself altogether. Except for a sheen of his transparent pallor, he was much as usual—cheerful, quiet, strong. He made a strictly professional call, and it was brief. He regretted that he did not find me better, and I protested that I was quite well; and we talked of the weather, and of Marion, and of the climate of Uruguay, which, it seems, bears an excellent reputation.

He left a new remedy, and rose to go. Swiftly my common sense deserted me, and I lapsed into one of the lunacies for which sick women, above the remainder of our race, are, I believe, distinguished. In point of fact, I felt physically weak enough to cry my soul out, and leave it for the doctor to pick up and put back—as if one dropped a bracelet, or a flower. It seemed to me a laudable evidence of self-restraint that I should only say:

"Why did you send Dr. Packard? I missed you, Robert."

"Did you?" he asked gently. He took my hand with ineffable tenderness and delicacy, and then he laid it down upon the folds of my white dress.

"I think you are right," he said quietly. "It was not very brave. I do not mean that you shall miss me too much—nor—"

The sentence broke. His eyes said: "Nor do I mean that you shall need me too much, either." But his lips said nothing at all.

UNSENT (ADDRESSED, STAMPED, AND HELD OVER).

Undated.

"DANA! Dana! Come back to me! I fling my pride to the stars; I never had any too much of it, so far as you are concerned, my

dear,—not since the day you made the Wilderness Girl your prisoner,—and I clasp you with my heart, and cling to you. Do not stay away too long, not *too* long! Do not push the risks of separation too far, I do entreat you. I am a young wife, Dana, not used to solitude and care, and I never was neglected in my life before—and you know I don't bear loneliness as well as some women do. I thought I was a constant woman, and I think so. But I cannot answer for myself, Dana, if this should last, if I should be tried too cruelly. There is an invisible line in a woman's nature of the existence of which I begin, for the first time, to be aware. Once crossed, I perceive that all the powers and principalities of love cannot recross it. I have often thought it must be the final anguish if I should be compelled to admit to my own soul that you had ceased to love me. Dana, there is a finality worse than that. If I should cease to love *you*—then God help us both! Everything is mine as long as love is. I sacredly believe that anything may be ours as long as I love you. Hope can live as long as love does. I could be so tender to you—yet. I could be so patient, and try so hard to make you happy—yet.

"There have been times (I wrote you so, candidly) when I have tried not to love you, in very self-defense. I commit that spiritual gaucherie no more. Now I summon my love, and cherish it, like some precious escaping bird, lest it evade me. Ah, help me to cage it, Dana! You only can.

"Did you ever think what it means to be a desolate woman, to sit alone every day and all the evenings? Do you understand how far a little kindness goes to a lonely wife—thoughtfulness, unselfishness—the being remembered and cared for? Did you never put the question to yourself? No; I know you never did. And I say you never shall.

"Dana, I ask you to come home. It is the first time, you will bear witness to me. And I cannot tell you all the reasons why I do. Indeed, I do not think I understand them quite myself. But I think you would respect them, and I must tell you that I shall not ask again.

"Loyally and longingly,
"MARNA, your Wife."

July the tenth.

I THOUGHT I would go out myself, to-night, and post that letter in the old box that has stood for years on the elm at the opening of the governor's avenue; it was put there by way of honoring my father and making his large mail easier for him to deal with.

It is a hot night, and there is a burning moon. I ran across the lawn with Job, as I used to do, as if I still had the right, not coming very near to the Pendleton Hospital; but I could see it quite plainly—the patients on the piazzas, the lights in the long dining-room windows, and in the library, which is the doctor's office now. He was sitting at his desk, absorbed and busy. I ran on to mail my letter. When I got to the box, I changed my mind, and thought I would not do it. So I came back slowly, by the avenue, meaning to cut athwart the shrubbery and come out by the tree-house quite unnoticed, for I felt as if all the moonlight of the world were concentrating on my organdie; white dresses do give one that impression on moonlit nights.

When I reached the tree-house the doctor was walking slowly up the garden path, between the July flowers. He had one of his patients with him, a deaf old lady who is gifted with fits.

"I ain't had but six to-day," she announced.

Now Job does not like that old lady, and he has acquired an unfortunate tendency to take her by the hem of her dress and spin her round. As I turned to anticipate Job in this too evident intention, I dropped my letter. The doctor picked it up and handed it to me.

"You did not mail it," he said.

"I decided not to, Doctor."

"Why?"

When I made no answer, his face settled sternly.

"Wait a moment, Mrs. Herwin," he commanded in his professional voice. "I shall return directly."

"And only seven yesterday," put in the old lady.

"Doctor," I said, "she will have sixteen if Job plays top with her in his present frame of mind. I can't manage him much longer." For Job was barking, and wriggling out of his collar to get at the old lady.

Smiling indulgently, the doctor drew his patient away, and Job and I went up into the tree-house to wait for him, and the large moon regarded me solemnly through the vines. "Not here," I thought, "not *here!*" For I remembered Dana. So I came down from the tree-house, and went into my own home, and Job went with me. In a few minutes Robert came in, knocking lightly

on the open door, and waiting for no answer. He did not sit down, but began at once:

"Tell me, why did you not mail that letter to your husband?"

"Tell me why you ask."

He sighed, and turned.

"I know I seem to presume," he said wearily. "But I thought you would forgive me, Marna. And I had the feeling—of course I may be wrong—that the letter had better go. Anything that comes from your heart—anything that could do any good—"

He did not finish his sentence, but abruptly left me. I went to the door, and watched his sturdy figure quickly crossing the lawn and the hospital grounds, till it disappeared in the sacred shadows of my father's house. I waited till he had been gone awhile, and then ran out with Job and mailed my letter.

(To be continued.)

THE HERETIC.

BY BLISS CARMAN.

ONE day as I sat and suffered
A long discourse upon sin,
At the door of my heart I listened,
And heard this speech within:

One whisper of the Holy Ghost
Outweighs for me a thousand tomes;
And I must heed that private word,
Not Plato's, Swedenborg's, nor Rome's.

The voice of beauty and of power
Which came to the belovèd John,
In age upon his lonely isle,
That voice I will obey, or none.

Let not tradition fill my ears
With prate of evil and of good,
Nor superstition cloak my sight
Of beauty with a bigot's hood.

Give me the freedom of the earth,
The leisure of the light and air,
That this enduring soul some part
Of their serenity may share!

The word that lifts the purple shaft
Of crocus and of hyacinth
Is more to me than platitudes
Rethundering from groin and plinth.

And at the first clear, careless strain
Poured from a woodbird's silver throat,
I have forgotten all the lore
The preacher bade me get by rote.

Beyond the shadow of the porch
I hear the wind among the trees,
The river babbling in the clove,
And that great sound that is the sea's.

Let me have brook and flower and bird
For counselors, that I may learn
The very accent of their tongue,
And its least syllable discern.

For I, my brother, so would live
That I may keep the elder law
Of beauty and of certitude,
Of daring love and blameless awe.

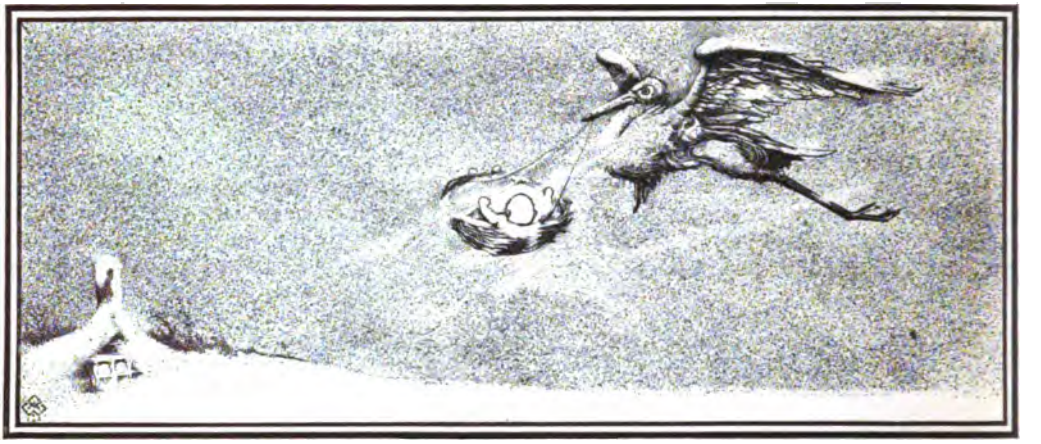
Be others worthy to receive
The naked messages of God;
I am content to find their trace
Among the people of the sod.

The gold-voiced dwellers of the wood
Flute up the morning as I pass;
And in the dusk I lay me down
With star-eyed children of the grass.

I harken for the winds of spring,
And haunt the marge of swamp and stream,
Till in the April night I hear
The revelation of the dream.

I listen when the orioles
Come up the earth with early June,
And the old apple-orchards spread
Their odorous glories to the moon.

So I would keep my natural days,
By sunlit sea, by moonlit hill,
With the dark beauty of the earth
Enchanted and enraptured still.



DRAWN BY GEORGE A. WILLIAMS.

CHAPTERS FROM THE BIOGRAPHY OF A PRAIRIE GIRL.

BY ELEANOR GATES.

THE COMING OF THE STORK.

IT was always a puzzle to the little girl how the stork that brought her ever reached the lonely Dakota farm-house on a December afternoon without her being frozen; and it was another mystery, just as deep, how the strange bird, which her mother said was no larger than a blue crane, was able, on leaving, to carry her father away with him to some family, a long, long distance off, that needed a grown-up man as badly as her three big brothers needed a little sister.

She often tried to remember the stork, his broad nest of pussy-willows on the chin of the new moon, and the long trip down through the wind and snow to the open window of the farm-house. But though she never forgot her christening, and could even remember things that happened before that, her wonderful journey, she found, had slipped entirely from her mind. But her mother and the three big brothers, ever reminded by the stone-piled mound on the carnelian bluff, never forgot that day.

An icy blizzard, carrying in its teeth the blinding sleet that neither man nor animal could breast, was driving fiercely across the wide plains; and the red frame dwelling and its near-lying buildings of sod, which only the previous morning had stood out bravely against the dreary white waste, were wrapped and almost hidden in huge banks that had been caught up from the river heights and hurled with piercing roars against them.

The storm had begun the day before, blowing first in fitful gusts that whistled under the eaves, sent the hay from the stacks flying through the yard, and lifted the ends of the roof-shingles threateningly. By noon it had gradually strengthened to a gale, and the steady downfall of flakes had been turned into a biting scourge that whipped up the soft cloak from the face of the open, treeless prairie and sent it lashing through the frigid air. Long before night had begun to settle down, no eye could penetrate the scudding snow a foot beyond the window-ledges, except when a sudden stilling of the tempest disclosed the writhing cottonwood break to the north, and the double row of ash saplings leading south to the blotted, printless highway.

With darkness, the fury of the blizzard had redoubled, and the house had rocked fearfully as each fresh blast struck it, so that the nails in the sheathing had snapped from time to time, ringing in the tense atmosphere like pistol-shots. Momentary lulls—ominous breathing-spells—had interrupted the blizzard; but they had served only to intensify it when it broke again. As it rose from threatening silence to rending shrieks, the bellowing of the frightened cattle, tied in their narrow stalls, had mingled with it, and added to its terrors.

But, when another wild, sunless day had come in, the drift-piled home had ceased to shiver and creak or admit any sounds from without. Hour by hour it had settled deeper and deeper into the snow that weighted its roof and shuttered its windows, until, shrouded and almost effaced, it lay, at last, secure from the tempest that swept over it and deaf to the calls from the buried stables.

Down-stairs in the big, dim sitting-room, the neighbor woman was keeping the lonely vigil of the stork. Early the previous day, before the storm began, and when the plains still stretched away on all sides, a foam-covered sea, the huge swells of which had been gripped and frozen into quiet, the anxious husband had mounted and started westward across the prairie. The horse had not carried him far, however, for the drifts would not bear its weight; so, when the three big brothers, hearing his halloo, had taken him a pair of rude skees made of barrel-staves, he had helped them free the floundering animal, and had then gone on afoot.

His destination was the army post at the reservation, and he had made swift progress toward it. The ice-bound Vermillion did not check him, and the sealed sloughs shortened his path. Onward he had sped, tirelessly. In half an hour his scarlet nubia had blended into the black of his fur-lined coat; in an hour he was only a speck, now in sight upon the top of a swell, now lost in its trough. And then he had disappeared altogether over the long, unbroken line of the horizon.

That day had passed, and the night; and when a second day was half gone, he had not yet returned. The farm-house, as hopeful as a sailor's home, felt little worry, believing that he was too good a plainsman to brave such a blizzard foolishly, and pictured him fretting his time away at the post, or in some hospitable shanty nearer by.

But the neighbor woman was full of fear for his safety. And, as she waited alone, she walked to and fro, watching first the canopied bed in the corner, and then the shaking sash that, if Providence were merciful, might at any moment frame an eager face. Every little while she paused at the stove, where, the hay twists having long since given out, she fed the fire from a heaping basket of yellow, husked corn.

The three big brothers were in the attic overhead, huddled close about the warm stovepipe that came up through the floor, with the dogs at their backs. It was dusk there, too, for the western gable window, broken the evening before by the force of the storm, was nailed tight from within and piled high from without; while the window in the opposite end of the house was intact, but veiled with frost and hung with icicles. The week's washing, swinging under the peaked roof on a long, sagging clothes-line, added further to the gloom. Stiff and specter-like, it moved gently in the currents of air that blew down from the bare, slanting rafters, each garment taking on a fantastic shape of its own. Near the pipe hung the stockings of the family, limp and steaming in the twilight.

The biggest brother had been reading aloud to the other two; but, as the light grew less, he threw the paper-bound book aside, and they began to talk in subdued tones. Below them, they could hear the neighbor woman walking back and forth, and the popping of the kernels in the stove; behind them, the dogs slept; and from above came faint sounds of the storm.

Outside, night was coming on fast—the early night of a stormy day. The neighbor woman, noting the increasing darkness in the sitting-room, lighted a tall kerosene-lamp and set it on the clock-shelf near a south window. The lower windows to the west were closed and sightless, so no beacon could shine from them; but she hoped that the lamp's feeble rays, piercing the unscreened top panes of the south window, might by chance catch the eye of the husband were he striving to return.

With increasing darkness, the blizzard grew in strength and fury. It loosened a clapboard below the east gable, and shrieked through the partial opening. It rattled the window, and tore at the heavy planks on the roof that supported the stovepipe. It blew the snow from the cracks and whistled through them shrilly. It caught the house in its drifts and shook it.

The dogs, awakened by the screeching and clash of things, crouched in fright against their masters. Shepherd, pointer, and Indian dogs trembled when the wind moaned, and answered every whine from without with another. The St. Bernard, separating himself from the pack, sprang at a bound to the boarded-up window and, raising his head, uttered long, dismal howls. The big brothers hastened to quiet him, and spared neither foot nor fist; but the dog, eluding them, returned again and again to the window, and mourned with his muzzle to the west.

It was while the hurricane was thus raging over the farm-house, and when nothing

but a bit of south roof and the tops of the cottonwoods showed that a habitation was there, that the stork alighted.

The big brothers were drowsing in the dark about the pipe, with the pack whimpering beside them, and did not know of his coming until, in a sudden lull, there came up through the open trap-door that led to the sitting-room stairs a small, clear, hailing cry.

It sounded but for an instant. Then the storm broke again, the windows rattled, the dogs whined, the sleet-charged air boomed and thundered and sucked at the quivering house, and darkness, ever blacker and more terrible, settled down.

WHEN the neighbor woman came softly up and put her head above the trap-door, she had to call again and again into the gloom, through which the lines of frozen clothes waved faint and ghost-like, before the big brothers awoke and, rising from their cramped positions, groped their way sleepily to the stairs and followed her down. As they reached the sitting-room and stood in a silent, waiting row by the stove, the dogs about them, the neighbor woman tiptoed to the canopied bed in the corner and took up a tiny bundle, which she brought back and laid in the arms of the biggest brother.

Then she leaned back, fat and smiling, as the big brothers bent over the bundle and looked into a wee, puckered, pink face. It was the little girl.

A FRONTIER CHRISTENING.

THE christening of the little girl began the very morning after the stork flew down through the blizzard and left her. For the three big brothers, rejoicing that they were still only three, got out the almanac, the world's atlas, and the dictionary, went carefully through the first two, read a long list in the back of the last, and wrote down all the names they liked. Then they set about trying to decide upon one.

It was difficult, for their selections were numerous. The world's atlas had yielded Morena, Lansing, and Virginia; the back of the dictionary, a generous line beginning with Abigail and ending with Zoraïda; and the almanac, May and June from the months, Maria and Geraldine from the scattered jokes, and Louisa, Fanny, and Rose from the testimonials of ladies who had been cured of influenza, hay-fever, or chilblains. So not only that day but a whole week passed away in lively discussion, and they were no nearer a choice than before.

Their mother gave no thought to the subject. Instead, from morning till night, through the lower western windows, now tunneled free, she scanned the snow-sheeted, glistening prairie. It stretched away silent, pathless, and treacherous, smiling up so brightly that it blinded those who crossed it; and hiding, as smilingly, those who lay beneath the drifts that covered it.

But discussion over the naming never flagged among the big brothers, for they did not yet share her anxiety. The chores were their only interruption; still, while they made twists for the stove, melted snow for the thirsty stock, or pitched hay out of the shaft that had been sunk to the half-used stack and piled it into the covered barn through a hole in the roof, they kept up the debate. But, with all the time and talk given the matter, no agreement seemed possible, until one day when the biggest brother made a suggestion.

He proposed that each write a name upon a piece of paper and place it in a hat, and that the little girl's hand be put in among the pieces, so that she could take hold of one, the name on the slip she seized to be hers. So the ballots were prepared, the neighbor woman brought the little girl, and one tiny clinging fist was guided into the crown. But though the pink hand would close on a finger, it refused to grasp a ballot; and, to show her disapproval of the scheme, the little girl held her breath until she was purple, screwed up her face, and began to cry lustily.

The big brothers, when they found that she would not choose for herself, repaired in disgust to the attic. But as they gathered gloomily about the stovepipe, a second plan offered itself to them in the shape of dominoes, and they began to play, with the understanding that whoever came out winner in the end might name the little girl.

The contests were exciting and raged from dinner-time till dusk, the dogs looking on from an outer circle and joining their barks to the shouts of the boys. When the last game came to a close under the swinging, smoky lantern that lighted the room from its nail on a rafter, the eldest brother, victorious, arose and led the way to the sitting-room, the other two following with the pack, and proudly proclaimed the little girl Edith Maud.

But he had not counted on his mother's

wishes. For when she heard the result of the dominoes, she overturned the whole project, much to the delight of the vanquished, by declaring that she did not like Edith Maud at all; and added that the selection would be made from the Bible when their father returned. So the big brothers set to work to hunt out every feminine name between Genesis and Revelation.

But at the end of a fortnight they too grew anxious, and the christening was forgotten. No news had come from the army post, and so, one morning, when the warm sun was melting the white caps of the ridges, they set forth toward it with the St. Bernard. They did not have to go far. The dog led them unerringly to a near-by bluff, from which they returned a sad procession. And next day a mound rose on the southern slope of the carnelian bluff and was covered high with stones, to keep away the hungry prowlers of the plains. The storm that had ushered in the new life had robbed the farmhouse of the old.

SPRING had opened, and the thawing prairie lay in splotches of black and white like the hide of a calico pony, before the family again thought of the naming of the little girl. Then her mother despatched the youngest brother to the post-office, a day's ride to the east, to mail an order to a store in a far-away city. Though there seemed no possibility that it would soon be decided what to call the little girl, preparations had begun for the baptism at the sod church on the reservation, and the order was for five yards of fine linen and a pair of white kid shoes.

During the busy days of plowing and planting that followed, interest in the christening was almost lost. And when the arrival of the linen and the shoes revived it one afternoon in early summer, it was forgotten again in a rush of hoeing and herding. So it was not until late fall, when all the crops were harvested and the threshers had come and gone, that the family began once more to consider it.

It was time that the little girl had a name of her own, for she could trot the length of the sitting-room, if she held on to the biggest brother's finger, and walk, all by herself, from the lounge to the table. Besides, she was learning to eat with a spoon, which she pounded crossly on the oil-cloth when she could not find her mouth, and was teething, without any worry to her mother, on an old soft cartridge-belt.

The subject reopened the night the little girl's mother cut out the baptismal robe. And while she tucked it in one succession of narrow rows and began to embroider it in lacy patterns that she had learned to do when she was a little girl in England, the big brothers hunted up the lists from the dictionary, atlas, almanac, and Bible, and reviewed them. But when the autumn days had been stitched and discussed away and winter had come in, the family was still undecided. What pleased one big brother did not please another; and if two agreed, the third opposed them. The little girl's mother was even harder to suit than they.

THE afternoon of the first birthday anniversary two important things happened: the baptismal robe was finished and the christening controversy took a new turn. The big brothers, arguing hotly, urged that if a name could be found for every new calf and colt on the place, the only baby in the house ought to have one. Now, the little girl's mother always named the animals, so, when she heard their reproof, she promptly declared that she would christen the little girl at once—and after an English queen.

The big brothers were astounded, recalling how their American father had objected to their having been named after English kings. But their mother, unheeding their exclamations, wrote down a new list, which started at Mary Beatrice and included all the consorts she could remember. But when the queens had been considered from first to last, and the little girl's mother had made up her mind fully and finally, the house was again torn with dissension. The eldest brother favored Elizabeth; the biggest, Mary; and the youngest, Anne. The little girl, happy over a big blue glass ball with a white sheep in the center, alone was indifferent to the dispute, and crooned to herself contentedly from the top of the pile of hay twists.

But, in spite of the wishes of the big brothers, the christening would have been decided that day and forever if it had not been for one circumstance. The eldest brother, protesting vigorously against every name but Elizabeth, demanded of the little girl's mother what she had selected.

"Caroline Matilda," she said firmly.

The eldest brother sprang to his feet, knocking over a bench in his excitement.

"Caroline Matilda!" he roared, waving his arms—"Caroline Matilda!"

And the little girl, frightened at his shouting, dropped the blue glass ball, and scurried under the bed.

It was plain, therefore, that she did not like the name her mother had chosen. So the christening continued to disturb the farm-house. By spring the eldest and the youngest brothers were calling the little girl Anne, while the mother and the biggest brother were saluting her as Victoria.

Matters were still in this unsettled condition when the army chaplain rode in from the reservation one night late in the summer. He was on his way to a big Sioux tepee camp, and carried in the saddle-bags flung across his pommel a well-worn Bible and a brace of pistols. As he entered the sitting-room, the little girl eyed him tremblingly, for his spurs jingled loudly as he strode, and the leather fringe on his riding-breeches snapped against his high boot-legs.

He was grieved to find the farm-house in such a state, and counseled the little girl's mother to delay the christening no longer, suggesting a private baptism, such as the big brothers had had. But to no effect. She declared that a private baptism might do very well for boys, but that the only daughter in the family should be named with more ceremony. The chaplain, finding that he could not settle the question, made it the subject of his evening prayer in the home circle.

THE fame of the baptismal robe and the white kid shoes had gone far and wide over the prairie, and they were talked of from the valley of the Missouri to Devil's Lake, and from the pipestone country to the reservations. So every week of that summer the family welcomed squatters' wives from the scattered claims round about, and women from the northern forts, whose eyes, strange to dainty things or long starved of them, fed greedily on the smooth skin of the ivory boots and the soft folds of the dress. Shortly after the chaplain's stay, a swarthy Polish woman, shod in buckskin, came on a pilgrimage to the farm-house, and the little girl's mother, eager to show her handiwork, lifted the dress tenderly, but with a flourish, from the pasteboard box where it lay upon wild-rose leaves and a fragrant red apple, and held it against the little girl with one hand, while with the other she displayed the pretty boots. The big brothers, hurrying from the barn-yard, crowded to share in the triumph.

But suddenly their delight was changed to dismay. For the little girl's mother, eager to win more praise from the Polish woman, had started to deck the little girl in the dress and shoes, and had discovered that the beautiful robe was too short and too narrow for its plump wearer, while its sleeves left her fat wrists bare to the elbow. And the white kid shoes would not even go on!

That afternoon the youngest brother started for the post-office to mail the shoes back to the store in the far-away city, together with a drawing on paper of the little girl's left foot, showing just how large the new pair should be. The very same day the little girl's mother began to rip out tucks.

When the chaplain stopped on his return trip, he found that the christening was still agitating the farm-house, the big brothers having formed a triple alliance in favor of Elizabeth, while the little girl's mother was adhering more warmly than ever to Victoria. So he spent the evening in renewed argument and prayer, and offered Catherine as a compromise. But the little girl's mother attached no importance to his suggestion, knowing that Catherine was the name of his wife.

Before starting for the reservation in the morning, as he sat upon his pony with the family in a circle about him, he communicated a notable piece of news. Sometime during June of the coming year the good bishop, who was greatly beloved by the Indians, would visit the post to marry the general's daughter to the major. The wedding would take place in the sod church, and would be followed by a sermon.

"And then," added the chaplain, "could come the baptism."

The little girl's mother was delighted with the idea, and decided on the spot to delay the baptism until June. The administering of the rite by the good bishop would give it a certain pomp, while his presence would insure the attendance of every woman on the plains, and the robe and the shoes would receive due parade and admiration.

The chaplain, satisfied at having accomplished even so little for peace, cantered off, the family looking after him. But when he reached the reservation road he came to a sudden halt, wheeled sharply, and raised his hands to his face to make a funnel of them. All fell into silence and listened for his parting admonition.

"Make it Catherine!" he shouted, and cantered on.

WHEN the little girl's mother thought of the months that must pass before the baptism, she felt sorry that she had been so hasty about sending for the second pair of kid shoes; for by June of the coming year the little girl's feet would be too big for

them. So the youngest brother was again sent to the post-office, this time with a letter that asked the city store to send two sizes larger than the drawing.

While summer was fading into autumn, and autumn was merging into winter again, the naming of the little girl was not forgotten. The subject came up every time her mother brought out the new pair of sleeves which she was embroidering. But it was talked over amicably, the big brothers having relinquished all right to a share in the selection because their mother had at last taken an irrevocable stand in favor of her own choice, and had intrenched her position by a promise that they could have that year's muskrat money. So when Christmas morning dawned and the little girl temporarily received her long, dignified name, together with a beaver pelt for a cap, the big brothers, whittling shingles into shape for the stretching of their winter's catch, silently accepted the decision.

The long, dignified name suited the little girl. She had grown so tall that she could look over the St. Bernard's back, and so agile that she had walked out six pairs of moccasins in as many months. And when the new shoes arrived and the sleeves were finished, she grew so proud that she wanted to wear her gobelin-blue apron every day.

As spring opened, and the last tuck was taken out of the robe, the big brothers put their guns and traps away in the attic, and once more turned to the plowing and planting of the fields. But, in spite of the farm-work, they found time to make preparations for the approaching baptism. They painted the light wagon, giving the box a glossy black surface and the wheels a coat of green, while the little girl's mother began three suits for them, and a brand-new dress for herself out of one she had brought with her when the family came to the plains. The evenings were no less busy. The mother sewed steadily, the big brothers fixed up the light harness, and the little girl, scorning sleep, alternately hindered and helped them, and held on to the ends of tugs and reins with her pudgy hands while the big brothers greased and rubbed and polished.

When the trip to the reservation was less than a week off, the preparations for it were redoubled, and the farm was for a time neglected. The little girl's mother put the last stitches on the new clothes; the big brothers, each having firmly refused to let either of the others try a hand at clipping him, made a journey to the post-office to get their hair cut by the hardware man; and the little girl wore a despised sunbonnet, had her yellow locks put up on rags, and went to bed every night with clabbered milk on her face.

At last the great day arrived. Early in the morning, before the rising sun flamed against the eastern windows, an ambitious young rooster, perched on the cultivator outside, gave such a loud, croupy call to the farm-yard that he awakened the little girl. She, in turn, awakened her mother. So it was in good time that the family, after eating a quick breakfast and hitching the gray colts to the newly painted wagon, climbed in and started off.

The little girl, sitting on the front seat between her mother and the eldest brother, her christening robe and the kid shoes wrapped up carefully and clasped in her arms, swelled with importance as the colts, resplendent in their new harness, trotted briskly down the rows of ash saplings in front of the house and turned the corner into the main road. Speechless and happy, she sat with her lips pressed tightly together beneath the big sunbonnet that hid the rag-wound corkscrews on her sore little head; and when the team crossed the Vermillion and passed the sod shanty on the bluffs, she did not even turn her eyes from the long, straight road that stretched westward to glance at the Swede boy who had come out to see her go by.

But before the ride was half over she grew very tired. So, after she had sleepily dropped the shoes and the robe into the hay in the wagon-box several times, she munched a cooky, drank some buttermilk, and was lifted to a hind seat, where the biggest brother held her in his arms. When she next opened her eyes, the team was standing in front of Officers' Row, and the colonel and his wife were beside the wagon helping her mother down.

As soon as dinner was over, the little girl was carried off to be dressed, though she wanted to stay in the parlor and play with the colonel's son; and when she was ready for the baptism the big brothers came in to see her as she stood proudly upon the snowy counterpane of the wide feather-bed, the embroidered robe sticking out saucily over her stiff petticoats and upheld by two sturdy, white-stockinged legs. On her shining curls perched a big white satin bow, while incasing each foot, and completing the whole, was a dainty soft kid shoe.

"My, you 're a blossom!" gasped the biggest brother, walking around and around

her; "an' not any of your skimpy flowers, neither; just a whacking big white rose with a yellow center!"

The white rose made no reply, for she had upset on the fat feathers in trying to walk, had broken the string that held the pillow-shams, and had mussed her stiff petals. So the colonel's wife put her on a paper spread over a leather trunk.

When the two families started for the sod church, she was carried by the admiring biggest brother, and on each side of her walked her mother and the colonel's wife, the others following. She kept turning around to look at the colonel's son as they went along, and so did not see the church until she was close to it.

It made a quaint picture in the warm June sunlight as the little procession neared it. The rude cross surmounting the gable above its entrance was twined with morning-glory vines that had found their way to it after hiding the low, thick, black walls beneath; and surrounding the building was a fence of scantlings, which was built every spring by the chaplain to keep the troop-horses and the commissary's cows from grazing off its sides, and was stolen every fall by the half-breeds when the first frosts came, and which now served as a hitching-post for raw-boned army mounts and scraggy Indian ponies. Beyond this circle were wagons and big, clumsy, box-topped carts from far-lying farms, with oxen tied to their wheels and swaying their weary necks under heavy yokes.

The church still wore its wedding decorations of cattails and willow-boughs when the door swung open to admit the christening party, and over the step that led up to the altar hung a golden bell of heart-leaved buttercups. As the little girl crossed the threshold, she looked on the crowded, waiting congregation with eager, half-frightened eyes. On each side of the aisle, filling the rear benches, were Indians and half-breeds, the gay government blankets of the men and the bright calico dresses, striped shawls, and gayer blankets of the women setting off their wide, stolid faces; here and there among them, in greasy breeches and flannel shirts, were rough cattlemen and trappers; and the troop's famous scout, the half-breed Eagle Eye, sat in the midst of them, craning his neck to catch a glimpse of her. Instead of the red handkerchief that he wore about his forehead to keep his black hair out of his eyes, in honor of the occasion he had tied a strip of bleached muslin, and under it his eyes sparkled and his teeth gleamed as he smiled at the white papoose.

When the biggest brother started toward the altar, the little girl hurriedly smoothed the christening robe and put out the white kid shoes so that everybody might see them. And when they passed the frontier families and came in line with the aristocratic army benches, her cheeks were flushed a vivid pink, and she was sitting proudly erect.

Then she beheld the chaplain standing at the step in a long white dress. Scarcely had she gotten over her surprise at his strange appearance, when she saw a man join him who was garbed even more wonderfully. His dark hair was combed back and rested, like Eagle Eye's, on his shoulders, and the sleeves of his robe were wide and ruffled at the wrist. It was the good bishop.

The next moment they were standing before him, the little girl and the biggest brother at the middle of the line and the others on each side.

The chaplain raised his hand, and the white people stood up. And after he had waved both arms commandingly and scowled, the Indians and the half-breeds got up, too, and slouched against the benches while the good bishop said a long prayer and followed it with a longer reading. The biggest brother waited very quietly through it all, but he shifted the little girl from one arm to the other two or three times.

When the reading was over, the little girl's mother answered a few questions in a low voice. As the good bishop began to pray again, the chaplain lifted a silver vessel in his hands and held it up solemnly. The little girl saw that it was the colonel's fruit-dish, and that it was full of water.

She looked about inquiringly, but all who were near her had their heads bent; and at the close of the prayer, before she had time to question, the good bishop took her into his arms.

She was frightened and wriggled to get down, not seeing the warning in her mother's eyes. The good bishop paid no attention to her, however, but leaned forward and spoke to the colonel and his wife.

"Name this child," he said.

The little girl did not hear their answer, for she was watching his hand. It was poised just above the fruit-dish, as if he meant to plunge it into the water.

She caught her breath and raised herself suddenly in his arms. The whole church was bending and stretching to see her, but she forgot the staring people, and was thinking



DRAWN BY E. M ASHE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

"THE LITTLE GIRL, GIVING A SUDDEN SCARED, ANGRY SQUIRM, STRUCK THE SILVER DISH A RESENTFUL UPWARD BLOW WITH ONE VIGOROUS WHITE KID SHOE."

only of her beautiful robe, the kid shoes, and the threatening water.

A brief, solemn silence pervaded the waiting church. It was broken by the good bishop's voice; and, at the same time, his ruffled hand sank into the fruit-dish, held lightly between the chaplain's finger-tips, and came to the surface wet and brimming. As she saw this, the little girl's face turned from pink to white, and she caught her breath again.

Then, just as he bent his eyes upon her and lifted his slender fingers toward her, the little girl, giving a sudden scared, angry squirm, struck the silver dish a resentful upward blow with one vigorous white kid shoe.

The vessel bounded out of the hands of the horrified army chaplain, overturned upon his immaculate robe, and, empty, fell clattering to the step at his feet. And while it spun there, top-like, for one terrible moment,

the baptismal party, standing in front of the good bishop, gazed in agonized, reproachful silence at the little girl, who was looking back at them defiantly from the shelter of the pulpit.

Later, when the good bishop laid damp fingers upon her hair, she was christened. But the family at the farm-house always declared that she did not deserve the long, dignified name chosen for her; and the biggest brother as often added that, because the amount of water has everything to do with a baptism, the honor rightfully belonged to the dripping army chaplain.

(To be continued.)

P. T. BARNUM, SHOWMAN AND HUMORIST.

BY JOEL BENTON.

"I have observed that in comedy the best actor plays the part of the droll, while some scrub rogue is made the hero or fine gentleman. So in this farce of life, wise men pass their time in mirth, while fools only are serious." BOLINGBROKE.



DRAWN BY BRUCE HORSFALL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY G. M. LEWIS.

A LIVE ADVERTISEMENT.

IT may be said of P. T. Barnum that he was the Majordomo or Lord of Laughter and Fun, the protean Dispenser of Amusement. How well he became known through this function one curious incident certifies. Some years before he died, an obscure person in some remote part of Asia wrote a letter, which he dropped in the post-office near him, directed to "Mr. Barnum, America." The letter reached its destination without an hour's delay. The great showman unaffectedly enjoyed being known from the very beginning of his celebrity; and when he found his celebrity was a tremendous factor in his success, he did everything that he could think of to extend the exploitation of his name. This was not to nourish vain imaginings or because he felt exalted; it was to promote business.

Around his successive homes at Bridgeport, Connecticut, he was fond of putting something that suggested a show. Queerly marked cattle, the sacred cow, or an elephant, were frequently among the stock to be noticed in his fields. On one occasion he had an elephant engaged in plowing on a sloping hill where it could plainly be seen by the passengers on the New Haven and Hart-

ford Railroad, an agricultural innovation that he knew would get notice of some sort in every newspaper in the country. It was even said that he received letters from farmers far and wide asking how much hay one elephant ate, and if it was more profitable to plow with an elephant than with horses or oxen. His replies were invariably frank, and were of this purport: If you have a large museum in New York, and a great railway sends trains full of passengers within eyeshot of the performance, it will pay, and pay well; but if you have no such institution, then horses or oxen will prove more economical.

Mr. Barnum began his business life as a showman, and delighted to call himself one. He had no desire whatever (as some would have had when wealth and fame arrived) to euphemize or efface the plain title of his profession, though he gladly welcomed its intensification to "Prince of Showmen," which editors were fond of applying to him. What he always seemed to me to be, however, was the Magician of Mirth, for he was the personification of jollity. He was really a sort of Mercury and Momus blended, except that these spirits of the ancient mythologies, like Loki of the Scandinavian cult, mixed mischief, and even deviltry, with their fun. In Mr. Barnum's composition there was nothing of this sort. His most audacious performances and jokes were unqualifiedly good-humored.

This atmosphere of fun and good humor never seemed to abate. Even in his business transactions he could coruscate with helpful and appropriate levities. I remember riding with him one day through the gateway at "Waldemere," his residence in Bridgeport, Connecticut, when, discovering near it a considerable pool of surface-water, he asked Hugh, his Irish coachman, what had caused it. "Why, Mr. Barnum," said Hugh, "there 's a *laik* [leak] here." "Oh, no," said Barnum; "it is n't a lake yet, but it will be if we don't attend to it." On another occasion his elephant-keeper came to him and said that one of the big elephants was sick. On being asked what was the matter with him, the keeper said: "I 'm afraid he 's got *information* of the brain." "Well," said Barnum, "if he 's got that, don't you cure him, for that 's just the disease I want him to have." Somebody having informed him once that his keeper was giving Jumbo beer to drink, he sent for the keeper and inquired if this was so. The keeper said it was. He was then asked how much he gave him, and was told that he drank nearly a keg a day. "But don't you know," said Barnum, "that I 'm a temperance man, and this thing will breed a scandal about me?" But the quiet twinkle in his eye indicated that an elephant perhaps might be a law unto himself. He even joked about making his will. He remarked that some people were superstitious about doing this; but, for his part, he got so much satisfaction out of it that he wrote a new codicil annually. Games, among which was backgammon, he was fond of; and he used to say, "Any one who can play euchre is my friend."

In saying that Mr. Barnum was simply a showman, I do not forget that there were incidents in his career that either preceded, or temporarily withdrew him from, his dominant occupation. At nineteen he edited a paper in Danbury, Connecticut, called "The Herald of Freedom," which first brought him to public notice. By his own freedom of speech in it he was made more than once to suffer legal penalties; and at last, in addition to a fine of one hundred dollars, he was sentenced to a two months' imprisonment in jail. This offense was not for telling a falsehood, but for relating a truth. The offending statement was to the effect that a certain man in Bethel, who was prominent in the church, had taken usury of an orphan. As the Connecticut law of the time was based upon the maxim that "the greater the truth, the greater the libel," there could be no defense, and the sentence was carried out. But so unjust was it in essence that when Mr. Barnum's term expired he was taken out of bondage by the people, in large numbers, with a coach and six horses, accompanied by a band of music.

He soon gave up his editorship, but in later life he was often in the State legislature, was once mayor of Bridgeport, and on one occasion ran for Congress. In addition to these functions and that of bank president, he spent a good deal of time in lecturing upon temperance, addressing agricultural societies, and filling lyceum appointments. His chief lyceum lecture was upon "The Art of Money-getting," but he added to it, I believe, one that treated of the secret of happiness. Frequently, too, he wrote for the magazines and syndicates on various subjects; but, whether speaking or writing, he always presented himself as one who struggled to entertain and amuse.

In fact, he had many of the mimetic faculties of the actor, particularly a mobile face and versatility of expression. He was not a bad ventriloquist, and in skilful acts

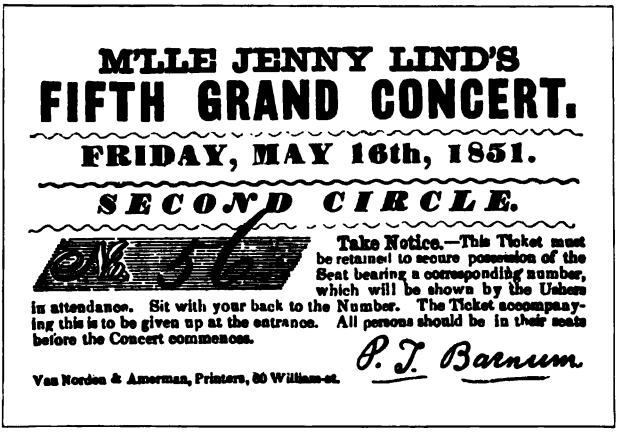


FROM A PRINT LENT BY E. B. HOLDEN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY B. DAVIS.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM ON BROADWAY, CORNER OF ANN STREET.

of legerdemain he could have entertained audiences, with a little preliminary practice, night after night. Beginning life as a caterer of mirth, he soon exaggerated a native desire to make people happy, and seemed, after reaching the full tide of his activity, to care quite as much to be the purveyor of entertainments that hold the multitude as he did to make money therefrom.

No one ever saw him at his show, or in the old Broadway and Ann-street museum, where the brass-band, from its balcony, was daily deafening Broadway in front of the happy, one of which may be worth repeating here. Everybody will recall the fact that, in later years, Barnum's show began its season of activity at Madison Square Garden in New York. As a loud-resounding, preliminary advertisement to it, however, a grand march of the animals, the Orientals, and the circus performers, was made the Saturday night previous to the opening of the exhibition. The route of this march was always specifically noted down in the newspaper announcements of it and on the large posted bills, and the streets selected for it were


MLLE JENNY LIND'S
FIFTH GRAND CONCERT.
FRIDAY, MAY 16th, 1851.
SECOND CIRCLE.
No. 1 6
Take Notice.—This Ticket must be retained to secure possession of the Seat bearing a corresponding number, which will be shown by the Ushers in attendance. Sit with your back to the Number. The Ticket accompanying this is to be given up at the entrance. All persons should be in their seats before the Concert commences.
P. T. Barnum.
Van Norden & Amerman, Printers, 80 William-st.

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE COLLECTION OF S. C. WILLIAMS.

JENNY LIND'S FIFTH GRAND CONCERT ADMISSION TICKET.

solemn apostle under the porch of St. Paul's, without observing a man sunny and alive with ripples of joy over the success of his operations. He did not care who was to be eminent in any field if only he might be acknowledged as the unparalleled purveyor of amusements.

What pleased him most, as he proceeded to the full understanding of his office and vocation, was devising methods to interest the children. Their frank and vocally expressed pleasure, their frolicsome, keen-eyed delight in visiting his museum, menagerie, and show, were more to him than to Cæsar was the applause of millions. A certain writer has said, "Better be driven out from among men than to be disliked by children." The one man who got farthest away from the force of that possible malediction was P. T. Barnum. He not only arranged spectacles to thrill his child patrons and to fill them with awesome or hilarious wonder, but he fixed days and prices to meet their convenience and their ability to pay for tickets.

Many touching stories have been told of Barnum's unfailing efforts for making them invariably those which could be most aroused by the spangle and glitter of the parade.

Just before one of these occasions a little boy of poor parentage (in a certain part of Grand street or Broome street, I think) met with an accident or was taken ill. When he was told that he would on this account be unable to leave the house for many days, something worse than a temporarily confining illness or disability troubled him, for he had for weeks been counting upon seeing Barnum's street parade. At first he was inconsolable. But in the midst of his grief a happy thought struck him. He concluded to write a letter to Mr. Barnum about it, and he did. It was a very simple letter, worded in child fashion, and asking Mr. Barnum if he would not change the route of the parade to a certain direction that he named, so that it would pass his house, as he could then be taken to the window to see it go by. Mr. Barnum answered this appeal at once, and told the little boy that the change of direction should be made; and it was made. It is safe to say that, happy as the boy was to attain his wish, there was



DRAWN BY E. M. ASHE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

JENNY LIND AT CASTLE GARDEN.

one made just as happy by the complying letter, and that was the man who wrote it.

To this authentic anecdote I can add another, of which I had personal knowledge. It was his habit, when in Bridgeport, to do a large amount of entertaining. From his house, in the summer-time, various companies of his guests went out to lawn-parties, clambakes, and picnics every week.

On one of my visits to his house a string of carriages drew up to his door to take a considerable number of invited persons to Long Beach. Before we started Mr. Barnum heard of a little girl of twelve or thirteen, in the city, the child of humble parents, who was in the last stages of consumption. Word was given that the procession could move on, but Mr. Barnum, having an errand somewhat out of the way, would arrive at the beach a little late. The nature of this errand the company did not guess or know; but its purpose I discovered. It was undertaken to present in person to the sick girl a bouquet of beautiful flowers and a bottle of wine.

A poor widow once called upon him at his house to tell her sorrow. She had a large family to support, and could not provide for them decently. If she could borrow seventy-five dollars with which to buy a sewing-machine, she could not only make ends meet, but would be able to save enough to repay the loan. Mr. Barnum took her word for this, gave her the money, and asked her, when she had saved the sum, to bring it to him. After a considerable period had elapsed, the woman made the requisite saving, and brought it to Mr. Barnum. He congratulated her upon obtaining the machine, and upon one other fact, that she had learned to save. He then gave her the money, telling her to invest it safely.

How natural it seems, after all, that the genius for distributing pleasure should have also other beaming sides! Closely connected with it in Mr. Barnum's case was the effort to relieve pain and subdue sorrow. But with him it went even further. He could not live in a town without being the source and center of the forces that uprise to improve it. If ever a city can point to one man as its preëminent benefactor, that city is Bridgeport, and that benefactor was P. T. Barnum. Its beautiful Seaside Park was mainly his gift, and wholly of his devising. East Bridgeport he largely helped to make by opening it up through legislation that nullified the exactions of a toll-bridge. Many streets of the main city he laid out, cutting one important avenue through a decadent burial-place, and on these streets he planted seventeen thousand trees. A fine fountain placed in a park in front of one of the churches, the bronze-work executed in and imported from Munich, is only one of his gifts to his home public, a more important one being the Barnum Historical and Scientific Institute and Gymnasium.

With what genial humor all these and other things were done and projected a few of his intimate friends know very well. The abandoned Jewish cemetery which stood in the way of his desired avenue he did not rudely disturb, for he found a definite and marked resting-place for the bones he removed. With his peculiar mirthful smile, however, he remarked that he had "no wish to anticipate Gabriel's trumpet," but only desired, without inflicting injury, to help the public. An illuminating phrase of his own invention flashes a good deal of explanatory light upon the character of the man. Incidentally, of course, the improvement of a city in which he ultimately owned over three hundred buildings and many open lots was the promotion of his own profit. In view of this fact, he very often said, with a twinkle in his eye, that he always believed in a "profitable philanthropy." But the philanthropy really came first, and the profit simply ensued from its skilful planning and from its magnitude.

Mr. Barnum's innate and exuberant love of a joke, which was a trait maternally inherited, and his frequent habit of self-depreciation, were not always quite understood by the public. He therefore suffered sometimes from too much of his own disparaging frankness. His first autobiography, issued in 1855, was not meant to be taken as literal truth; but it was so taken, and the criticism of it was very bitter. The soberer matter-of-fact public of that day did not see the Pickwickian sense and the orientalism of statement that pervaded it. The cold type could not carry with it the twinkling of the author's eye.

The three things, however, which brought upon him the sharpest criticism were the three curiosities of his show, which were called Joyce Heth, the Woolly Horse, and the Fee Gee Mermaid. The first of these was said to be Washington's body-servant, and was given an incredible age; the second was a real colt that was a freak; the last was probably of Japanese manufacture. Mr. Barnum constructed neither the second nor the third, but bought them from exhibitors, and he was himself fooled at first by the certificates of Joyce Heth's history. He

frankly admits in his biography that he employed two of them to advertise his museum, and was not trying to make their history too exact in announcing them. He romanced somewhat, he says regretfully, in describing the horse, born in Indiana, as a curiosity discovered by Colonel Frémont in the Rocky Mountains; but did this to call attention to



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY IN THE COLLECTION OF B. C. WILLIAMS.
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

PHINEAS T. BARNUM.

a museum of curiosities of which it, with the other two, was merely a fractional part. He said he should not do this again, and expressed a wish that it had not been done at all. The best palliation he could plead for these schemes was that, without them, he did give a big money's-worth to all who visited his museum. No perfectly ethical defense, beyond this, was offered.

In affairs more sober, where the frolicsome show spirit was not invoked, Mr. Barnum's word was as good as his bond. His bankruptcy, which was brought upon him by the nearly criminal use by others of his blank note-indorsements, revealed in him a sturdy, self-reliant, honorable attitude. He gave up a vast property to pay what he did not morally owe, and refused large sums that were proffered him from various quarters to help him to a financial foothold. Tom Thumb, Jenny Lind, and many more who knew him thoroughly, begged him to draw on them for large sums, but he steadily refused to do so. He felt that his loss should not become a financial concern of his friends. So he bore it bravely alone, went to work himself to repair it, and climbed up at last to a higher prosperity than that from which he fell.

So many stories have been attached to him that he was, for the most of his life, more of

a show than the one he so vociferously advertised. As an illustration of this it is related that a certain rustic character came one day to the museum when Mr. Greenwood was its manager, and, walking up to the ticket-office, bought a ticket. He then asked Mr. Greenwood to point out to him Mr. Barnum. Mr. Greenwood did so, and the querist started at once in the direction given. Pausing as he got near the object of his search, he took a good look at the showman. Then standing at another angle, he took another look, and repeated this performance till he had gone all around him, when he promptly started for the door. As he was going out, Mr. Greenwood said to him: "My friend, you have not seen the museum yet. There is a whale down-stairs, and any number of things up-stairs, a moral play soon to come off, etc." "I know it," said the visitor, "but I don't care. I 've seen Barnum, and I 've got my money's-worth."

In later days, when he was old and could not follow his show everywhere, only visiting it here and there in the larger towns, it was noticed that his presence was a large factor in helping to swell the box-office receipts.

The story of the cherry-colored cat, which is occasionally told in relation to him, may be mythical, but it illustrates so well the practical joking which he enjoyed that it is worth a little space here. The trick of the matter, however, first fell upon Mr. Greenwood, who agreed to pay a back-countryman twenty-five dollars for a cat which the countryman avowed was a true cherry-color. When the cat-owner came to the museum to deliver it, he said to Mr. Greenwood that he had perhaps neglected to mention one thing, and added: "I forgot to say that the cherry I meant was a black cherry." Over this remark Mr. Greenwood fairly raged, and Barnum, hearing his charge of fraud and trickery, came to the rescue. When he had learned the countryman's story, he advised Greenwood, as the countryman had really told the exact truth, to pay the bill, which was at once done, no one enjoying the joke more than Barnum. I presume the rest of the story, which asserts that Barnum played the trick over again upon an audience in the moral lecture-room, is an invention.

Mr. Barnum was not himself very easily fooled, though he received scores of letters describing curiosities their writers vouched for, which were well calculated to deceive. He told me that a person in Wisconsin once wrote to him about a negro that could read all sorts of print in the night, and even in a dark cellar, as well as by daylight, so curiously focused were his eyes. This negro, he said, would go on exhibition for a certain specified sum per week, which was not a prohibitive price, and the writer very strongly urged Mr. Barnum to engage him. The showman saw at once what eyes the negro had, and replied: "If your negro is not blind, I will accept your offer." Of course he was.

It is often said that Mr. Barnum's idea was that "the American people love to be humbugged." He frequently did say this, but he had his own special meaning for the word "humbug," which the dictionaries do not record. The "humbugging" which he called acceptable was not downright cheating, but playful joking of the cherry-colored cat sort. That the joke was upon him mattered little, and it did not destroy his relish for it. For when he once offered to buy of a neighbor a piece of land of which he already had a deed, the neighbor replied by asking him if he did not know that it was his own land. He did not happen, however, to remember this fact, and he said to his neighbor that he should have tendered him a quit-claim of it for twenty-five dollars, which the joke involved would be well worth.

Mr. Barnum, as any one who ever saw him must have noticed, had amazing physical activity. He was large, and possessed a Websterian head, as full of brain-power as it was of playfulness of spirit. In the management of business he was both skilful and acute, but what surprised some was the fact that he habitually asked advice of you, whoever you were, on every matter he had in hand that could be disclosed. In this way he got all sorts of opinions, studied their value, and struck such a balance between them as his own judgment led him to think was the correct one. Of the power of the press he never had a doubt, and he knew better than any other man of his time how to cultivate and evoke it. Approachable, democratic in every way, and shrewd, he fairly melted to the interviewer, whom he frequently did not wait for, but sent for.

The ruse by which he inveigled King Kamehameha of the Hawaiian Islands into one of his Madison Square Garden chariots, and then hurried it at once around the circuit, was planned to get a striking news-event into all the papers, which would make great publicity at no cost for him. There are many who will remember, too, that on one occasion Niagara Falls and its environing estate and approaches were in the market, when a rumor got out to the effect



DRAWN BY R. B. BIRCH.

BARNUM'S CIRCUS

that Barnum was about to buy all the property about the Falls and fence it in for show purposes. At another time a statement was made, equally emphatic, that he was to buy Shakspere's house at Stratford-on-Avon, and bring it over to America, with a similar intent. Neither of these schemes was ever contemplated by him, as I happen to know, but he had no interest in contradicting the stories. He told me that he had too much reverence for those places to make a vulgar exhibition of them, which would be an inexcusable desecration; but he enjoyed the tumult made over the rumors, especially that in the English press.

It was a keen stroke, too, of his devising, in his early career, to get General Tom Thumb noticed by Queen Victoria, when her children were young and easily attracted to the dwarf. The royal patronage did more to earn him money than all the English papers together could have achieved for him without it. In securing Jenny Lind, in 1850, for a series of American concerts, the plain showman seemed to acquire a transfigured grace, to which was added the poetry of Bayard Taylor, through a welcoming song.

It was not Mr. Barnum's invention that put forward hyperbole of a most elastic sort as the trait predominant in show advertisements, though he undoubtedly became a passed master in this art. Resounding adjectives and substantives were necessarily among the awesome features of his posted bills and his newspaper notices, but I venture to say that the show-bills of the hippodrome and open-air entertainments of Rome, Pompeii, and Herculaneum, centuries ago, were not mildly worded. Something wonderful, colossal, and gigantic must be expressed to define the qualities of a show for the populace, and it is a part of the satisfaction in going to it to read and see this printed and pictorial heralding. We know well enough now that those open-red-mouthed lions and tigers, with animated and furiously flying tails, and the writhing, tremendously spiral, perpendicular boa-constrictor of the bills must not be taken too seriously, but with considerable discount. So we are not disappointed to see these wild creatures, withdrawn from the woods and jungle, greet us with barn-yard docility and tameness when we enter the tent.

In one of Dr. Holmes's latest articles, in which he named a group of old men who were overwhelmingly active in carrying on the world's work, he spoke of Barnum as "still struggling with his superlatives." It was an apt and significant characterization. What Barnum regarded at last, however, as his superlative achievement was his capture of London and the British Islands by his great triple-ring show. It seemed to him



STREET PARADE

that the world was at his feet when members of the English royal family and of Parliament were there in boxes, and Gladstone, at least, came in to see him in his own box.

For more than twenty years I had the pleasure of frequently visiting him in Bridgeport, as well as in New York, and can never forget his skill and art as an entertainer. As a host he could not be surpassed. He knew the sources of comfort—what to omit doing, as well as what to do, for a guest. He had the supreme art of making you really free, as if you were in your own house. In his successful days he lived in fine style, and so sociable was he that he took great delight in inviting to his home people of various endowments and qualities, who had in any way interested him.

The method of the house was great punctuality of meals and a liberal provision of the best that city markets could supply. In nothing except wines, which Mr. Barnum's temperance creed excluded, could his repasts be said to be lacking, but the sparkling glow and effervescence of his conversation more than made up for their absence.

When he lived on Fifth Avenue, in New York, for the winter, as he did for a few years, the Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin, the Universalist minister, took occasion to make a friendly and pastoral call. Mr. Barnum asked him how he knew the way. "Well," said Dr. Chapin, "I saw a house that was good enough for you, with 'P. T. B.' on the door. When I read the letters I thought they said, 'Pull the bell.'"

Mr. Barnum was born in July, 1810, at Danbury, Connecticut, now Bethel, the smaller town which once was a part of the larger. But his home after he grew to importance in the public eye was established in Bridgeport. The first one, which was destroyed by fire before I knew him, was "Iranistan." This Oriental name was appropriate, for it was a house with many circular and pointed towers. When Mr. Barnum lost his first fortune by indorsing a certain company's notes, he remarked that the name was prophetic. He said: "I ran, I stand—I ran into a scrape, and I will stand the burden of it." His house on Fairfield Avenue in that city had large grounds, but after it was burned he sold the realty to Elias Howe, of sewing-machine fame, and built "Lindencroft," a spacious house, with liberal grounds, farther up (or westward) on this fine residential street. The name was given to it by Bayard Taylor, who was one of those who found a delightful hospitality at Mr. Barnum's invitation.

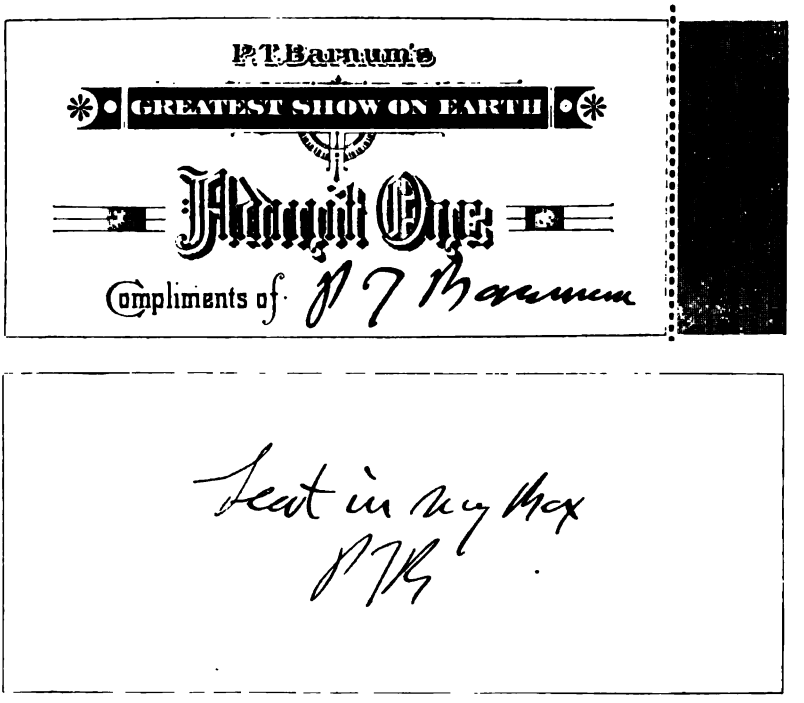
Here I visited him for the first time, and every summer, for a considerable period, for many years. One day in the early seventies, I think, when we were driving about, he took

me to the sea-shore through what were then open lots, and approaching a rolling knoll which marked the highest point, said, "Here I am going to build a new home." He had already sold Lindencroft, and had mapped out on the Sound a park of one hundred acres which the new place would overlook. This place inclosed twenty acres, and on it was a broad group—almost a small grove—of hard-wood trees. He purposed to call the place "Sea-Grove," but he wrote to about a dozen of his friends, of whom I was one, to suggest something better, if something better was possible. I wrote him that, to keep up the sonority of the two previous names, he might call the new place "Waldemere," which would carry virtually the idea of sea-grove, or woods by the sea. When the place was finished, and very large trees had been set out here and there along the roadways, and I went to visit him, then for the first time I saw on the gate-posts, as I entered, the name "Waldemere."

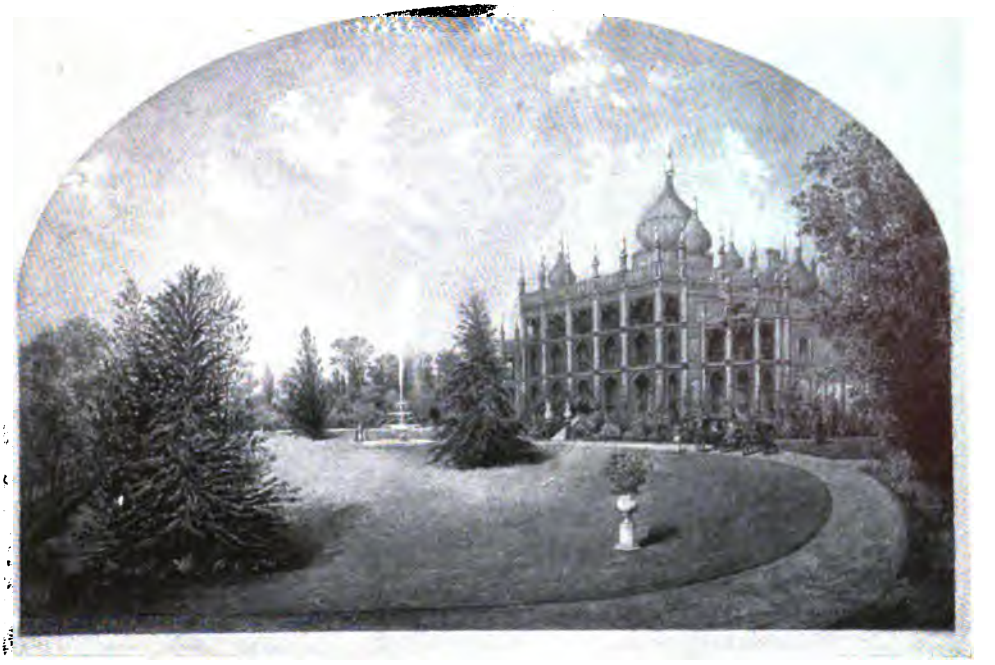
The charm of Mr. Barnum's hospitality was that it consisted in having everything done for you without effort and without constraint. The guest, therefore, had unparalleled freedom. At his home Mr. Barnum, busy as he was, had leisure hours. When letters and telegrams and visitors had been attended to in the morning, he rode to his up-town office, interviewed his various agents, drove to the stores and markets, and saved a large part of the afternoon for rides or for a picnic.

It was his pleasure in summer, as I have already said, to order clam-bakes on the shore for a score or more of friends. But there were more things than clams on the table. All the varieties of food that make up a liberal banquet were seen at those feasts. It often happened when Mr. Barnum's house was full of guests, and his relatives' and friends' houses near by were also filled, that two picnics would be organized for the same afternoon. One party preferred to go inland up the Housatonic Railroad to a thick wooded grove and its picturesque surroundings, while the other chose the shore-line at some convenient point. When such a division came, there was much rival pleading resorted to by those who were to make up the picnics to secure Mr. Barnum's presence in their particular direction.

Mr. Barnum was not only sociable by temperament and nature to an unusual degree, but he was the provoker of sociability in others. If no large company could be had, he never failed to make the most of the solitary guest. On more than one occasion I was that person. Once we went—when no



FACE AND BACK OF A PASS TO THE "GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH."



FROM A WATER-COLOR DRAWING OWNED BY MRS. D. W. THOMPSON. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

IRANISTAN, BARNUM'S BRIDGEPORT HOME THAT WAS BURNED.

one else could go—early in the morning to Charles Island, midway between Bridgeport and New Haven, which a steamboat touches in its trips, where was to be found a spacious summer hotel. Only a few guests were there, but we were well entertained, and with books and a backgammon board, with which we provided ourselves before starting, the day was made short.

Mr. Barnum could command great company. At his house Connecticut's governor could be seen unbending himself in the evening, by taking a low seat on the door-steps. Horace Greeley could be sometimes seen there. In Mr. Barnum's New York house Mr. Greeley spent days at a time. Mr. Barnum thought Mr. Greeley was too negligent of his own comfort, so he furnished him the slippers and dressing-gown which he neglected to bring. As both were of one political mind and of temperance proclivities, and were also parishioners in Dr. Chapin's church, there was not a little basis for harmonious and agreeable talk when they were domiciled together. Mark Twain used to run down to Bridgeport occasionally from his Hartford home. Elias Howe, who was Mr. Barnum's neighbor, often dropped in upon him, and Matthew Arnold, when in America, went to Bridgeport as his guest. The view at the Seaside Park pleased Mr. Arnold so much that he could not go in to dinner until he had walked down to the Sound to see the landscape and the captivating shore and water.



GENERAL TOM THUMB.



WALDEMERE.

Once when Mark Twain was there he looked over the freak and crank letters asking for contributions of money and gifts which came to Mr. Barnum always in great abundance. No one who has not seen letters of this sort knows, or can imagine, how preposterous they were. Mark Twain said it would be impossible for anybody to make deliberately such humor as they contained.

In Mr. Barnum's rides no one, even if he were a stranger on the road, failed to know who it was that passed. For every one he met he had a good, cheery word. He went out of his way to see the old and feeble and to help the poor. A figure of more impressive personality has not been given to many neighborhoods. Before he died, the city which he had adopted as his home seemed to know this. Whoever visits Bridgeport now will therefore see at its beautiful Seaside Park a bronze seated statue of the famous showman, the hospitable host, the good neighbor, and the city's untiring friend.

The London "Times," in chronicling his death, which occurred on the 7th of April, 1891, called him "that fine flower of Western civilization, that *arbiter elegantiarum* to Demos, who gave a luster to America. . . . He created the *métier* of showman on a grandiose scale worthy to be professed by a man of genius. . . . His immense activity . . . marked him out as one of the most typical and conspicuous of Yankees. From Jenny Lind to Jumbo no occasion of a 'public sensation' came amiss to him. When, in 1889, the veteran brought over his shipload of giants and dwarfs, chariots and waxworks, spangles and circus riders, to entertain the people of London, one wanted a Carlyle to come forward with a discourse upon the Hero as Showman. It was the *ne plus ultra* of publicity. . . . There was a threefold show—the things in the stalls and cages, the showman, and the world itself. And of the three perhaps Barnum himself was the most interesting. . . . His name is a proverb already, and a proverb it will continue." May not this be said also?—If he had lived in a mythologic time he would have had some setting in a Pantheon, or glorification as a Joy-bringer or supermagnified Santa Claus, that would have associated him permanently with a company equal to that of Olympus or Valhalla.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS LENT BY MRS. D. W. THOMPSON. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

LINDENCROFT.

TWO HOMES BUILT BY BARNUM AT BRIDGEPORT, CONN.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY LORENZO G. WOODHOUSE.

THE CRATER OF ETNA, AFTER THE ERUPTION OF 1892.

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES:

THE GREAT NATURAL CATACLYSMS.

BY JAMES FURMAN KEMP,
Professor of Geology in Columbia University.

THERE are various ways in which the forces of nature manifest themselves with such violence that, despite our precautions and engineering skill, they prove greatly destructive of life. Terrible storms at sea develop beyond the power of any vessel to resist; cyclones and tornadoes sweep across the land, leveling and uprooting everything in their path; avalanches and snow-slides pour down the mountain-side, laying it bare and burying the valleys: but no one of these possesses the mystery, causes the terror, or works the destruction of either volcanoes or earthquakes. The storms, the cyclones, and the avalanches deal with materials which are familiar things in our daily lives; they are manifestations in the extreme of forces which are constantly about us. Neither air nor water is ever wholly quiet, and smaller stones and boulders are constantly rolling down the mountains. But the dread earthquake shakes the very things that are our types of unchangeableness and solidity. It slips upon its victims without warning, and dies away they know not when or why. The volcano pours from its vent steam, dust, lava, and often mud, with almost inconceivable energy, and while it gives warning, it can be escaped only by precipitate flight. If, with all our modern knowledge of natural forces, and with the elimination of superstition, we cannot restrain feelings of mystery and terror, we may well realize to what degree these manifestations of power entered into even the religions of primitive peoples.

ANCIENT RECORDS OF EARTHQUAKES.

IN the ancient records of earthquakes we must not be surprised to find the supernatural element entering, nor to have the



WRECK OF CORNICE IN THE CHARLESTON EARTHQUAKE BY A SHOCK MOVING PARALLEL WITH THE SIDE WALLS.

descriptions of purely physical happenings accompanied by moral interpretations. This disposition is scarcely less active to-day. The negroes and probably even many of the more educated people of Martinique regard their calamities as sent by God in punishment for their moral delinquencies.

The first definitely recorded earthquake is the one which in large part occasioned the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. The date given in King James's edition of the Scriptures is about 1900 B.C., and the events are mentioned by profane as well as by sacred writers. Apparently, from the Mosaic account, volcanic phenomena were also manifested, but no known volcano lies nearer their sites than two hundred miles. It is possible that even earlier than this we have mention of earthquake tidal waves, in that the Assyrian account of the flood which swept up the valley of the Euphrates, and which was anticipated by one Hafiz-Adra, very much after the manner of Noah, can best be interpreted in this manner. As recorded upon the cuneiform inscriptions which have been dug up at Nineveh, Hafiz-Adra, who dwelt near the ancient city of Surippak, was warned by the God of the sea and the depths, through the agency of the hero Izdubar, to build for himself, his family, his goods and stock, and for living creatures in general, a ship in which they could escape the impending flood. Hafiz-Adra did so, and when the flood rushed in, he and his belongings were preserved. The episodes of the bird sent forth and of the rainbow appear in the Assyrian account as well as in the Mosaic. Probably Hafiz-Adra took warning from preliminary shocks and built himself an ark of safety, in which he escaped the sea-wave.

If the Deluge of Noah be placed at 2300–2400 B.C., a thousand years and more must have elapsed, according to the chronology generally given, before the earthquake shook Mount Sinai when Moses received the tables of the law; and before that other earthquake developed rents in the ground which swallowed up Korah, Dathan, and Abiram; and before a third threw down the walls of Jericho.

Earthquakes did not escape scientific study among the ancients. Aristotle, for example, endeavored to establish a classification on the basis of the nature of the movement, whether up or down or sidewise, whether the shocks were single or complex, etc. His explanations of causes, as well as those of other ancient writers, are of great interest, although, withal, a bit amusing in the light of later and fuller knowledge. But no people of discernment who lived in the Mediterranean basin could long be unmindful of the dynamics of geology.

CHRONOLOGICAL LISTS OF EARTHQUAKES.

FROM the ancient time to the present an unbroken series of shocks has been recorded by the historians, and from the complete records of later years it is seen that hardly a day passes without one somewhere over the world. Several scholarly and patient investigators have set themselves the task of arranging these in chronological sequence, and vast erudition has been employed to make the lists complete. Up to 1850 between six and seven thousand were listed, and as not less than one hundred per annum have been recorded since, the number must be twelve or fifteen thousand to-day. If we judge the incomplete records of the past by the fuller information of the last fifty years, we may multiply even this



WRECK OF CORNER IN THE CHARLESTON EARTHQUAKE BY A SHOCK MOVING ON THE DIAGONAL OF THE BUILDING.

total by a large factor, and we may gain some conception of the instability of what we, from the human standpoint, often regard as the eternal hills and the unchanging rocks.

THE CONNECTION OF EARTHQUAKES WITH VOLCANOES.

WHILE earthquakes accompany volcanic outbreaks, they likewise frequently appear in regions remote from any known crater. In 1886 Charleston, South Carolina, was severely shaken, and yet there is no active or even recently extinct cone within hundreds of miles of it. During the years from 1810 to 1813 the valley of the Mississippi near New Madrid, in southeastern Missouri, was repeatedly and violently agitated. A huge bulge from the banks and bed of the river was elevated twenty-five feet above its level and immediately in its path. For several hours the current of the Father of Waters at this point was turned back to the north, but in the end the river broke through and established its present course. To the east the land sank, and in Reelfoot Lake, from twelve to twenty miles from the river in this direction, the trees killed by the subsidence of their roots beneath the water still project above its surface.

We are therefore justified in concluding that causes may produce shocks which are not immediately connected with eruptions. In the study of the structural relations of the rocky formations of the globe one of the commonest experiences is to find strata which must have formed the sea-bottom, crumpled into folds, broken by great cracks with displacement of the sides, and disturbed from their original horizontal position in all manner of ways. These changes need not be accompanied by outbreaks of lava or any volcanic phenomena, and yet it is evident that their development must have sent vibrations and oscillations of great violence in every direction, and must have produced earthquakes at all periods of the earth's history. If in our mountains we now find the old sea-bottom, with its shells and corals, ten or fifteen thousand feet above the present level of the ocean, it is obvious that the elevation, even though very gradual, was a fruitful source of shocks.

EARTHQUAKES AT ANTIOCH.

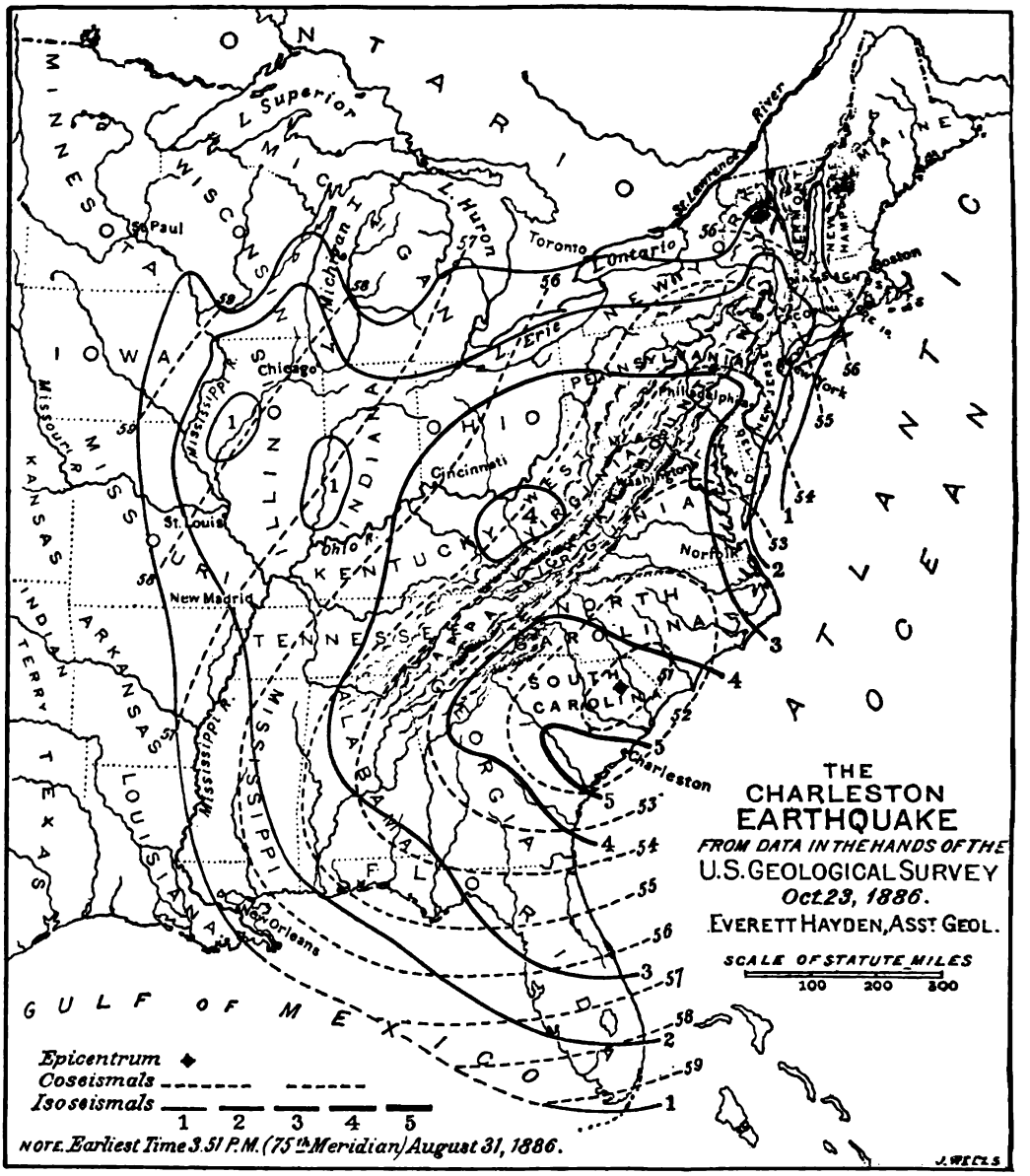
ANTIOCH in its day was the third city in importance in the world. Situated in northern Syria upon the river Orontes, it enjoyed a salubrious climate and reached a high state of civilization. The records are therefore quite complete. It was, however, located in a region that suffered severely from earthquakes, and its name has become inseparably associated with some of the most famous shocks. No volcano is within five hundred miles, and as the city is back from the coast, no sea-wave ever affected it. The first recorded shock took place in 148 B.C. Others in A.D. 37, 115–117, 341, 447, 458, 515, 526, 528, 579, 587, 712, 1092, and even in other years, are matters of historic record. As late as 1822 old-time experiences were repeated for the inhabitants. The most destructive and therefore famous earthquakes took place in 115–117, 341, 526, and 528. During the first of these Trajan and his army were in the city, three fourths of which was destroyed. Rivers changed their courses, terrible storms broke out, and the emperor himself was in great danger of his life. In 341 the shakings lasted a year and extended all over the Orient. In 526 six days of severe shocks were experienced, which destroyed, among other edifices, a famous Christian temple. There happened to be a great assemblage of Christians, estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand, in the city at the time, and the loss of life was very severe. The city was rebuilt, however, and for two and a half years remained unshaken. Then in November, 528, came a shock of several hours' duration, accompanied by outbreaks of water. The newly built houses fell in on their inhabitants, and five thousand people perished. Fifty years later the city was again wrecked, and before ten years had passed there came another shock with great loss of life.

Antioch presents a striking case of continued and violent shocks in an inland city, and while we have not detailed scientific records, its history places before us a significant story of the relations of mankind with one of the destructive phenomena of nature.

THE LISBON EARTHQUAKE.

THE most terrible of the earthquakes of which we have full records is the one that befell Lisbon in 1755. It also presents some interesting particulars not afforded by those at Antioch, because Lisbon is situated on a gradual slope near the coast and on a bay at the mouth of a river, conditions necessary for the production of a great sea-wave.

For five or six years before the shock came there were outbreaks of the volcanoes



of the Mediterranean, and earthquakes were felt throughout both southern and northern Europe, but they were not of such violence as to excite unusual attention. They did, however, increase in frequency in the early months of 1755. In Lisbon itself a slight shock was felt at midnight of October 31. At half-past nine, or a few minutes thereafter, on the morning of November 1, the advance-guard of the severe shocks came. There were three different ones in close succession. The forerunner of the three lasted but six seconds, and yet it sufficed to destroy nearly all the buildings of the city. The other two then came after very brief intervals. Before the walls of the buildings fell they vibrated from east to west. Some time after these first shocks the great sea-wave rolled in. It was probably started above the place where the shock came first to the upper world in the sea-bottom, but it traveled toward the land more slowly than the vibrations in the solid ground. There is some conflict of testimony among eye-witnesses as to the intervals and the times of the several happenings. One observer records that the wave rolled in coincidentally with the second great shock, and this is placed by another eye-witness at three hours later than the first. The second great

shock was less violent than the first, but it completed the destruction already begun. The great sea-wave brought ships upon its crest, and one Dutch vessel was stranded high and dry. A second wave, however, reached it, and rolling back, floated the vessel to the sea again without serious injury.

Just as the sea came on toward the land, a huge fissure must have opened along the water-front, because a fine marble dock, which had been completed just before this time, and which was crowded with seekers after safety, sank down and disappeared with its load. Many small boats were moored to it, and of no one of them did so much as a trace ever again reach the surface. The bottom of the bay must have engulfed them and closed over them. Subsequently, when soundings were made, 600 feet of water were found on the site of the quay. This catastrophe and the onrush of the waters were the chief causes of the loss of life.

In the parts of the city which escaped the water, fire either had broken out or shortly did so, and what escaped the shock and the waves was devoured by the flames. The once beautiful city, at the time one of the richest in Europe, became, as one of its citizens expressed it, nothing but a stone-quarry. The fatalities have been estimated from forty to sixty thousand.

In the neighborhood of Lisbon there were other changes in the surface besides the sinking of the quay. A depressed area that had been a swamp in summer and a lake in winter, with a considerable volume of water in it, became elevated, and was ever thereafter dry land. Elsewhere along the streams there were in some places manifest upheavals, and in others equally obvious depressions of the ground.

The destruction wrought by this great earthquake was not limited alone to Lisbon, but was especially developed to the south along the same meridian. Many other places felt it likewise. Dwellings were shaken down, and in a few localities fissures were opened in the ground. The meridian of Lisbon just misses Cape Vincent and strikes Africa at Mogador, on the northwest coast. Off the harbor of this city there was before the earthquake a reef of rocks with very shallow water, suitable only for small boats; but after the shock the reef had sunk so low that 120 feet of water stood above it and the largest ship of war could pass into the haven.

With an intensity that decreased to the east and the west, the earthquake was felt over a very wide area. The most westerly point was Madeira, over five hundred miles from the longitude of Lisbon and three hundred miles south of its latitude. To the east it was observed in Teplitz, Bohemia, to the north in Scotland and Norway, and to the south in Mogador, in Morocco. Differing estimates of the velocity with which it traveled to several points have been calculated. They vary from about 1000 to as high as 2400 feet per second; but the time-records are not so good, nor are the velocities so well established, as for the Charleston earthquake, which will next be described.

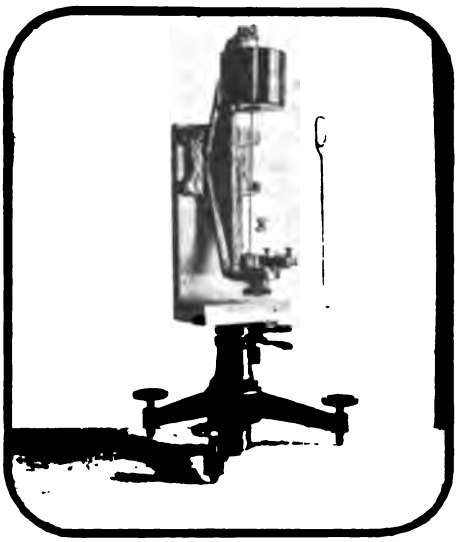
THE CHARLESTON EARTHQUAKE.

THE Charleston earthquake is the most important one which has happened within the historic period in America. It was extremely severe, and was felt over virtually all the country east of the Mississippi and south of the Great Lakes. It happened after standard time had been adopted, and therefore under conditions favorable to the fairly exact determination of time-intervals, which would give a clue to the rate of transmission. It was, moreover, promptly studied by good observers on the spot, and subsequently very carefully analyzed by Captain (now Major) Clarence E. Dutton, U. S. A., then attached to the United States Geological Survey. Of all the American shocks it has served best to illuminate the whole subject of earthquakes.

The main shocks, which began August 31, 1886, and continued through the next day, were preceded, on August 27 and 28, by some mild disturbances at Summerville, a suburb of Charleston, twenty-two miles northwest. No great attention was paid to them. In the evening of August 31, at about nine or ten minutes before ten, a very violent shock struck Charleston, and lasted, with two or three periods of maximum intensity, for from thirty-five to forty seconds. The most violent agitation came near the outset. Loud rumbling sounds accompanied the vibrations. Eight minutes later came a second shock of less violence, and then two more before midnight. Six others manifested themselves on September 1, respectively at 2, 4, and 8:30 A.M., and 1, 5, and 8 P.M. Then they stopped for good. Fortunately the number of fatalities was not great, as the city did not contain the great stone buildings of Lisbon, for example, and because no sea-wave rolled in upon the ruins; but the damage to real prop-

erty was estimated at from five to six millions of dollars. Few houses escaped greater or less injury. Of fourteen thousand chimneys, not one hundred survived intact.

Charleston is built upon a neck of land between the Ashley and Cooper rivers. It rests upon sands and soft deposits which extend to very considerable depths. They seem to have propagated the undulations of the earthquake in a form closely resembling small waves of water. Several reliable observers noted the advance of waves a foot high across the ground, and even the intersection of two sets proceeding at cross-courses, so as to create a sort of choppy sea. To some extent in the city itself and to a greater degree inland, fissures were opened of considerable length, and two feet or less across. Not a few craterlets or circular sink-holes also resulted.



A SEISMOGRAPH, CONSISTING OF A SHORT AND VERY HEAVY PENDULUM AND A RECORDING-NEEDLE.

The movements of the ground were exceedingly complex, but it is evident from the nature of the damage that sometimes an oscillation passed through a building parallel to the side walls. Then the cornice or the entire front wall, being unable to recover itself, fell with a crash. Again, if an oscillation went through a building on its diagonal, the far, upper corner would be cast down. Still again, if there was a large vertical component to the movement, or if the structure could not hold together during the agitation, the ruin became complete.

THE METHODS OF INVESTIGATION PURSUED AT CHARLESTON.

THE methods of investigation pursued at Charleston were those which have been developed by workers elsewhere, together with some modifications. An earthquake would seem at first thought a most elusive phenomenon, but yet by careful observation and record considerable definiteness can be established.

One of the first things to be determined is the exact time of the shock or shocks, in order that the rate of transmission to other points may be deduced. We need to know it within a limit of error of a few seconds, because, as we shall see, the shock travels with great speed. Several standardized clocks having second-hands were stopped by the shocks, and though their different records covered an interval of over forty seconds, yet when the directions whence the successive waves came were compared with the planes in which the pendulums of the clocks vibrated, it was seen that successive undulations had brought them to rest. After a careful analysis Captain Dutton concluded that from Charleston the shock spread at a rate of about three and one fourth miles per second. It took less than four minutes to reach New York.

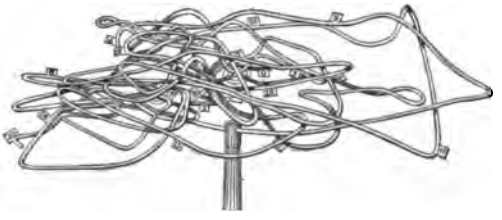
Another important point is to plot upon a map the concentric curves which indicate the places where the shock was felt at the same instants. These are called coseismic lines, and they close in around the place where the shock was first felt. Since, however, the time-intervals amount to but a few seconds, and since ordinary clocks differ from one another by minutes, great care is necessary in arriving at reliable results.

The observers also note at once and before repairs are begun the zones of different damage. To a certain degree their determination is a matter of judgment; but it soon results from careful study that a central area of total or very great ruin is established, which is surrounded by one somewhat less shattering, and so on to the outer limits of severe effects. These curves are called isoseismic curves, and they close in around the point, called the epicentrum, where the earthquake waves reached the upper world with greatest energy. Now, if the waves originated far down in the depths, as indeed they must, they would travel outward, if we consider the earth homogeneous, in concentric, spheroidal surfaces, and would first reach the exterior along the shortest path, which is the radius of the earth itself. It therefore follows that the place of origin,

technically called the centrum or focus, is vertically below the epicentrum. It remains to discover how far down the centrum is.

This problem is more difficult. Mr. Robert Mallet, a distinguished English investigator, first sought to determine the angle at which the undulations emerged from the ground along the various isoseismic curves. He examined the cracks in those walls which stood across the advance of the waves, and which often showed a concentric arrangement, suggestive of the radiating, spherical surface. If the angle of emergence could be determined, the wave path might be followed down to its intersection with the vertical below the epicentrum, and this would be the centrum itself. But the undulations were found to be so complex that no good angles could be determined. Mr. Mallet then tried another plan. He reasoned that the wave emerging at the epicentrum would cause a loose object to be projected vertically upward; but around the centrum, as its angle of emergence becomes flatter and flatter, it would cast things more and more horizontally. The farther it moves, however, the less power it has, so that there is an isoseismic curve along which the waves emerge at an angle a little less than 55°, where they are able to cast things farthest. If, then, by a study of the effects, we can locate this curve, a wave path, if followed back into the ground at 55°, would conduct to the centrum. This method, however, failed from the impossibility of deciding on the right isoseismic line.

Captain Dutton and Mr. Everett Hayden, by the mathematical treatment of the energy of the radiations, devised another method based on the relations of a particular isoseismic curve, where there is a sudden and necessary change from greater to less destruction, to the depth of the centrum below the epicentrum. The isoseismic curves indicated two epicentrums in the Charleston case, one at Woodstock, a town northwest of the city, and one at Rantowles, a station nearly due west. The calculations gave for the Woodstock centrum a depth of twelve miles, and for the Rantowles one of eight miles.



MODEL MADE BY PROFESSOR SEKIYA OF JAPAN, SHOWING, ON AN ENLARGED SCALE, THE MOVEMENT OF AN EARTH-PARTICLE AS RECORDED BY A SEISMOMETER.

DEVICES FOR AUTOMATIC RECORD.

EARTHQUAKES come suddenly, and people are apt to be so agitated as to be poor observers. They are also unable to determine the directions and intensities of the motions. Various instruments have therefore been invented to accomplish this. The simpler ones consist of a series of cylinders or blocks in rows at right angles to each other, which, having bases of different sizes, will be upset by shocks of different intensity, and by the direction of their fall in a bed of soft sand give a clue to the motion. Liquids, especially quicksilver, in basins with holes at various heights will wash up and down in particular directions, will spill through particular holes, and thus give indications. Pendulums may be set swinging in different planes, and so on; one may readily apprehend the scope of these devices.

In more serious attempts the great objects are to obtain, first, records of motion in three planes at right angles to one another; second, records of the intensity of the shock, and, third, of the exact time of beginning and closing. If one or more instruments can be constructed having a heavy weight so supported that it will remain relatively unmoved while recording-plates rub against its projecting pencils, and if it is connected with a clock by some electric or other attachment, all the main objects may be approximately obtained. These are the general principles of seismographs; and by heavy pendulums, by inverted pendulums, by brackets at right angles, and by ingenious recording-diagrams which themselves may move by clockwork, very good data have been secured. They all show that the movements of any particle in the earth are exceedingly complex and difficult to follow.

There was no automatic seismograph in eastern North America at the time of the Charleston shock, but since then a number have been established. Earthquakes have been specially studied in Japan and Italy. In the former country there is a seismological society, with proceedings which now fill several volumes.

THE CAUSES OF EARTHQUAKES.

THE causes of earthquakes are obscure and, beyond question, not always the same. If along a great plane of weakness in the earth's crust one side drops or rises, a shock will result at each movement. This is what is called faulting in geology, and its results are of wide distribution. If there is a collapse of unsupported, overlying rock, because underlying material has been removed in solution, as in the production of caves; in the movement of fused rock, as in the eruptions of lava; or artificially, as in mining—an earthquake results. If, again, steam in the interior bursts into a cavity at high pressure, there will result an explosion and shock. Finally, if a mass of molten rock is driven into a fissure, like a great wedge in a stick of timber, a series of violent shocks will ensue. All these are correct corollaries of the strains and consequent readjustments in the earth, and while geologists do their best with the data in hand to reach well-based conclusions, yet the difficulty of discovering just what caused the Charleston shocks, which originated eight and twelve miles below the surface, is apparent. Human knowledge, unfortunately, has its limitations.

VOLCANOES.

UNCIVILIZED man attaches a personality to all the forces of nature. His world is peopled with spirits which are either friendly or hostile to his interests, and he is ever on the alert to gain their favor or allay their enmity. We can but faintly imagine the hold which volcanoes must have had upon him in primitive times, or the terrible nature of the personalities which in savage lands he attributes to them to-day, the dread agents of life and death. Even among the earlier civilizations of which we have the best records the rôle which they played was scarcely different, and they gave rise to myths and legends of a most interesting character. No one of intelligence attributes a personality to them to-day, but as agents for the punishment of moral delinquencies they are unfortunately still regarded as instruments in the hands of the Deity.

Volcanoes were ever before the ancient peoples of the Mediterranean basin. The towering cone of Etna, 10,000 feet and more above the sea, loomed large before the mariners who coasted the shores of Sicily. To the north the Æolian Islands (now the Lipari group) possessed the cones of Vulcano and Stromboli. Still farther north rose Monte Somma, the old and apparently dead cone of Vesuvius; but in the Phlegræan Plain there was no lack of mild exhibitions of heat, and on the island of Ischia there was one active vent.

In the Grecian Archipelago, Santorin gave from time to time grand outbreaks. We may indeed wonder whether, had there been no volcanoes, and none of their attendant hot springs, caverns with mephitic gases, and sulphurous fumaroles, we should have ever inherited the conceptions of the "lower world," of the fiery pit with its burning brimstone, or of the doom of the lost; or whether we should possess to-day anything corresponding to the myths which describe the trips of heroes to the abodes of the dead, or should have the sixth book of the "Æneid," the "Divine Comedy," or a large part of the current speech of theology.

VESUVIUS.

VESUVIUS is much the most instructive of all the volcanoes. It stands in a region the historic records of which date far back, and we have a very complete catalogue of its outbreaks since 79 A.D. The geological structure of the region is well understood, and the details of the volcano have been worked out with almost microscopic care. It combines, moreover, the characters both of the cones built up of volcanic ash and of those composed of flows of lava.

Vesuvius is set upon the Campanian plain, in the angle between the main range of the Apennines and the southwesterly spur which they send off in the ridge of Monte San Angelo. Deep borings at Naples have revealed a foundation of cretaceous limestone, upon which rests a stratum of Eocene sandstone 150 feet thick. Next these are 700 feet of calcareous marine sands, with no sign of volcanic products. Then follow 600 feet of sands with marine shells and much volcanic ash, bringing us to the surface. Evidently Vesuvius began as a submarine vent, and having built up a deposit 600 feet thick by successive eruptions, in the intervals of which the mollusks flourished, it acquired a subaërial character and began to rear the old crater of Monte Somma. If we prolong the inner slopes of Somma until we reach the apex of the resulting inverted cone, we find it well down in the cretaceous limestone. Indeed not a few blocks of this limestone have been cast out of the vent, with their fossils still preserved in them. The

great ring of Monte Somma was built up before the historic period, and the activity then ceased to such an extent that the crater was covered over with vegetation. The ring consists of beds of pumice and tuff, bound together by sheets and dikes of lava.

In 63 A.D. a severe earthquake did much damage to the towns about the cone and



TOWN OF BOTTOM, ISLAND OF SABA (CARIBBEE ISLANDS), SITUATED IN AN OLD CRATER.

cast down many buildings in Pompeii. One happened to be a temple, the picture of which was then carved upon a tablet and preserved in the restored edifice. The picture and inscription have since been exhumed. The shocks and warnings seem to have continued in a mild way for sixteen years, until, in 79, came the great explosive outbreak which first cast a layer of fairly coarse pumice fragments and subsequently fine dust over Pompeii, burying the city from sight. The whole course of events was very much like that recently exhibited at St. Pierre. The eruptions in the Lesser Antilles, both from Mont Pelée and La Soufrière, began with mild explosive outbreaks and proceeded with those of greater and greater violence to the subsequent great catastrophes. Herculaneum was overwhelmed by a flow of mud, precisely as was the Guérin factory near St. Pierre, while Pompeii, lying farther south, received the fragmental pumice and dust, just as did St. Pierre. The accompanying picture of La Soufrière during the eruption of 1812 vividly suggests the Pompeiian outbreak in many of its essentials.

The Pompeiian eruption is believed to have blown out the seaward portion of the ring of Monte Somma and to have begun the erection of the present dome-like mountain, which rises in the gap. Between its bottom and the inner base of Monte Somma is a

deep annular valley. Vesuvius itself consists of a double mountain; that is, there is the dome-like main elevation, and upon its top usually a smaller cone which has been built up by recent ejectamenta. When a great eruption breaks out, the small cone and more or less of the large one are blown off. Rents may then pierce through the mountain and furnish vents for the outflow of lava; or else, if much fluid lava is not afforded, fragmental materials are the principal product of the subterranean forces. In recent times mild explosions have been almost constant. We may therefore say of Vesuvius that its lavas well up through a conduit in some 2000 feet or more of known rocks, but as to the depth where lies the great parent reservoir we do not know.

MONTE NUOVO AND OTHER EPHEMERAL CONES.

DURING the years 1536 to 1538 the region north of Naples and on the other side of the city from Vesuvius suffered severely from earthquakes. On the 28th of September, 1538, the shore was elevated so as to add 600 feet to the land, the sea retiring. Back from the old shore a depression was formed which became, on the 29th, the scene of fragmental eruptions. They were more pronounced on the 30th, and in a total activity of three days they sufficed to build up a cone a mile and a half in circumference and 440 feet high. The eruptive forces then subsided and have not been active since. The result is simply a crater-like ring, with a hollow interior 419 feet deep. One can easily climb the edge and descend to its floor. At present both outer and inner slopes are overgrown with vegetation, precisely like any waste place. The new mountain has been appropriately named Monte Nuovo.

Another similar case is Jorullo, in the state of Michoacan, Mexico, a cone that has become famous through the description left by Humboldt. In the night of September 28–29, 1759, and many miles from any other active vent, a fragmental eruption suddenly broke out. In the morning the inhabitants found one large and five smaller cones arranged apparently along the same great crevice.

There are innumerable cases in our Western States of little cones which have been constructed by explosive eruptions, and which have then been breached by a lava flow.

Not infrequently similar short outbreaks appear beneath the sea, and serve to build up temporary cones which have a brief life and then are washed away by the waves. For example, a submarine vent became active in 1831 between Sicily and Africa, and constructed a tuff cone from the bottom, 800 feet to the surface and 200 feet into the air. It is generally called Graham's Island, but it had another name as well, because a strife broke out between rival discoverers for the honor of christening it. After no great time the waves cut it down to a shoal, and effectually settled a case that otherwise might have needed international arbitration.

KRAKATUA.

THE most impressive instance of an explosive volcano among all that have been in action within the historic period is Krakatua, and although it is or was situated at the opposite side of the earth from Europe and America, both these continents had opportunities of experiencing its effects. Before the outbreak the island of Krakatua was a wrecked crater forming an imperfect ring in the Sunda Strait, between Sumatra on the north and Java on the south, and therefore under Dutch jurisdiction. Virtually no one lived upon it, but its volcanic nature had been long recognized. Indeed, in 1860 it was active and with no small violence, but by November, 1861, it had quieted. There were three visible extinct vents before the catastrophe of 1883. On the 20th of May of this year their activity was first noted. A passing war-vessel made observations upon the height of a cloud of vapor which had mounted into the air. By instrumental survey it was proved to be nearly 35,000 feet in altitude, a fact which bore witness to the enormous tension of the imprisoned gases at the time of the outbreak. The phenomenon excited so much interest that an excursion was organized from Batavia, and its participants climbed to the edge of the crater in order to view the rush of vapor into the atmosphere. They little realized what imprisoned forces were beneath them.

With varying but, on the whole, increasing violence, the volcano went on its way until, toward the end of August, the explosions became terrific. The number of vents increased, and much anxiety was felt on the neighboring islands. On the 26th of August Krakatua contained somewhat over twelve square miles. At 10 A.M., on the 27th, the great explosion came, and when it was over only four and one fourth square miles remained. The old mountain and probably



VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION.

much new lava were blown to a dust the coarser particles of which fell near the vent, but the finer ones were carried by high currents in the atmosphere quite around the globe. Many persons will recall the red sunsets which the dust caused in Europe and America.

During the principal outbreaks the usual thick darkness ensued, because the cloud of volcanic ash in the atmosphere shut out the sun. Through the pall, flashes of lightning played vividly, being produced by the electrical disturbances engendered in the atmosphere. The bursting of the vapors through the overlying sea developed enormous waves which are said to have been from 90 to 100 feet high. They dashed on the neighboring islands and caused great loss of life. The fatalities from the entire eruption were estimated by the Dutch officials at forty thousand, a total which surpasses the recent catastrophes in the Lesser Antilles, but which can scarcely have been based on such accurate knowledge. The noise of the grand explosion was heard on the island of Rodriguez, three thousand miles westward across the Indian Ocean. Barometrical disturbances were recorded in Berlin after an elapsed time of only ten hours.

To-day, at Krakatua, a few reefs and half of an old cone stand in an excavated tract about four miles across, and now filled with the sea.

The ancient cone was built upon a foundation of Tertiary strata, and at least three eruptive periods can be identified before the grand catastrophe. They each yielded different lavas. Krakatua thus presents a combi-



THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS IN MILD ERUPTION.

nation of lava flows and explosive outbreaks, one of which virtually destroyed the old crater.

THE HAWAIIAN VOLCANOES.

THE Hawaiian Islands are entirely formed of volcanic rock, except for a few raised sea-beaches into which the hard parts of shell-fish and other organisms enter. They number twelve in all, but of these four are small, barren, and uninhabited. Of the remaining eight, one, Hawaii itself, with three thousand nine hundred and fifty square miles, contains about two thirds the total area of six thousand and forty square miles in the group. The highest peak is Mauna Kea, 13,805 feet, with Mauna Loa, an active volcano, a close second at 13,675. Both these great mountains are on Hawaii, at the southeastern end of the chain of islands. If the general slope of the mountains is prolonged beneath the sea-level, it leads gradually downward, without essential variation from the land-slopes, until the normal bottom of the Pacific is reached at from 14,000 to 19,000 feet in depth. There is thus every reason to think that the islands have been built up by volcanic action from the abysses of the ocean, and that they constitute a stately pile of lava some 30,000 feet in height. If the slopes are plotted in a true scale, they are found to range from 1 vertical in 10 horizontal to 1 vertical in 14.3 horizontal. These ratios correspond to angles of from 4° to 5¾°, and it is evident that the rise is extremely gradual.

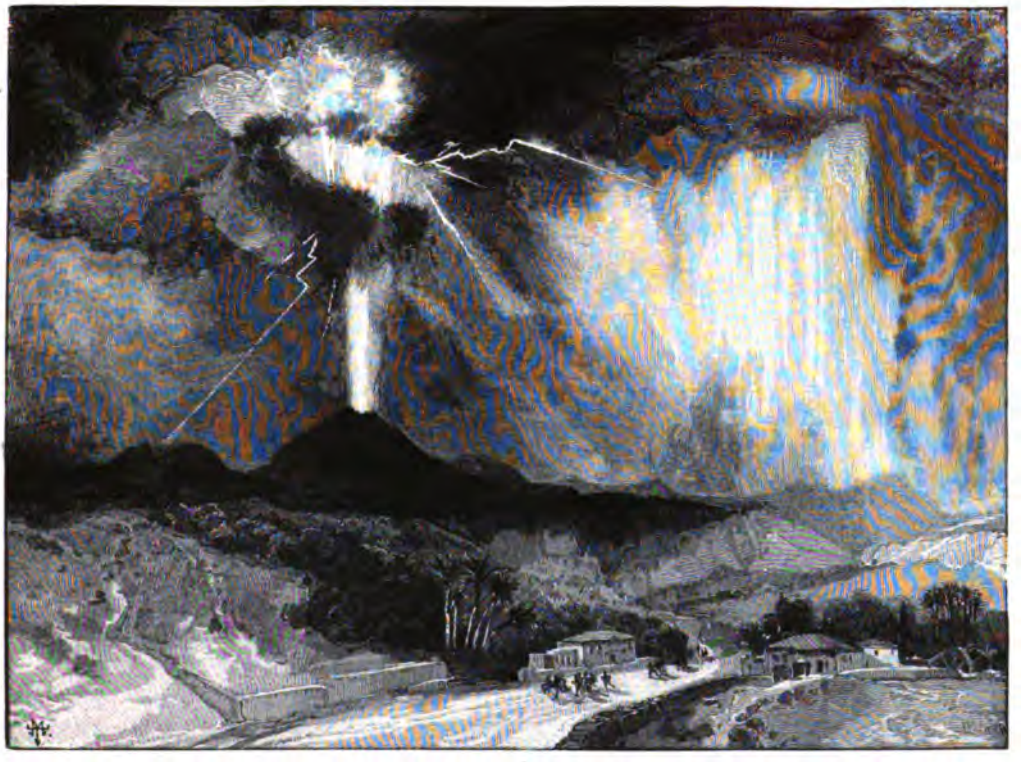
This character coincides with the nature of the cones. They are very different from any thus far described in this article. The others consist largely of loose materials which have been blown out of comparatively small vents and which have built up their cones at the angle of repose for loose materials; but the Hawaiian cones are piles of huge clots and lava flows with comparatively little or almost no fragmental beds. The other volcanoes thus far referred to have yielded, as a rule, silicious and ropy or viscous lavas, good material to confine steam until it bursts with explosive violence. The Hawaiian lavas are almost exclusively basalt; they are therefore more fusible, more fluid when fused, and less adapted to yield tuffs. While there is no lack of emitted steam during eruptions, and while clots of lava are blown high in the air, yet the principal product of the vents is a great liquid tide which breaks through some rent in the side of the crater or lower down the mountain, and which may flow nearly fifty miles.

The craters, moreover, are different. Instead of a comparatively narrow throat, from



CHILLED LAVA FLOW AT VESUVIUS.

which, as from a safety-valve, the escaping steam roars hoarsely into the air, we find great pools or lakes of molten rock, upon the surface of which sheets of congealed lava form and disappear like evanescent ice on water, or which are surging and boiling as the vapors rise from the depths and float away in the air. The height at which the lava stands



ERUPTION IN 1812 OF LA SOUFRIÈRE, ISLAND OF ST. VINCENT.

varies from time to time. It has been observed with differences of 500 feet or more in the same crater.

There are two craters which have been active in recent years. One, Mauna Loa, with its great altitude of 13,675 feet, is not easily reached; the other, Kilauea, on the flanks of Mauna Loa, is only 4000 feet above the sea, and is the one most frequently visited. Its relations with Mauna Loa present one of the most significant of volcanic phenomena. It would seem that, since these two vents are on the same island and but little more than twenty-five miles apart, they must draw their supplies of molten rock from distinct and separate reservoirs, else the lower vent would tap off the upper.

While the remaining islands of the Hawaiian group are all volcanic, yet they do not possess cones which have been active in the historic period. They remain as the evidence of former outbreaks the accumulations of which have been carved by waters into many interesting land-forms.

THE SHIFTING OF VOLCANIC ACTION.

FEW portions of the world have entirely escaped the effects of volcanic action or its closely related manifestations. In some the cones, though now cold and dead, yet look as sharp and clear as if their eruptions were a thing of yesterday. In some the work of air and water has so dissected and laid bare their inmost structure that it is from the dead we learn most of the living. Of still others only the stumps, the once deep-seated portions, are now visible. Craters, lava sheets, and dikes have long since been washed as sand and clay into the sea.

Before the advent of life upon the earth, so far as we can judge from the remains, a great belt of volcanoes ran along the Atlantic from Newfoundland to North Carolina. The summer visitor at Mount Desert may not always know that underfoot are ancient beds of volcanic ash and pumice not so very different, except that they are tightly cemented together, from those which have

lately destroyed St. Pierre; nor may the guest at the South Mountain of Pennsylvania, as he looks across the beautiful and fertile Cumberland valley, realize that the hills about him are old-time lavas. Even such unlikely places as central Kentucky and central New York are not entirely without their dikes of eruptive rock, while the region about Lake Superior must have been



VOLCANO FORMED ON SEÑOR JORULLO'S PLANTATION, MEXICO, IN 1759.

once a scene of enormous volcanic activity. Many thousands of feet of old lava flows are piled one on the other in the copper district, and many square miles of ash beds and sheets are in the Marquette iron range.

The same relations hold good abroad. Iceland seems to be the expiring outlier of a huge volcanic belt now extinct in the Scottish Isles. The Auvergne in France has been the delight of the geologist since the science began. Among its cones, so beautifully preserved, one may almost say geology had its birth. The Rhine valley, Bohemia, and Hungary teem with evidences of the work of the interior forces of the earth, and if we pass to Asia and Australia their striking exhibitions are no less pronounced.

THE CAUSES OF VOLCANOES.

THE great fundamental proposition upon which the explanations of volcanoes rest is that the earth grows hotter from the surface toward the center. The rate varies, so far as reliable data indicate, from 50 to over 100 feet for a degree Fahrenheit. The former, which is nearer the average than the latter, would mean about 100° in the mile. The radius of the earth is nearly four thousand miles. Less than one per cent. of this would mean from 2000° to 4000°. Ordinary lavas fuse at temperatures of from 2200° to 2500° F., and one might easily infer, as did the early geologists, that the earth was probably molten below twenty-five or thirty miles.

Many objections to this conception, however, arose as it was carefully considered. The earth is a huge, rapidly rotating, spheroidal mass, subject to the attractions of the neighboring heavenly bodies. Yet the mathematicians have shown that it resists these strains as if it were as rigid as the best steel. A great mobile, fluid interior is an impossibility. Again, we readily apprehend on reflection that the outer portions of the earth rest upon the inner portions and are supported by them. If so flat an arch as is any conceivable section of the earth is submitted to mathematical analysis, it at once appears that even were its resisting powers many times those of the best steel, and many more times those of the best rock, the arch would collapse. These outer shells



AFTER A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN JOSEPH T. CONANT.

THE ISLAND "ATHWART THE WAY" BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE WAVE.

crush down upon the inner portions with almost inconceivable pressure. At six miles the minutest cavities are welded together, for the pressure is eighteen tons to the square inch. Now, pressure makes it more difficult for things to melt; in other words, it raises the fusing-point. A lava which would melt at 2200° on the surface requires a much higher temperature at the pressures prevailing at twenty-five miles. We do not know the exact increment, because these conditions are beyond experiment; but we believe that pressure increases so rapidly that fusion on a grand scale becomes an impossibility, and the earth is virtually a solid body.

Yet solids under overmastering pressure develop in themselves a viscous flow. Professor Frank D. Adams of Montreal has compressed tightly confined cylinders of Carrara marble to disks without destroying their cohesion in the least. Therefore the rock in the interior might stand at a temperature far above its normal fusing-point; it might, though solid, yet be able to develop a viscous flow toward a point of diminished pressure; it might, if at this point it could turn upward and proceed toward the surface, pass into the molten state as the pressure diminished.

One other preliminary conception, and the explanation of volcanoes is before us. The earth is a shrinking body. The ridges of the mountains, with their bent and folded strata, prove this; but whether the earth shrinks because it loses heat and contracts, or whether, from the drag of the lagging tides and trade-winds, its speed of rotation is diminishing and the consequent loss of energy leads it to change toward a sphere from its present shape of a somewhat flattened spheroid, or whether from some cause as yet unknown, we cannot say. The fact of contraction is nevertheless insistent.

Now let us assume that because of contraction a vast crack forms, and the sides, while still resting on the underlying rock, draw apart. Suppose the crack suddenly



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SIX ISLETS FORMED FROM THE ISLAND "ATHWART THE WAY."



KRAKATUA IN ERUPTION.

extends to the depths, and with viscous flow the solid rocks, urged on by the crushing pressure of the sides, ooze into it, move upward, melt with diminishing pressure, and yield fluid, quickly moving lava.

One other consideration now becomes of great importance. All experience with lavas and volcanoes convinces us that the molten rock is surcharged with gases and vapors of which water or its dissociated hydrogen and oxygen are chief. It is necessary to speak of water as dissociated because its critical temperature, or the temperature at which it is rent apart into oxygen and hydrogen, is well below the melting-point of rocks. In the depths of the earth the gases are kept confined by the pressure; but as the lava rises, they burst into the gaseous condition, and they are not only explosive, but combustible, and may yield actual flames. By just so much they lower the specific gravity of the rising column and ease the task of the lower-lying rock, the onward march of which elevates the lava to the surface. As the column reaches the upper world the gases burst with explosive violence and drive the shattered rock, it may be, as at Krakatua, to the four quarters of the world. That the vapors also drive the lava upward, or even that they are a more potent elevatory force than gravity itself, is believed by many, and the thesis has much in its favor. Some have thought, especially in earlier days, that sea-water percolated downward and became involved in the molten rock so as to furnish the gases, but the preponderance of opinion is against it to-day, because of the difficulty of understanding how water could advance toward and into the heated rock instead of being driven the other way.



MOUNT BOGOSLOF, ALEUTIAN ISLANDS, ALASKA.

While lavas may and probably do reach the surface in the way outlined, yet it seems true that great bodies of them must stand in the fluid condition near the surface for long periods of

time. We find, for example, that the same vent in a long course of eruptions yields different kinds of lava: first a medium grade of moderate specific gravity, next successively lighter kinds, until in its expiring gasps a dense, heavy variety closes the series. It is exactly as if a vast, complex, molten mass that stood fluid in an internal reservoir broke up into a lighter portion which floated on the top and was first tapped off, and a heavier portion which at the end came forth as the dregs and settlings.



HALE MAU-MAU (THE LAKE OF FIRE), VOLCANO OF KILAUEA, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

CONCLUSION.

No phenomena deserve the descriptive title of "The Great Natural Cataclysms" so well as earthquakes and volcanoes. Instead of attaining results by slow and gradual processes, they burst suddenly into action, labor with more than herculean effort, and subside. In a few seconds, by the former, continental masses may be moved, vast sections of the earth may rise or fall, fissures may open, and land and sea may change places. In a few hours, by the latter, floods of molten rock as large as single mountains may be poured from the depths and spread out on the surface; clouds of fine material may float away for hundreds of miles, while fire and heat hold undisputed sway. They are in direct contrast with the ordinary course of nature.

And through the mind of him who contemplates them a not unbeneficial humbleness must penetrate, for he is face to face with forces beside which the best efforts of his kind seem puny.



The Last Days of St Pierre.

I. A GRAPHIC RECORD OF THE MARTINIQUE DISASTER.

BEING A LETTER WRITTEN BY THE VICAR-GENERAL OF THE ISLAND IN THE FORM OF A JOURNAL (MAY 2-21, 1902) TO THE ABSENT BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE.

AT the very beginning of the disturbances on Mont Pelée which resulted in the destruction of St. Pierre on May 8, the Bishop of Martinique, Monseigneur de Cormont, was in Paris. The historic letter which follows was written to him in French by the Very Rev. G. Parel, Vicar-General and Administrator (i.e., Acting Bishop) of the Diocese of Martinique, by whom a copy of it was given to the Rev. Joseph F. MacGrail, U. S. N., chaplain of the *Dixie*, in response to a request for information concerning the disaster, during that vessel's visit of relief to Fort-de-France in the latter part of May. It is perhaps not too much to say of this narrative that it is indispensable to the history of the events of those terrible days. It recalls the less detailed account by the younger Pliny of the great eruption of Vesuvius (reprinted in this number). Rather, it suggests the record the elder Pliny might have made, had he survived that catastrophe. One is at a loss which to admire the more, the specific clarity of its testimony on many important points, or the touching sympathy and lofty courage which pervade it. As a contribution to the melancholy record it has unique and lasting interest and value. The translation is by Miss Aline Gorren.—EDITOR.

FORT-DE-FRANCE, May, 1902.

MONSEIGNEUR: A catastrophe such as that which has befallen us was never before heard of. It has no parallel in history. Yet, in the midst of our great dismay and the confusion that surrounds us, I should like to give you a brief account of events as they have happened and are happening day by day.

You are familiar with the configuration of Mont Pelée (4428 feet). You know that it dominates the entire northern part of the island, and that it is the starting-point of numerous narrow valleys and of many torrents, here somewhat inaccurately called rivers. These valleys and rivers stretch out in every direction from St. Pierre to Grande Anse. The highest peak of the mountain is Morne Lacroix, which can be seen distinctly from St. Pierre on clear days, and at the foot of which lies the ancient crater that is known as Étang Sec, the "dry pond," in contrast to the lake situated on the opposite slope of the same peak, the waters of which are always high.

Friday, April 25. On the morning of April 25, although the weather was very clear, the summit of the mountain wore a splendid cap of white vapors. I was able to enjoy this spectacle (I had been at St. Pierre since the night before) in taking the half-past-six-o'clock boat to return home. When I reached Fort-de-France the despatches had already announced a volcanic eruption. Every one was deeply interested, and excursionists set out immediately for the crater, quiescent for centuries, except that, in 1851, it had thrown out a harmless shower of cinders, which had fallen upon St. Pierre overnight. The fathers of the college were not the last to reach the mountain. From the summit of Morne Lacroix they could discern that Étang Sec, which has the shape of an immense basin inclined toward St. Pierre, was filling up with boiling water that gave out a strong smell of sulphur.

Friday, May 2. Eight days later the nature of the eruption had changed. The volcano now emitted cinders instead of vapor. At six o'clock in the evening I received from the parish priest of Le Prêcheur the following despatch:

Serious volcanic eruption. Since morning we have been under ashes. We ask your prayers.

At half-past eleven o'clock that night St. Pierre was awakened by the noise of terrifying detonations, and beheld one of the most stupendous of natural spectacles—a volcano in full eruption, sending forth an enormous column of black smoke, which rose into the sky, jagged through by flashes of lightning and accompanied by formidable explosions. A few moments later a shower of cinders descended on the town, extending, though with less density, as far as Fort-de-France and over the entire island.

May 3. When it awoke Saturday morning the whole colony saw cinders scattered everywhere, even in the interior of the houses. Another despatch, more alarming than that of the night before, having come to me from Le Prêcheur, I left at eight o'clock for St. Pierre, which I found covered with cinders, as if a grayish snow had fallen. The black smoke of the volcano ascended in opaque clouds. Every six hours its cannonading redoubled in intensity. Under a rain of cinders from which came the same strong sulphurous smell, I visited Ste. Philomène, Le Prêcheur, and Morne Rouge, towns nearest the volcano. These three places were filled with people from the country fleeing from the hills to the coast. The churches, which had been thrown open all night, were never emptied of their congregations. The parish priests did not cease baptizing, hearing confessions, and sustaining the courage of their distracted flocks. I did what I could to reassure the people. In returning from Le Prêcheur I was enveloped in a cloud of cinders so thick that the darkness fell like night. During the afternoon, in the midst of a ceremony at the cathedral, there was a terrible panic. The people, with outstretched arms, besought of the preacher the general absolution. All the priests of the city passed that night once more in the confessional. The college, the Lycée, the *pensionnat* [boarding-school], all were closed.

May 4. On that day, the wind having changed, the shower of cinders took a northerly direction and fell at Ajoupa-Bouillon, Basse-Pointe, Macouba, and Grande Rivière; and St. Pierre breathed more freely.

May 5. Since the morning Rivière Blanche, so called because of the milky iridescence of its waters, and which for some days had been swelling to disquieting proportions, although there had been no rain, had assumed suddenly the aspect of a menacing and muddy torrent, the violence of which attracted the curious. At the same time a moving column of vapor was seen in the high valley that extends from the crater. Some said that a new crater was forming, but this proved not to be the case. It was an avalanche of black and smoking mud, ejected by the crater, and swollen by successive discharges, until it became a rolling mountain, though still an invisible one, while it was breaking its way through the deep gorge. The moment it approached the delta where the Guérin factory stood, its presence was betrayed by the ascending vapors and by a great noise. The few persons who witnessed the sight quickly raised the cry: "Run for your life!" Too late. In the twinkling of an eye the works, the villas of the owners, the houses of the workmen, were engulfed. The avalanche spread its incandescent mud, several meters deep, over an area several hundred meters in extent, and even to the small hills near by. M. Guérin *fils*, his wife, M. du Quesne, the head overseer, and twenty-five employees or domestics, were buried under the mass. Nothing but the smoke-stack of the works, a little bent to one side, remains to tell the tale of the disaster. This was about noon.

At the same time, in the roadstead of St. Pierre, the sea withdrew, as if af-

frighted. The steamboat *Girard* of the Fort-de-France service was left on the bottom by the receding water; then suddenly the sea returned in a tidal wave that swept the Place Bertin and the first streets beyond, and spread terror throughout the city, so that the people began to flee to the hills. Twenty minutes later all was calm again.

When news of this reached Fort-de-France the governor immediately called the *Suchet* [the French cruiser] into service to take him to the scene of the disaster. I requested permission to join him, but my request was politely refused, as it was feared that my presence might increase the panic.

May 6. I was therefore not able to leave until the following morning by the ordinary eight-o'clock boat. Accompanied by Abbé Le Breton, I went to Rivière Blanche. It was a roaring torrent, rolling rocks, tree-trunks, and smoking mud onward in its crashing course. With its streaming line of smoke it resembled a locomotive rushing headlong into the sea.

I could see the sides of the crater covered with rocks and mud, and dug into vertical grooves by the waters pouring out from its mouth. Two peaks which seemed to frame the crater formed for it an advanced valley, and into this the waters gathered, then precipitated themselves in zigzags into the foaming torrent that passed before us.

May 7. At four o'clock in the morning I was awakened in my room at the Séminaire-Collège by loud detonations, and I beheld a display of lightning comparable only to some stupendous exhibition of fireworks. Sometimes it was a fiery crescent seeming to glide over the surface of the crater, sometimes perpendicular gashes of light rent the column of smoke, sometimes a fringe of fire encircled the dense coils rolling above the furnace of the crater. Two red craters, like fire-filled caldrons or blast-furnaces, were visible during half an hour, one, that at the right, a little higher than the other.

I could distinguish clearly four kinds of sounds: first, the claps of thunder following about twenty seconds after the lightning; then the muffled, powerful explosions of the volcano, like the firing of many cannon together; third, the continual rumbling of the crater, which has been likened, in the city, to the roaring of a lion; and finally, as the bass note of this sinister harmony, the mighty noise of overflowing waters, produced by the rising, beyond anything that has ever been known, of all the torrents issuing from the mountain. This enormous rising of thirty streams at once, without a drop of rain having fallen near the coast, gives an idea of the cataracts that must pour down upon the summit from the storm-clouds attracted by the crater.

When daylight broke over the roadstead of St. Pierre there was one great cry of stupefaction: it was completely covered, as far as the eye could see, with little floating islands—the wreckage of field and forest, trunks of gigantic trees, pumice-stones, flotsam and jetsam of all sorts, carried down by the streams. The mouths of the rivers, gnawed away by the impetuous rush of the waters, disappeared in the sea, and all those black and turbid torrents, mixing with the sea's waves, tinged them for a space with a little yellowish line, which ceased abruptly, as though each torrent had been drifting molten lead. Everything on this fateful eve was extraordinary.

I had taken with me Père Ackermann and Père Fuzier, and in a rowboat we made our way, not without danger, through the wreckage of the roadstead toward Ste. Philomène and Prêcheur. All the bridge crossings of the road that skirts the shore had been carried away. I brought the parish priests of both places, together with my encouragement, some material aid for their unfortunate people. I found them both, harassed with fatigue and sleepless nights, always in their churches, preparing their people as for a great sacrifice, yet full of zest and courage, and faithful to their post even in the jaws of the volcano. Half of the inhabitants had taken refuge at St. Pierre, where the barracks and schools had been thrown open to them by order of the governor.

As for me, I resisted the urgent wish expressed that I should remain, thinking it to be my duty to be at home for the Ascension, and I left St. Pierre by the half-past-two-o'clock boat, with a promise that I would return the following evening, or, at latest, Friday morning. The boat was crowded with fugitives from St. Pierre. I stepped out of the rowboat that had brought me from Le Prêcheur just in time to go on board.

Was it my good angel protecting me? Or, rather, would it not have been better for me not to survive, but to die?

THURSDAY, MAY 8. THE ASCENSION. This date should be written in blood!

Toward four o'clock in the morning a violent thunder-storm, with torrents of rain, broke over Fort-de-France. Toward eight o'clock the horizon in the north, in the di-

rection of the volcano, was as black as ink. The clouds were moving rapidly toward the northwest. The sky was darkening more and more, when suddenly I heard something like hail falling on the roofs and the leaves of the trees. A great noise rose from the city. In church, where the eight-o'clock mass was in progress, a terrible panic seized the congregation, and the priest was left standing alone.

Night had descended on us, and the crash of thunder was continuous. The sea retreated three times for a distance of several hundred meters. The boat which was putting out for St. Pierre turned back.

I stepped out on my balcony to take in the situation, and immediately it was covered with a hail of stones and still hot cinders. People stood petrified on their door-steps. Others ran wildly here and there through the streets. All this lasted for about a quarter of an hour—a quarter of an hour of terror.

But what was happening at St. Pierre? No one dared to think. Telephonic communication had been cut off abruptly in the middle of a word. Some persons asserted that they had seen, above the tops of the mountains separating us from St. Pierre, a column of fire rising into the sky and spreading outward toward all points of the horizon. Boundless anxiety seized upon us all. At eleven o'clock the *Marin* set out to reconnoiter. It witnessed a sight appalling beyond imagination. St. Pierre was nothing but one vast brazier! When the truth, like the funeral knell of Martinique, reached us at about one o'clock, a cry of horror went up not to be described. I will not try to give a picture of such scenes. To write of them would take the pen of Dante and the accents of Jeremiah.

I learn that a boat is to be sent out to rescue the wounded. I am fortunate enough to obtain a place in it, together with one of my vicars. The police and gendarmes cannot keep back the crowd struggling to make its way on board. The expedition is composed of the public prosecutor of the republic, an officer, and a platoon of marines. People refuse to believe in the reality of so horrible a disaster. They cling to every hypothesis that may still make hope possible. We say to ourselves that, at least, a great part of the population must have had time to flee!

When, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, we turn the last promontory that separates us from what was once the magnificent panorama of St. Pierre, the first sight that strikes our eyes, at the farther end of the roadstead, is Rivière Blanche, with its stream of smoke, throwing itself furiously, as the day before, into the sea. Then, a little farther out, a large steamer [the *Roraima*] in flames. We hear that it is an American packet, just arrived that morning, in time to be enveloped in the catastrophe. Two other steamboats are burning nearer the shore. Wreckage and the upturned keels of boats strew the roadstead. And this is all that is left of the thirty or forty ships anchored here the day previous. All along the quays, for a distance of two hundred meters, piles of lumber are burning. There are smaller fires on the hills about the city, visible, through the smoke, as far as Fonds Coré. But St. Pierre, that city this morning alive, full of human souls, is no more! It lies consumed before us, in its winding-sheet of smoke and cinders, silent and desolate, a city of the dead. We strain our eyes for fleeing inhabitants, for men returning to bury their lost ones. We see no one! There is no living being left in this desert of desolation, framed in a terrifying solitude. In the background, when the cloud of smoke and cinders breaks away, the mountain and its slopes, once so green, stand forth like an Alpine landscape. They look as if they were covered with a heavy cloak of snow, and through the thickened atmosphere rays of pale sunshine, wan, and unknown to our latitudes, illumine this scene with a light that seems to belong to the other side of the grave.

With what profound emotion I raise my hand over these thirty-five thousand victims sleeping, in their dread tomb, their last sleep!

Beloved and unfortunate beings, old men, women, children, young girls, fallen so tragically, we weep over you, we the unhappy survivors of this desolation, while you, purified by the peculiar virtue and the exceptional merits of the horrible sacrifice, have arisen, on this triumphal day of your Lord, to triumph with him, and to receive from his own hand the crown of glory! It is in this hope that we seek the strength to survive you.

In the face of this desert the company of soldiers sent out for the rescue could have nothing to do. We returned, utterly cast down, to Carbet. There new emotions, indescribable scenes, awaited us. In one house fifteen dead bodies lay heaped in a mass. Elsewhere were dying men shockingly burned.

Women and young girls, scarcely clothed, their flesh tumefied and falling to pieces, were taken on board, and expired almost in the same moment. Fathers are weeping for their children, wives weeping for their husbands. Many are coming in from the country, still ignorant of the terrible truth. One would seek to keep it from them, but they divine it. The cries tear one's soul. Some there are who have lost their reason. The embarkation goes on for four hours. The *Suchet* and the *Pouyer-Quertier* come to our assistance. We get into Fort-de-France at ten o'clock at night.

It is time to explain to ourselves how the frightful catastrophe took place. That is not so easy as it would seem; in the first place, because none struck by the scourge has lived to tell of it, and, secondly, because those who were saved by finding themselves on its confines do not entirely agree in their descriptions, having been doubtless too profoundly agitated by the sights they witnessed. This, however, is what I have gathered as being certain:

The rumbling of the volcano had become more alarming, and the ejections of cinders blacker and denser, since that morning —May 8. The people all about the mountain, and in the city, which was in its festival dress, were growing momentarily more and more anxious. Suddenly, at ten minutes before eight o'clock,—as shown by the hospital clock, which stopped precisely at that instant, and which alone has remained providentially standing above the ruins, as if to mark through all history the second at which the justice of God had struck,—a tremendous detonation shook the whole colony, and an enormous mass was seen to mount with vertiginous rapidity straight into the air from the mouth of the crater. The black spirals of the column, shot through with electrical discharges, unfolded, rolled off into space, and, driven by an invisible power, went afar, to throw off the incandescent matter contained in their flanks. A spout-like column of flame meanwhile had abruptly disengaged itself from these great masses, and had burst over St. Pierre like a hurricane, enveloping city, roadstead, suburbs, in one dreadful net. It extended from the promontory of Carbet to the Morne Folic, near Le Prêcheur, describing in the country round about the city a regular curve of from two to three kilometers. Nothing could convey an impression of the atmospheric disturbance produced by this fiery hurricane. What did it contain? Matter in fusion? Burning gases or vapors? All these things together? God knows. "Everything went down before it," said to me a witness who was in a good position to see; "everything went down, and everything caught fire." Deep night spread over the land, but it was immediately illumined by the flames of this inferno. From the grass of the savannas to the produce of the fields, from the houses and edifices of the city to the ships in the roadstead, everywhere, on sea and land alike, there is but one great conflagration consuming thirty thousand human lives! Oh, how dreadful, in this terrifying clamor, must have been the moment of death-agony of a whole population! Who will ever describe the lamentations that must have risen from the dying city into the bosom of a merciful God?

While the fiery tornado, passing toward the south and west, widened the sweep of its destructive power in order to extend its devastations farther, another remarkable phenomenon came to stop it in its course. Two strong atmospheric currents, laden with rain, moving, one from the southeast, the other from the north, fell of a sudden upon the sides of the fiery spout, and, encircling it along a distinctly marked line, cooled it to such a point that I have seen persons who, finding themselves precisely upon this line of demarcation, were struck on one side by fiery missiles, while on the other, and only a few feet away, nothing was falling but the rain of mud, cinders, and stones which descended on the countryside everywhere.

We may seek to explain these phenomena by natural causes, but yet we realize that we are here in the presence of circumstances truly mysterious. It is evident that a hand capable of mastering the forces and laws of nature presided over all these cataclysms, and that this hand, after having given free rein, for an instant, to the powers of evil, commanded the homicidal cloud to stop in its fury. "Hitherto thou shalt come, and shalt go no further, and here thou shalt break thy swelling waves."

Friday, May 9. I have just sent two priests, Père Woegtli and Abbé Auber, with the expedition to St. Pierre, in order that they may pronounce the absolution and sprinkle holy water over the bodies that are to be buried or cremated. While this is being done (I have just had occasion to welcome, by the French mail-boat, Abbé Duval, Vicar-General of Guadeloupe, and Abbé Amieux, parish priest of the cathedral of Basse-Terre, whom Monseigneur Canappe

had had the kindness to send us, as soon as our trouble was known, in precious testimony of his condolence and his sympathy for Martinique) I shall attempt, Monseigneur, to draw up the budget of the situation.

According to the statistics of the parishes of St. Pierre, contained in the ordo of the diocese, the city comprised somewhat more than twenty-seven thousand souls. Add to this number perhaps two thousand refugees from the surrounding communes who had fled into the town seeking safety, and at least five hundred sailors from the ships in the roadstead, with a thousand souls who succumbed to the scourge in the parishes of Carbet and Le Prêcheur, and we have a total of victims exceeding thirty thousand. Taking into account, however, that, for two or three days prior to the disaster, many persons, and women in particular, had begun to leave St. Pierre, I think I am very close to the truth in placing the number of our dead at thirty thousand.

It was the will of God, Monseigneur, that the bishop of the diocese should not be the first victim. Who among us has not thanked Heaven for your providential departure!

I do not need, in this frightful hecatomb, to call to your remembrance the governor of the colony, M. Mouttet and his worthy wife, nor Colonel Gerbault and Mme. Gerbault, nor the twenty-four priests whose names you already know, eleven of them of the secular clergy, and the thirteen Reverend Fathers of St. Esprit. Nor do I need to ask your pity for MM. Le Breton, Bertot, Ackermann, all that group of young vicars, of deserving young professors; nor for that holy company of seventy-one religious women: twenty-eight Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres, thirty-three Sisters of St. Joseph de Cluny, and ten Sisters de la Délivrande.

And how many more! Of the numerous professors of the Lycée only five are left. Of the colonial pensionnat no one survives but the directress. Those who escaped happened, of course, to be absent from St. Pierre.

Functionaries, magistrates, merchants, honorable and Christian families, all have been mowed down by the fatal scythe! I have told you that the college, the pensionnat, and the schools had been dismissed; but there remained the two orphan asylums, the workshop and the asylum of Ste. Anne. Mistresses and scholars alike perished.

This is the moral balance-sheet, which will never be sufficiently deplored.

Saturday, May 10. The administration, owing to the death of the governor of the colony and of so many other functionaries, civil and military, is disorganized. The chief of the bureau of public health declares that there will be no danger in waiting until Monday, the 12th, before cremating the bodies lying in the ruins. In addition—would one believe it?—preparations for the elections are going forward for to-morrow, at least in the *arrondissement* of Fort-de-France. That of St. Pierre has ceased to be!

M. Lhuerre, secretary-general, is fulfilling provisionally, as decreed, the functions of governor.

My colleagues of Guadeloupe and I, thanks to the kindness of the provisional governor, obtain passages on the *Suchet*, going to St. Pierre, with a mission to visit the vaults of the bank. We are very courteously received by the officers of the *Suchet*.

The hull of the American packet is still burning in the roadstead at St. Pierre. There rises from it a great stench of putrefaction. We disembark, provided with disinfectants, on the Place Bertin, once so full of life and movement. We pick our way through the wreck. The Place is now nothing but a heap of confused ruins. Here and there are decaying bodies, horribly disfigured, and showing by the contraction of the limbs how awful must have been the death-agony. Among the seared branches of a fallen tamarind-tree, which proved inadequate to protect him, we find the body of a poor creature lying on his back, with his head raised, and his arms stretched to heaven in a gesture of supplication. The legs are drawn and twisted, the flesh has been torn away from the entrails. That gesture of supplication alone consoles us as we look upon the dread sight. God was merciful to him. May he rest in peace! At my suggestion a photograph is taken of the body.

It was with difficulty that we could reach the cathedral, it being impossible to recognize the streets. In the interior of the houses, the walls of which are standing in places, there are still flaming and smoking braziers. Hot stones, iron, lime, cinders, materials of all sorts, scorched the soles of our feet. It was imprudent even to touch the charred walls, which crumble at the slightest shock.

One of the square cathedral towers, with its four bells, is still upright; but it is riddled throughout, and we dare not approach it. The left tower has been thrown down, together with its great bell. The statue of

the Virgin, belonging to the façade, seemed to me to be intact as it lay among the ruins in front of the cathedral. The walls, with the exception of a part of the apse, have disappeared. We made our way in through the Rue du Collège, and saw several bodies in the ruins. Here, as elsewhere, most of the victims are buried under the piled-up masonry.

We did not succeed in getting as far as the altar, whose tomb alone still remains submerged under stones and cinders. I regret that the head of the mission could not have lent me the two men whom I asked for in order to help me to make some excavations. But who could then have dreamed that human beings, worse than jackals, and come from no one knows where, would descend on the luckless city and finish, by pillaging it, the work of destruction begun by fire!

What shall I tell you of the parsonage? All this cluster of houses is almost on a level with the soil, and amid its ruins lie our dear confrères, to whom we are powerless to give the honors of burial. I entered the episcopal dwelling through the wall giving on the savanna. I might have left it by walking over the houses of the Rue Toraille. Of your episcopal palace, Monseigneur, nothing is left standing but a few walls at both ends. The middle portion is razed to the ground. One wall of the chapel has not yet fallen. The safe is charred, with everything that it contained at the time of your departure. Your three domestics, whom I have not been able to find, perished near it. All the trees of the savanna are torn up, and lie half burned toward the south.

I was in haste to leave all this desolation. On returning to the Place Bertin I tried in vain to find the church of the Fort. The Séminaire-Collège is *tabula rasa*. I am even told that, in the center, it is impossible to distinguish the spot where the church stood!

This is the sum of our losses: your episcopal residence, your cathedral, all the churches of the city, that of Ste. Philomène and of Trois-Ponts, the parsonages, all the coffers of the factories and of the episcopate, the coffers of the ecclesiastical retired lists, etc.

The *Suchet's* mission, after it had recovered the treasury of the bank, was to help in the evacuation of Le Prêcheur. Two hundred inhabitants were taken aboard under a heavy shower of cinders from the volcano. Two small boats filled with women and children capsized under the ship. The sailors of the *Suchet* showed the finest courage and saved all souls.

May 11 and succeeding days. I cannot tell you in detail, Monseigneur, all our anxieties, troubles, and preoccupations. All I can do is to give you a general account of the principal occurrences. While St. Pierre was perishing under fire, Le Prêcheur was being submerged by water. The Le Prêcheur River overflowed, on May 8, the church, the parsonage, and the town. All are now covered with from one to two meters of sand and rocks. Abbé Desprez could, happily, save the Host, but could not celebrate mass on the day of the Ascension. Those of his parishioners who were still left were rescued on May 12, and he and the mayor were the last to abandon a spot now become uninhabitable.

Monday, May 19. Two devoted priests have daily accompanied, by my orders, the cremation society, so as to bless those poor remains. For three days past, however, the mission has been returning without having landed. The violence of the volcano appears to be increasing, and the clouds of cinders are falling everywhere over the colony. To-day the party disembarked, but orders were immediately given to put to sea again. A mighty eruption has taken place. We live under ashes here at Fort-de-France, only twenty-five kilometers [about fifteen miles], as the crows fly, from the crater, and, I may add, in continual anxiety.

Basse-Pointe has been under water from the river's overflow on several occasions. Several houses have been carried away, and there has been one victim. All bridges from Basse-Pointe to Grande Rivière are swept away. All these localities have, however, been evacuated. The inhabitants have deserted Grande Rivière and Macouba. Their priests are here. The priests of Basse-Pointe and of Ajoupa-Bouillon go for the night to Grande Anse, and return home every morning to say mass, to spend the day, and to be at the disposal of the few stray inhabitants who have not yet fled elsewhere. As for Père Mary, he is left almost alone at Morne Rouge, bravely true to his post under the very jaws of the monster, but under the guardianship of Notre Dame de la Délivrande. I wrote to congratulate him; but there is no postal service! If he perish, he will know only in heaven that we honor and admire him.

Fort-de-France and the whole southern portion of the colony are filled with refugees. An effort has been made to distribute them

among the various communes; but we still have more than seven thousand with us.

Monday, May 20. Another date for Martinique!

On this as on preceding days I had designated two priests for the St. Pierre expedition. I had hoped that they might be fortunate enough to recover the sacred vessels of the different churches. Alas! this is what occurred:

At a quarter past five o'clock, while I was dressing, I heard two of the loudest and most prolonged volcanic explosions, I think, that have yet taken place. I called to Abbé Recoursé, who has been sleeping in the room under mine since having given up his own house to a family of refugees. "The volcano is behaving badly," I said. "Something is going to happen." At the same instant I beheld, above the peaks of Carbet, toward Mont Pelée, in the distance, a rolling fire of lightning-flashes, issuing from a black spot in the sky and accompanied by the deep rumbling of thunder. Thereupon the first spirals of the dread column began to mount upward from the black spot. I called to Abbé Recoursé once more: "Come! Come quickly!"

We both looked on, not without terror, as this strange meteor went up, and still farther up, unfolding its convolutions, reaching incredible heights, then drawing nearer us, spreading out to all points of the compass, filling the upper spaces, still rolling onward until it hung above our heads, giving us the feeling that this was the end of Martinique! What would come next? Were we to perish under fire like St. Pierre, or under ashes like Pompeii?

We were ready. We continued to watch the immense cloud, reddened in the east by the rising sun. I had fallen on my knees, awaiting God's hour, when a veil of vapors, like a curtain drawn across a scene at the theater, completely closed off the aërial column from our sight.

And the town, just awaking? A great sound arose, and then every one was fleeing for life. The church was looked upon as a place of safety by many. The crowd surged into it and up to the altar-steps. And in what costumes! The two vicars who were to have gone that morning to St. Pierre could continue the mass only with great difficulty. The third vicar bade all the people pray with their arms crossed upon their breast. No more solemn sight was ever seen by the eye of man. Here were such scenes as might take place if the end of the world had come.

A quarter of an hour of anguish passed thus. Then began the rain of lava and cinders. When the first stones fell I looked for the flames; but I was soon reassured. We were saved once more. We had suffered naught but fright. We had incidentally collected a fine assortment of volcanic stones, some of them of the size of an egg. Nearer the volcano others were found that were much larger.

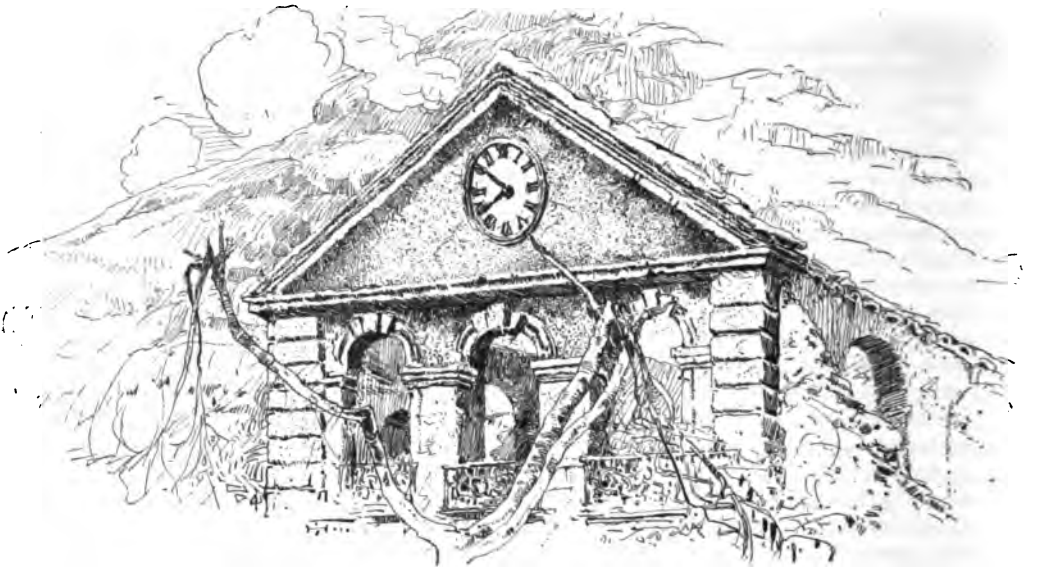
But what of the parishes closer to the mountain? The *Suchet* left at once on its reconnoitering expedition. The news that it brought back was that the phenomenon which had annihilated St. Pierre had recurred under exactly the same conditions. Whatever was left standing in the ill-fated city had been razed by the second fire-spout. Not a stone of St. Pierre now stands upon another. A few houses on the confines of the first scourge were reached and demolished by the second. There are no new victims.

A tidal wave has swept over Grande Anse and carried away several houses. The few remaining inhabitants of Fonds St. Denis, Carbet, and Morne Vert have fled southward. The parish priests have just arrived. And I learn that Père Mary has at length left Morne Rouge, being the last to abandon the place, and leading with him the few faithful ones who had stood by him. One more overflow would have utterly destroyed Basse-Pointe, which was already abandoned. We have now the total exodus of the north of the island toward the south.

Wednesday, May 21. The consequences of this last day are incalculable. All those who were beginning to regain a little courage have sunk into profound despair. Thousands are taking ship for St. Lucia, Guadeloupe, Trinidad, France, and the United States. This is not only the exodus of the north toward the south, but of the whole of Martinique toward the outside world.

Here, then, Monseigneur, is the life that we are leading. However it may be, since Providence has chosen that I should witness such events, I can only follow the example of Père Mary and of our other colleagues. I shall be the last to abandon Martinique.

G. Parel.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, BY PERMISSION OF THE JUDGE CO., FROM A PHOTOGRAPH REPRODUCED IN "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."

THE HOUR OF DOOM. (SHOWN BY THE STOPPING OF THE CLOCK ON THE HOSPITAL OF ST. PIERRE.)

II. LIFE IN THE DOOMED CITY.

AS REFLECTED IN THE LEADING NEWSPAPER OF ST. PIERRE, "LES COLONIES," IN ITS EDITIONS FOR MAY 1–7, THE WEEK PREVIOUS TO THE DISASTER.

THE material which is here presented is, so far as we know, the only full translation of the notes and articles in the above-mentioned newspaper referring to the disturbances of Mont Pelée or to life in St. Pierre at the time. It constitutes an historical document of rare importance and interest. Like the remarkable letter of M. Parel which precedes, these newspapers were furnished to THE CENTURY by the Rev. Joseph F. MacGrail, U. S. N., chaplain of the *Dixie*, who relates below the circumstances under which he procured them. The relief-ship arrived at Fort-de-France Wednesday morning, May 21. The chaplain at once made his visits of ceremony and met many priests. He writes:

A REMARK to me by the Rev. Jean Altéroche of Morne Vert, near St. Pierre, concerning an article by Professor Landes that had appeared in "Les Colonies," a daily paper, reminded me that naturally the local newspapers would give the most accurate account of the events preceding the eruption. Every copy of "Les Colonies" in St. Pierre had been burned; none of the priests whom I met could find a single copy in their house, so I was left to my own resources to procure a file of this valuable journal. Remembering that in French countries newspapers are soon destroyed, being commonly used as wrapping-paper, even in large stores, I set out on my search.

I first went to a Chinese grocery and asked to be allowed to look over the old newspapers which were on the counter. Fortunately I found one of the desired copies. I paid the Chinaman two sous for it, just what he had paid. I then inquired for the papers at a variety-store. A search was made, but none was found. I hopefully put the same question to a woman who kept a little shop near by, who replied that she had cut up all her copies to send to her son in Madagascar, finding that easier than writing letters. The proprietor of a large dry-goods store to whom I next applied kindly sent to his home near by, where after a long search his wife found two more issues. She brought them to me herself, pleased, she said, to be able to favor an American. Both man and wife were profuse in praise of the generosity and the friendship manifested by the United States. After one or two failures I was again successful at a large hardware-store near the church. The proprietor at first said he had cut out the continued story, a romance then appearing a chapter at a time. When I told him that the remaining pieces would serve my purpose, he sent a man to his home, who returned in fifteen minutes with the wrong papers. On a second, longer hunt the other needed copies were found, unmutilated. The cheerful donor was willing to sacrifice the continued story, and I returned to the *Dixie* with my precious papers. Strange to say, no one else had found even a single copy.

That evening I translated certain parts here and there for a number of newspaper correspondents gathered in the ward-room. They nearly all rushed home from our first port, Kingstown, St. Vincent; otherwise I probably should have imparted to them the full contents of these most interesting records. The extracts which I gave out were published in the New York papers and elsewhere, but the story was not only incomplete, but lacked the most important articles contained in "Les Colonies." More than half of this material has remained unpublished, so far as I know, including the full and authentic history of the eruption of May 5, which destroyed the Guérin sugar-refinery; the exciting street scenes in St. Pierre; the graphic descriptions of the last tourist to ascend the mountain; the careful, minute account of the last scientific observations at the crater; the article on volcanoes, probably written by Professor Landes; and many incidents of the five days of fear preceding the eruption. Thus the record that follows is the first full and accurate history of the conditions which existed about Mont Pelée and at St. Pierre during the last days of the ill-fated city.

The hiatus of May 4 is accounted for by the fact that that date fell on Sunday, when there was no issue of the paper. The translation is by Miss Aline Gorren, who has supplied also the introductory notes to each day's contents. A sketch map of Martinique will be found at the close of this article.—EDITOR C. M.

[THURSDAY, MAY 1.]

AT the beginning of May there was but one subject possessing capital importance for St. Pierre, and for Martinique in general, and that was the election of deputies to the French Chamber, then in progress. M. Hurard, editor of "Les Colonies," was a firm supporter of the Progressist-Republican party of Martinique, the party of the more intelligent whites, which opposed the race prejudices of the Socialist-Radicals, and believed that all races should live and work together in harmony on the island. The first balloting had already taken place, and the vote between the two parties had been very close; the second was to occur on May 11. Excitement ran high—so high that while Mont Pelée had been showing signs of unmistakable activity since April 25, and this after a period of rest extending over fifty years, the startling fact evidently inspired only a mild curiosity and some interest among excursionists, certainly no serious alarm. On May 1, while the front page of "Les Colonies," indeed the greater part of the whole issue, was filled with local matter, the following was the only reference to the volcanic disturbances among the various items of brief intelligence daily published by the journal under the heading of "Echoes":

MANY persons at St. Pierre affirm that day before yesterday, between three and five o'clock in the afternoon, they felt several shocks of earthquake.

[FRIDAY, MAY 2.]

"LES COLONIES" was an evening journal. It must have been apprised of the cinder showers which had been falling steadily over Prêcheur all day, and which, at six o'clock in the evening, had caused the parish priest to send to the vicar-general the telegram reproduced in M. Parel's letter. The issue of Friday, however, like that of the day preceding, was entirely given up to the electioneering disputes of the rival candidates. Was some degree of apprehension beginning to be felt throughout the city and island which the editor thought it wise to make light of? Had he an eye to the commercial interests of some of his subscribers, whose business had already suffered at the first suspicion of panic? Or was he really without anxiety himself, and impatient of the nervous fears of others, which threatened to interfere with the proper intensity of effort he wished to see thrown into the approaching political contest? The jocular tone of the subjoined notice—the sole reference to the state of things existing on Mont Pelée anywhere in that day's paper—can perhaps be accounted for on one or all of these suppositions.

TOWARD MONT PELÉE.

WE remind our readers that the grand excursion to Mont Pelée organized by the members of La Société Gymnastique et de Tir will take place next Sunday, May 4. Those who have never enjoyed the panorama offered to the view of the astonished spectator at a height of thirteen hundred meters, those who desire to see, close at hand, the still yawning hole from which, in the last few days, thick clouds of smoke have escaped, much to the consternation of the inhabitants of Prêcheur and Ste. Philomène, should profit by this fine opportunity, and register their names, this evening at latest, at the society's headquarters in the Rue Longchamps.

The meeting of the excursionists will be at the Marché du Fort at a quarter past three in the morning, and the departure for Mont Pelée will be at half-past three precisely. The excursion will go to Rivière Blanche, to the Isnard place, where

guides will be found waiting. Those who do not care to trouble themselves about food should pay an assessment of three francs. They will not regret being relieved of the trouble of procuring food. To judge from the list of those who are going, the company will be a very numerous one.

If, therefore, the weather be fine, the excursionists will pass a day that they will long keep in pleasant remembrance.

It is understood that on the day of the excursion there will be no target practice at the Botanic Gardens.

But on the Saturday before that pleasure-party was to have taken place it was abandoned. This notice is inserted among the "Echoes" of Saturday evening's paper:

THE EXCURSION TO MONT PELÉE.

THE excursion which had been organized for tomorrow morning will not leave St. Pierre, the crater being absolutely inaccessible. Those who were to have joined the party will be notified later on when it will be found practicable to carry out the original plan.

The eruption of Friday night, May 2, had made it impossible for "Les Colonies" longer to pursue its policy of suppressing and ignoring facts concerning the eruption, if such had been its policy. The front page of the issue of Saturday is still devoted in part to fighting the battles of MM. Clerc and Duquesnay, the Republican candidates. But the danger of the situation is coming to be recognized. A subscription is promptly opened in favor of the sufferers of the night before. The editor heads it with a contribution of fifty francs. The letter signed "Hey-Pet" is printed, with its significant second sentence. That there had certainly been for several days many signs that Mont Pelée was "in a state of genuine and serious eruption" is made plainly apparent, as well as the fact that help for the sufferers of the heights above St. Pierre was not being called for without ample cause.

[SATURDAY, MAY 3.]

THE VOLCANO.

YESTERDAY the people of St. Pierre were treated again to a grandiose spectacle in the majesty of the smoking volcano. It would seem that many signs ought really to have warned us that Mont Pelée was in a state of genuine and serious eruption. Thursday night the Rivière Blanche, which was rolling masses of black mud, threatened an overflow. There were several slight earthquake shocks. Detonations were also heard, and the rattlings of stones cast forth by the crater.

While, at St. Pierre, the admirers of the beautiful could not take their eyes from the smoke column of the volcano, and timid people were commending their souls to God, very different things were happening on the heights. The wind was blowing *d'est-nord-ouest* [from the east-northwest]. The inhabitants of Grande Savane, of Mont Guirlande, of Prêcheur, of Grande Case, and of Anse Céron had been enveloped, since eight o'clock in the morning, in black smoke and cinder showers. They gathered their belongings together and repaired to the market-towns of Ste. Philomène and Prêcheur. At two o'clock in the afternoon the smoke was so dense that it was as dark as night, and lights were lighted.

At seven o'clock in the evening the wind began to blow from the north, and the ejections of the volcano to take the direction of the city. The inhabitants of Sur-le-Morne were the first to abandon beasts and baggage and to flee to town. At half-past nine o'clock the cinders had reached Pavillot and St. Martin. The inhabitants of both places, being sound asleep, remained in ignorance of the fact. Awakened abruptly at half-past twelve o'clock by the bellowing of oxen, the detonations of the volcano, the lightning flashes that illumined their cabins, and the repeated thunder-like mutterings, the people of Pavillot, St. Martin, and Rivière Blanche, seized with panic, left everything. Those who were well took charge of the children and the sick, and all turned out into the road. About thirty of these unfortunates, relatives and friends, arrived at my house. It was then one o'clock. A rain of cinders was falling over the town. A whitish coating three centimeters [nearly an inch and a fifth] in depth incrusted the streets, the roofs of the houses, and the trees in the public squares.

At half-past two o'clock there was a change in the wind. As it now blows from the east, it seems to presage another evil day for the inhabitants of the heights of Prêcheur, Ste. Philomène, Grande Case, and Anse Céron.

HEY-PET.

LAST NIGHT'S ERUPTION.

YESTERDAY the volcano's cinders fell lightly at Abymes and Prêcheur and as far as Rivière Blanche.

During the night this ashen rain grew so much denser that at about two o'clock the city looked as if there had been a fall of snow.

The illusion was complete. St. Pierre was in a state of agitation. One could hear voices everywhere through the night, as at the time of a nocturnal earthquake.

The older inhabitants immediately recalled the eruption of 1851; the younger generation went into admiration over a spectacle so absolutely new to them.

A dust as fine as millers' grist had by this time sifted into every room and over every piece of furniture. There were coughing and sneezing on every side.

Fort has a deeper coating than Centre and Mouillage. [These are the three quarters of the city.] By six o'clock in the morning the ashes were already a centimeter thick; they were soon two centimeters thick.

Brooms were plied without ceasing.

The cinder rain never stops. At about half-past nine o'clock the sun shines forth timidly. The passing of carriages no longer resounds through our streets. The wheels are muffled. The old trucks creak along languidly on their worn tires.

Gusts of wind bring ashes down from the roofs and awnings, and blow them into rooms wherever windows have imprudently been left open.

Shops which had unclosed their doors half-way are now barred up securely.

The following business houses are closed to customers: the *maisons* Saint-Yves, Deplanche, Doliret, Reynoird, Boissière, Célestin, Constance Esope, Boulangé, Guichard, Dupuis et Cie., Vinac, Andrieux, Villemaint, Lejeune, Delsuc, Lalanne, Médouze, Lathifordière, Crocquet, the Bazar du Mobilier, the Bazar Sans Rival, etc.

Some provision-stores are closed. The city is depressed.

The governor and the colonel arrive on the *Rubis* at ten minutes past nine, and leave at once for Prêcheur.

M. Mouttet places the infantry barracks of our city at the disposal of the Prêcheur people. The sufferers, who, it appears, are many, will be cared for in a proper way.

Attempts are being made to reach the country to the south of Mont Pelée, but they are fruitless. The horses refuse to advance. Moreover, all trace of the roads has disappeared.

The proprietors of the large places in the environs are breaking up and coming to St. Pierre. The exodus is continuous.

Morne Rouge, which it was hoped might be exempt because of the habitual direction of the winds, is likewise covered with cinders. A fearful roar of thunder is heard.

Last night Père Mary threw open the church. A large crowd of people assembled there precipitately and received communion.

The sea is black. The rivers are full of muddy water, as during the great overflows.

With cinders incrusting and burning up the grass, what is to become of the cattle? one asks anxiously.

This morning the market was full of impatient housekeepers chaffering over the few vegetables brought in from the country.

It is going to be difficult to feed the people these days.

Toward a quarter past ten o'clock the sky darkens over again. The bell-ringers go through the streets ringing the watering-bell. The canals of the town are full of muddy water, and this is sprinkled over the streets.

"What a lot of cement is going to waste!" exclaim the house-masons. It is nearly twelve o'clock before the mayor calls out the fire-brigade and has the streets watered with the waters of the Goyave.

The scholars of the Lycée, the pensionnat, and the primary schools are given a holiday.

At Grande Savane forty centimeters of cinders have fallen. Birds are lying on the ground. The people are hastening distractedly to Prêcheur.

Animals are dying of hunger.

A fact which may serve to exonerate the editor of "Les Colonies" from the odium of having, by wilfully neglecting to arouse the inhabitants of St. Pierre to the gravity of the impending peril, caused indirectly the loss of thirty thousand lives, is suggested in an article on "The Volcanic Eruption of 1851," republished in this paper of Saturday, May 3, from the Official Bulletin of 1852. It is made clear by this account that on the night of August 5, 1851, the environs of St. Pierre were shaken by rumblings from Mont Pelée exactly similar to those which had startled the inhabitants of the city and "caused consternation" all through the countryside on the night of May 2, 1902. Says the Official Bulletin:

The rest of the night was passed in the greatest anxiety. Lighted torches could be seen moving rapidly on the different *mornes* [hills]; people were fleeing along the highroad, announcing that they were going to the churches of the city to implore the divine mercy. No one knew what had happened. To every inquiry the answer was: "The Soufrière is boiling."

When morning dawned we found that St. Pierre had been no less frightened than we. [The narrator in the Official Bulletin lived on a sugar-plantation in Fonds Canonville.] The noise had been heard by many, and, on awaking in the morning, St. Pierre had found the roofs of the houses, the pavements of the streets, the leaves of the trees, covered with a light layer of gray cinders which gave to the city the aspect of some European town silvered over with the first frosts of autumn. This cinder-fall also covered the countryside between St. Pierre and Mont Pelée, Morne Rouge, and even Carbet. The river called Rivière Blanche no longer deserved its name. Its waters were as black as a solution of cinders or slate, and their trace, at the mouth of the river, could be seen far out at sea, as happens after the great floods.

In 1851 this had been all. No further damage had befallen. The renewed activity of Mont Pelée may thinkably have seemed to many in St. Pierre, in the week or two preceding Ascension day, May 8, 1902, to offer no more ominous danger to human life.

[MONDAY, MAY 5.]

THE next issue of "Les Colonies" was on Monday evening. It bravely appeared with

the usual electioneering activity filling its columns. In the lower corner of the last column of the front page, the matter of really vital concern is taken up, however, and goes on almost uninterrupted to the end.

THE VOLCANIC ERUPTION.

At half-past six o'clock Saturday evening the excursion from Fort-de-France tried to approach Prêcheur on the *Topaze* [a small steamer which ran as a ferry between St. Pierre and Fort-de-France, a distance of about eleven miles], in order to obtain as close a view as possible of the phenomena. The fog of cinders was so thick that the coast-line was obliterated. The steamer was obliged to put to sea again.

Communication by land was no easier. Many excursionists who had started afoot and on horseback were compelled to turn back.

After three in the afternoon communication ceased between the customs-service posts of St. Pierre and Prêcheur.

The rain of cinders began again at about seven o'clock in the evening.

Every one in that quarter passed the night in mortal fear.

The exodus began at daybreak. When our friends reached Prêcheur with food, tafia (rum), and six small barrels of water, it was the last that was most eagerly welcomed.

The sea in places is covered with dead birds. Many lie asphyxiated along the roads. The cattle are also suffering greatly, being asphyxiated by the cinder dust. Children of cultivators are wandering aimlessly, like little human wrecks, about the countryside with their little donkeys. A group of them goes hesitatingly down the Rue Victor Hugo. They are no longer black, but white. They look as if a hoar-frost had fallen over them.

Since half-past two o'clock Saturday the steamers of the Compagnie Girard have been crowded at every trip. Many families from the neighboring countryside, not feeling that they would be safe in St. Pierre, are leaving for Fort-de-France and the south.

All schools were dismissed Saturday.

At Basse-Pointe and Lorrain the laborers did not assemble for the cane-cutting Saturday morning. Those who live on the heights especially declared that they would rather not move than die far from their poor little homes. The detonations which they hear at night, and the sinister and incessant lightning flashes, make them think that terrible earthquakes are going to take place.

Neither at Basse-Pointe nor at Lorrain is a vegetable or a fruit to be bought.

The cinder dust has spread over the whole island. Basse-Pointe, to leeward of the crater, has suffered less than Ducos.

In this last quarter, where rain-water is of usual consumption, people are asking anxiously whether it will be safe to use the water of future rains after they have absorbed the cinders on the roofs and in the gutters.

We may observe in passing that in the eruption of 1851 the cinder rain did not extend so far.

This morning the rivers that flow near the city, and that have their springs in the southern slope of Mont Pelée, are blackish and overflow their banks.

It is believed that this superabundance of water is ejected by the crater forming a siphon with the sea.

Most of the shops in St. Pierre were open this morning, but the town does not yet wear its customary aspect. There is uneasiness everywhere to be felt, and a certain apprehension.

It is very difficult to expose merchandise on account of the ashes that fall from the roofs and awnings.

RELIEF FOR THE MONT PELÉE SUFFERERS.

The list of those who have contributed to the fund started by us in favor of the sufferers of Mont Pelée will be found farther on.

At half-past five o'clock yesterday morning M. J. de Laguarrigue, M. F. Winter, M. Joseph Plissonneau, and M. Jean Sailleron, delegates from the provisional committee of St. Pierre, went to Prêcheur on the steamer *Diamant*, which had been courteously placed at their disposal by M. Léon Girard. These gentlemen begged Mayor Grelet to appoint a relief committee of which he was to be president.

The mayor at first accepted the presidency with great readiness, but we hear at the last moment that the committee is composed of M. R. C. de Saint-Cyr, president; of M. le Curé, treasurer and commissary; and MM. Oct. de Lachenotière, Elie Victor, George Nadeau, Montredon Dominique, Duno Emile, Symphorien Marine, Léonide Emile, Théroset Joseph, Pierre Emile Joseph, Donné Charlery, Alfred Descailles, Ariès Zébina, Ninel Ludger, Manotte Bertrand, Samazan Emile, Théodule Thomert. All the members will seek out, in the fairest way, the most needy.

Our friends had immediately placed at the mayor's disposal four hundred francs, ten barrels of water, two barrels of tafia, a bag of white beans, and a *tierçon* of codfish. From the governor there had already come five hundred francs for the sufferers.

At half-past nine o'clock yesterday morning the mayor of St. Pierre sent a cart to Ste. Philomène, driven by Guard Bouteillé, with a quantity of eatables. All efforts are being made to relieve our unfortunate neighbors, but much still remains to be done. We beg particularly that all will give aid to the numerous sufferers from the eruption.

INCONVENIENCE OF THE CINDERS OF THE CRATER—SHALL WE HAVE AN EARTHQUAKE?

The cinders that fall near the crater are full of iron, and darker than those falling elsewhere over the country. These cinders travel farthest,

therefore, and are lighter in color according as they are less laden with iron.

They are found to contain neither lime nor sea-salt, nor any chemical substance that could be injurious to vegetation. Yet they are destructive to it, because they prevent the respiration of the plants. Moreover, their weight has caused much damage. The branches of many bread-trees have been broken. The wood of a bread-tree is of course very fragile.

The dangers of this dust should be called to the attention of all. The crystal particles which fill the atmosphere have sharp edges; that is why they cause a certain inflammation of the eyes. They can cause trouble also in the bronchial tubes, whence it is difficult to eliminate them.

So far as possible it would be well to keep indoors while the present conditions last. Children are better off there than in the streets.

Shall we have earthquakes?

It is not probable. The crater's chimney eliminates the cinders to a certain extent. There might be some danger of earthquake if we should have an eruption of lava. In cooling the lava might solidify, and obstruct the natural chimney through which the cinders pass freely. If this were the case, the lava might afterward be ejected so violently as to produce seismic shocks. Men competent to judge, however, believe that we should have no reason to fear even should we have a lava flow at the present time, as it is unlikely that lava would cool in the short time since the crater became active.

M. Landes says that he has seen fumeroles since April 2.

THE DAY AFTER THE ERUPTION.

IMPRESSIONS OF A PEDESTRIAN—THE RIVIÈRE BLANCHE A CHOCOLATE-COLORED RIVER—STORY OF A GUIDE FROM MORNE PAVILLOT.

AN excursionist made his way yesterday up to the first foot-hills of Mont Pelée.

Along the valley of Rivière Sèche he reports the fall of cinders to be over fifteen centimeters deep. Walking through these cinders gives one, he says, the impression of walking delightfully through American flour. Unfortunately, they rise in great whirlwinds with the least breeze and with the passage of carriages. In order not to suffer too much from suffocation a handkerchief is tied about one's face.

Along the slopes of Isnard, soil and plants and little houses are all alike powdered with a grayish snow; the sugar-cane bends low under the weight of cinders in the fields, and one examines the leaves, in spite of one's self, for the gashes made by this storm of strange hail.

In the countryside desolation, aridity, and great silence prevail. Under the bushes little asphyxiated birds may be found. In the meadows the animals are restless, and they bleat, neigh, and bellow despairingly. At ten o'clock Rivière Blanche became suddenly swollen with blackish water, oily on the surface; it looked like a torrent of chocolate rushing toward the coast. It is expected that the old bridge will be carried away at the next freshet.

Rivière Sèche more modestly winds its yellow course regretfully through its mournful landscape. The leaves of the cocoanut-trees show strangely in this fantastic winter view, and one longs for the green splendors of the distant gorges and their intoxicating odors. One thinks of the violets shivering on their mossy beds under the cinders, and one would like to find words gentle enough to describe the emotion of the little plants crushed under the heavy dust and exchanging furtive kisses.

Every now and then cinders in lumps drop down from the roofs of the cabins.

The district of Rivière Blanche has certainly suffered more than Pointe Lamarre. We hear that night before last, perhaps at the same time that the panic occurred in the church of Mouillage, a traveler, blinded by the dust, very nearly fell into the bed of the river. He lost his way and ran into a tree, wounding himself lightly on the forehead. While the excursionist M. Portel was resting in the house of a friend, a guide from Morne Pavillot was presented to him.

THE GUIDE'S STORY.

THE guide, M. Julien Romain, who is one of the Morne Pavillot property-holders, went up the mountain ten days ago, after the awakening of the volcano. We reproduce the substance of his interesting account, which was very gracefully related.

The mountain has for its highest summit Morne Lacroix, and describes a vast circle, the bottom of which measures close upon six hectares [nearly fifteen acres] in surface.

This circle, which we are now defining according to lines upon the guide's indications, is limited on the south by Piton Marcel, on the east by the three peaks of Ti-Bolhommes, on the northeast by Morne Pavillon, and on the west by Morne Lacroix.

The funnel measures, he says, more than thirteen hectares at the opening.

Étang Sec lies almost in the center of this immense basin.

Étang Plein is on the other side of the Morne.

The crater is on the southern slope of Morne Lacroix, and therefore on this side of Étang Sec.

This crater, which resembles a great sugar-pan, has nearly the form of a rectangle, thirty meters long and, at the minimum, twenty meters wide.

In this pan, or rather this oblong caldron, was boiling a singular black mixture resembling bitumen. It rose in little puffs, emitted from time to time jets of white steam and boiling water, then fell back like creole *matété*, or molasses, only to rise again. Étang Sec was acting as a reservoir for the boiling waters escaping from the crater.

The sources of Rivière Blanche are below, and on the slopes of Ti-Bolhommes.

But since [this visit]? No guide knows what has become of that uneatable matété. Since then we have been having cinders.

What has to-morrow in store for us? A flow of lava? A rain of stone? Jets of asphyxiating gas? Some cataclysm of submersion? Or simply an inundation of mud? There is a secret here, and, if one knew it, there are many who would not want to carry the weight of it.

R. L.

ECHOES.

ON the Rue Macary, at Fort, about two and a fifth kilos of cinders have fallen to the square meter.

The country in the Rivière Blanche valley must have received four times as much.

On Saturday the sidewalks of the Rue Hurtault were covered with a layer three centimeters deep.

A VIOLENT freshet of Rivière Blanche at 8 A.M. has just been reported. The old bridge has been carried away.

The river is full of bodies of dead animals.

CABLE DESPATCHES.

ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE, 5 A.M.

THE Mont Pelée eruption seems this morning to have entered into a period of calm. Cinders continue to fall at Prêcheur and at other places to leeward of the craters.

Three tenths of a millimeter of cinders have fallen at St. Pierre during the night, which makes a total of four millimeters of cinders for this city. Five centimeters have fallen over the market-town of Prêcheur, and from twenty-five to thirty centimeters over the middle slopes of the mountain (between St. Pierre and Prêcheur). The country is deserted, owing to the complete lack of food and drink.

Animals are dying of hunger and thirst; branches are breaking off the trees under the weight of the cinder-fall. Last night there was renewed intensity of the phenomena of the eruption, with great discharges of atmospheric electricity, thunder and lightning, and tongues of fire. Cinders fell in showers during the night on Macouba. At the last moment we hear that Rivière Blanche is rising extraordinarily and threatening the Guérin works. M. Guérin is packing up and leaving for town with all his family.

Latest. At 12:55 P.M. the sea withdrew about a hundred meters from the shore, and then rushed back upon the beach.

Agitation is extreme. Thousands are running toward the village [Prêcheur].

The air is full of the cries of women and children. Shops are being closed in haste.

The *Topaze* and some pirogues grounded on the coast, but the steamer manages to haul off again.

A strong southwester is blowing. There is universal consternation.

The Guérin factory has been swept over by the sea.

Evidently this is the result of seismic action.

1:45 P.M. The Usine Guérin is said to be destroyed. Many deaths are reported.

[TUESDAY, MAY 6.]

THE little emotional Latin touches so spontaneously inserted in the account of the "'excursionist' M. Portel's" trip to the mountain indicate suggestively the prevailing temper of this West Indian population, in its traditions and habits half-French and half-tropical. Those who have lived in tropical or semi-tropical countries become quickly aware of the fatalism of the native mind with respect to extraordinary disturbances of nature. Such disturbances are, in those lands, always potentially within the limits of daily occurrence. Stray reports from refugees from St. Pierre who reached other islands in the Antilles in safety show that there was dread in Martinique during the last week before the destruction of St. Pierre. And yet the fact that the city was not evacuated by Thursday morning, not even after the breaking of the dike of Étang Sec, indicates that the half-incredulous fatalistic tranquillity in the face of portents, which has been noted as typical, was probably the mood of a vast number of people. M. Hurard's journal of Tuesday evening, May 6, is doubtless a very fair reflection of this mood. The shocking tragedy at the Guérin works occupies the whole first part of the paper. Yet the editor remarks, with reference to the panic in St. Pierre the night after, "the alarm, upon the whole, was not justified," and the *farceur* whose jest about the volcano's noisy sleep he quotes was more than probably not the only "philosopher" in St. Pierre.

THE USINE GUÉRIN CATASTROPHE.

YESTERDAY'S CATASTROPHE — THE OVERFLOW OF LAVA.

WE published yesterday a despatch relative to the Usine Guérin, and the fact that it was threatened by an overflow from Rivière Blanche. Also, under the heading "Latest," what special news we had received of the terrible catastrophe following upon the overflow.

Let us hasten to say that the flux and reflux of the sea were not due to seismic action, as might be supposed, but were caused by the terrific shock produced against the sea by the enormous mass of earth and lava which has completely wiped out the Guérin works, bringing death to M. and Mme. Eugène Guérin, to M. du Quesne, and others whose number is not yet known.

The Rivière Blanche had for several days been darker than its customary hue. On Sunday it grew still darker, and the movement of the waters

became precipitous. At about two o'clock in the morning the quiet river was a torrent. The head machinist of the works, M. Louis Benoît, who had remained there alone overnight, having been careful to send his family into town on the preceding Friday, was awakened by the tremendous roar of the waters.

The situation had been somewhat disquieting since yesterday morning, but no one surely could have foreseen so terrible a tragedy. Some parts of the works appeared to be menaced, but the damage did not seem likely to be excessive.

A number of M. Guérin's friends, as well as many persons led by curiosity, visited the works. M. Eugène Guérin was depressed and a trifle nervous, but objected to leaving, as he was asked to do, saying that he did not believe there was any danger.

He breakfasted quietly with his wife and father. Then the order was given to get up steam on the yacht *Carbet* in case of emergency. The understanding was that, at the first sign of danger, every one should repair to the yacht, which was to make for Fort-de-France, where were M. Eugène Guérin's children and his mother.

Let it be said, to render the story complete, that the Guérin family had not spent the night at the works. They had gone down to town night before last, and returned at half-past five o'clock in the morning.

The works had shut down on Friday on account of the cinder-fall.

The family, after getting up from table, were making their last preparations, when the superintendent of the Isnard plantation, M. Clémencin, hurried up, exclaiming: "Hurry! hurry! Get away quickly, or you are lost! An avalanche is rolling this way! Run!"

M. Clémencin called out the same thing to M. L. Benoît, and to the crowds assembled along the road to see the overflow, and, not without trouble, succeeded in getting many away.

Then he too fled. M. and Mme. Eugène Guérin, M. Joseph du Quesne, head overseer at the works, M. Guérin *père*, and three maids carrying packages left the house for the yacht on foot. It was agreed that the yacht should put in at Case-Pilote to land M. du Quesne.

M. Guérin *père* delayed to give an order. As time was pressing, his son, who had reached the quay, sent the yacht's engineer to beg his father to hurry.

To this circumstance the engineer owes his life.

When he met M. Guérin *père* he found him yielding to the urgent request of M. Ste. Marie Monégut and M. Louis Benoît, and preparing to leave the works by land, as his son had vainly been advised to do.

They reached a small door on the Rivière Sèche side. It was closed, oh, fatality! No. It yielded. M. Benoît's hat caught on one of the telephone wires. He stepped back to pick it up.

They crossed the threshold.

THE CATASTROPHE.

At that same moment—it was a little after twelve o'clock—a boiling waterspout burst from the mountain, and, not following the river-course, but overleaping all obstacles in gigantic bounds, flowed over the works, submerging M. Eugène Guérin, his wife, M. du Quesne, and the three servants, and foundering the *Carbet*, which lay awaiting them, and another yacht, the *Prêcheur*, anchored a hundred and fifty meters out.

M. Guérin *père* then ran in the direction of Rivière Sèche and succeeded in saving his life, as did also the yacht's engineer, M. Ste. Marie Monégut, and M. Louis Benoît.

It was only after this terrible prologue that the torrent of waters, laden with rocks and earth, came pouring down to raze the whole region, and to form a mud-plain that extends from the sea to the buildings of the Isnard plantation, Rivière Blanche, some of which have been hurled away. In all, this plain measures several hundred meters in width, and has a depth that extends, in places, to fifty meters, the flood having passed at the level of the dwelling-house of the Neuilly plantation, only a part of the wall of which has been destroyed.

THE DAY'S PANIC.

At the moment of the catastrophe a great volume of smoke, which people found it difficult to account for, was visible at St. Pierre. "The works are on fire," said some. "A crater has opened at that point," said others.

The crowds which the enormous wave had drawn together in the streets and on the shore were running to this side and that in extraordinary agitation. The women especially seemed to have escaped from a madhouse.

A human flood poured up from the depths of Mouillage. It was a flight for safety without knowing where to turn. Shop-girls were fleeing with bundles, one with a corset, another with a pair of boots that did not match; and all these people in burlesque costumes which would have caused laughter if the panic had not broken out at so tragic a moment.

The whole city is on foot. Doors of shops and private houses are closing. Every one is preparing to take refuge on the heights.

Morne Abel is soon black with people. The neighboring roads are covered with package-laden crowds. Mattresses are being carried in all directions.

Fonds Coré soon descends in a body on St. Pierre. Its houses are deserted, one and all. There is a caravan of nurses, with crying infants in their arms. All these men, women, and children are weeping, crying out excitedly, imploring the mercy of Heaven.

And while Fonds Coré is being emptied of its customary inhabitants, a great concourse assembles to view the terrifying spectacle.

THE FONDS CORÉ ROAD.

There are ten centimeters of cinders along the Fonds Coré road. The rails of the tramways have disappeared completely. The charming aspect of this quarter is quite gone. It is a lamentable

sight. Most of the villas are closed. In others there is feverish activity; the tenants are moving out. Hand-carts transport their furniture and few belongings, piled up in the pell-mell confusion of haste and panic.

Fonds Coré is like a village which has just been visited by the scouts of the enemy's army, and the inhabitants of which are deserting before the approaching bombardment and invasion.

We pass several of these carts, witnesses of this breaking up of human lives, and their wheels, though ten arms may be pushing them at once, turn only with great difficulty through the cinder bed beneath. Two men carrying a hammock suspended from a strong bamboo pole hurry by us. They have been sent for, they say, to bear away the remains of one of the victims of the horrible catastrophe, the unfortunate Sarah Bourrouët, now lying at the special police station of Fonds Coré. As we reach the station a dense crowd surrounds it. The dripping body is stretched on a sash on the veranda, and the removal takes place. A little farther on, in front of the machine-buildings of the cooperage, we come upon a cordon of gendarmes, commanded by a quartermaster who courteously permits us to pass on to the site of the disaster.

ON THE SITE OF THE CATASTROPHE.

We cross the bridge of Rivière Sèche. A rill of blackish water crawls along the river's bed. Cinder tornadoes whirl about us at every gust of wind, and choke the hardiest. A few steps more, and we pause abruptly before — a great plain, freshly plowed.

Such, indeed, is the never-to-be-forgotten spectacle before our eyes: a sea of motionless mud, absolutely level, broken at intervals by little clouds of vapor, like puffs of tobacco-smoke, which burst with a bubble-like sound.

And the sugar-works? Where are they? The glance turns to the left, toward the sea, and, as far as it can reach, meets nothing but the same plowed land — nothing. Nothing is left. Yes, over there is the chimney of the works, slightly inclined, like the leaning tower of Pisa.

We pass on toward the left and skirt the back of one of the two large wooden houses that used to give shelter to a part of the employees of the works, and which alone seem to have escaped with but little damage. We approach a small wall which emerges from the enormous lake of smoking mud, and, from behind that wall, look upon the saddest, the most lugubrious sight to be conceived. The works and all their outhouses have gone down in the lava bed. Nothing remains but that sheet-iron chimney, held by two of its six guys, and the end of one of the piles of the large scales. On the shore four heavy iron barges have been capsized and thrown against one another. One of them is still laden with sugar-cane.

Near the wall on which we are leaning is a shed whose supports are almost wholly demolished and whose roof hangs in place by some prodigy of equilibrium.

This is all. And here, but a moment ago, was a center of prosperity and activity for a world of workers, now swept either out of life, or into misery and ruin.

Over the scene hangs the silence of annihilation, broken only by the low surge of the waves on the shore and the muffled sound of the breaking puffs of steam over the mud. The spectators cannot shake off an indescribable feeling of anguish. How many human lives wiped out by that sea of mud! How many fathers of families gone forever with the rush of the avalanche! Will the exact number ever be known?

Those who have been allowed to pass the line of gendarmes and to reach this spot stand speechless. There is nothing to say. The reality is far more terrible than anything that could have been imagined. At our side a working-man, who escaped death by a miracle, tells us what he witnessed: "Just beyond this little parapet where we are standing was the basin of the works, a sort of wet-dock into which the barges were floated to unload them. The lava has filled up all that. At least eight lighters are sunk here. What you see there, to the right, emerging by about two meters, is the top of one of the piles of the scales. Including the base, the construction measured about eight meters in height. The lava depth at this point must be, then, at least six meters."

THE VICTIMS OF THE CATASTROPHE.

The following names of the victims are sent in just as we go to press:

M. Eugène Guérin, director of the sugar-refinery.

Mme. Eugène Guérin, *née* Rollin, daughter of the ex-president of the Council-General of Guadeloupe.

M. Joseph du Quesne, married three months ago to Mlle. Préville.

Mary, English nurse in the employ of M. Guérin *père*.

Marie and Cécé, nurses in the employ of M. Eugène Guérin.

Labrune, sister-in-law of Captain Coucoute, formerly yacht's cockswain.

Mme. Henri Albert Coucoute, her sister.

Roland Dufréneau, captain of the yacht *Carbet*.

Ti-Joseph, one of the yacht's sailors.

Labrune and her daughter, employed at the works.

Mémé Léandre Marius, M. Guérin's coachman.

Rémy Barbe, who happened to be alone on board the yacht *Prêcheur*.

Georges Hugoné, machinist.

Antoine, the weigher's apprentice.

Sarah Bourrouët, lived in the Rue Longchamps. Formerly nurse in the family of M. Apo. She had gone to Rivière Blanche to see the overflow.

Pauline Fleurisson, huckster; found dead on the road. Her remains have been carried to the machine-buildings of the cooperage.

Julie. Had gone to see the overflow of Rivière Blanche. She went by the name of the Queen of the Coal-women. Used to unload coal at St. Pierre.

Mauléon Pierre, fisherman; Sylvestre, cooper; Lucien Corinne; Césaire Corinne. These four, with a fifth person, unknown, were passing before the refinery when the avalanche came down.

It is thought that there are other victims. The list is not yet complete.

Among the wounded are: M. Lauverger, muni-

cipal councilor at Morne Rouge, and head barge-master at the works; his feet were caught under a lighter; wounded on the legs and head—not seriously: and M. Isambert, rescued from under the ruins; a few light contusions.

M. LOUIS BESSARION LABATUT, stoker, told us that, as he saw the avalanche coming, Captain Eucher, from where he stood on the shore, gave the order to back engine, but there was neither machinist nor stoker on board. He, Bessarion, and the captain jumped on board. They put on pressure at 3½. Immediately a terrible mass of lava rolled over the yacht. The shock threw them both into the sea. They were two lengths from the quay, in the lava, and under the lighters. The *Carbet* was still afloat, and only foundered three hundred meters from the quay.

THE CITY IN DARKNESS.

To complete the confusion in St. Pierre, the city was plunged in darkness. The electric plant would not work last night. Some persons have thought that the failure came from a diminution in the outflow of the water of the Morestin, and therefore was due to insufficient pressure of water. It took but little more to suppose that the Morestin might run dry entirely, hence an increase in the panic.

In reality the sudden failure of the electric service is due to the atmospheric conditions into which St. Pierre has been plunged ever since the eruption of Mont Pelée has attained its present proportions.

The dynamo is set in motion by a little auxiliary magneto-electric machine, the charging of which has become extremely difficult owing to the prevailing atmospheric currents. Water-power is not lacking, but it is impossible to excite the dynamo.

This is the reason why we had no electric light all last night.

It is easy to understand what was the state of mind of this unfortunate population, who felt themselves threatened by imminent danger, and whose nervous tension was heightened by the darkness everywhere.

THE NIGHT'S PANIC.

PEOPLE slept with one eye open, dreading a new catastrophe in the night, the darkness adding to the terror.

Toward 2 P.M. there were terrific mutterings, like those of thunder in a great storm. The dwellers at Fort thought that another lava wave had burst from the crater, and that Fort River would overflow. Rue Levassor was in an indescribable commotion.

All began to move out. The noise, the broken fragments of conversation in the night, increased the alarm.

In the Rue Victor Hugo there were people at all the windows, calling out to know what had happened. Some replied that it was the Roxelane that had leaped from its banks, others that it was the Pères River.

The streets of Mouillage were invaded by crowds without a place for their heads.

In fact, the alarm was not justified.

We heard some one, at about 5 P.M., remark from a window: "We can get no sleep while the volcano sleeps so soundly that he snores." That man was a philosopher.

THE GUÉRIN FAMILY.

THE Guérin family is receiving from all sides despatches and letters proving the sympathy of the whole population in the dreadful disaster that has befallen them.

M. Eugène Guérin, as is well known, was very popular. He, as well as his young wife, leaves regrets in the hearts of all. He had no enemies.

We express to the Guérin, Rollin, Du Quesne, and Préville families our sincere condolences.

TOWARD RIVIÈRE BLANCHE.

THE *Diamant* made a trip to Rivière Blanche yesterday and returned with numerous passengers.

The same steamer repeated the trip at eight o'clock this morning, and returned with two gendarmes, who, with their horses, and a carriage belonging to the Delsuc livery-stable, had been left at the factory at the time of the avalanche. The steamer brought back in all one hundred and twenty-five passengers, and towed in four row-boats filled with people.

THE ISNARD PLANTATION.

THE avalanche carried away a great part of the Isnard plantation. No lives were lost.

BETWEEN ST. PIERRE AND STE. PHILOMÈNE.

COMMUNICATION by land is interrupted between St. Pierre and Ste. Philomène, and exists only by boat.

The mud flow has deepened the coast-line in front of the sugar-works by about thirty meters.

A RESCUE.

M. RAOUL RÉNUS of Ste. Philomène has saved five persons who were in a boat near the factory, among others young Dupuis-Nouillé, son of the director of the school at Carbet; M. Elysée [Fleurisson] of Rivière Blanche, and three other persons.

We congratulate them.

[WEDNESDAY, MAY 7.]

THE following day, Wednesday, May 7, a first step is made toward a consideration of the eruption of Mont Pelée as a serious scientific event. After an article on "Volcanoes," probably by M. Landes, who was evidently the leading scientist of Martinique, there follows an interview with that gentleman. And in the "Notes Relating to the History of the Eruption of 1902" there is a visible desire to collect whatever trustworthy data could be secured. Why was not the report of the Boulin-Berté exploring party pub-

lished before? Why was it not given to the readers of "Les Colonies" to learn until ten days after that expedition that Mont Pelée had a new and an active volcanic crater? That is what will never be known. The little provincial paper closes its history with the close of the history of the beautiful little city of St. Pierre.

VOLCANOES.

FIFTY years ago a geologist would have had small fear of compromising his reputation by affirming that wherever active volcanoes were to be found there also there must be, at some unknown depth, enormous masses of matter at a very high temperature, and sometimes in a permanent state of fusion. Some geologists have imagined that our entire planet was, at the beginning, in this state of fusion, and that it has only solidified upon the surface, while preserving, at its center, a great part of its primitive heat. This is the internal-fire theory. Mathematicians, however, have calculated what the minimum thickness of the earth's crust would have to be to enable the planet to maintain the stability of its conformation, as well as to describe regularly its known orbit in the solar system; and with this result: that the thickness would have to be equal to two fifths, or even to a fourth, of the earth's diameter.

It is a familiar fact, furthermore, that the temperature rises as one goes deeper into the interior of the earth, and while this rise is not the same at all points, it may be set down as a mean advance of 1° for every thirty or thirty-five meters of depth. If this progression continued proportionately we should have a temperature of more than 1500° at a depth of forty or fifty kilometers. Such a degree of temperature would melt almost every metal known to us—which would be in contradiction to the preceding condition.

There are a quantity of other objections to the theory of internal terrestrial fire. In the first place, a fluid mass of this sort would be subject to a species of tidal movement; and nothing of the kind has ever been verified. Again, to presuppose such a mass would also be to presuppose a much greater energy of volcanic action in the past ages of the earth than any of which we have a record in historic times. But all examinations of the earth's strata in the various geological periods teach us, on the contrary, that volcanic eruptions have, in every period, been confined to restricted spaces. Great stretches of the earth's surface, as in North America, for instance, and Russia, have been quite exempt from all volcanic phenomena since the earliest geological ages, while other regions which, in those early ages, were subject to showers of cinders and to lava streams are now quite free from similar disturbances.

There is a continuous displacement, from one part of the terrestrial surface to the other, of the principal centers where volcanic action is developed. The original fluidity of the inside of the earth and the gradual solidification of its outer crust form one of those numerous hypotheses that appeared to rest on firm foundations, but the supports of which have crumbled away one after the other.

It is quite possible that important masses of molten matter may lie under the various volcanic centers, even in the periods when these centers are inactive; but we must look upon them as isolated masses without mutual relations.

To what, then, are we to attribute the fluidity of these masses and their eruption at certain times?

It appears to be well established that in all eruptions it is water that plays the principal rôle. It was first held that there existed vast subterranean cavities, at a depth of several kilometers, in which the lava accumulated, and that when water, mixed with air, penetrated into these cavities the result was to produce vapors exerting a certain pressure on the lava and forcing it upward into the conduit of the volcano. Thus it was observed, in one of the eruptions of Mount Etna, that the gaseous emanations were identical with those which would have been produced if enormous masses of sea-water had entered the reservoirs of subterranean lava and, decomposing there, had expelled the lava. This, nevertheless, would not explain the presence of lava in the volcano.

Another established fact is that a great deal of hydrogen, especially in combination with carbon, is liberated in eruptions. These carburets of hydrogen, burning in the orifice of the crater, are caused by the action of water on multitudinous metallic carburets in the interior of the soil. Hence the modern chemical theory.

This theory has gained in plausibility since M. Moissan has realized the synthesis of these carburets, explaining their most remarkable properties. The decomposing action of the water is accompanied by a great liberation of heat. To make the point clear, one may imagine the production of acetylene by the action of water on carburet of calcium. We have but to admit that there may be reserves of carburets in subterranean rock to understand how the heat resulting from their contact with water may bring all neighboring parts to a degree of temperature at which they crumble or melt away.

AN INTERVIEW WITH M. LANDES.

M. LANDES, the distinguished professor of the Lycée, was kind enough to give us an interview yesterday on the subject of the volcanic eruption of Mont Pelée, and of the phenomena which preceded the catastrophe of the Usine Guérin.

This is what I gathered from our conversation:

At five o'clock in the morning [May 5] M. Landes saw torrents of smoke escaping from the upper section of the mountain, at the spot known as Terre Fendue ("cleft earth"). He noticed that the Rivière Blanche was swelling from time to time to a volume five times greater than that of its greatest known rising, and that it was carrying down great blocks of rock, some of which might have weighed as much as fifty tons. M. Landes, who was then in the Perrinelle settlement, went, at ten minutes before one o'clock, to


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LES COLONIES

ORGANE RÉPUBLICAIN DE LA MARTINIQUE

PARAISSANT A SAINT-PIERRE TOUS LES JOURS, LES DIMANCHES ET JOURS FÉRIÉS EXCEPTÉS

ABONNEMENTS. M. HURARD, RÉDACTEUR. PUBLICITÉ.

ÉLECTIONS LÉGISLATIVES

2me tour de scrutin, Dimanche 11 Mai

FERNAND CLERC

CANDIDAT

O. DUQUESNAY

CANDIDAT

LES VOLCANS

UNE INTERVIEW DE M. LANDES

AUTOUR D'UNE CATASTROPHE

Au Prêcheur

La rivière du Prêcheur

La rivière des Pères

Le débordement de la Roxelane

La panique à Saint-Pierre

La commission du volcan

A la Basse-Pointe

Au Lorrain

Pluie boueuse

Sauvetage

Les morts

SOUSCRIPTION EN FAVEUR DES SINISTRES DE LA MONTAGNE PELÉE

FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF THE LAST ISSUE OF "LES COLONIES," THE EVENING PAPER OF ST. PIERRE.

Étang Sec. While there he saw a whitish mass descend the mountain slope with the rapidity of an express-train, and enter the river valley, marking its passage with a thick cloud of white smoke. It was not lava, but the mass of mud that submerged the Guérin works.

Later on, at the foot of Morne Lénard, it appeared to M. Landes that a new branch existed, and that this, perhaps, was ejecting lava.

The phenomenon of Monday M. Landes regards as unique in the history of volcanoes. It is true, he says, that muddy lavas form very quickly, but the catastrophe at the Guérin works was due to an avalanche rather than to a lava flow. The valley below has received the contents of Étang Sec, which broke its dike, dropping mud-thickened waters from a height of seven hundred meters. If there was no quaking of the earth under the shock of this enormous fall it was because the sea acted as a stopper, a plug, or pad.

According to M. Landes's observations yesterday morning (May 6), it would seem that the central orifice of the volcano, situated in the higher fissures, was emitting in larger quantities than ever, albeit intermittently, dusty masses of a black and yellow substance. It would be safer to leave the lower valleys, and to live at a certain elevation, if one wished to be sure of escaping the fate of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and not be submerged by muddy lava. "But," adds M. Landes, "Vesuvius has never made many victims. Pompeii was evacuated in time, and few bodies have ever been found in the buried cities."

Conclusion: Mont Pelée is no more to be feared by St. Pierre than Vesuvius is feared by Naples.

NEVERTHELESS, this morning, the mountain being clearly visible, scrutiny revealed the fact that there was, at the base of Morne Lacroix, on the site of Étang Plein, a gash one hundred meters long and forty meters deep. The partial fall of this peak would not be impossible, and it might cause some slight earthquake shocks.

A CATASTROPHE—PRÊCHEUR.

THE unfortunate people of Prêcheur are in a deplorable state of mind. Their nerves are badly shaken, and M. Grelet, the mayor, in spite of all his efforts, is unable to restore confidence. Yesterday, by order of the governor, a new convoy of supplies was carried to Prêchotins. This consisted of six thousand kilograms of codfish, salted meats, and beans. The representatives of the administration are encountering many obstacles in the distribution of relief. The boat conveying yesterday's supplies had barely touched the shore before it was invaded by the crowd. The officer in charge had great difficulty in making the people understand that to draw food it was necessary to present a signed order from the mayor.

M. Grelet, mayor of Prêcheur, admirable as is his activity, is overburdened and driven to death. The government boat brought back to St. Pierre a number of families from Prêcheur who refuse longer to remain in that locality. Many more there were who could not be accommodated, and the boat was obliged to put to sea in order to avoid sinking with all its passengers.

The merchants of St. Pierre who have been furnishing the administration with the necessary food-supplies for the people of Prêcheur are consenting to notable reductions. For instance, they have lowered the price of codfish twenty francs on every hundred kilograms.

THE PRÊCHEUR RIVER.

THE Prêcheur River overflowed its banks yesterday and the day before. It carried down enormous blocks of rock. A very curious phenomenon has been observed at its mouth. Soundings taken at that point yesterday reveal an excavation. The water, which used to have a depth of a meter, now measures eight meters. The cause of this excavation has not been determined.

THE PÈRES RIVER.

SOMETHING analogous, the result of a terrific overflow, has occurred at the mouth of the Pères River.

Yesterday, at about seven o'clock in the evening, the waters increased in volume. Their color was blackish. Every one supposed that the rise had simply been due to the rains. Suddenly, however, a torrent bore down, bringing with it great quantities of bamboo branches. Then came trees and large blocks of stone, which may still be seen in the bed of the river. The bridge at the Perrinelle place has disappeared under the rocks, so to speak. If the wall of the dwelling had not been very massive the stables would have gone down in the torrent. This first overflow lasted until about ten o'clock, and then diminished. The water rose again at about two o'clock in the morning.

At the mouth of the river the water is engulfed in an enormous hole which it has dug out here. Into this hole the flood precipitates all the vegetable and mineral debris it has torn up along its course. A little out at sea the current comes up to the surface again, still laden with drifting wreckage.

THE OVERFLOW OF ROXELANE RIVER.

THE Roxelane also overflowed suddenly at seven o'clock yesterday evening. This rise was caused solely by the heavy rains on the heights. The water holds, in suspension, all the ashes it amasses on its way, and it is therefore very dark. At the river's mouth great quantities of dead fish were found.

THE PANIC AT ST. PIERRE.

THE departures from St. Pierre are increasing in numbers. From morning to night, and even during the night, one sees hurrying people, carrying packages, trunks, and children, on their way to Fonds St. Denis, Morne d'Orange, Carbet, and other places. The steamers of the Compagnie Girard [plying between St. Pierre and Fort-de-France] are never empty. A few figures will give an idea of this mad flight. The customary number of travelers to Fort-de-France by this line is

eighty a day; for the last three days the number has risen to three hundred daily.

We confess that we cannot understand this panic. Where could one be better off than at St. Pierre?

Do those who are invading Fort-de-France imagine that they would be safer there than here in case of earthquake?

This is a foolish mistake, and it is necessary to put the people on their guard against it. We hope the opinion expressed by M. Landes, in the interview we publish, will be convincing to those who are most afraid.

THE VOLCANO COMMISSIONERS.

FORT-DE-FRANCE, May 7 (10 A.M.). The governor has appointed a commission to study the nature of the Mont Pelée eruption. The commission is composed of the following gentlemen: Lieutenant-Colonel Gerbault, chief of artillery and president of the commission; M. Mirville, head chemist of the colonial troops; M. Léonce, assistant engineer of colonial roads and bridges; and MM. Doze and Landes, professors of natural sciences at the Lycée of St. Pierre.

The public will be kept informed of the results of the commissioners' investigations.

AT BASSE-POINTE.

THE Basse-Pointe River has been rising since yesterday. The waters of the overflow are blackish. There is a rumor, which, however, cannot be verified, as telegraph wires are down everywhere, that several houses have been torn away by the flood.

AT LORRAIN.

THE Capot, whose waters had been growing slightly turbid, is now so muddy that the mouth of the river is full of dead fish.

About one hundred and fifty kilos of dead or torpid fish have been taken out of the irrigating-canal at Vivé.

MUDDY RAINS.

A FINE black rain fell almost all day yesterday in the north. It was so full of cinders that carrying an umbrella was attended with discomfort.

A RESCUE.

A FISHERMAN by the name of Thomas was, with M. Rénus, instrumental in the saving of lives reported yesterday. The act was of the most perilous sort, for the boat, which was being navigated by M. Stéphane Larade, and in which were M. Dupuis-Nouillé *fils*, M. Louis Claude, M. Elysée Fleurisson, and three other passengers, was capsized and shattered by the muddy torrent and its cargo of tree-trunks.

THE DEAD.

IN spite of reports to the contrary, the body of Mlle. Pauline Fleurisson has not yet been recovered.

To the death-list must be added two children of M. St. Just Prosper (one sick, the other an infant), who were in a boat next to that of M. Rénus.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS TO THE RELIEF FUND FOR THE MONT PELÉE SUFFERERS.

[THE names of the subscribers of the fund, which now footed up 966.25 francs, are here omitted.]

NOTES RELATING TO THE HISTORY OF THE ERUPTION OF 1902.

SUNDAY, April 27, 1902, Mont Pelée was visited by MM. Boulin, Waddy, Décord, Bouteuil, Ange, and Eugène Berté, in order that they might examine, if that were possible, the point of issuance of the smoke columns visible on Friday, April 25. The winding path which leads to the mountain-top forks when it reaches what is known as Petite Savane, or Morne Paillasse. One side goes to Étang Sec, the other to the lake which lies at the foot of Morne Lacroix. People do not take the Étang Sec pathway, unless it be occasionally a few individuals in search of palmetto-cabbages; and they do not push on as far as Étang Sec, where there is nothing to see. The excursionists, with several guides, whom M. Emm. Isnard had courteously placed at their disposal, turned in the direction of this ancient lake. The path led downward for more than an hour. It was choked with fallen and intertwisted trees, and was absolutely impassable. The excursionists, hands aiding feet, crawled over bridges of branches and decayed trunks forming fantastic entanglements. Meantime they were breathing an atmosphere tainted with nauseous gases. Suddenly, at the end of the hour, they came to a clearing, and stopped short, dumb with admiration, before a most unexpected and magnificent spectacle. They stood in the presence of an immense lake and of an active volcano.

ÉTANG SEC, according to the oldest inhabitants, was full of water before the year 1852. After the eruption of that year the waters dried up, and sulphurous emanations were perceptible, from time to time, coming from fissures in the soil—fissûres which had become barely visible before the present eruption. This being all that was left of the lake, it soon went by the name of La Soufrière. Since 1852 the pathway to it has been known only to a few hunters and cultivators. Grass had grown over the bottom of the basin, and here and there high trees had shot up.

When the excursionists found a crater in front of them they were thunderstruck. Here was a gigantic bowl measuring, approximately, three hundred meters in diameter at the bottom and eight hundred meters at the top. All along the sides of this excavation were trees uniformly covered with a metallic black coating. At the bottom was a lake two hundred meters in diameter. To the east, back against the walls of the basin, and overhanging it slightly, rose a cone ten meters high and fifteen meters in diameter across the summit!

It was then eleven o'clock in the morning; the

sun shone perpendicularly into the circle; there was a strange illumination on everything. The surface of the lake, covered with black cinders and swept by a strong wind, was like a sea of molten lead or quicksilver. The trees sparkled under the dust that covered them.

As they stood there the excursionists had the water directly in front of them. They could hear the tumultuous rumble of liquid in ebullition. Smoke rose in great puffs from the volcano's mouth. Water was spouting from the borders of the crater, and pouring down into the lake below.

THE water of the new-formed lake is of the temperature of the body. There is no sensation other than that of a liquid when the hand is plunged into it. This would make the temperature about 37°. There is reason to believe that the water is at boiling-point when it leaves the crater, but the extent of the superficies of the lake, coupled with the violence of the wind, causes it to cool quickly. Hot water has been found on a steeper slope below the lake. One is led to suppose that the center of the crater communicates with this hot-water spring by a conduit running at a great depth in the soil under the lake.

The lake water is grayish in hue. Inclosed in a corked bottle and left to stand, it deposits a fine powder and grows limpid. This impalpable dust is slate-colored; it resembles graphite and bioxid of manganese. It is this which, sifted over the lake and over the environing trees, produced, in the sun's rays, the curious illumination above alluded to.

Great quantities of gas are also contained in the new lake water, notably sulphurous and sulphohydric gas. When bottled it drives out the cork with great force. Silver turns black under the influence of the gases that emanate from crater and lake.

THE excursionists made many efforts to draw nearer the crater, but in vain. They would have had to cross the lake at one of its broadest points, about three hundred meters. They looked for a ford, and thought they had found one, but the voice of the guide warned them to desist. Here and there in the water there were leaves still green and lying motionless, which had led the excursionists to think that they might find a footing across. The guides, however, affirmed that those minute islands were no more nor less than the emerging topmost leaves of a tree, probably twenty meters high.

Was the volcanic cone in existence before the eruption? The excursionists do not think so, as the cone seemed to them to be of the same substance as the lapilli. The cinders escaping from the crater, and in suspension in the lake water, have accumulated about the orifice and formed a little hillock about ten meters high. When it ceases to be fed from the interior the cone will, then, probably crumble away.

THE lake has no visible outlet, and though the visiting party stood on its banks for an hour they saw no rise in its level. But the volume of Rivière Blanche has increased so much that there may be fissures in the lake bottom.

The party found neither lava nor stones in the vicinity—nothing but black dust everywhere.

Friday night, May 2, the eruption became sensible to all by reason of the cinders which fell over St. Pierre and the neighboring country. Those cinders were entirely different in appearance from the cinder dust examined by the excursionists at the crater itself.

Wednesday, April 30, there were three earthquake shocks, not perceived by all, because horizontal. The first occurred at 3:40 P.M., the second at 5 P.M., the third at 6:10 P.M.

Since Saturday morning MM. Boulin and Bertê have been insisting that the column of fire and cinders which is rising from the mountain comes from the precise spot at which the new crater has been formed.

WHAT has become of the lake and the new crater?

The same gentlemen propose, as soon as it is possible, to make a new excursion to the spot, and to ascertain, for the general information, what changes may have been wrought.

UP TOWARD THE CRATER.

THE phenomenon which, at one o'clock Saturday morning, enveloped all St. Pierre in a dense mantle of cinders, was far too attractive and interesting to pass by without exciting individual curiosity and causing many to wish to repair to the site of the disturbance and to see for themselves the boiling basin.

We left St. Pierre at six o'clock in the morning, the cinder rain still falling incessantly, and the people in a state of wild agitation. At Ex Voto the horses stopped short; the shower of cinders, increasing in violence and density, penetrated into our eyes and respiratory organs in spite of the handkerchiefs tied over our faces, and the terrified driver, refusing to go farther, returned to St. Pierre. We made our way on foot to the Pommier place, and reached it almost suffocated, with our clothing covered with a coating of cinders, which, mixed with perspiration, is converted, at the articulations of the body, into blackish mud.

The air was gray, and we could not see ten meters ahead. The wind blew violently in intermittent gusts, shaking down from the trees solid drops of black dust which were like the first drops of a tentative rain. The lowing of abandoned cattle, and the distressful cries of birds flying blindly above our heads, mingled with the deep rumblings and the terrible detonations of the volcano.

We took up our line of march again at half-past seven o'clock, along the road that leads by the dike; and here the workmen, grouped around their cabin, motionless and paralyzed by fright, warned us that we should surely fail in our undertaking. The rumblings had ceased momentarily, but the cinder rain continued. We went on by a path that leads to the Isnard plantation, which, with its outhouses, had been completely abandoned. The flight must have been precipitate,

for the doors of the huts on the left of the plantation have been left open. One terrified old woman in front of one of these doors shows us the road that leads to the mountain.

Sugar-cane fields, cinder-covered, lie before us. The saturation of the atmosphere being a little less dense, we can see farther. The mountain we do not see, for it projects, now and again, a cloud of black cinders which mounts upward in a thick perpendicular shaft and completely veils it from our view. Cinders go on falling, but there is less of them. Those which descend on us at that moment come from the trees in near-by fields at some elevation above us and from mountain heights that remain invisible. They are swept along by the wind, which blows in a westerly direction—that is, toward St. Pierre.

The turbid, grayish space before us lightens up a little as we approach. The wind is intermittent and laden with fine dust. This dust makes a deposit of one centimeter and a half on the leaves of the bushes and on the ground. Walking is not easy, but we finally reach the top of Morne St. Martin. It is ten o'clock. Everywhere cinders. Morne Bardury, on our left, is enveloped in them. Its trees are very tall, and their branches bend under the weight.

Suddenly there is an explosion, accompanied by muffled and prolonged rumblings; then a second, then four more, at different intervals. The sky immediately clouds over, and from the crater, which is now but about eight hundred meters away, there comes a cloud of black dust which moves in the direction of Prêcheur. We hear the bellowings of cattle; the cries of terror-stricken animals fill the stillness that follows each detonation. Oxen are galloping in every direction, coated with cinders, and breaking into those melancholy bellowings. The little water-conduits have run dry. In the place of water there is a deposit of two centimeters of cinders. Many little birds lie along the road. There is no drop of water to keep them alive.

The top of the mountain is clear. On the right the sun's pale rays make the ashy whiteness that lies against the verdure of trees and summits still whiter. Nature is sad, there is no song of bird; there is no sound at all but the bellowing of the wild oxen and the underground rumbling of the mountain.

A phenomenon which will seem curious to those of our readers who have not been on the spot is the increased facility with which, drawing nearer to it, one reaches the crater. The cinders, which lie thick at the mountain's base, are only to be seen on the trees, and we think the organizers of the Mont Pelée excursion, who thought it best to postpone the same, were quite ill advised.

The mountain is perfectly accessible. It is our intention soon to return to it, and to lay before our readers a more interesting and complete account of this future ascension.

E. G.

ECHOES.

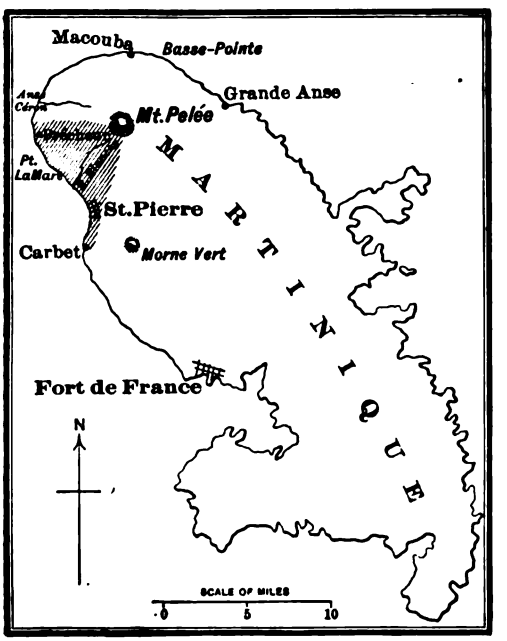
THURSDAY being the feast of the Ascension, the stenographic courses are postponed until next Thursday, May 15.

The adult course, which was to have taken place Friday next, is likewise postponed till May 15.

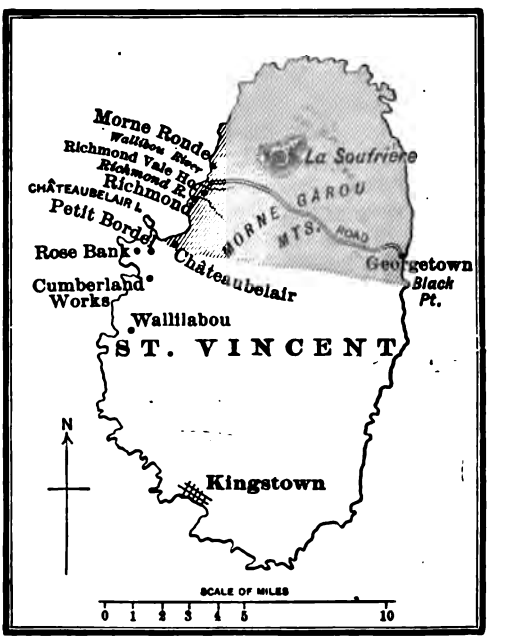
Almost the last word of the editor is this:

Our offices being closed to-morrow, our next number will not appear until Friday.

Alas! for St. Pierre there was no Friday!



MARTINIQUE.



ST. VINCENT.



THE CATASTROPHE IN ST. VINCENT

NARROW ESCAPES FROM THE SOUFRIÈRE—OBSERVATIONS AND NARRATIVES OF TWO EYE-WITNESSES.

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES BY S. C. REID.

THE following accounts of the recent volcanic upheavals in St. Vincent are written by prominent residents who were eye-witnesses of the phenomena described, and were placed in my hands by the writer or his representative, shortly before I left the island in the *Dixie*, May 29. Both are men widely and favorably known on the island.

As a natural phenomenon, indeed, the Soufrière eruption was far greater than that of either Vesuvius or Mont Pelée. The former excelled it in picturesqueness, through the nature of the ruins it left behind; the latter was more deplorably destructive to human life. There is no Pompeii, no Herculaneum, no Stabiæ, to be dug out from the volcanic deposits which the Soufrière has left behind. There was no populous city lying at its base to give the event a record as a holocaust.

But in itself the eruption was fiercer and more terrific. The territory which it devastated was far wider, comprising, indeed, a fourth part of the whole island: the merely natural results of the catastrophe were more awe-inspiring; the changes which it wrought were more astonishing.

As with many other of the great catastrophes of nature, its arrival was not unheralded. For a few weeks before the eruption, earthquake shocks had, from time to time, been felt on the island, less acutely, of course, in the capital city of Kingstown, situated in the extreme southwest, than on the northwestern portion of the leeward, or westward, side, which lies in the vicinity of the crater. It is a curious fact, too, that the windward, or eastern, side of the island was still less alarmed, and to this fact is attributed the larger loss of life in that region.

On May 5, fish-sellers on the west coast, both in Wallibou and in Châteaubelair, who had returned from a trip across the mountain to Georgetown, made statements that the waters in the lake of the old crater were unusually disturbed and discolored. But it was not until the afternoon of the 6th that the eruptions began in earnest. Steam was then seen to rise from the crater, a loud detonation was heard, and the earth shook violently. The police corporal in charge of Châteaubelair at once telephoned a report of the phenomenon to headquarters at Kingstown. Toward

nightfall these detonations grew more and more alarming. At 5 P.M. they were following each other with the rapidity, persistence, and tumultuous noise of broadside volleys. The older of two existing craters (the other being that of 1812) emitted columns of steam. It was now that Captain Calder, chief of police of the island, decided to go to the scene of action with eight constables. His report of what he saw and heard follows.

But first a word about the man himself.

Captain W. Jameson Calder was born in North Berwick, Scotland, and prides himself upon being "initially Scotch." He has been for twelve years in the colonial service, and was transferred to St. Vincent from Jamaica in April, 1902. Herculean in figure, standing six feet five inches in his shoes, he is a natural leader of men. He went to Châteaubelair in his eight-oared police boat. After landing, some of his men became panic-stricken, and pleaded with him to return to the boat, and two of them actually fled back to it. But Captain Calder induced them to return to duty by what he styled "a little Scotch persuasion." This, as I afterward found by questioning Dr. Hughes, the Leeward medical officer, who was a witness to the incident, consisted in pulling the two men bodily out of the boat and then knocking their heads together. But afterward, as I was told by another eye-witness, when the explosion was at its height, and death seemed likely at any moment, he turned to his corporal, a full-blooded Carib, and gave his men permission to take the boat and escape. "It is my duty," he said, "to remain with these people and lead them to safety, if possible." And he waved his hand toward the crazed islanders, many of whom were on their knees, praying and shrieking, and crying that the judgment day had arrived. The Carib corporal, however, was not to be outdone in bravery. Saluting, he replied: "Chief, we stay with you."

I have taken the liberty of adding a few explanatory notes to Captain Calder's narrative.

NARRATIVE OF CAPTAIN CALDER, CHIEF OF POLICE OF ST. VINCENT.

ON May 5, 1902, many rumors reached Kingstown that the Soufrière, near the middle of the northern end of this island, was showing unmistakable signs of eruption. On the following day these reports were more persistent, and it was further stated that the people inhabiting the slopes of the mountain were flocking into Châteaubelair, the nearest village, about four miles from the volcano.

At 8:30 P.M. I left by boat for Châteaubelair, a distance of over twenty miles by sea, down the coast. As we approached the wharf, about midnight, the whole top of the mountain burst into flame, the long flashes of deep-red fire traveling from the top downward in a circular track, just like fire bursting from a heap of smithy coal when fanned by a strong draft from the bellows.

This was immediately followed by an explosion as if of much heavy ordnance, dying away in a long-drawn angry grumble. The top of the mountain emitted a dense volume of very dark, heavy smoke, rising in an angry manner straight up.

The village streets and the wharf were crowded with people in a great state of excitement, most of them having run from their homes on the mountain-sides a few hours before.

Between 2:30 A.M. (May 7) and 5 A.M. similar explosions occurred with only a little flame, and as daylight dawned the ordinarily quiet little country village had the appearance of a huge hive of bees, disturbed and angry. On all sides one heard of the short but ominous warning that had been given the poor settlers, and their hurried flight with only the clothes in which they stood.

In a bay near at hand were gathered as many as one hundred and fifty refugees, while Châteaubelair held at least twice that number, and with a continual stream of stragglers arriving, each with an account of a marvelously narrow escape, and the possibility that others, left behind, had perished.

About 10 A.M. there was a terrific explosion, shaking the land as though it were only a shrub, and on looking to the crater one saw an enormous quantity of dense, heavy smoke ascending. Its volume very quickly increased in force and density, and it became apparent that there was considerable force in the upward draft. Occasionally a little pale flame was visible, and as time went on the cloud of dust rose more rapidly and the flames appeared more frequently, until, about 11 A.M., the top of the mountain became invisible. After a slight lull of about half an hour the Soufrière, with an angry grumble, showed increased activity. Dark-red flames belched forth from the entire crater, and a volume of smoke, growing denser each second, ascended with ter-

rific force, accompanied by a continual grumbling and vibration so severe that the iron hand-rails on the wharf rattled loudly. The stupendous pillar of smoke and fire fascinated one by its awful grandeur.

About 1:30 P.M. the smoke had reached a height of at least two miles, getting lighter and lighter in color, until it assumed a very pale slate. As it was forced from the center it spread to each side in a most graceful manner, assuming a perfect imitation of thousands of groups of Prince of Wales feathers, with here and there faithful representations of the convolutions of the human brain.

As the top of this stupendous cloud bent over toward our little village, the weird fascination gave place to a feeling of impending doom. It was vividly apparent that in a very short space of time this dust-charged pall of sulphurous smoke must envelop the district for miles.

When the black people realized their danger most of them grew madly excited, and in a few minutes everything in the shape of a boat or canoe pushed off from the shore, weighted down to a dangerous degree with human freight, each one excitedly urging on the others. I could then have left with the police in our boat, but, with three or four hundred refugees on the shore, I quickly determined that our duty was to remain.

While I was speaking to the people in the street, the excitement and danger were increased by hot, half-melted stones falling from the enveloping cloud. I ordered every one in the streets to leave the town at once, and, to prevent injury by falling stones, I directed them to take old boards and shingles from the dilapidated houses and cover their heads. Stones up to half a pound in weight were now falling, while the sulphurous fumes and fine, light dust rendered breathing difficult. So, with at least three hundred refugees in front, we started out of the Châteaubelair valley, accompanied by the prayers of some, the excited yelling of others, and the feeling of despair of nearly all. Men, women, and children of all ages scurried up the steep hill as fast as possible, mothers urging on their young children hardly able to crawl, old men imploring the assistance of the younger and stronger, each helping and encouraging the other, clearly showing the brotherhood a common danger engenders.

One poor woman, with a brood of at least eight, was kept behind by the inability of the youngest two to keep up the pace. Her agonized cry for help I can never forget, nor the thankful smile I got when I picked them up, one in each arm.

By this time the dense volume of sulphurous cloud, which had chased us like a death-pall, began to overtake us, and it was hard indeed to get the people to continue struggling on. As the darkness settled over us, a storm of lightning and thunder broke over our heads, and so near were the flashes that one thought that each surely must strike the people on the road, especially as the dry grass on the hillsides was ignited. It would indeed be difficult to be more uncertain of another minute's life than on that hillside that dark afternoon.[1]

As we gained the summit of the next mountain, the poisonous, dusty cloud was held in check by a steady breeze coming in the opposite direction, but for which the death-roll by suffocation must have been appalling. I pushed on for nine miles until I got an opportunity of communicating with Kingstown, when I learned that sulphurous dust and ashes accompanied by semi-fused stone had fallen there. The stones measured, on the average, at least an inch in diameter.

When about four miles from Châteaubelair, thinking the danger from falling stones had passed, I removed the board I had tied over my head, and, as a result of my want of caution, I was struck down, and remained in a semiconscious state for over half an hour.[2]

It is impossible fitly to describe that awful trek through a continual blaze of lightning, driven, as we were, before that deadly and enveloping cloud of sulphurous dust and ashes. The awful grumbling and rumbling of the volcano continued throughout the night, and as the morning dawned, the deep green of the young arrowroot and cane plants had given place to a smooth leaden color of dust, several inches deep, not a single green leaf of any description being visible.

[1] In conversation Captain Calder admitted that when death seemed well-nigh inevitable for the whole party the thought of eternity came to him. He started to say a prayer, the effort recalling to mind the fact that he had not prayed for many years. He hesitated for a moment. The impulse, he felt, came only from fear. It would be cowardly and hypocritical, he thought, to yield to it. He argued with himself and with the Almighty about as follows: "Lord, you will have to take me as I am. I have never been a cheap man, and —— if I 'll be one now!"

[2] I learned from an eye-witness that it was in taking up the two children, one under each arm, that Captain Calder necessarily had to cast aside the piece of board.

Having arranged that the boat conveying food-supplies from Kingstown should pick me up at this point (ten miles from Châteaubelair), I returned there to find the whole place covered with dust and ashes to a depth of several inches, and the volcano on the hill above us still active and surrounded by clouds of dense smoke, stretching for miles out to sea. Between 9 and 10 A.M. (May 8) this dense cloud descended on the district, and it became so dark that it was difficult to recognize any one a few yards away, while the heat was almost unbearable, although I was simply clad in light pajamas; the air had an intense sulphurous smell, and the pressure was so great on the ears that even the sound of one's footfall on the floor caused intense pain. This darkness was dispelled by half an hour's lightning and thunder, followed by a fall of rain.

The use of the telephone had to be entirely suspended.[1] A heavy limb of a mango-tree growing four yards from the police station was struck down.

About 2:15 P.M. the Soufrière was fairly visible, and clouds of smoke accompanied by fire were seen belching from the crater, while the molten lava was coursing down each deep ravine, clouds of white vapor marking its path over the damp earth. Numbers of people came in with wounds in their heads, more or less severe, inflicted by falling stones. These and the other persons from among the six hundred odd refugees then in Châteaubelair were attended to by Dr. Hughes, who had accompanied me from the start from Kingstown on the 6th. Nearly all the windows in the police station had been shattered, while the heavier stones had crashed through many a roof. The estates of Richmond and Wallibou and the surrounding settlements were covered with lava to the depth of several feet.

The whole appearance of that side of the hill and coast-line is completely changed, and it is said by those who had previous knowledge of the locality that there is a huge new fissure on the side of the Soufrière. No live animals were to be seen; numbers of dead goats and pigs were strewn on the beach and in the water.

The nice sandy beach below Wallibou estate has disappeared, and is replaced by a bluff evidently composed of lava and ashes.

4:15 P.M. The rumbling noise is becoming louder and more persistent, and the mist is again becoming denser.

5 P.M. A great deal of thunder and lightning; heavy black clouds descending from the mountain and traveling seaward.

6 P.M. Rain falling; all view to seaward and up the coast obscured by heavy, smoky, thundery-looking clouds.

7 P.M. Thunder-storm, with showers of rain at intervals; a great amount of lightning near at hand, continuing during the whole night.

4 A.M. (May 9). A very loud explosion, as if directly underneath the station, followed by heavy rumbling. Plenty of lightning near at hand, continuing, with light showers of rain, till 6 A.M.

7:15 A.M. Through a rift in clouds large quantities of boiling mud or lava seen rushing over Richmond estate to the beach. A very heavy black discharge rising from the crater to an enormous height.

8 A.M. Very heavy rumbling at intervals, accompanied by lightning. Getting dark again and breathing becoming difficult. Heat intense.

9 A.M. As clouds lift from Richmond Point it is evident that enormous quantities of mud and lava have been disgorged this morning, as a new promontory of slate-colored matter has been formed beyond Richmond Point.

10 A.M. Thunder and rumblings continuously since 9 A.M.

10:35 A.M. A very, very dense volume of steamy smoke is now rising from the direction of Richmond Point, without doubt indicating another heavy overflow from the crater.

12:30 P.M. Another similar appearance in the same direction. Crater very active. Heat again very intense. Oppressive feeling in the atmosphere. List of refugees being fed now over six hundred.

12:50 P.M. Stream of lava and mud increasing.

1:15 P.M. Heavy clouds of dust and sand falling. Heat continues almost unbearable.

2:05 P.M. Started in boat to inspect coast, but forced back by heavy indraft from the Soufrière and sea of dense sulphurous misty smoke. Rumbling more pronounced.

2:10 P.M. Air heavily charged with sulphurous mist. Have shut up all windows in the building.

2:20 P.M. Heavy rain began clearing the air. Rain at short intervals. Crater evidently quieter. Slight rumblings continue during afternoon.

[1] An admirable telephone system had recently been installed in St. Vincent, and it worked efficiently in the earlier hours of the catastrophe, undoubtedly saving a large number of lives.

6:30 P.M. Soufrière again showing signs of activity. Rumblings increased.

8 P.M. Rumblings fainter; mountain quieter.

5:30 A.M. (May 10). Top of the mountain visible for first time.

Small volumes of smoke of steamy appearance continued to rise during the day, but the worst is evidently past.

May 11. Distant rumblings and small volumes of smoke emitted during the day.

Over seven hundred refugees being fed twice a day.

3 P.M. Left by boat for Kingstown.[1]

ANOTHER RECORD OF THE DISASTER.

OUR second account is transcribed from the original notes of T. McGregor McDonald, Esq., owner of the famous Richmond Vale estate, which was one of the finest and most profitable plantations in St. Vincent, and lay just outside of the village of Châteaubelair, and therefore within what is known as the death zone, the region of greatest destruction.

Indeed, the Richmond Vale House was situated on the coast, within less than two and a half miles of the crater of Soufrière. To-day only a few fragments of wall remain to mark the spot where once it stood. The hill slopes on which it was situated are covered with volcanic matter to a depth varying from thirty to fifty feet. The shore-line of the estate has greatly changed. Beds of streams are filled only with volcanic mud. There are no signs of vegetation: that which was not entirely overwhelmed and covered out of sight was obliterated by the fearful blasts of heat.

During the progress of the mountain disturbance Mr. McDonald jotted down his observations, and these he transmitted to Mr. H. Powell, curator of the Botanic Gardens at Kingstown, through whose courtesy they were obtained by the present writer. Like the careful observations at the close of Captain Calder's narrative, they will be welcomed by scientific students of these disturbances, while for the general reader the very staccato quality of the memoranda reflects the excitement of the perilous time, which it is so hard for one at a distance to realize.

Mr. McDonald was summoned to his estate by telephone on the evening of May 6. He begins his record with some notes thoughtfully jotted down by Mr. Matthes, a German visitor in Châteaubelair, which begin with the first serious outbreak, before Mr. McDonald reached the scene.

PRELIMINARY NOTES BY MR. MATTHES, A GERMAN GENTLEMAN VISITING CHÂTEAUBELAIR.

TUESDAY, May 6, 1902, 2:40 P.M. First appearance of a white stream, in consequence of a noise like a gunshot.

4 P.M. The first people arrived at Châteaubelair who had fled from Richmond.

At 4:30 P.M. people arrived from Morne Ronde.

4:35 P.M. I saw the reflection of fire on the steam-cloud quite distinctly.

5:15 P.M. Very thick smoke arising from the foot of Soufrière on the right side, seen from Châteaubelair—new crater?

5:20 P.M. Reflection of fire in the old crater, and, now for the first time to be seen, issue of smoke, probably from the new crater on top of the mountain.

5:40 P.M. The smoke and steam-clouds disappear and leave the summit of the mountain clear and clean.

6:05 P.M. New eruption, with very thick smoke.

NARRATIVE OF T. McGREGOR McDONALD, ESQ., OWNER OF RICHMOND VALE ESTATE.

LANDED at beach of Richmond Vale estate about half-past six on May 6, 1902. I was skeptical as to any eruption having taken place, as during our approach by sea from Wallilabou nothing unusual in appearance had been noticed, and the summit of the Soufrière was enveloped in its usual white cloud. Within a minute or two of landing, however, L. exclaimed, "Soufrière bursting now," and on looking toward the mountain, I saw enormous vertical columns of white vapor being ejected, virtually noiseless, and was now quite convinced that an eruption had been and was now taking

[1] The eight-oared boat in which the captain and his men had reached Châteaubelair, and which he had left moored to the pier, was found to have sunk by reason of the ashes and volcanic matter that had fallen into it. Through the modesty of the above narrative are evident the singular energy, courage, and endurance of this man, upon whom devolved so much of the work of relief. For as much as seventy hours at a stretch, with only insufficient food hastily swallowed at long intervals, he remained on duty, managing his constables in person and setting the example of devotion and loyalty to duty.

place. Sugar-boiling was going on at Richmond Vale estate. Found people coming in from the direction of the mountain in an agitated condition. Went up to Richmond Vale House, from which place the summit of the Soufrière can be well seen. Invited Mr. Matthes to come and stay the night with me and observe.

At about 7:30 P.M. a greater discharge of vapor took place, with flame, along the whole line of top of crater, forming a thin red sparkling line between the base of column of vapor and rim of crater. This was accompanied by a loud noise. At intervals of about two hours during the night similar discharges took place. The next considerable one reported to be also accompanied by flame, but not observed by me; one of unusual force occurring about midnight. Slept from midnight till about 6 A.M., May 7. Shortly after 6 A.M. a discharge took place with the usual tall column of white vapor, but beneath this was a much shorter column of almost dense black stuff which seemed heavier, as it quickly subsided back into the crater. This was the first appearance noted of probable solid matter being erupted, the white vapor being no doubt steam only. About 7:45 A.M. an enormously high column of vapor was ejected, and it may be here mentioned that these tall columns rose in a very short space of time, say about one minute, to heights of fully 30,000 feet—by comparison seven or eight times the height of the mountain, the altitude of which is 4000 feet.

Outbursts now took place at short intervals, and at about 10:30 A.M. the eruption became continuous, enormous volumes of vapor reaching enormous heights. Have now returned to the house, after having been out on horseback since from about 8 A.M. Notes from 11 A.M. are written from veranda of Richmond Vale House.

11:10 A.M. Thunder and lightning. Showers of heavy black material could now be seen thrown outward and falling downward from the column of whitish vapor, and were associated with great noise and more violent outbursts. Throughout, the old crater seemed the center of activity, but it seemed at times as if some of the discharges proceeded from what is known as the new crater, a little northeastward from Châteaubelair. The area of the escape of vapor seemed now to be extended in a direction corresponding with Morne Ronde (westward).

11:15 A.M. Lightning and thunder now recurring and associated each time with a more violent outburst from the crater.

11:35 A.M. Discharge still violent and old crater still the center of activity. Observable from Richmond Vale House were seen enormous volumes ascending in curling, whirling waves, those beneath forcing those above higher and still higher. The color of the vapor now assuming a darker shade, white changing to light gray, the lower being still darker. Low rumbling noises audible.

11:40 A.M. The contour of the whole mountain apparently remained still unaltered, and vegetation showed green or dark, with one enormous pillar of vapor overhead. Slopes of old crater distinct to edge, belching out over entire area. Flash and peal continue.

12:25 P.M. Small vents seen forming on slope near old road, and facing Richmond Vale. Jets of vapor being emitted seemingly from them, then a more violent outburst, which appears to be extending the crater toward the left. Dark, blacker upheavals as if the size of the crater toward Morne Ronde broke away and crater enlarged in that direction—great rumblings.

12:35 P.M. Seems as if slope to left of old road up Soufrière has formed into fissures, as large escape of vapor seems now rising from small vents, leaving road and ridge side of road to the left intact.

12:40 P.M. Fissure and rent seem unmistakable. Discharge from crater now much extended to windward, as if crater was enlarging in this direction. A large escape of steam and vapor from fissure or rent above mentioned.

12:50 P.M. Enormous outburst through vent in front of mountain, the front of mountain, with exception of old road, all involved.

12:55 P.M. Enormous discharge to windward side, color darker.

1 P.M. Tremendous roaring, stones thrown out to windward thousands of feet. Began shutting up house a short time before this.

1:15 P.M. As I left Richmond Vale House activity seemed shifting to windward and Wallibou River valley, the eruption continuing with unabated violence.

1:25 P.M. Seeming still further extension of activity toward Wallibou River and Morne Garou, to right of old road.

1:30 P.M. Violent action to right, with heavy falls of streams of fine matter and black stones.

1:32 P.M. Violent to left (Morne Ronde), showers of black stuff.

1:33 P.M. Extension to left, volumes of vapor over whole area.

1:50 P.M. Black outburst to right, showers of small and large stones shot out toward windward, then falling downward, trail of fine black matter following stones. The stones issuing from an enormous cloud of vapor thousands of feet above the mountains. Some large stones were also seen falling from thousands of feet upon face of column fronting, and also falling to left, but not to windward side.

1:55 P.M. Rumbling—large black outburst with shower of stones, all to the windward. Enormous activity over whole of area. Black outburst and stones toward Wallibou River and Morne Garou, followed by enormous white volume.

Terrific, reddish, and enormous purplish curtain advancing up to lower Richmond estate. Have gone from home to get to boat. Hurried to boat and pushed off a few minutes after 2 P.M. Now saw vapors as we pulled hard across Châteaubelair Bay. The sea was level past Richmond Point. Sea peppered all around with falling stones; about one cubic inch fell into boat, in which there were eleven people. Enormous high, dense, reddish-purplish curtain advancing over sea—now racing boat before us. Same curtain over land advancing over both. Got through pass, never seemed to get out of range of stone; splashing showed stones to vary from the size of one's fist downward. Not to be able to increase distance from advancing curtain (Islet[1] curtain land gaining), felt that one's end was near; only question as to exactly what it would be. Some one cried, "We are done for, sir," from shore; acquiesced. Eventually beached boat halfway between Petit Bordel and Rose Bank. Told every one when near beach not to bother to take anything, not to pull up boat, nor to capsize by rushing out. All out and went along beach and up to the public road. Found streams of people. Mouth and throat very dry. We could walk only slowly and were quite satisfied we could go no farther.

At Rose Bank found strayed horse, which fortunately was very quiet. Every one had passed it, so I took it, and after some delay, being thus left behind, mounted and went slowly along with the stream of people. Lightning and thunder incessant and terrific. Noises inland of us were appalling—thought break-up of the earth, both submarine and land. We were advancing steadily south. More light toward sea, but closed inland, and clouds and darkness seemed then coming toward sea. Overtook some of my party at Troumaca Hill, advised all to keep going, though it might be slow, and I would not leave them, although mounted; in any case, could not travel much faster, as horse was a very slow one. The bulk of the party overtaken refused to face descent into Troumaca Ravine, fearing "darkness" seen advancing down ravine. Two ran on; the remainder stayed at one of the last houses. I went slowly down and rode into the ravine; the above-mentioned two, and one other man with his little daughter, far outdistancing me, as they took a short cut down the hillside. Therefore met no one but an old woman, progressing by hands and extremity, as both feet were crushed; also saw an adult cripple crawling, a few feet in advance of whom was an old woman that I took to be her mother, as she said she had no one to help her, and did not wish to leave the helpless one. I advised her, if she could not go on, to get farther back and stay there, as small stones were coming down all the time in continuous rain.

Troumaca stream thick from ashes, but dismounted to wet my mouth with a handful of water. Until I arrived at first house of Coals Hill village met no one or was overtaken by no one. All the people in house looking in the direction of eruption. Continued until near Cumberland Works, where I met the men of my party who had started descent into Troumaca Ravine ahead of me. They no doubt felt comparatively safe there, and were awaiting arrival of others. At Cumberland Works borrowed saddle from Mr. York, the Cumberland manager, and journeyed hence to Wallilabou in bodily comfort. Arrived there about 6 P.M., finding everything covered with dust to an extent of nearly eighteen inches. Small stones had also reached there. Horses were despatched to assist Chief of Police Calder and Dr. Hughes, the Leeward medical offi-

[1] This probably refers to a cloud seen advancing from the direction of Châteaubelair Isle. In a personal letter of Mr. McDonald to Mr. H. Powell, which the latter gave me with these notes, is this passage:

"While we were pulling, trying to outdistance the cloud advancing over toward us, I thought a submarine eruption was taking place and advancing in our direction (southward), and that if it overtook us, as we fully expected it would, we should be either engulfed or tossed up. It seems to me a question of how much area the volcanic forces would require of St. Vincent to give themselves a proper vent, and that in the meantime all that we could do by land and sea would be to try and keep ahead of them."

cer, as a telephone message calling for help had been received from Cumberland. They and all others had made a general escape from Châteaubelair at the same time that I had, and all arrived exhausted. The above-mentioned two with constables, also Mr. Gentle, Mr. Matthes, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, arrived a short time before I had. Falling stones and earthquake shocks through entire night, therefore unsafe.

Returned next morning by boat from Châteaubelair.

May 8. Mountain still discharging slaty-colored vapors from old crater, and as the wind was blowing from the north, showers of dust descended and darkness set in, producing general alarm. Took up quarters at police station, Châteaubelair. Returned later to Richmond Vale estate.

2:20 P.M. Discharge of slaty vapors continued. New crater, or some point to the right, seemingly more active and volume denser and blacker.

May 9, 6:50 A.M. Continuous rumbling noise for about half-hour, then increased discharge from the crater. Steam and darker vapor appeared in large quantities. From the condition of the surface of the sea seen over Richmond Point from Châteaubelair police station, concluded it to be a discharge of lava. Slaty vapors discharged from crater continue. Went in police boat, in company with Captain Calder and Dr. Hughes, along coast to Wallibou to make observation. Could not safely proceed farther than opposite Richmond Vale estate, and could not see farther than the spur at which the flat lands of Fraser's terminated. The impression received that there were about three lava streams from the same number of ravines in side of mountain—one looking south at the back of the above-mentioned spur, which then turned about at right angles and flowed close to and parallel with the spur to the sea: the next one at the north side of spur, on crest of which ran the old Soufrière road; this reached the contiguous flats, Wallibou and Fraser's. The third stream issued up the slope of mountain to south of old road, and reached the sea seemingly over fields through center of Wallibou estate and also by valley of the Wallibou River to the north. Morne Ronde could not be described, but the general level of all the flat lands as far as Fraser's was raised forty or fifty feet more or less, and terminated in abrupt, almost vertical bluffs at the sea, the fronts of which bluffs frequently broke away and fell into the sea. The whole of Richmond village was buried deep with volcanic matter and ashes, thirty feet more or less [the volcanic matter], highest nearest to flow of Wallibou River. Occasionally discharges of vapor, etc., would take place in the farthest and first new-formed ravine, and each was accompanied by flash and peal of lightning and thunder. Slaty vapors were discharged from crater continuously for a whole day.

May 10, A.M. Some time after daylight crater was almost free from discharge, or later very slight.

9:23 A.M. Soft gray outburst, discharge continued thereforth continuously, but force evidently lessened, as altitude was less and ascent sluggish; winds from the prevailing direction swept vapors down to the sea, so view, as before, was obscured beyond Wallilabou.

May 11. Discharge continuous and still slaty-colored. At about 11 A.M. left Châteaubelair in police boat with Chief of Police Calder and Dr. Hughes and another, on another visit along the coast; was able to proceed farther on this occasion, opposite Wallibou. Sea had encroached considerably along shore, beginning at the mouth of Wallibou River and reaching to a point somewhere beyond Wallibou Works. The hilltop, crest of ridges, and highlands generally had a comparatively thin coating of ashes, but the flats near the coast and the main ravines contained considerable depths of volcanic matter. The Wallibou River, for instance, which formerly was of considerable depth, is now almost filled to the level of highlands of Wallibou and Richmond on each side. The vapors still prevented a complete view of the mountains and coast farther than Fraser's, so that it could not yet be exactly ascertained what changes had been brought about by the eruption. A slaty vapor was discharged for whole day and observed to about midnight.

May 12. Virtually same condition, with sluggish movement of the vapor.

May 13. No slaty vapor, only white clouds, summit comparatively clear.

7:30 A.M. Slight earthquake shock, discharges began again, sluggish and slaty, and lasted two or three hours.

Heavy showers of rain at 11:30 A.M.

4 P.M. No discharge or dark cloud.

5 P.M. Discharge, light gray, sluggish.

5:45 P.M. Slow rumbling noise, clouds in form of tall, ragged vertical column, dark slaty at base, shading to pure white at top, about 10,000 feet high, no other cloud or vapor adjoining, sluggish in ascending.

6:30 P.M. Discharge from a point to the right of old crater about site of Rest House. Vegetation green as before; brown appearance marks limit of hot ashes.

8:30 P.M. Column still persisting, but less lofty; white at top, gray at base; no other clouds but this vertical one over crater. Wind more northerly, so dust brought to Richmond Vale direction and atmosphere dimmed.

May 14, 12:30 A.M. Few small fragments falling on galvanized roof of veranda. Discharge of cloud over crater still present, but less lofty. Fragments falling, due no doubt to wind above mentioned from direction of crater.

4 A.M. Atmosphere very murky, and everything covered with very fine dust. Even inside house gloomy.

6 A.M. Summit free from discharge and clear.

5:30 P.M. Summit very clear all day, but distinct small discharge of white steam from old crater. This was probably being discharged throughout whole day, but happened to notice it more particularly at above time, as was on ridge above Châteaubelair, and view was very good and still quite clear.

6:30 P.M. Fairly bulky pure white clouds to extreme right. Does this simply mean steam from a new crater or vent in that direction (windward), or ordinary clouds brought up by prevailing winds?

8:30 P.M. No discharge discernible from old crater, but white cloud (smaller) still at extreme right, neighborhood of Rest House.

9:30 P.M. Summit quite free from clouds.

NOTE BY H. POWELL, CURATOR OF BOTANIC GARDENS, KINGSTOWN, ST. VINCENT.

ON Wednesday, May 7, the day of the greatest eruption, the maximum temperature was $83\frac{5}{10}°$, minimum 79°. Barometric reading at Botanic Gardens, 29.20° 9 A.M., with virtually no variation.

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

THE YOUNGER PLINY'S ACCOUNT: THE ONLY SOURCE OF KNOWLEDGE OF THE EVENT.

IN comparison with the remarkable letter of Vicar-General Parel, detailing the circumstances of the eruption of Mont Pelée, which we print in this number, it will be interesting to our readers to consider the description of the great catastrophe of Vesuvius in August, A.D. 79, as narrated in the two letters of the younger Pliny to the historian Tacitus, which are the only source of knowledge concerning that disaster. The following translation of these letters, made by Professor J. G. Croswell, is taken from Professor N. S. Shaler's volume, "Aspects of the Earth," by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The reader is reminded that it is the elder Pliny, the naturalist, whose death is described in the first letter, that the port of Misenum is the modern Baiæ, and that the writer of these letters was at that time but eighteen years of age. The parts omitted are of a complimentary nature. The eruption began about midday. The height of the higher summit of Vesuvius is now 4200 feet, that of Mont Pelée before the recent eruption being 4428 feet and that of La Soufrière, St. Vincent, about 4000 feet.—EDITOR.

GAIUS PLINIUS sends to his friend Tacitus greeting.

You ask me to write you an account of my uncle's death, that posterity may possess an accurate version of the event in your history. . . .

He was at Misenum, and was in command of the fleet there. It was at one o'clock in the afternoon of the 24th of August that my mother called his attention to a cloud of unusual appearance and size. He had been enjoying the sun, and, after a bath, had just taken his lunch, and was lying down to read; but he immediately called for his sandals and went out to an eminence from which this phenomenon could be observed. A cloud was rising from one of the hills (it was not then clear which one, as the observers were looking from a distance, but it proved to be Vesuvius), which took the likeness of a stone-pine very nearly. It imitated the lofty trunk and the spreading branches, for, as I suppose, the smoke had been swept rapidly upward by a recent breeze, and was then left hanging unsupported, or else it spread out laterally by its own weight, and grew thinner. It changed color, sometimes looking white, and sometimes, when it carried up earth or ashes, dirty and streaked. The thing seemed to the philosopher of importance, and worthy of nearer investigation. He ordered a light boat to be

got ready, and asked me to accompany him if I wished; but I answered that I would rather work over my books. In fact, he had himself given me something to write.

He was going out himself, however, when he received a note from Rectina, wife of Cæsius Bassus, living in a villa on the other side of the bay, who was in deadly terror about the approaching danger, and begged him to rescue her, as she had no means of flight but by ships. This converted his plan of observation into a more serious purpose. He got his men-of-war under way, and embarked to help Rectina, as well as other endangered persons, who were many, for the shore was a favorite resort on account of its beauty. He steered directly for the dangerous spot whence others were flying, watching it so fearlessly as to be able to dictate a description and take notes of all the movements and appearances of this catastrophe as he observed them.

Ashes began to fall on his ships, thicker and hotter as they approached land. Cinders and pumice, and also black fragments of rock cracked by heat, fell around them. The sea suddenly shoaled, and the shores were obstructed by masses from the mountain. He hesitated awhile and thought of going back again; but finally gave the word to the reluctant helmsman to go on, saying: "Fortune favors the brave. Let us find Pomponianus." Pomponianus was at Stabiæ, separated by the intervening bay (the sea comes in here gradually in a long inlet with curving shores), and although the peril was not near, yet as it was in full view, and as the eruption increased seemed to be approaching, he had packed up his things and gone aboard his ships ready for flight, which was prevented, however, by a contrary wind.

My uncle, for whom the wind was most favorable, arrived, and did his best to remove their terrors. He embraced the frightened Pomponianus and encouraged him. To keep up their spirits by a show of unconcern, he had a bath; and afterward dined, with real or, what was perhaps as heroic, with assumed cheerfulness. But, meanwhile, there began to break out from Vesuvius, in many spots, high and wide-shooting flames, whose brilliancy was heightened by the darkness of approaching night. My uncle reassured them by asserting that these were burning farm-houses which had caught fire after being deserted by the peasants. Then he turned in to sleep, and slept, indeed, the most genuine slumbers; for his breathing, which was always heavy and noisy, from the full habit of his body, was heard by all who passed his chamber. But before long the floor of the court on which his chamber opened became so covered with ashes and pumice that if he had lingered in the room he could not have got out at all. So the servants woke him, and he came out and joined Pomponianus and others who were watching. They consulted together as to what they should do next. Should they stay in the house or go out of doors? The house was tottering with frequent and heavy shocks of earthquake, and seemed to go to and fro as if moved from its foundations. But in the open air there were dangers of falling pumice-stones, though, to be sure, they were light and porous. On the whole, to go out seemed the least of two evils. With my uncle it was a comparison of arguments that decided; with the others it was a choice of terrors. So they tied pillows on their heads, by way of defense against falling bodies, and sallied out.

It was dawn elsewhere; but with them it was a blacker and denser night than they had ever seen, although torches and various lights made it less dreadful. They decided to take to the shore and see if the sea would allow them to embark; but it appeared as wild and appalling as ever. My uncle lay down on a rug. He asked twice for water, and drank it. Then, as a flame with a forerunning sulphurous vapor drove off the others, the servants roused him up. Leaning on two slaves, he rose to his feet, but immediately fell back, as I understand, choked by the thick vapors, and this the more easily that his chest was naturally weak, narrow, and generally inflamed. When day came (I mean the third after the last he ever saw) they found his body perfect and uninjured, and covered just as he had been overtaken. He seemed by his attitude to be rather asleep than dead.

In the meantime, my mother and I at Misenum—but this has nothing to do with my story. You ask for nothing but the account of his death. . . . (Pliny's Letters, Book VI, 16.)

GAIUS PLINIUS sends to his friend Tacitus greeting.

You say that you are induced by the letter I wrote to you, when you asked about my uncle's death, to desire to know how I, who was left at Misenum, bore the terrors and disasters of that night, for I had just entered on that subject and broke it off. "Although my soul shudders at the memory, I will begin."

My uncle started off, and I devoted myself to my literary task, for which I had remained behind. Then followed my bath, dinner, and sleep, though this was short and disturbed. There had been already for many days a tremor of the earth, less appalling, however, in that this is usual in Campania. But that night it was so strong that things seemed not merely to be shaken, but positively upset. My mother rushed into my bedroom. I was just getting up to wake her if she were asleep. We sat down in the little yard which was between our house and the sea. I do not know whether to call it courage or foolhardiness (I was only seventeen), but I sent for a volume of Livy, and, quite at my ease, read it, and even made extracts, as I had already begun to do. And now a friend of my uncle's, recently arrived from Spain, appeared, who, finding us sitting there and me reading, scolded us, my mother for her patience, and me for my carelessness of danger. None the less industriously I read my book.

It was now seven o'clock, but the light was still faint and doubtful. The surrounding buildings had been badly shaken, and though we were in an open spot, the space was so small that the danger of a catastrophe from falling walls was great and certain. Not till then did we make up our minds to go from the town. A frightened

crowd went away with us, and as, in all panics, everybody thinks his neighbors' ideas more prudent than his own, so we were pushed and squeezed in our departure by a great mob of imitators.

When we were free of the buildings we stopped. There we saw many wonders and endured many terrors. The vehicles we had ordered to be brought out kept running backward and forward, though on level ground; and even when scotched with stones they would not keep still. Besides this, we saw the sea sucked down and, as it were, driven back by the earthquake. There can be no doubt that the shore had advanced on the sea, and many marine animals were left high and dry. On the other side was a dark and dreadful cloud, which was broken by zigzag and rapidly vibrating flashes of fire, and yawning showed long shapes of flame: These were like lightnings, only of greater extent. Then our friend from Spain attacked us more vigorously and earnestly. "If your brother, your uncle," said he, "is alive, he wishes you to be safe; if not, he certainly would wish you to survive him. Why, then, do you delay your flight?" We said we could not bring ourselves to think of our own safety while doubtful of his. So, without more delay, the Spaniard rushed off, taking himself out of harm's way as fast as his legs would carry him.

Pretty soon the cloud began to descend over the earth and cover the sea. It enfolded Capreæ, and hid also the promontory of Misenum. Then my mother began to beg and beseech me to fly as I could. I was young, she said, and she was old, and too heavy to run, and would not mind dying if she was not the cause of my death. I said, however, I would not be saved without her. I clasped her hand and forced her to go, step by step, with me. She slowly obeyed, reproaching herself bitterly for delaying me.

Ashes now fell, yet still in small amount. I looked back. A thick mist was close at our heels, which followed us, spreading out over the country like an inundation. "Let us turn out of the road," said I, "while we can see, and not get trodden down in the darkness by the crowds who are following, if we fall in their path." Hardly had we sat down when night was over us—not such a night as when there is no moon and clouds cover the sky, but such darkness as one finds in close-shut rooms. One heard the screams of women, the fretting cries of babes, the shouts of men. Some called their parents, and some their children, and some their spouses, seeking to recognize them by their voices. Some lamented their own fate, others the fate of their friends. Some were praying for death, simply for fear of death. Many a man raised his hands in prayer to the gods; but more imagined that the last eternal night of creation had come and there were now no gods more. There were some who increased our real dangers by fictitious terrors. Some said that part of Misenum had sunk, and that another part was on fire. They lied; but they found believers.

Little by little it grew light again. We did not think it the light of day, but a proof that the fire was coming nearer. It was indeed fire, but it stopped afar off; and then there was darkness again, and again a rain of ashes, abundant and heavy, and again we rose and shook them off, else we had been covered and even crushed by the weight. I might boast of the fact that not a groan or a cowardly word fell from me in all the dreadful peril, if I had not believed that the world and I were coming to an end together. This belief was a wretched and yet a mighty comfort in this mortal struggle. At last the murky vapor rolled away in disappearing smoke or fog. Soon the real daylight appeared; the sun shone out, of a lurid hue, to be sure, as in an eclipse. The whole world which met our frightened eyes was transformed. It was covered with ashes white as snow.

We went back to Misenum and refreshed our weary bodies, and passed a night between hope and fear; but fear had the upper hand. The trembling of the earth continued, and many, crazed by their anxiety, made ludicrously exaggerated predictions of disaster to themselves and others. Yet even then, though we had been through such peril and were still surrounded by it, we had no thought of going away till we had news of my uncle. . . .

(Pliny's Letters, Book VI, 20.)

LEAVE-TAKING.[1]

BY WILLIAM WATSON.

PASS, thou wild light,
Wild light on peaks that so
Grieve to let go
The day.
Lovely thy tarrying, lovely too is night:
Pass thou away.

Pass, thou wild heart,
Wild heart of youth that still
Hast half a will
To stay.
I grow too old a comrade, let us part:
Pass thou away.

[1] Copyright by John Lane, 1902.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

American Ideals and Current Occurrings.

WE had an artist friend of genius who in his early days of experiment and ambition, when his talent had few acknowledgers and proclaimers, did not disdain to insist, quietly but firmly, upon his own merits as a painter. If you encountered him on the street he was apt to pull a small—and truly exquisite—canvas from under his arm, and to call your attention to this or that of its excellences, comparing them, without wincing, to those of the greatest masters, living or dead. Years after, he reminded one of his admirers that nowadays he said less about the good points in his marvelous little pictures, as by this time there were plenty to praise them. So when a country's good points are generally acknowledged, and when it has, moreover, the unquestioned strength to assert its will, it is apt to concern itself less with self-laudation. With growing strength there is naturally a tendency toward a growth in the sense of responsibility. But, whatever the cause, the gross glorification of all things American, simply because they are American, is a device of the American demagogue which becomes increasingly ineffective and distasteful.

Yet there are national characteristics which we like to think are distinctively American and which it helps to make characteristically American by insisting upon and glorying in. Among these traits are energy and generosity. And these traits were magnificently illustrated in connection with the recent disasters in the West Indies in the action both of our business men, as typically represented by the New York Chamber of Commerce, and of the government, as represented by its executive as well as its technically "representative" branch. No American dependencies were involved in these catastrophes, and yet the private and public wealth of the country was poured out with a rapidity and profuseness that amazed the world, and relief was placed in the field with a speed and precision that excited universal admiration.

The love of freedom is another typical trait of the American. This passion has been somewhat confused in its expression of late years on account of events of a perplexing and hideously painful character. Our English friends have been grieved to see American public opinion, which was at the time of the Spanish War, and after, so strongly favorable, apparently turning against them, or at least greatly divided, in the matter of the Boer War.

So far as this unfavorable opinion was based upon irreconcilable hatred of England, it belonged largely to that part of our population which has not been able to escape the influences of inherited prejudice. But even those Americans who find in Great Britain so many of our own ideals fixed in the principles and laws of the people, who feel that the British have of late been wise and generous administrators of colonies and dependencies, as witness Canada, Egypt, and the great Pacific islands,—even, we say, those Americans most friendly to England, who would indeed prefer to see her power extended in preference to that of any other nation, even they could not look without a natural sympathy upon the plucky under dog in a fight like that in South Africa. And to all Americans the satisfaction has been great that the war has ended not without acts and words of generosity on the part of the victors.

The American love of freedom has been somewhat confused in its expression, owing, also, to the unexpected and most lamentable condition of affairs following our occupancy of the Philippines. Concerning this we will only say, at the moment, that American ideals have had recently very marked expression in two notable deliverances: one, the noble and impassioned speech of the venerable Senator Hoar, in the Senate of the United States, which was listened to without interruption and with the most profound attention not only by sympathizers with its sentiments, but by those who strongly differed. The other notable deliverance was that by President Roosevelt at Arlington, where he did not hesitate to hold out the idea not merely of increasing self-government but of possible national independence—when the people should be fitted for it. Surely, as President Schurman has said, "the ideas and sentiments awakened by the very name of Theodore Roosevelt are an augury of good hope and promise to the Filipinos."

If America has, by accident, been placed in a false position with regard to the desire for nationality among the Filipinos, the good will of our people as shown in the beneficent and educational administration of Governor Taft and his associates, along with such assurances as those volunteered by our Chief Executive, may make the final decision of the inhabitants favorable to some closer union than would be implied in the friendliest independence. But the more successful our efforts to educate and inform, the quicker will approach the time when the Filipinos will themselves be given a voice by liberty-loving Americans in the decision as to their permanent status.

The Presidents and leaders of our nation are not likely to forget that no statesman, in our

day, can be admitted to the ranks of the altogether great, and hold the lasting affection of mankind, if he fails, in any emergency, to identify himself with those ideals of human freedom and fair dealing among men which have inspired our Immortals from the time of Washington to that of Abraham Lincoln.

The recent admission of Cuba to independence was an act thoroughly in accordance with the American principle of freedom, and on this subject there was no uncertainty of expression in America. Any defect, on the part of our lawmakers, in any subsequent attitude toward this nationality of our own creation can only be temporary. In this last instance our President voiced, in his special message, the conscience and the sense of justice of our people.

Fair play among men we have mentioned as an American ideal. How far this ideal is preserved in the relations of capital and labor is a matter of dispute, the particular disputant being apt to find discrepancies on one side or the other according to his interests or sympathies. Yet there are many who are in a position to look on in the great debate—even when it takes the form of violent business disturbances—with a free mind and a cool judgment. These are likely to wonder whether the trade-unions are proper guardians of that American principle, freedom to work. They may wish well to the trade-union and to the working-man, and deeply sympathize with the latter in his desire to better his condition; but they wonder whether the enthusiasm of the managers of trade-unions may not carry things to such a pitch as to endanger America's industrial supremacy and seriously imperil the interests of the wage-earners themselves.

Many have thought that American independence of character is so great a safeguard against the possible tyranny of the trade-union that the hampering of industry seen in other countries, and accompanied there by industrial backwardness, cannot take place in America; but there are times when the well-wisher of American working-men has his anxieties for their future, owing to the lack of wisdom often shown by their leaders.

But fair dealing of the employer toward the employed is a necessary part of the mutuality of fair dealing between man and man. The employer who refuses to meet just demands, who lends a deaf ear to proper demands in favor of arbitration, offends against the American ideals of justice and fair dealing.

Fair dealing between man and man is a sentiment that sometimes seems absent from the conduct of certain of the great combinations that have so largely taken possession of the business of the country; and wherever that sentiment is absent, public opinion naturally asserts itself, acting through law. It looks to the outsider as if the principle of fair dealing was not always present in the formation of these enormous combinations, where the rights of minorities are disregarded with a colossal effrontery. Some of the business men most prominent in the public eye are setting bad examples, which will have effects in the future perhaps not dreamed of by them.

The statesmen and the men of affairs who run counter in precept or example to the cherished ideals of the American people are sure to suffer, if not immediately in estate, then in that good repute which is, to all honorable minds, the only success worth having.

"Human Documents" Concerning Pelée and La Soufrière.

THE immensity of the disasters of May in Martinique and St. Vincent is still uncomprehended. It is hardly to be realized in the mere statement of lives lost or square miles devastated. An intense and lasting interest attaches to this greatest natural catastrophe of recent years from the probability that it is, so to speak, symptomatic of subterranean disturbances in many quarters of the globe.

Bearing this in mind, THE CENTURY has undertaken a treatment of the subject commensurate with its importance from both the scientific and the human points of view—if these can be said to be separate. In the July number we printed a paper on "The Volcano Systems of the Western Hemisphere," by Professor Robert T. Hill of the United States Geological Survey, author of "Cuba and Porto Rico, with the Other Islands of the West Indies," prepared on the eve of his departure for Martinique, the week after the outbreak. In the present number Mr. James F. Kemp, professor of geology in Columbia University, makes a general survey of the most noteworthy volcanoes and earthquakes of the past—a paper which we commend to readers for its intrinsic interest and as a preparation for the articles to follow in our September number on the devastation wrought by Mont Pelée in Martinique and La Soufrière in St. Vincent—each written from careful observation of the scene of devastation and prepared at leisure.

Meanwhile we commend to our readers the important documents which we have been so fortunate as to obtain, and which are likely to make this number of THE CENTURY, for all time to come, a mine of trustworthy evidence relating to these events—evidence in comparison with which the bare narrative of Pliny concerning the great eruption of Vesuvius, here reprinted, seems regrettably inadequate. The touching letter of Vicar-General Parel is such a record as no other observer has made or could make, while the panorama of the life of the city shown in the first full version in English of St. Pierre's newspaper, "Les Colonies," has a graphic quality of entertainment in spite of its solemnity. That portions of this material—by no means the most important fraction—were given out to the press will rather add to the desire of readers to see the whole of it—and what is more inaccessible than day-before-yesterday's newspaper? Turning to St. Vincent, we have the good fortune to present contemporary records of a picturesque sort from two prominent eye-witnesses, both trained observers—the chief of police of the island, and one of the leading

planters, whose home was in the very path of the frightful scourge. But above and beyond the picturesque character of all these "human documents" we estimate the glimpses of heroism and of sympathy they contain. These remind us of the heights of nobility to which man rises in emergencies, indicating that he is something more than a plaything of the elements.

"A Rich Man Killed."

THE observer of American manners is called upon to note a curious tendency of some of our newspapers, and to question whether it is to be charged purely to sensationalism,—of which it is undoubtedly one form,—or whether it reflects a growing tendency of the American mind. We refer to the habit of recording accidents and other interesting occurrences as happening not to mortals, simply as such, but as to possessors, or prospective possessors, of worldly goods. In the journalistic "scare-heads" it is not John Jones of Jonesville who has been run over at the railroad crossing, but "A Rich Man Killed." It is not Miss Mary Marigold who has been struck by lightning while riding on the old Marlborough road, but "The Daughter of a Millionaire." "The Son of a Wealthy Contractor" has been hurt in an automobile smash-up; "The Great-aunt of One of the Richest Men in Laurel County" has fallen out of a second-story window; "A Millionairess" has come near getting drowned; "The Second Cousin of a Multimillionaire" has written a play.

Is this sort of thing plain snobbishness in the maker of the scare-head, and in that part of the public which is supposedly pleased with this method of identification, or is it a sign of a general greed for money and of curiosity concerning those who have it? There are those who hold that snobbishness is confined to the inhabitants of countries that exist under a monarchical system of government, and to the few in other countries who toady to foreign aristocracies. There are those who hold, also, that the possession of much or little money is not an important distinction in the minds of Americans. But we have noticed that those persons who have traveled farthest and best are apt to come to the conclusion that there is a good deal of similarity in human nature.

As a matter of fact, when you get three persons together of varying abilities or culture, you are in danger of having immediately, in any community, an upper, middle, and lower class, as the English call it; and if there come a fourth and a fifth person into the group, perhaps you will have in addition your upper middle class and your lower middle class. (How interesting it is, by the way, to hear an Englishman speak of himself, with perfect equanimity and self-respect, as belonging to the lower middle class!)

Human nature is indeed "much of a muchness," but if there is any exhibition of this muchness which ought to be offensive to the inhabitants of a democracy, it is the kind exemplified and typified and glorified in the journalistic scare-heads to which we refer.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Wiseacreage.

THE way to do some things is to do them.

LOVE is a fancy founded on fact.

CONTENTMENT is the result of a limited imagination.

FLIRTATION envies Love, and Love envies Flirtation.

PURITY is not ignorance; it is taste in the selection of experiences.

WOMAN is made for man to come back to.

Carolyn Wells

Promises.

ONCE when I was very sick,
And doctor thought I 'd die,
And mother could n't smile at me
But it just turned to cry,
That was the time for promises;
You should have heard them tell
The lots of good things I could have,
If I 'd get well.

But when the fever went away,
And I began to mend,
And begged to eat the goodies
That Grandma Brown would send,
They said beef-tea was better,
And gave my grapes to Nell,
And laughed and said: "You 're mighty cross
Since you got well."

Augusta Kortrecht.



Ballade of the Bygone Heroine.

WHERE now the heroine of old,
That being delicately bred,
With azure eyes and hair of gold,
Who "trifled," but who never fed?
Her appetite was limited;
Her fragile form was all her pride.
The heroine of old is dead—
'T is little wonder that she died!

Down dewy lanes full oft she strolled,
In airy fabrics habited,
And tiny slippers, thinnest-soled,
She wore whene'er with fairy tread
Toward the trysting-place she sped,
Where dripping boughs at eventide
Rained benedictions on her head—
'T is little wonder that she died!

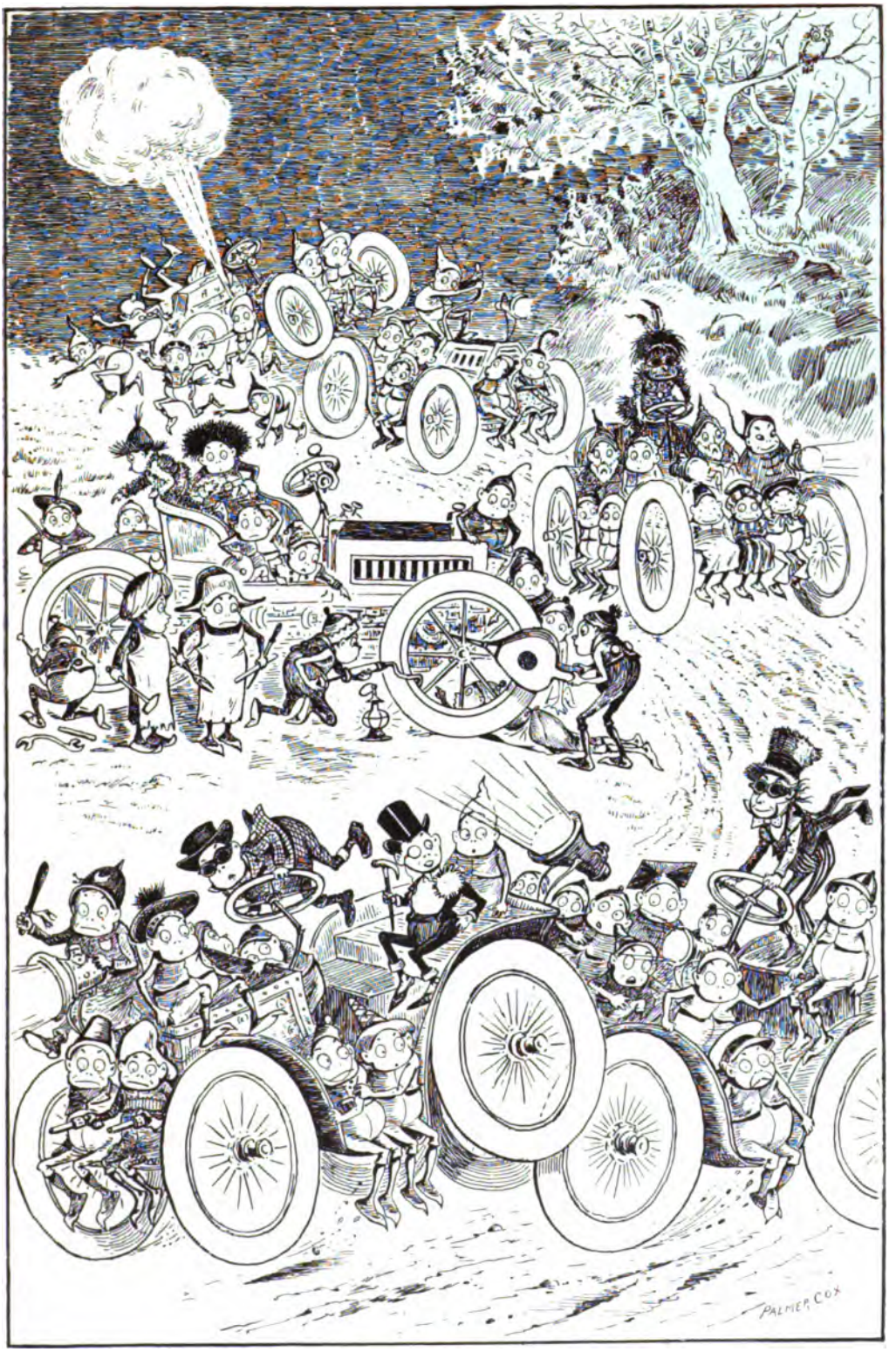
Her interests were manifold:
She loved to work with crewel thread;
She swooned with ease and grace, we 're told;
And much of poetry she read.
But oh, ere she was safely wed,
With frowning fate at last defied,
How many, many tears she shed!—
'T is little wonder that she died!

ENVOY.

Prints of the past, her likeness dread,
The climax of her woes supplied;
By art and nature sore bested,
'T is little wonder that she died!

Jennie Betts Hartswick.





THE BROWNIES' AUTOMOBILE CLUB.



The Mother of Little Maude and Little Maude.

A NONSENSE STORY.

With Nonsense Pictures by the Author.

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl named Maude and she went out a-driving in a four-wheeled carriage drawn by two four-legged horses and driven by one two-legged driver. And the dear little girl named Maude sat on the front seat by the two-legged driver and Maude's dear mama sat on the back seat by herself which is not the same as *beside* herself.

And all of a sudden the horses which had only been running before began to run away. And the dear little girl named Maude wished to let her mama know that they were running away but she did not wish to alarm her too suddenly for sometimes shocks are serious.

And the dear little girl named Maude saw a reporterman walking along the sidewalk looking for news for his paper. So she called to the reporterman and said "I wish to speak to you on business."

And the reporterman was agile and he jumped on the step of the carriage and the little girl said to him "Please get it into your paper that the horses are running away and I wish my dear mama to know it. I am none other than little Maude."

And the reporterman did not know that the lady on the back seat was the mama of little Maude so he raised his cap and jumped from the carriage and nearly fell down in so doing for the horses were now running madly on eight legs and the driver was getting nervous and the reporterman went to the newspaper office and wrote "The horses of the little girl who is none other than little Maude are running away and it is a pretty serious business for her mama does not know it and there is no telling when the horses will stop."

And they slapped this news into type and then it was printed in the newspaper and a newsboy took the papers and ran into the street crying "Extry! Extry! Full account of the running away of the horses of the little girl who is none other than little Maude."

And Maude's mama heard the little boy and she beckoned to him to bring her a paper. And the newsboy was also agile and he leaped upon the step and sold a paper to the lady for a cent and then he jumped off again, for he had other papers to sell.

And the mama of little Maude began to read the news. And when she came to the part that said the horses of little Maude were running away she looked straight ahead and saw that it was indeed true.

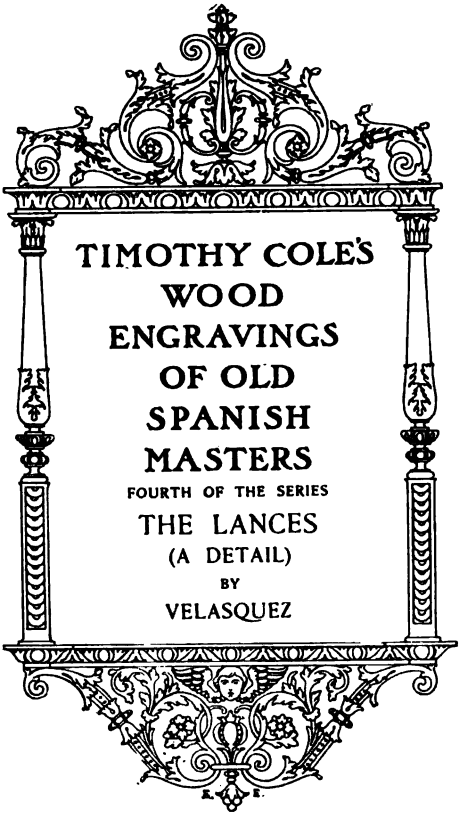
And with great presence of mind she climbed over the back seat and dropped to the ground unhurt. And when little Maude saw that her dear mama had escaped she also climbed over the back seat and dropped to the ground unhurt. And when the driver saw that Maude's mama and little Maude had escaped he also climbed over the back seat and dropped to the ground unhurt.

And the two horses who were very intelligent and who had wondered what would be the outcome of their runaway got into the carriage and they also climbed over the back seat and dropped to the ground unhurt.

Charles Battell Loomis.



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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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OUR EQUATORIAL ISLANDS

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF SOME PERSONAL EXPERIENCES



BY JAMES D. HAGUE

WITH PICTURES BY C. L. BULL, L. W. TABER AND M. L. STOWELL



IT has not come to be generally known that about forty-five years ago the United States acquired formal and actual possession of certain islands in the mid-Pacific, lying within and along the equatorial belt, and reaching westward nearly to the Eastern Hemisphere.

In 1856 it had already come to pass that certain voyagers in those regions, mostly American whalemen cruising along the line, had occasionally visited several small, low, and desolate coral reefs and islands, on some of which they had found valuable deposits of phosphates, or so-called phosphatic guano; and in August of that year Congress passed an act authorizing American citizens, under prescribed conditions, to claim, acquire, and enter into possession of such islands in the name of the United States. Under the operation of this act a number of islands were so claimed and entered upon by American citizens, who there and then acquired lawful possession, and for many years thereafter enjoyed exclusive rights of ownership and exploitation under the authority and jurisdiction of the United States government and the protection of the American flag.

Two of these islands, Jarvis and Baker's (New Nantucket), about that time became unquestionably American possessions, not only under the congressional act, but also by the official act of the commander of the United States ship *St. Mary's*, Captain Davis, U. S. N., who, under instructions from his government, in 1858, visited both and "took formal possession of the islands in the name of the United States, and deposited in the earth a declaration to that effect, executed on parchment and well protected," all of which

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he duly reported to the Secretary of the Navy (Executive Document No. 11, Senate, Thirty-fifth Congress, First Session, 1858).

The flag of the United States was therefore floating over American insular possessions in the Pacific as long ago as 1858 and as far west as 176° 32′ from Greenwich, at Baker's Island, thirteen miles north of the equator, and only about three hundred miles from the anti-prime meridian dividing the two hemispheres.

If these facts are new or in any way surprising to some good American citizens who, in these latter days, have become urgent advocates of the policy of territorial extension in the Pacific, and who, perhaps, especially maintain that the flag, once raised, must never be hauled down, it may be still more surprising to such readers to learn that, somehow, in the course of human events, after many years of possession and active operation by American citizens, and notwithstanding the provision of the original congressional act that no guano should be taken from such islands except for the benefit of American citizens and for the purpose of being used within the United States, all these islands have been delivered or abandoned to other claimants and, by hook or crook, have passed into British possession, under the British flag.

This is true not only of islands which were once acquired and held under the act of 1856 alone, but also of Jarvis and Baker's, for which special claims were made in 1858 by the United States government through its agent Captain Davis, in the *St. Mary's*: both of these islands have since passed, either by sale or license or abandonment of the American claimants and occupants, into the possession of an English trading firm, and thus to an English corporation formed for the purpose of taking over the business of said firm about January 1, 1897. That the deposits were not then entirely exhausted is at least indicated by the prospectus of the English company, which states that the islands referred to then contained about one hundred and twenty thousand tons of guano.

It was some years before the date just named that one or more of her British Majesty's ships appeared in the mid-Pacific, cruising with a sharp lookout for any unoccupied islands that could be had for the picking up; and in 1889, more than thirty years after the visit of the *St. Mary's*, when Captain Davis took possession of Jarvis Island in the name of the United States, H. M. S. *Cormorant* (funny name!) came sailing over the equatorial ocean, seeking what she might devour in that line, and finding Jarvis presumably with nobody at home to set the Stars and Stripes, naturally gobbled up the little island and sailed away, not only without provoking any protests, but, apparently, with such acquiescent assent on the part of



DRAWN BY CHARLES L. BULL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS

GANNET, OR BOOBY, AFTER FLYING-FISH.



DRAWN BY CHARLES L. BULL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

MAN-O'-WAR HAWK.

the United States that a naval chart of the Pacific, published in 1896 by the Hydrographic Office of the United States Navy Department for the purpose of showing the insular possessions of various nations, expressly indicates Jarvis as a British island. Christmas, Fanning, and Palmyra islands, lying several degrees farther north and, generally, between Jarvis and Hawaii, were taken up by the *Cormorant* about the same time. Since then almost every island in that part of the Pacific has been claimed as a British possession; and on the naval chart just referred to the only islands in that region which are not distinctly indicated as British are Baker's and its single near neighbor, Howland's, and both of these are now actually occupied by the above-mentioned English company, which is, or recently was, actively engaged in the shipment of guano therefrom, under lease or license of the Colonial Office of the British government and under the protection of the British flag.

These scattered islands, unrelated to other groups, are generally known as the "Line Islands." What importance they may still have for their guano deposits is perhaps questionable; but their possible value as cable stations has recently come into view and may some day demand serious consideration. This possibility seems now all the more important since the United States government, in 1899, seeking to acquire an eligible cable station, made an offer of one million dollars, which the German government declined, for Ualan, or Kusaie, sometimes known as Strong's Island, situated fifteen hundred miles or more west and northerly from Baker's. Fanning's Island, an inhabited coral lagoon, a few degrees north of Jarvis, was some time since made a permanent cable station for a British five-thousand-mile cable now in process of construction between Vancouver and Australia. As will be seen by the accompanying chart, Jarvis and Baker's are both conveniently situated on lines connecting the Pacific coast of the United States with Australia or New Zealand, touching Hawaii and Samoa; and the claim of ownership by the United States, based on the act of possession taken by Captain Davis, may sooner or later give rise to an international question.

Jarvis Island, nearly due south from Hawaii, lies hundreds of miles from any high land and many miles from any land whatever. In latitude it is twenty-two miles south of the equator and in longitude 159° 58′ west from Greenwich. It is a small speck of coral reef in mid-ocean, between one and two miles long from east to west, and less than a mile wide from north to south, with an area of perhaps a thousand acres. On the flat surface of the coral-built platform-reef, just level with the sea at low tide, the waves, breaking on its outer edge, have swept together a mass of coral debris and sand, piling up a snow-white beach between twenty and thirty feet high, which is an encircling rim of a saucer-shaped surface, the central part of which is eight or ten feet lower than the crest. The island, once a lagoon, is now filled with coral debris. The evaporation of sea-water in the central



DRAWN BY CHARLES L. BULL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

FRIGATE-BIRD, OR MAN-O'-WAR HAWK.



DRAWN BY CHARLES L. BULL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

TROPIC-BIRD, OR BO'S'N, AND ITS YOUNG.

basin left there, long ago, a bed of gypsum (sulphate of lime), on which the guano was subsequently deposited, with resulting phosphates.

The interior surface of Jarvis is almost as completely white as the beach and the surrounding ring of surf, shaded only slightly here and there by a thin and scanty growth of dark-green vegetation, a sort of creeping purslane and a little, long, coarse brownish grass. Seen from a ship several miles away, in a dazzling sunlight, the white island can hardly be distinguished from the sea breaking in shining surf upon the encircling reef or rippling with whitecaps in the distant view. It was a tradition of early days that a vessel once approached the island, known to be very near, but not yet made out by any of the lookouts aloft, when one of these suddenly sang out, not "Land ho!" but that he could see a flag on the water, then a house, then a man riding on a mule, and, finally, the island under the mule! The rider thus distinguished was the late Dr. Judd of Honolulu, celebrated in the history of Hawaiian affairs, who was just then visiting the island as agent for the American Guano Company of New York, the newly established occupant in actual possession.



DRAWN BY CHARLES L. BULL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY G. M. LEWIS.

FRIGATE-BIRD AFTER THE CATCH OF A GANNET, OR BOOBY.

Baker's Island is about one thousand miles west of Jarvis, resembling it in general character, but smaller, containing only about four hundred acres, and being darker in color and somewhat more thickly covered with purslane and grass. It also is very remote from any high land, and has only one

near neighbor, Howland's Island, about fifty miles away to the northwest.

As sources of phosphatic guano Jarvis and Baker's were unquestionably the most important of all the Pacific equatorial islands which were acquired by American citizens under the congressional act of 1856. The above-named company of New York capitalists engaged actively in the enterprise of equipping these two islands with all required facilities for the exploitation of the deposits and the loading of vessels. Supplies, materials, and laborers were sent there from Honolulu. Vessels were chartered at San Francisco to load at the islands and to sail for Hampton Roads. A ship was despatched from New York to Jarvis and Baker's, loaded with materials for the construction of houses and working plant on the islands, and with cables, chains, anchors, buoys, and other needed outfit for deep-water moorings.

It was to examine these phosphatic deposits and to search for others like them that the writer visited and explored a large number of coral islands lying along the Pacific equatorial belt in 1859–61.

The most serious difficulties of the new enterprise were met in the mooring of vessels and the transport of guano from shore to ship. There was no safe anchorage. The shores of coral reefs and islands in the Pacific are generally very bold, descending at a precipitous angle from the surface to submarine depths, which, in this part of the ocean, average probably more than fifteen thousand feet. At Jarvis and Baker's and similarly situated islands the water deepens boldly from the outer edge of the reef, and at hardly a ship's length from the shore a hundred-fathom line could not reach bottom. Ships were usually moored off the western shore of the island, where they were made fast to mooring-buoys, which were held in place by heavy anchors and connected chain cables, two anchors for each mooring, one on the outer edge of the reef and one offshore in deep water. Thus moored, there was hardly room for a ship to swing between the buoy and the reef, a safe enough position with wind and current both steadily offshore, but very dangerous under other conditions. The prevailing winds were easterly trades, which, with the equatorial current running almost always strongly to the westward, usually kept the ships tailing offshore.

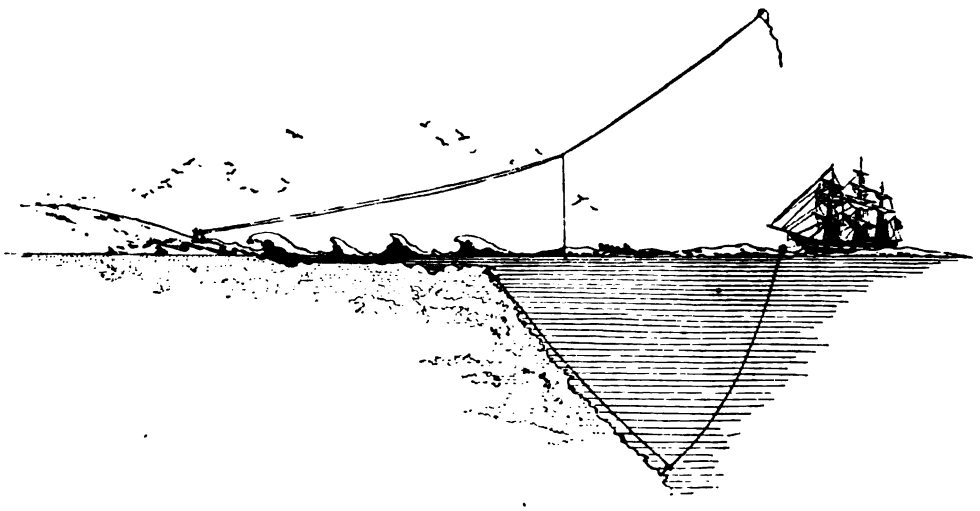
This strong westerly current was thus an important factor in the safety of vessels lying at the islands; but it sometimes slacked, and sometimes turned eastward, probably because the belt of current and countercurrent, somewhat like a double-track roadway, shifted now and then north or south. The westerly current also greatly increased the difficulty of bringing ships safely to the moorings. The experiences of shipmasters engaged in that service in those days were often trying and occasionally disastrous. The captain of a ship found himself confronted with the difficult task of bringing his vessel to the mooring under sail, and virtually in the open sea, with just way enough to reach and get hold of the cable, already made fast by one end to the mooring-buoy and coiled in a boat, ready to be put aboard ship at the moment of her coming within reaching distance. Too much way meant forging ahead to fatal disaster on the reef, a ship's length beyond the buoy. Too little way meant failure to make fast, with all the unhappy consequences of drifting swiftly to leeward in the strong westerly current, and beating to windward, sometimes many days, before returning for another attempt. In some instances this was many times repeated, and one ship was unlucky enough to lose more than a month's time in trying to get fast to the island. Sometimes it came to pass that a ship-captain, having in mind an overmastering fear of missing his mooring and thus falling helplessly to leeward, gave his vessel too much way, and went straight to wreck and ruin on the reef before him. Such was the fate which the good ship *Silver Star* met at Jarvis Island, November 10, 1860, in which unhappy event the writer participated as passenger.

Once securely moored under the lee of the western shore, a ship might lie for days and weeks as quietly as in a well-protected harbor and almost as free from any considerable danger. The vessels usually lay within a cable's length of the platform-reef, on the outer edge of which the sea broke in a gentle surf, which offered no hindrance to the passage to and fro of the whale-boats carrying the guano in canvas bags from shore to ship. These conditions prevailed generally during summer months. At other seasons, especially between October and March, there would come occasional periods of very high surf, several days in duration, when all traffic between the shore and the ships became impossible. Then the sea, rolling in from the vast expanse of ocean, moving in long, swelling billows with smooth,

almost unruffled surface until broken on the outer shore, gathered itself in overwhelming masses, like uplifted walls of water, often higher than the highest point of the island, and fell precipitously upon the reef with a body and violence which seemed to threaten with destruction everything before it. On these occasions the spectacle was superb. The outer waves, advancing and culminating as they broke, fell, with a mighty roar, as massive water falls from the brink of a cataract with inconceivable force, and from crests which sometimes must have been

kas, amphibious fellows, very skilful in their work, apt in choosing the favorable moment for passing the breakers, and, in an unlucky capsize, as much at home in the water as fishes. Sometimes, when high surf made the reef quite impassable for boats, it was an easy task and good sport for one of these Kanakas to swim from the shore to a ship at the mooring and return, carrying messages in a bottle tied about him.

It was during one of these high surf periods, when the sea was breaking on the reef with such extreme violence that neither



METHOD OF MOORING SHIPS—LETTERS BY KITE LINE.

more than thirty feet high. I have seen from the shore a whale-boat, twenty-eight feet long, caught unhappily in the surf, lifted up endwise like a chip, its whole length projected vertically, for an instant, against the face of the advancing, still higher, wall of white foaming water. Wave after wave of this sort would come pouring in, following each other in quick succession, sweeping across the platform-reef with beautifully combing, curling, wind-blown crests, washing the beach to its summit and then swiftly receding, moving with noisy attrition a shifting mass of pebbles, sand, and fragments of coral.

The business of loading ships was, of course, much interrupted by these periods of surf. No wharf or pier built on the platform-reef could be made to withstand such destructive force. All the traffic of the islands between ship and shore was carried on in whale-boats manned by Hawaiian Kana-

boat nor swimmer could live in it, that the writer devised and successfully employed a method of communication between shore and ship by means of a large kite, which was made of a light wooden frame covered with thin cotton sheeting, and provided with a strong kite line. When the kite was well up in the air, trailing out seaward across the reef, and had mounted high enough to sustain a little extra weight, a small ring was securely fastened to the kite line. Through this ring a lighter cord was passed, and a bottle, containing a letter for the ship, was tied to the outer end. The kite was then allowed to rise, taking out both lines and carrying aloft the bottle, swinging high in air. When the bottle was evidently out beyond the surf, the kite line was made fast on shore, and the lighter line, passing through the ring, was paid out, allowing the bottle to descend to the water. The ship-captain, seeing what was intended, sent a

boat to fetch the letter; a reply was presently placed within the bottle, which was then pulled up to the ring on the kite line, and soon brought ashore by hauling in the kite.

Jarvis and Baker's were known and located on the charts long before they were supposed to contain anything valuable. They were rarely visited or seen except by whalemen, who, cruising along the equator, might find occasion to land in search of eggs or to call at the solitary post-office, which, at Baker's, during many years prior to permanent occupation, consisted of a covered box fastened to a post set upright in the sand, where passing whalemen might both find letters for themselves and leave letters for others, it being a custom for all whale-ships bound homeward or to the Arctic to take along all letters going their way. Occasionally such an island has become the burial-place of some poor mariner whom death has overtaken in its neighborhood, and whose body, instead of being committed to the deep, has been left to repose in a sandy grave upon this remote speck of terrestrial isolation, high up on the far crest of the beach, beyond the sweep, but always within the sound, of the breakers on the reef.

Such were two unfortunate whalemen, my contemporary voyagers, whose bodies lie buried on one of the Caroline Islands, and whose epitaph, printed some time since in the New York "Tribune," reads as follows:

Sacred to Wilm. Collis
Boat Steerer of the SHIP
SaiNT george of New BED
ford who By the Will of
Almitey god
was siviriliery injured by a
BULL WHALE
off this Iland on
18 March 1860
also to
Pedro Sabbanas of Guam
4th MaTE drouwned on
the SAME Date his
Back broken by WHALE
above
MeNTioned

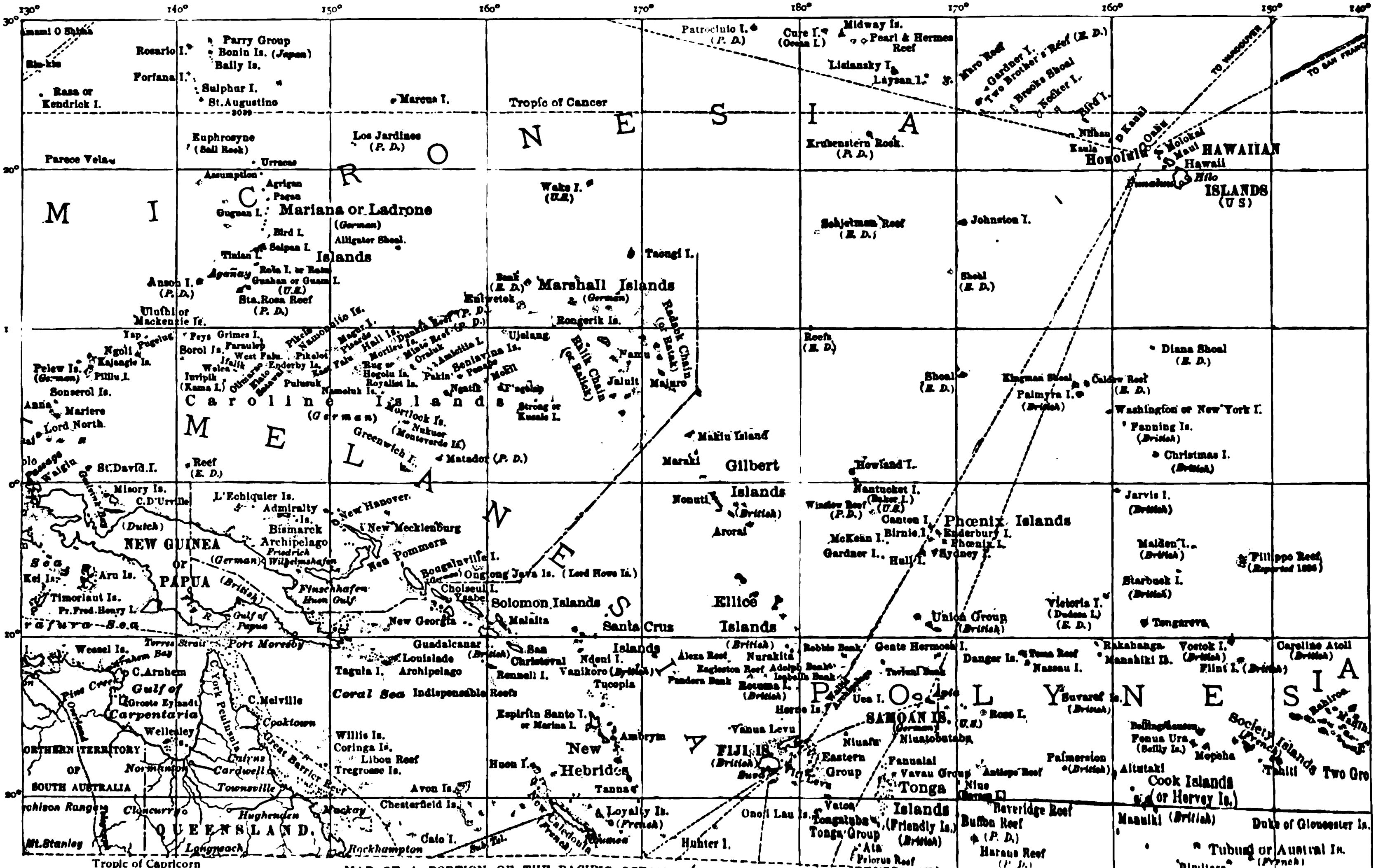
It was doubtless due to observations made by visitors on such errands that the guano deposits on these islands first attracted the attention which led to the discovery of their value. The material of the deposits, both in appearance and composition, was generally quite unlike guano of the Peruvian islands, much of it, especially of Jarvis, being as white as snow, as hard as rock, and almost wholly without ammonia. It was, in fact, bird-guano from which almost everything soluble had been leached by water, leaving a highly concentrated calcareous phosphate, then worth, in the United States, about thirty dollars a ton.

These deposits varied in thickness from a few inches to a few feet. The islands had been for ages the breeding-places of millions of birds of many kinds, large and small, subsisting mainly on the fish of the sea and partly on the products of the reef. The birds rest mostly on the bare surface of the island, flocking together in solid masses of thousands, each different kind grouping apart and not mingling with other sorts. Where vegetation affords the material, some kinds build roosts of twigs and stems two or three feet high. Many burrow, and nest in holes beneath the sandy surface.

In the course of ages these countless millions of birds produced a vast deposit of material containing the concentrated phosphates most desirable as food for plants and for the enrichment of the earth's soil; and it is interesting to note how, by processes partly natural and partly artificial, these mineral phosphates of the Pacific Ocean, in their various states of being, illustrate what may be called the transmigration of atoms.

From a state of solution in sea-water these atoms of calcareous phosphate, derived originally from primitive rocks, were converted into various forms of fish food, both animal and plant, and, thus assimilated, were subsequently transformed into the bones and bodies of the fish, which, in turn, as food for birds, came, by and by, to form part of the phosphatic deposits on these islands, whence they have been conveyed in ships to the opposite side of the planet for the fertilization of the fields of America and Europe, there to be again transformed into food, both plant and animal, for millions of people in both hemispheres, to become bone of our bone and, through human embodiment, to be made partakers in all that mortal man is heir to. Some such atoms may rest in Westminster Abbey or in the tomb of royalty; and countless thousands may thus await the final mystery, at the last trump, when this mortal must put on immortality.

Among the birds of these islands an ornithologist might perhaps find many varieties, all of which are known to ordinary observers by a few common names. The most numerous kinds found there by the early occupants



MAP OF A PORTION OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN. (FROM "THE CENTURY ATLAS OF THE WORLD.")

were the gannets or boobies, the frigate-birds or man-o'-war hawks, the tropic-birds or "bo'sn's," the gulls, tern, mutton-birds, noddies, petrels or Mother Carey's chickens, and, during their breeding-seasons, some game-birds, notably curlew, snipe, and plover.

The gannets are comparatively large birds and great diving fishers, pouncing from high in the air upon fish deep in the water. They go out from the island for a day's fishing early in the morning, and return at evening, heavily laden with fish, many of them large, which they disgorge for home consumption, usually after first satisfying the demands of the tax-gatherers to whom they are compelled to pay tribute. These are the man-o'-war hawks, the tyrants and pirates of the feathered community, depending largely on the toiling fishers for their food. They patrol the coast, a little way offshore, usually about sunset, like a line of guards or revenue officers, and waylay the returning fishing-birds, preventing their landing until they have surrendered a portion of their day's catch.

The man-o'-war hawk is also a somewhat large bird and an expert fisher, but he does most of his fishing in the air. When the booby-bird comes home from abroad he finds the man-o'-war hawk "layin' for him"; and however persistently he may seek to escape by dashing flight, with much screeching and screaming, he finds that before he can safely set foot on the land he must disgorge a fish or two, which the swift pursuer adroitly catches in the air. It seemed, however, to be generally understood, as a *modus vivendi*, between the fisher and the pirate-birds that their contentions were only on the wing and that, once on land, they should dwell peacefully in their separate camping-grounds.

The boobies are awkward and unwieldy on land, and may be easily captured. They rarely seek to escape when a man approaches, but, accustomed to meet the demands of their familiar enemy, the man-o'-war hawk, by disgorging a fish in the air, they frequently resort to the same process and lay at the feet of the intruding stranger what stock of fish they have available. The man-o'-war hawks turned this practice to their own advantage by following after any man who might appear among the nesting birds, circling in the air just overhead, ready to pick up the fish which the frightened boobies might give up as a peace-offering. The man-o'-war hawks were generally eager for anything, and would hover closely, ready to take from the hand of a man whatever he might toss in the air. On one occasion one of these birds swiftly snatched a note-book, which lay for a moment on the ground, and sailed away, dropping it, however, on finding it to be neither fish nor rat. All the game-birds, the curlew, snipe, and plover, were as shy and hard to get at as they are in populated countries. The gulls and the smaller tern, when disturbed by man, would rise from the ground in innumerable flocks, flying, curving, and circling in the sunlight and casting a perceptible shadow, like a cloud, on the land beneath.

There was one beautiful little white bird, rarely to be seen except on the weather shore of the island, hovering there over the reef and the foaming breakers, flying slowly with a gently wafting movement, circling overhead almost within reach, and peering inquisitively into one's eyes, as if seeking some spiritual intercourse. Almost every visitor who saw these birds was impressed by their remarkable beauty and curious behavior.

Even sailors who came ashore for a Sunday's liberty, sometimes rough fellows whose path across the island could too often be traced by the dead bodies of the booby-birds wantonly slain, were strangely affected.

"What kind of a bird is that little white one over there to windward?" one of these men asked, returning from his tramp.

"Don't know any special name for it. Why?"

"Danged if I don't believe it 's a spirit of some kind," he replied.

It was interesting to read, some time after, in Darwin's "Journal of Researches" during the voyage of the *Beagle*, the following note, referring to the birds on Keeling Island:

> The gannets, sitting on their rude nests, gaze at one with a stupid yet angry air. The noddies, as their name expresses, are silly little creatures. But there is one charming bird; it is a small snow-white tern, which smoothly hovers at the distance of a few feet above one's head, its large black eye scanning, with quiet curiosity, your expression. Little imagination is required to fancy that so light and delicate a body must be tenanted by some wandering fairy spirit.

The tropic-bird, or "bo's'n," is about as large as a gannet and, although generally white, has two very long, delicate, and usually bright red tail-feathers, which sailors call the "marlinespike," whence comes the name after the boatswain. It is a pluckier bird than the gannet, more self-

respecting and self-contained. When approached by man, it neither waddles away in a flurry nor disgorges a peace-offering of fish, but defends its eggs or young against intruders.

Some interesting experiments were made with these birds as messengers, especially between Baker's and Howland's islands, about fifty miles apart. On several occasions a bird was taken from her eggs at Howland's Island and placed on board a vessel going to sea or to Baker's, whence she returned to her nest directly after being liberated, bearing a message, written on a bit of canvas, tied to her foot. Thus the schooner *Ortolan* sailed from Howland's one morning at eight o'clock, carrying a bo's'n which was set free the following day and was found on her nest next morning at daylight with message reporting the latitude and longitude of the vessel, sixty-eight miles away, at the time of the bird's departure.

This may recall to readers of "Foul Play" an interesting incident of that well-known story by Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault, in which the hero and heroine, being castaways together on an otherwise uninhabited island in the Pacific, are led to study the problem "how to diffuse intelligence from a fixed island over a hundred leagues of ocean."

The idea of tying messages to the feet of birds and so communicating with ships sailing in that part of the world was derived by the authors of the story from the actual experiences of an Australian ship-captain on whose vessel a bird once alighted, bearing a message from stranded castaways seeking rescue; but the plan of weighting the bird's foot, not heavily enough to prevent flight, but sufficiently to induce the bird to alight on a vessel if occasion should offer, was an invention which the author puts into his hero's mind by causing him to observe a duck seeking rest on a boat after flying with obvious difficulty, due to an unnatural impediment attached to one foot, which proved to be a crab that had fastened itself there some time before.

By a curious coincidence, this ideal conception of the self-attachment of the overweighting crab was actually realized at Jarvis Island in the case of a gannet which was seen by the writer to move with difficulty, by reason of a heavy lump attached to one foot, which, on examination, plainly told its own story. The bird, at some time long before, had evidently been on the reef at low tide, where a bivalve as large as a full-sized clam had closed upon its foot, never to open again. The bird had flown away, and in time the mollusk inside the shell had died without relaxing the grip. Gradually the interior had been compactly filled with fine sand, which, with alternate wetting and drying, had become a solid petrifaction. The under side of the shell was worn away by long contact with other surfaces; but the upper side still showed the scallops and flutings of the original form. It evidently caused the bird much distress, which was mercifully ended there and then, and the foot, with its extraordinary attachment, found a place, long ago, in the museum of the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale.

There are but few, if any, islands in the Pacific where rats may not be found, and they are sometimes present in large numbers. In many cases they are the survivors of shipwreck. On Howland's Island especially they had increased and multiplied almost beyond belief. They must have been on the island for years, as there seemed to be no remaining sign of any shipwreck that might have brought them. They were very small, and had probably degenerated under changed conditions of food. They lived on eggs and the bodies of birds too small to defend themselves. A struggle for existence seemed to be in progress between the rats and the smaller kinds of birds, on the eggs of which the little rats depended chiefly for their support, and these birds appeared to be at the verge of extermination. The larger birds were in no danger of this sort, as they could not only easily defend their eggs, but some were eager hunters for the rats, which they greedily sought as food. The man-o'-war hawks especially were as ravenous for rats as for fish, and it seemed marvelous that the rats could ever come to be so numerous in the presence of such an enemy. The rats probably managed to survive and increase by keeping out of sight during the day, hiding themselves away in holes or beneath the stones or slabs of beach-rock, beyond the reach of watchful hawks. Under cover of night they emerged from their hiding-places and swarmed over the surface of the island, seeking their food among the smaller birds. They had no fear of man, entering and overrunning his premises with great freedom, seeking food and fresh water. A little bait, attracting the rats together, made it easy to kill a score or more at a single fire of a shot-gun. One day a gang of less than thirty Kanaka laborers went out in the

morning to hunt rats, and returned before noon with a catch of more than thirty-three hundred.

It became an amusing diversion to overturn the large flat stones beneath which the rats were hiding in solid masses, and watch them as they scampered in all directions, pursued and quickly snatched up by the man-o'-war hawks. These crafty birds were apt to learn that the appearance of a man walking on the island, especially with a dog, meant rats for them, and any one thus going forth was usually followed by a hovering flock, ready and impatient for the sport they had learned to expect. A rat brought to hand by the dog was quickly tossed in air, where the birds were ready to snatch it, sometimes with a contest on the wing for disputed possession. One form of this sport, a sort of aërial polo, which seemed to be as good fun for the birds as for the observers, consisted in tossing two rats into the air at the same moment, not singly and apart, but tied together with about six feet of strong twine.

Instantly the birds made a dash for the rats, and the successful winner of the first prize went sailing off with one rat in his bill and the other swinging in the air beneath until snatched by the second winner, when, after a quick, sharp struggle and a taut strain on the cord, the bird with the weaker hold was compelled to let go, which again opened the game to all pursuers. This then went on as a continuous performance, with somewhat Jonah-like but rapidly repeated disappearances and reappearances of the little rats, swallowed and reluctantly disgorged by the birds in quick succession, until the flock, thoroughly exhausted by their impetuous flight and extraordinary exercise, alighted on the ground for a short truce, when the two temporary stake-holders would be found sitting face to face, keenly eying each other from opposite ends of the string still connecting them, each anxiously on the sharp lookout for sudden jerks and unpleasant surprises, while all the other pursuers gathered around in a ring, waiting for the two prize-birds to fly. The general aspect of all participants seemed to verify the familiar adage that the pleasure is not in the game, but in the chase.

Sports and amusing or interesting diversions, although somewhat rare at these islands, were not wholly lacking. The game-birds afforded some shooting, while the reef and the sea were more or less attractive for a fisherman. Students of natural history found many engaging pursuits. At low tide the reef is almost bare. Along the outer edge it is frequently gullied with short and narrow inlets from the sea, forming pools with white sandy bottoms, into the depths of which one may look down, through quiet and beautiful green sunlit water, and see, as in a great natural aquarium, innumerable kinds of marine life—growing corals, fishes of vivid colors flashing in the sunlight, mollusks, sea-urchins, and sea-shells in countless varieties of form, size, and color. In such a pool a lady, wife of the resident manager, nearly lost her life while seeking shells on the reef at low tide, when, having stepped into the water and stooped deep down to reach a shell, her arm was suddenly seized by a monstrous squid or cuttlefish, which held her there with such irresistible force that she would have been quickly overcome and drowned if help had not been close at hand.

Sharks, large and small, abound in the neighboring waters, and sometimes, when the sea is smooth, come within the outer edge of the reef. Flying-fish are always in sight. Pursued by their enemies in the water, they take to air, where the fishing-birds await them. The flying-fish are excellent food. It was easy to catch them, during the night, by hanging a lantern in a boat moored offshore. The fish, attracted by the light, fell into the boat, from which they could not escape.

At high tide the reef was often beautiful, covered then by about five or six feet of water. The Kanakas are fond of frolicking in the water, and find as much fun playing with their surf-boards on the reef as New England boys do in coasting. It was very amusing to watch a company of natives in the surf, perhaps fifty or a hundred of them, strung out in a line along the outer edge of the reef, just where the water begins to break, each with a light board six or eight feet long, all ready and waiting for the breaker as it gathered and rose to a combing crest, each launching his board just in front of the advancing wave, climbing on to it, standing up, balancing himself adroitly, keeping the board "end on" as it shot in with the foaming breaker, all shouting and singing as they came darting toward the shore, or making fun of companions who lost their balance and tumbled into the sea again, and then up quickly and out, ready for another shoot.

Sometimes the surf offered other diverting scenes, more amusing to the observers on

the beach than to the active participants on the reef. Occasionally a boat-load of sailors, coming ashore for half a day's liberty, might be seen risking the passage of high surf on the reef in an ordinary boat, steered with rudder and tiller-ropes, capsized by the first breaker, tossed about in the water, the sport of the waves and the amusement of the Kanakas, and lucky to reach the beach alive, and, if remaining in their boat at all, crawling out of it at last through a hole in its bottom.

Nor were unpleasant experiences of this sort strictly limited to strangers and greenhorns, as the resident nautical expert or pilot-captain at Baker's Island had good reason to know.

The captain was going off one day to board a ship, the *Flying Dragon*, then lying at the mooring, intending to take with him as a present to the ship's captain and company a very large basket of fresh eggs which he had caused to be gathered that morning among the nesting-places of the tern. These eggs, though small, were very good to eat, and the captain in his generous way provided enough to fill a laundry hamper of the largest size, one in which *Falstaff* might easily have been concealed. It must have contained thousands of eggs. As the captain of the ship was accompanied by his wife, an accomplished and agreeable young lady from Boston, the shore-captain had arrayed himself in his best linen and spotless white duck suit, with the purpose of paying a visit of ceremony in the cabin. The hamper filled with eggs, uncovered at the top, was placed in the bow of the whale-boat, while the portly captain stood proudly in front of it, like a commanding figurehead. Thinking the moment favorable, he gave the order to shove off, but, unhappily, before the boat could reach smooth water, a heavy sea fell upon the reef in an unusually vicious breaker, lifting the bow of the boat suddenly upward, taking the captain off his feet, and tumbling him backward into the hamper, where, in the confusion which followed while the boat was tossing in the breakers, he was left to struggle helplessly in a mass of crushed eggs, from which he was quite unable to extricate himself. When, after some assistance, he finally scrambled out of the hamper, there was not an egg in it left unbroken. The ludicrous effect of this albuminous spectacle in white and yellow, varied in tone by adhering masses of brown-speckled egg-shell, may be left to the imagination of the reader.

When these equatorial islands first became American possessions, the birds were their chief occupants. Other inhabitants were few, both in kind and number, although ants and flies appeared in swarms when people came to dwell there. Sheep and rabbits were introduced about that time, as a contingent food resource, and they thrived fairly well on the scanty vegetation without fresh water.

These islands are in an almost rainless region, and, having no source of fresh water in the ground, are, for that reason, naturally uninhabitable for mankind. Living there required hardly less provision of water and food-supplies than is needed for shipboard. The native food resources of the islands were amply abundant in fish, birds, and eggs; but the rainfall was found to be too uncertain and unreliable for the needed water-supply.

Distilling apparatus was sometimes provided, so that potable water could be produced from the sea in the event of short supply from ships; but, lacking this in one or more instances, a precautionary measure consisted in laying out on the ground in long rows and wide areas, like strawberry patches, a great number of shells, halves of large bivalves, each of which, during a shower, caught a little water, which was then gathered in buckets and poured into a cask. Heavy showers fell occasionally, usually in the night; but in the daytime it often happened that a rain-squall, approaching the island from the windward, would part in two, apparently divided by the upward column of heated air rising from the land, and so pass by, partly to the north and partly to the south, leaving the central portion of the island dry.

The climate was very equable and the weather almost always perfect. The temperature varied slightly between extremes ranging from 75° to 85° Fahrenheit. The prevailing winds were easterly trades, varying in their direction with the changing seasons, coming from the northeast during the northern winter, when the sun's declination is south, and from the southeast during the northern summer, when the sun's declination is north.

The apparent flow and set of the sea showed similar variations, running from northeast to southwest during the months of northern winter, bringing more frequent periods of rough water and higher surf; and from southeast to northwest during the months of northern summer, with smoother seas and fewer surf-days.

These variable conditions of sea and wind produced a notable effect on the leeward beaches of the islands, especially remarkable at Baker's, where a large area of beach, covering perhaps ten or fifteen acres, about ten feet deep, and containing hundreds of thousands of tons of sand, was shifted twice every year, by the changing trend of these sweeping seas, from the west to the south shore of the island and back again, to and fro, between the summer and winter seasons. Strangely enough, whatever floating material was washed by these very high seas from the western or lee beach, instead of being carried off to sea as might have been expected, was almost always kept within the outer line of breakers, swept partly around the island and washed up on the weather side. A large lot of valuable spars which were lying on the crest of the beach on the lee side of Jarvis Island, and which, during one night of high surf, were washed away and supposed, at first, to have been carried off to sea, were all found, a day or two later, stranded high and dry on the weather beach at the opposite or eastern end of the island. During my stay among these islands I saw two shipwrecks, the *Silver Star* on Jarvis, and the British ship *Virginia* on Baker's, both on the western shore, and in both instances the stranded hulks were lifted, some time after, by the winter surf and carried around to the south side of the island.



DRAWN BY M. L. STOWELL.

AN HAWAIIAN, OR KANAKA, SURF-RIDER.

Another noteworthy effect of changing seasons at the equator is in the perceptible movement of the sun from north to south

and back again between winters and summers of the temperate zones. At about the time of the equinoxes in March and September the sun is in the zenith, exactly overhead, at noon, over the equatorial islands, and his rays would then fall down the chimneys if there were any, while the midday shadow of the house, the only thing there to give any shade, fell to the south during the northern summer and to the north during the



DRAWN BY I. W. TABER. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

WHALEBOAT LANDING THROUGH THE SURF.

southern summer. The days and nights are practically of equal length all the year round. The sun rises and sets at six o'clock, its greatest variation being about two minutes. After the sunset there comes no twilight. The daylight quickly fades away, and within a quarter of an hour the brighter stars appear. Sometimes the most exciting event of the day was the keen search of competing observers to see who might first discern the evening star or locate Sirius in the darkening sky. Under occasional conditions the atmosphere was wonderfully clear, with a perfectly cloudless sky and the horizon wholly free from mist or cloud-bank. On several such occasions I have seen stars of second magnitude, at the time of their setting, plainly visible near and at the horizon, hidden for a moment by a rolling billow and again visible at the instant preceding final disappearance below the line where sea and sky join. Such stars often seemed like lights of ships, and I well remember one evening at Jarvis, in December, 1860, when we were anxiously looking for an expected vessel, our island tender, the cry of "Sail ho!" was raised, about nine o'clock, upon the discovery on the eastern horizon of a bright light which was supposed to be that of the coming *Josephine*. A light was set in the cupola on the house-top, and preparations were instantly made to show signal-fires on the weather beach, as a warning to the approaching vessel, possibly a little out of her reckoning; but the steady rising of the light above the horizon soon made it evident that we were looking at Jupiter.

It was under such circumstances that I had the very unusual experience of seeing the north star from the southern hemisphere. Looking to the north about seven o'clock in the evening, January 6, 1861, I saw the north star about one degree high. It was then about the time of its upper meridian transit, when it should have been a little less than a degree and a half above the pole. As my point of observation on Jarvis Island was about twenty-two minutes of latitude south of the equator, the star duly appeared at the time of its upper meridian passage about one degree above our horizon. It remained clearly visible during the evening's observation, which was again repeated in similar manner four days later, January 10.

On these little equatorial islands, lonely specks of desolate coral reef and sand, surrounded by sea and sky, life is reduced to its simplest terms, and, unless excited by a

casual shipwreck, an unusually animating disaster, or by some other diverting event, is as equable as the climate and as monotonous as the ocean breaking on the shore. Jarvis and Baker's, at the beginning of operations, were both provided with ample equipment for comfortable dwelling and subsistence. The official residence was a commodious building, constructed in New York and sent out around the Horn, ready to be put together on arrival at the island. It was a square, two-story house, with broad verandas on each floor, many windows, a pyramidal roof surmounted by a cupola serving as a lighthouse and, above all, a flagstaff, from which the star-spangled banner waved without ceasing during the period of American occupation, twenty-five or thirty years, and until the *Cormorant* came along to raise the British flag. It had the appearance of a sportsman's seaside club-house, and was as completely furnished as the celebrated mid-ocean cottage which Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine discovered in the course of their romantic voyage. Indeed, for some time I thought that Mr. Stockton must have somehow heard of the Jarvis Island house and made it part of his story; but he assured me, when I questioned him, not long before his lamented death, that although several others had made similar inquiries, the house he wrote of was one wholly of his own invention; and he added the observation that, as a matter of fact, he often found it most difficult in writ-



DRAWN BY CHARLES L. BULL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

TROPIC-BIRD FISHING.

ing fiction to steer clear of the truth.

The working crews of the islands were quartered in suitable camps near their field of labor. They were native Hawaiians, good fellows, willing workers, admirably adapted to the duty required of them, which was largely in boats and in the water. I well remember one who excelled in diving. On a certain occasion, when the placing of a deep-water mooring had just been accomplished, it became necessary to detach under water the end of a hawser which had been made fast to the submerged part of a spar-buoy, about forty or fifty feet below the surface of the sea. The man was told to take his sheath-knife down with him and cut the hawser as near its end as he could, so as to lose as little as possible of the valuable cable. Taking his knife in his teeth, he disappeared beneath the water, and remained out of sight so long that he was almost given up for lost, when he suddenly reappeared, and, on being asked if he had cut the hawser as he had been told to, reported that he had *unbent* it without cutting off any part of it whatever.



DRAWN BY CHARLES L. BULL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY G. M. LEWIS.

TROPIC-BIRD ON NEST.

If the rainfall had been sufficient, these barren, desolate islands would long ago have been covered with vegetation, including cocoanut-trees, which would have given abundant support to a population of native islanders such as may be found now inhabiting small coral islands of the Pacific, depending wholly on the cocoanut for their food and drink, having but little use and no need whatever for fresh water.

Nature's processes of distribution by the great ocean currents bring to all these Pacific islands, sooner or later, not only the seed of life-supporting vegetation, but also the drifting waifs of humanity, carried by the winds and waves from the over-populated to the uninhabited islands. Many of these, known fifty or more years ago to be without population, have since been peopled in such ways. Howland's Island, although naturally uninhabitable, gave various indications of early visitors, probably natives drifting from windward islands, whose traces were still visible in the remains of a canoe, a blue bead, pieces of bamboo, and other distinctly characteristic belongings. A modern instance was also observed at Baker's Island in 1863, when a Japanese junk was discovered drifting by, which, on being overhauled, was found to contain the dead bodies of four Japanese men.

Had the equatorial islands been thus covered with trees and thick vegetation, with or without population, the birds could not have nested there in dense masses on the ground, and the guano deposits which have resulted under existing conditions would never have been formed.



DRAWN BY CHARLES L. BULL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

STORMY PETREL.



MIDSUMMER IN THE CATSKILLS.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

THE strident hum of sickle-bar,
Like giant insect heard afar,
Is on the air again;
I see the mower where he rides
Above the level grassy tides
That flood the meadow plain.

The barns are fragrant with new hay,
Through open doors the swallows play
On wayward, glancing wing;
The bobolinks are on the oats,
And gorging stills the jocund throats
That made the meadows ring.

The cradlers twain, with right good will,
Leave golden lines across the hill
Beneath the midday sun.
The cattle dream 'neath leafy tent,
Or chew the cud of sweet content
Knee-deep in pond or run.

July is on her burning throne,
And binds the land with torrid zone,
That hastes the ripening grain;
While sleepers swelter in the night,
The lusty corn is gaining might
And darkening on the plain.

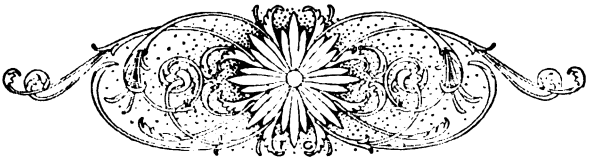
The butterflies sip nectar sweet
Where gummy milkweeds offer treat
Or catnip bids them stay.
On banded wing grasshoppers poise,
With hovering flight and shuffling noise,
Above the dusty way.

The thistle-bird, midsummer's pet,
In billowy flight on wings of jet,
Is circling near his mate.
The silent waxwing's pointed crest
Is seen above her orchard nest,
Where cherries linger late.
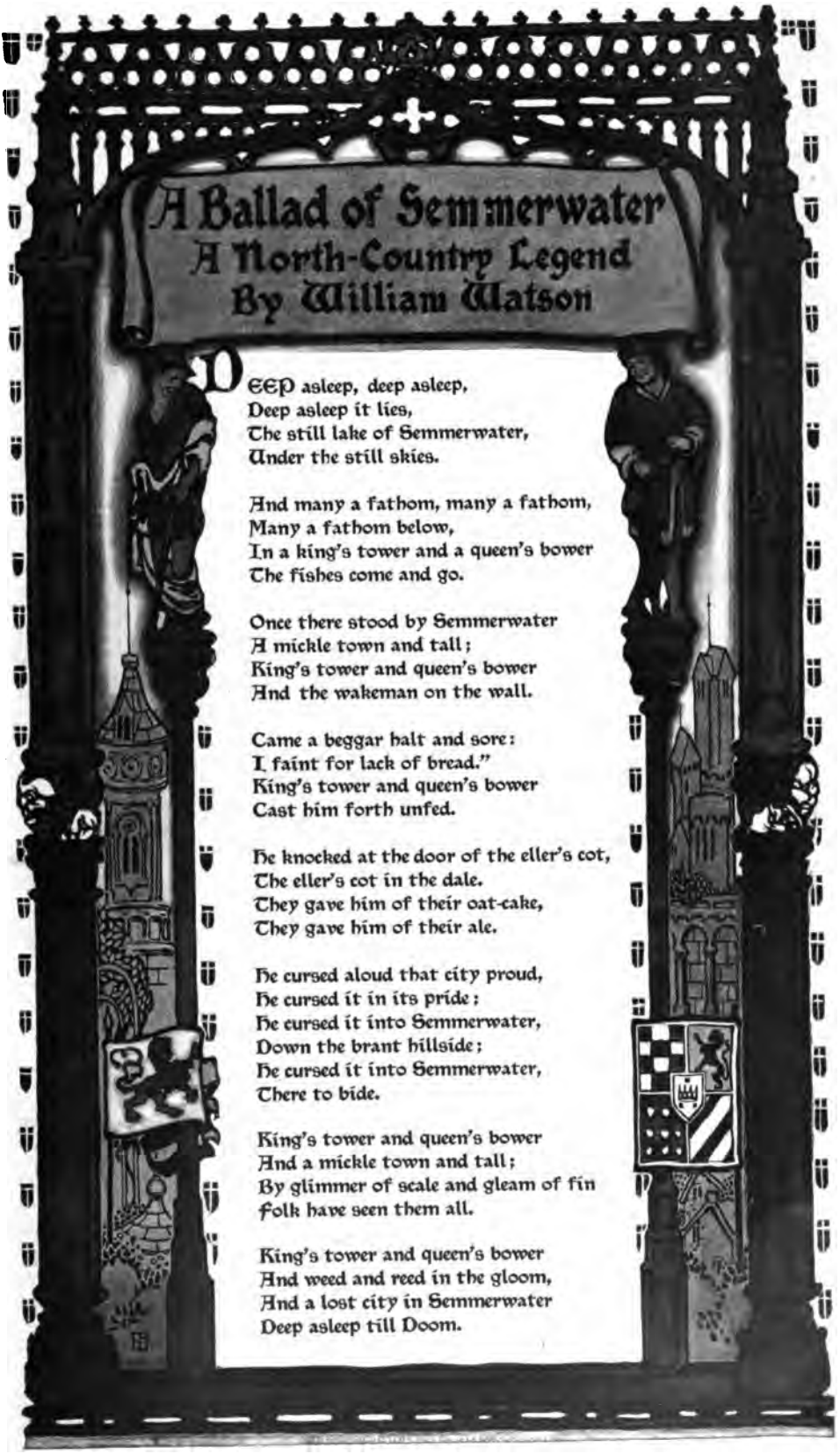
The dome of day o'erbrims with sound
From humming wings on errands bound
Above the sleeping fields;
The linden's bloom faint scents the breeze,
And, sole and blessed 'mid forest trees,
A honeyed harvest yields.

Poisèd and full is summer's tide,
Brimming all the horizon wide,
In varied verdure dressed;
Its viewless currents surge and beat
In airy billows at my feet
Here on the mountain's crest.

Through pearly depths I see the farms,
Where sweating forms and bronzèd arms
Reap in the land's increase;
In ripe repose the forests stand,
And veilèd heights on every hand
Swim in a sea of peace.







A Ballad of Semmerwater
A North-Country Legend
By William Watson

Deep asleep, deep asleep,
Deep asleep it lies,
The still lake of Semmerwater,
Under the still skies.

And many a fathom, many a fathom,
Many a fathom below,
In a king's tower and a queen's bower
The fishes come and go.

Once there stood by Semmerwater
A mickle town and tall;
King's tower and queen's bower
And the wakeman on the wall.

Came a beggar halt and sore:
"I faint for lack of bread."
King's tower and queen's bower
Cast him forth unfed.

He knocked at the door of the eller's cot,
The eller's cot in the dale.
They gave him of their oat-cake,
They gave him of their ale.

He cursed aloud that city proud,
He cursed it in its pride:
He cursed it into Semmerwater,
Down the brant hillside:
He cursed it into Semmerwater,
There to bide.

King's tower and queen's bower
And a mickle town and tall;
By glimmer of scale and gleam of fin
Folk have seen them all.

King's tower and queen's bower
And weed and reed in the gloom,
And a lost city in Semmerwater
Deep asleep till Doom.

MARK TWAIN'S OLD HOME

VIEWS IN HANNIBAL ON THE MISSISSIPPI



MARK TWAIN'S OLD HOME IN HANNIBAL.

MARK TWAIN SAYS THAT IN JUMPING OUT OF THE WINDOW FARTHEST TO THE LEFT, ON THE SECOND STORY, HE JUST DID NOT LIGHT ON THE SHOULDERS OF CAPTAIN BOWEN, WHO HAPPENED TO BE PASSING. THERE WAS A HIGH BOARD FENCE ON THE LEFT, FOR THE WHITEWASHING OF WHICH HE SOLD PRIVILEGES TO ONE OR MORE OF HIS YOUTHFUL COMPANIONS, SOMEWHAT AS RELATED IN "TOM SAWYER."



THE CAVE SPOKEN OF IN "TOM SAWYER."

MARK TWAIN SAYS THAT, IN HIS DAY, THERE WERE TWO BEAMS AT THE ENTRANCE IN THE SHAPE OF THE LETTER A.



THE HOUSE POINTED OUT AS HUCKLEBERRY FINN'S HOME.

MARK TWAIN SAYS THAT THIS IDENTIFICATION SAVES THE TROUBLE OF BUILDING A HOUSE FOR THE PURPOSE.



HANNIBAL, MISSOURI, SHOWING LOVERS' LEAP.

MARK TWAIN SAYS THAT HE ONCE ROLLED DOWN MOST OF THE INCLINE JUST BELOW LOVERS' LEAP, AND IT HURT.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS LENT BY H. M. WHARTON.

THE BOYHOOD HOME OF MARK TWAIN.

BY THE REV. HENRY M. WHARTON.

BEAUTIFUL for situation is the lovely little city of Hannibal, on the Mississippi, the boyhood home of Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, known the world over as "Mark Twain." The hills are high, the valley is picturesque, the houses are handsome and comfortable. The town claims a population of fifteen thousand, and is just now enjoying a boom, recent discoveries of deposits having been made that will greatly enrich the place. On a late visit I endeavored to gather some information regarding Hannibal's "first citizen," with the following result.

Mr. Clemens must have been acquainted with Hannibal for a long time, for he has recently said that he has known the place ever since "Lovers' Leap" was a mole-hill and the Mississippi River a small creek.

The local tradition remembers the father of the humorist, "Squire" Clemens, as a good and peaceable citizen. He brought to the town with him his wife and children, and nothing unusual is remembered of the family, except that Mrs. Clemens had a peculiar and interesting drawl in her speech. When her son lectured in the town theater she called the attention of the neighbors to the fact that "Sam had a mighty long drawl to his talk, and she wondered where in the world he got it." Whereupon an old farmer remarked: "If the dam is a pacer, you will very likely find an amble in the colt." They brought up their children as well as circumstances would allow, considering three things, the Civil War, the West on the river, and the children. It is generally believed that Aunt Polly in "Tom Sawyer" was "Sam's" own mother, and that Tom was Sam. If this is so, one can almost read the family history in that captivating little book.

"Oh, yes, I knowed Sam," recently said an old resident whose name had been given to me as one of the few still living who had something to say of the youth of the writer. "I knowed him when he was a boy. He was a printer's devil,—I think that 's what they called him,—and they did n't miss it: he surely had lots of mischief in him. We boys used to go of a Sunday down to the cave and git into all kinds of rascality. Sam was very good on a joke. Last I saw of him round here was when he went to the war."[1]

A favorite sport of the boys was to go to a high hill near an old mill, and start a loose rock down the steep side until, gathering force and velocity, it finally went crashing into the water below. On one occasion an ill-directed missile assailed the mill and made a hole through it like the path of a thirty-pounder. The miller ran out and lifted up his voice in prayer, beseeching Heaven to spare him and his property, promising, if the prayer was answered, never to ask another favor of the Almighty while he lived. One immense boulder, partly buried in the hillside, promised to the mind of young Sam a lot of fun. He called the boys together and thus addressed them: "Fellows, this is a bigger rock than ever rolled down any hill; it will take lots of work to move her, but when she starts, all the world can't stop her. We can lift her out. I will be the boss, and you fellows work, and we will see the greatest thing that ever happened." Many Sundays were spent in toiling at the sides and underneath the great rock. The "boss" never for one moment lost his nerve, but cheered the others on in their work, until one day they succeeded in turning over the great mass of stone. Over and over it went, and faster and faster, till the boys were frightened almost out of their senses. They did not know where or how the thing would stop. It was making for the road which wound around the hill; some one might be passing; or, even if not, the way might be forever blockaded. They watched and wondered. At last it struck the road with tremendous power, and taking a mighty leap, landed in the channel of the Mississippi River. Of course no one knew who did it, but it is said that it was necessary to

[1] See in THE CENTURY for December, 1885, "The Private History of a Campaign that Failed," by Mark Twain.

send a government dredge to take the obstruction from the stream.

In his writings Mr. Clemens sometimes gives the real name of one of his characters, and one will find, upon investigation, that his picture is true to life. Among these, I will mention two extremes, Huckleberry Finn and Laura Hawkins, who figures as Becky Thatcher. One was in the lower walks of life, living on charity, sleeping in old barrels, and covering himself with such rags as might fall to his lot; the other was a beautiful, accomplished girl, a strong and lovely character, the pride and belle of the village. It was lately my good fortune to meet the lady, Mrs. F——, whose youth was thus celebrated. She is happily engaged in a work of charity, and one can see by her kindly face and cheerful nature that she is well qualified for such a delicate and noble work. By Mr. Clemens's own confession, she was his first sweetheart, as may be seen by his wedding announcement sent to her with an indorsement in his own handwriting that such was the case. I had this photographed, but the passing years have so dimmed the words that it is difficult to decipher them. I have also procured a photograph of the entrance of the now famous cave, in which one can, in imagination, follow the steps of the two children Tom and Becky, rambling about the cave with candles held high above their heads, running, walking, climbing, peering into every dark passageway, and sometimes venturing in, until suddenly they realize that they have become separated from the other members of the party and are lost. On and on they wander, their fright increasing with each step, Becky breaking into sobs, and Tom striving to keep up a brave heart and to comfort her. He extinguishes one of the candles in order that the light may last longer; but when that is nearly gone, they sit down to think, perhaps to die:

"The children fastened their eyes on their bit of candle and watched it melt slowly and pitilessly away; saw the half-inch of wick stand alone at last, saw the feeble flame rise and fall, climb the thin column of smoke, linger at its top a moment, and then—the horror of utter darkness reigned."

In concluding the story of "Tom Sawyer," the author says: "So endeth this chronicle. It being strictly a history of a *boy*, it must stop here; the story could not go much further without becoming the history of a *man*. When one writes a novel about grown people he knows exactly where to stop—that is, with a marriage; but when he writes of juveniles, he must stop where he best can." From all the information within reach, it would be safe to say that the continued history of Tom Sawyer would be the autobiography of Mark Twain.

"Sam was always up to some mischief," said "Becky" to me. "We attended Sunday-school together, and they had a system of rewards for saying verses after committing them to memory. A blue ticket was given for ten verses, a red ticket for ten blue, a yellow for ten red, and a Bible for ten yellow tickets. If you will count up, you will see it makes a Bible for ten thousand verses. Sam came up one Sunday with his ten yellow tickets, and everybody knew he had n't said a verse, but had just got them by trading with the boys. But he received his Bible with all the serious air of a diligent student. He took me out when I was first learning to skate, and I fell on the ice with such force as to make me unconscious; but he did not forsake me. We had many happy experiences. Recently he came here and spent an hour. We had a good long talk over the days and years that are gone."

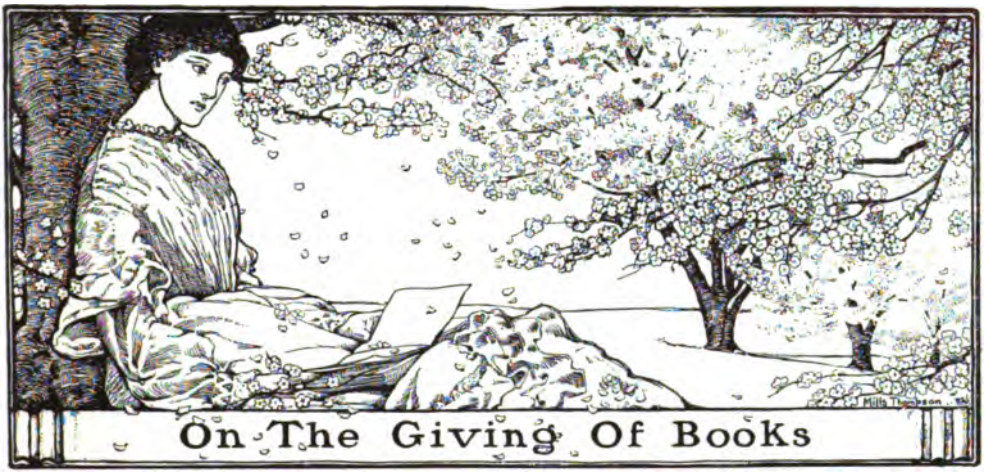
The prototype of Colonel Sellers was a well-known neighbor of Clemens's in Hannibal. It used to be told of this man that in a public address he once declared that though he and his audience might not live to see it, the time would come when a traveler might take a train in Hannibal which, without change of cars, would land him at Puget Sound. Of course the villagers laughed him to scorn, for they had in mind only the little puffing, wheezing steamboat and the stage-coach of that day. Yet it is literally true that an express-train passes Hannibal every day bound, without change, for Puget Sound.

Another characteristic incident: A number of citizens were standing in front of a store watching an eclipse of the sun. Not a word was spoken, all being awed into reverential silence, when suddenly the voice of this well-known citizen was heard to say: "Gentlemen, give me your attention! The man who says 'there is no God' is a damned fool."

Two neighbors, having called at the home of this character on a very cold day, noticed, as they passed along, that there was only one small stick of wood where the "woodpile" should have been, and this was remarked upon as they entered the house. "Why, gentlemen," said he, "I am glad you referred to the circumstance. That supply of wood is abundant for the winter. The fact is, this house is

so warmly and compactly built that one small sliver of that stick would make the building so hot in every room that the whole family would be compelled to seek the open air for comfort. In fact, we have to go out of doors and remain for hours in order to cool off. I am perfecting a plan to build houses which will need no fire, not even for cooking, nor in the coldest weather."

Mr. Clemens holds a safe place in the affections and esteem of the citizens of Hannibal. His name is a household word, a possession of local pride, and all claim a personal interest in their gifted fellow-citizen. How wonderful is the spell of humor! As long as boys shall climb those hills or float along the Mississippi, as long indeed as the English language is read, the name of "Mark Twain" will be known and honored, and the mere mention of the humorist will serve to bring a smile to the face of sorrow and lighten the burdens of many a weary life.



BY THE AUTHOR OF "ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN."

I CANNOT find what Lamb said about presents, but it was either that Presents endear Absents, which is very true, or that Absents make Presents, which is not always so true. No presents that are ever made me endear the donor more than presents of books; but none require a nicer discrimination in their making. For they are not only a measure of the giver's taste and culture, but also, which is a more delicate matter, a revelation of what the giver considers my taste and culture to be; and sometimes, even, they are a revelation of what he considers my taste and culture ought to be.

There is a room in a remote corner of this house reserved for my use, and of the nature of a museum. The curiosities it contains are curiosities of friendship and are curiosities only to me; for only I know the circumstances of their acquisition. They are chiefly books, and they line the walls on each side. On one side are the books that have been given me by my more intimate and therefore more discerning friends; on the other those that have been given me by the merely kind. This side has three sections: the first, occupying most of the space, has been supplied by the good-natured kind—by those who are kind to me without particular reason, and whose kindness, seeking some active expression, takes the pleasant form of gifts; the second, containing the *cadeaux d'occasion*, by those who, though kind, are also perfunctory; and the third and smallest by those who, though kind, add to their kindness a certain compassion, not without severity, for the undeveloped state of portions of my mind, which results less in the present of a book than in the administration of a just reproach.

Let me begin with the reproaches. They are miscellaneous, and not very numerous. Also, with perhaps two exceptions, they are just. Among them there is a manual of English grammar and composition, sent me by an anonymous castigator, with this inscription on its fly-leaf: "To her who splits infinitives"; a novel by Miss Corelli, given me only last Christmas by a cousin who said she

hoped its teaching would be helpful; an elaborate treatise on gardening, sent by some one I do not know as an example of how treatises on gardening should be written; three works of a semi-medical nature dealing with the proper way of rearing the young, and with the things they should not eat; a book about making husbands happy; a complete set of the novels of Miss Edna Lyall; a German book of truths about the manners of the English in South Africa, sent by one who tells me it is well to look facts in the face; a German book of meditations for the Sundays in the year, with all the passages bearing on one's own beams and other people's motes marked in red; and a truly magnificent Browning.

This Browning was sent me by a friend who had quoted him rapturously during the whole of the first mild day of March—that charming day of promise that comes at last, when we have somehow lived through the interminable grayest weeks of the year, and seems as if it were a gracious parting benediction bestowed by the winter that has buffeted us so long—the winter growing gay toward the end, relaxing like a severe governess into smiles on the eve of going away for the holidays. I was not in the mood for Browning, and cannot imagine why my friend was. On such a day, a brief halleluiah on first getting out is the only quotation from the poets that expresses my mental state, and all the rest of my attention I want for the snowdrops. What my friend quoted disagreed entirely with snowdrops, with the innocent bareness of the fields where we were wandering, with the pure coolness of the air, and the mild, pale sky. And our boots were wet through long before we reached home, and to be able to go on quoting Browning when your boots are wet seemed very wonderful to me.

I am not sure that I like a quoting friend. I know that I am numbed by an over-enthusiastic one; and the moods of two persons walking together are so seldom identical that it is, on the whole, safer not to quote. With a spirit chilled by the very glow of my friend's raptures, and feet that sank at every step into the gurgling sponginess of the ground, I was moved at last by the ceaseless "Of course you know this," followed by something at once rollicking, luscious, and gruesome, to confess that I had not read much Browning, and that what I had read I had not enjoyed. Before all things I would, if possible, clear my mind of cant. I will not pretend to like what the cultivated like only because it is liked by the cultivated. I will read what makes me happy, not what ought to, but does not. There are many books in the world, and few years in which to read them; why should I spend even an hour reading one that gives me less pleasure when I can be reading one that gives me more? The knowledge impressed upon me by my friend, but already in my possession, that every one has read Browning, did not make me want to do so, too. The spectacle of my friend coming to a standstill beneath a willow-tree and declaiming something she told me I must be a log not to appreciate, only revealed to me that I am a log. I stood before her, shifting from one foot to the other, wondering which boot had most water in it, wondering whether her husband liked her to say things that sounded so big and bad, aware that the verses were tremendous, and terribly afraid lest their horror should make my eyes begin to start out of my head with fright—a thing no woman who respects her attractions should on any account let her eyes do. "Well?" asked my friend at the end, as I stood silent. A robin on one of the willow's red shoots had been whistling the most innocent accompaniment in the world. I looked up at the robin, and the robin put his head on one side and looked down at me. Almost could I have believed I saw him wink. I know I could not help laughing at the expression on his face. "Give me, O Nature, your primal sanities!" I cried, for I too can quote a lot of things if sufficiently goaded; and encouraged by the presence and the obvious sanity of the robin, I frankly told my friend I had not liked it, tried to explain why, and added, with a beautiful humility, that I was aware it was not Browning's fault. I do not think this attitude deserved the retort that I was a tomtit criticizing an eagle. As though tomtits ever did criticize eagles! And as though, if they did, it would matter to the eagles!

Seriously concerned by my insensibility, my friend sent me the magnificent Browning next day; and in spite of a certain rebelliousness in my heart, I did at last cut its pages, and take it out to the tree with the anemones growing over its roots, beneath the leafless branches of which, the sun shining warm on my head, I can, if anywhere, find the sensitive mood in which beauty of every kind most quickly penetrates to my arid and expectant soul. And there the whole afternoon the sun shone, and the anemone buds unfolded, and the larks sang, and I read reverently, eager to

enjoy; yet at sunset I felt only tired and baffled, and took in the book with a sigh, and carried it unhesitatingly to the corner of the museum devoted to reproaches, and put it on the shelf, and wrote and thanked my friend, and have not read it since.

Those letters of thanks for what has made us sigh, how difficult they are! In this one I anchored my gratitude in the firm bed of the lovely bit in "Waring" where the woods grow sappy—to me, sitting in woods that were doing it, a green oasis of comfort in much that had bewildered about bodies dead and living, and love. How glad I was to get away from the bodies, so luscious when alive, and so nasty when dead, into those sappy woods, into the gay society of early moths, small birds, and young gnats! My friend, in return for my letter expatiating on this delightful passage, wrote briefly and obscurely, but using the capital letters of contempt, that I was, after all, what she had always feared being so much in the country would make me, a mere Daughter of the Fields; and with this cryptic criticism the incident closed.

On the shelf next to the reproaches are the cadeaux d'occasion—standard works, chiefly, in brilliant bindings, wedding gifts, birthday gifts, books, that is, given in the exact spirit in which one gives carriage-clocks. I go and gaze at them from time to time, grateful at least that they are books, for what should I have done if they had all been carriage-clocks? They are as pleasing to the eye as they are uncomfortable to hold. They are slippery, with sharp, hard edges to their leaves; they are heavy with the splendor of thick paper and wide margins; and they do not open graciously at the first touch like the friendly ones dear to my heart on the opposite shelves. All of them look new except the Milton. His three volumes used to be the most gorgeous in the row. He is bound in white vellum, lettered with gold and edged with scarlet; and at first he had long blue silken streamers at generously frequent intervals as book-markers; but I cut these out one day to tie up my baby's sleeves. He, too, was given me in the carriage-clock spirit, a wedding gift presented by the form of relative Lamb calls a male aunt. Well do I know that that male aunt had never read Milton. He was on his way, I am positive, to a clock-shop, bored to the depths of his being by the possession of a niece about to marry and the necessity of choosing something for her; and catching sight in a window of a row of bridal-looking volumes, manifestly expensive, and bearing the irreproachable name of Milton, went in and bought them, and was spared the further journey to the clock-shop. "Thank you so much, dear uncle, for the beautiful books," I wrote, perfunctorily grateful to the perfunctory donor. "The binding is quite lovely, and I shall so much enjoy reading 'Paradise Lost' again." Again? I had not read it once; but in those days I did not possess the regard for truth that develops in lonely places and so often makes its owner look foolish.

A few years later, "Paradise Lost" in the German translation was read aloud at some knitting-meetings to which I used to be taken by an active cousin who was always starting things. Her position that year was that we should all, whatever our state in life, raise ourselves at least one step higher in the moral and intellectual scale than the step on which our parents stood. My cousin was not, herself, a parent. Those, she said, who will not raise themselves, must be raised by somebody else; and she proceeded to raise me by reading "Paradise Lost" aloud in German, while I, in my turn, was raising the stockingless to the level of those whose legs are clothed. "And so we kill one bird with two stones, as the English say," explained my cousin, who liked to air her acquaintance with foreign tongues. "Do they?" I asked anxiously; and fearful lest I might end by being the bird, I sent a case of ready-made stockings to the next meeting, and never went to another. But the reading of Milton made me think of my wedding present. What indigestible, woolly stuff the opening of "Paradise Lost" was in German!

Des Menschen erste Schuld, die Frucht des
Baumes,
Des Untersagten, deren gift'ge Kost
Tod in die Welt gebracht, all' unser Wehe
Und Edens Einbuss', bis ein Mächt'gerer
Uns sühnt' und neu errang den Sitz des Heiles,
Sing, Himmelsmuse. . . .

It parched my throat to read it aloud. It reminded me of dry, suffocating things; in spite of its seriousness, of trivial, irrelevant things, of dust, and flannel, and the singular discomfort of grasping a hand clad in a new cotton glove. Up in my museum I sought out the original Milton, *Des Menschen erste Schuld* throbbing in my ears. The grave magnificence of the opening in English made me fear I had been missing another source of happiness in not reading it sooner, and I determined to make up for it at once. But I did not, on that occasion, get very far. Almost at once I was confronted by my com-

plete inability to appreciate the lofty if it is long—by my limitations, that is, of which I am heartily tired; for do I not meet them at every turn, and is not my soul bruised with the constant knocking against them? It was no use trying to comfort myself with Johnson's dictum that "Paradise Lost" is one of the books the reader lays down and forgets to take up again, because it did not comfort me. I turned over the pages, feeling sorry, when my eye was arrested by

> Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
> Ye myrtles brown. . . .

This riveted my attention at once. It had the somber stateliness of the more splendid of Bach's fugues. It mattered nothing to me that I knew Johnson had depreciated it, too, and said of it that surely no man could have fancied he read "Lycidas" with pleasure had he not known the author. Of what consequence was it who had written it, or what men did or did not fancy? All that concerned me was that one woman found a pleasure so acute in reading it that by the time she had done she knew it by heart, and, for some reason mere instinct cannot investigate, when she said the last eight lines aloud so that her ears too might have their share of the beauty, they made her cry.

But "Paradise Lost" came not a hair's-breadth nearer the range of my appreciativeness. The binding of the other parts lost its freshness; the stiff covers, which would neither open nor shut properly, grew gradually limp; for a long time there was hardly a day on which one or other of the volumes was not taken out of doors into the sun and wind; and there are places in the fields here, grassy corners beneath hedges, reedy corners beside ditches, that I cannot see without remembering the poems read in them. A clump of alders on the edge of a flooded meadow is glorious to me because beneath it I first read "Samson Agonistes." The lines to "Sabrina" are forever connected in my thoughts with the loveliness of cherry-blossom in a south wind, blown down in showers on the book and the grass, because I read them in a cherry-orchard in the time of flowering. Glassy, cool, translucent waves; twisted braids of lilies; amber-dropping hair—how exquisite it is! I used to write down the beautiful words for sheer joy in them. But still I could not read "Paradise Lost." Then one of those friends who are discriminating as well as kind endeared himself to me by the present of Professor Raleigh's "Milton"; and not only did the book itself add to the sum of my happiness, but it sent me right through both "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," with not the least inclination to put them down and forget to take them up again, but rather leaving me, when I had finished, with a desire, which I cannot but regard in my calmer moments as tending toward the unnatural, for more. Singular consequence of my cousin's activity! Who could have imagined that the process of knitting stockings in a stuffy room—the philanthropic atmosphere is always bad—would lead me at last to reading Milton in a cherry-orchard in the sweet spaciousness of the country, and to heaping tardy blessings, as I did so, on Milton's donor, who could no longer receive them in person, he being unfortunately, in the fullness of time, defunct?

Next come the books given me by those kind people, relatives and others, who like to make presents. At Christmas and on all the anniversaries they give me books, and then they come and ask me if I have read them. I have not read them. With the best intentions and the liveliest gratitude, how can I read so many books? The day has only twenty-four hours, and one must go to bed. And when pleasure in the kindness of the giver makes me, as it often does, open one of them, exhaustion makes me shut it again. The books in this section are new novels and recent poetry; they come nearly all from England and America, and their cleverness is startling. The American ones in particular galvanize my mind, naturally slow to grasp things, into a fever of attention that quickly leaves it prostrate. They stretch my spirit in the way the society of the uninterruptedly epigrammatic stretches it. I suppose it is good for spirits to be stretched at proper intervals, but the process should not be without its pauses. These books have no pauses; and the slow German mind, dwelling apart in the desert and getting slower the longer it stays there, asks itself painfully whether everybody, then, is so brilliant in the distant, seething world over there. Do people never get away from each other and keep quiet? Do they say clever things all day long? Do they begin the first thing in the morning, or is there, say till one o'clock, a blessed period of torpor? Only to think of the intellectual nimbleness necessary if one would meet them on equal conversational terms makes me so tired that it is quite hard to keep awake. But let it not be supposed that I am ungrateful for the

kindness that prompts the sending of these books. Who that lives in the country does not know the pleasure the arrival of such a parcel gives? Each of them has been opened with an eagerness wholly outside the experience of him who lives within a walk of a book-shop. I love to unpack the books, and feel them, and arrange them on the shelves. I love to look at the nicely filled rows. I love to cut their pages when I am too lazy for anything else. I love, if in an exemplary mood, to dust them. Really, the only thing I do not love is reading them.

And as for the bookcases on the other side of the room, where the bindings are shabby with use, I think when I stand in front of them, reading the dear, familiar titles, that I will never give a book to any but the most intimate friend. It is too delicate a business altogether. How can I gage the needs of an acquaintance? Perhaps he has no needs. Almost certainly they will not be the same as mine. Once I thought I knew a woman, and when a book had made me happy I used to send it to her that she might be made happy too. Her letters in return were enthusiastic about what she called the friendship of books; I blush when I remember the responsiveness of mine. And the just punishment of him who gushes without first being very sure of his man overtook me, too; for chance taking me into her country, and affection inducing me to go and stay with her, I saw them all again, those books sent with so complete a faith in their welcome, and not one had had its pages cut. I confess that I found the experience chilling. In this friend's sympathies I had believed long and firmly. But my sorrow was cured by the reflection that I had no right to grumble, for she had treated my gifts only as I had treated so many of the books sent me; and on carefully examining the chill I had felt, it turned out to be the result, not of disillusionment or anything tragic, but only of the discovery, bitter to my vanity, that I must for a long time have been boring her. I repeat, it is a delicate business giving books.

All the more precious, then, from the very difficulty of fitting the gift to the receiver, is the right book given by the right person. Here on these last shelves there is no reproach, no perfunctoriness, no casual good nature, and certainly no splendid binding. The editions are ordinary, in modest covers that can bear knocking about and have no beauty to spoil. Gifts of books addressed solely to the spirit should never be *éditions de luxe*. Of what use is a book to me, however much I may want to read it, if it is so gorgeous that it must not be taken anywhere where rain might fall on it, or where it might get muddy, or where a heedless gnat, caught by the quick turning of a leaf, might leave its legs in the pages, angering the owner of the defiled book, who does not want its legs, almost as much as it is itself angered by having to go on being a gnat without them? I can no more take an overgorgeous book to my heart than I can fold my child in my arms when it is dressed for a party. Not for any inducement would I disturb the state of starchedness in which the German child proceeds to its parties; I gaze upon it on such occasions with a natural pride, but also with a proper awe. Is this my child, this cleanly creature, so sleek and combed and fair? (For that my child the day it goes to a party is several shades fairer of skin than it is on other days is a fact that has almost ceased to astonish me.) And even as this child in its starched apparel is to me, so is the édition de luxe: a thing of beauty to rejoice over, to gaze at and be proud of, but never a thing to touch. There is not a single one on these shelves, and nobody who comes into the museum ever lingers before them. The eyes of the infrequent stranger are caught at once by the brilliancy of the rows opposite. Perhaps he thinks that things so dog-eared can only be the lesson-books of a painful youth. How should he guess that each dingy volume, battered in proportion as it has been loved, is a link in the chain of perfect comprehension that joins me to some dear, far-away friend? How should he dream that the right book, sent by my friend who loves it too, is a little bridge flung over space by him to me, across which his soul and mine go gaily to our silent, merry meetings?

CIVIC IMPROVEMENT IN STREET AND HIGHWAY.

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER.

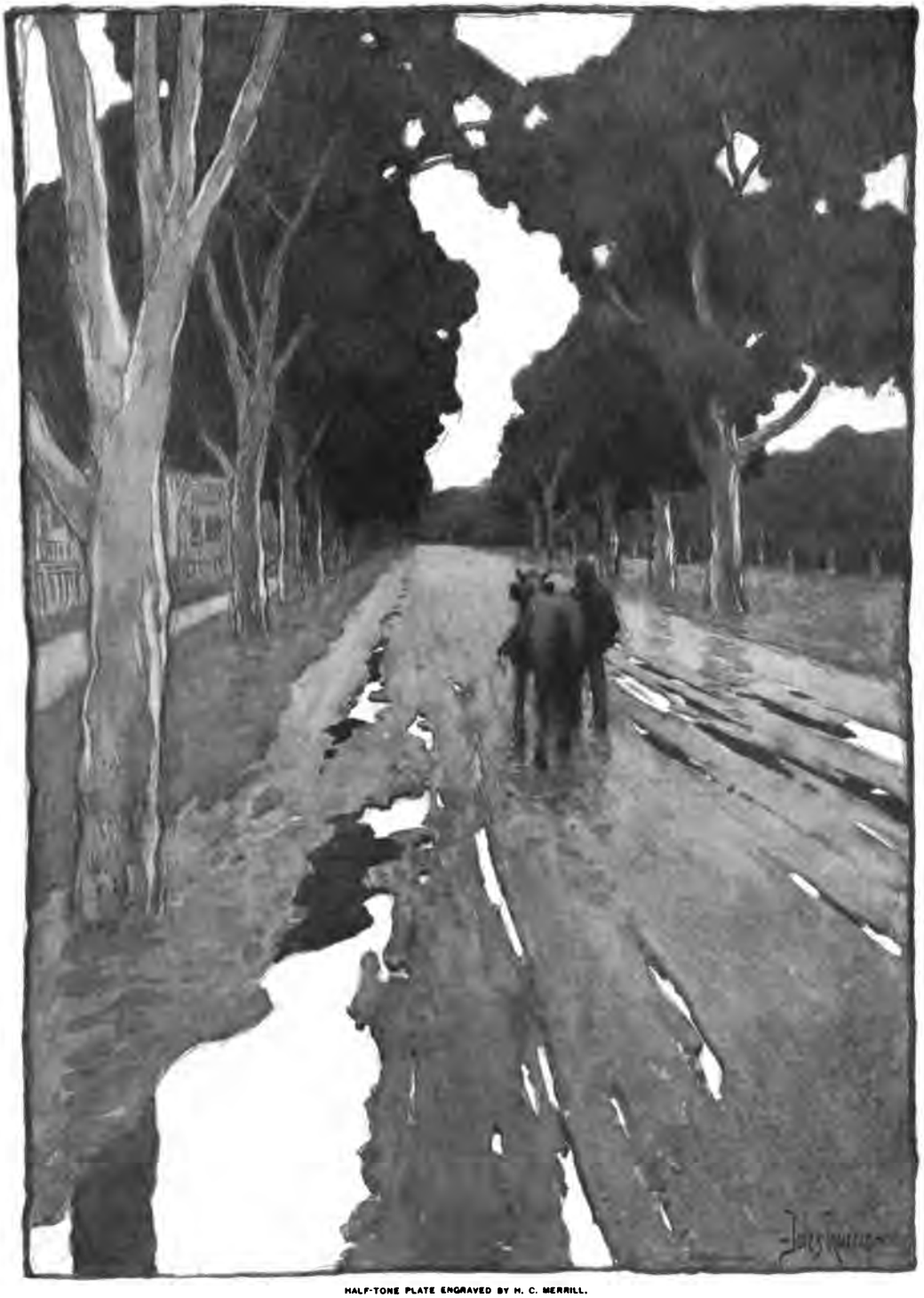
WITH PICTURES BY JULES GUÉRIN.

ONE of the most common forms of civic improvement—the form that has most widely engaged public attention and has been attended with the best results—is the improved construction of roads in country and town, and the suitable adornment of the latter class of highway. The work is comparatively simple; the results are more or less immediately apparent, and are correspondingly gratifying.

Improved construction of the road-bed is the first consideration. The good-roads movement has become very wide-spread in this country, although perhaps the average American highway is still the worst to be found in any really civilized country. But the tendency to road improvement is everywhere very marked. Many hundreds of miles of macadamized and Telford road have been constructed, and even in the building of common "dirt" roads there has been a great improvement. For towns and cities the advantages of smooth and noiseless pavements are now widely appreciated. Asphalt is everywhere increasingly used, wooden pavement is again finding favor, and vitrified brick in its improved forms of manufacture has become very popular as a comparatively cheap and satisfactory kind of smooth pavement. In the West, in particular, where the character of the soil makes dirt roads impracticable and macadamizing materials are scarce, there are hundreds of towns that have been completely transformed in appearance by the adoption of brick pavements, which have literally laid the foundation for a regeneration in civic character. In the same communities, as a rule, the improvement of the roadway has been accompanied by a corresponding advance in sidewalk construction. In that line there is nothing more agreeable for eye or foot than long stretches of granolithic walk, commonly laid with broad margins of turf on either hand, the smooth, clean, light gray in beautiful contrast with the velvety verdure. And there is no surer way to save the precious grass from trampling feet than to give it such a footway neighbor.

Good construction of a roadway means good maintenance. This commands a public respect that means clean usage, discouraging the scattering of papers and other rubbish. Neatness and order lead naturally to civic beauty. A street well constructed and well kept is on the way to become a beautiful street. If it is a business thoroughfare, the tendency will be toward better architecture in the buildings; if it is a residential street, there will be a corresponding improvement in the houses and grounds.

The elements for an attractive street are very simple. After properly constructed road-bed and sidewalks come shade-trees. These should be all of the same kind on one street, or at least on one block of a street. Otherwise the effect will be broken, ragged, and discordant. Wherever practicable, the trees should stand in a margin of turf between the sidewalk and the road. If the street is extremely broad, this turfed space can be made an ample belt of verdure. If, on the other hand, the street is a narrow one, and particularly if the fronts of the houses are on the line of the sidewalk, the mistake of planting trees that grow high should not be made. For, while the lofty vault of the trees may give beauty to the street itself, the dense foliage will be harmful to health by excluding needed light and the free movement of fresh air from the houses. On narrow streets, therefore, trees of low-growing habit are desirable. By planting them at frequent intervals they may be made to shade the walks sufficiently, and at the same time they will not deprive the adjacent dwellings of needed light and air. As a rule, shade-trees are undesirable for urban business thoroughfares, unless the streets are particularly broad. In the latter event, trees naturally of small size, trimmed in formal shapes, perhaps, may serve an admirable decorative function as adjuncts to



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

LONG MEADOW STREET, NEAR SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

The wide, elm-shaded main street of a New England village in the Connecticut valley.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

MAGNOLIA AVENUE AT RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA.

An example of formal planting in a subtropical climate.

good mercantile and civic architecture, and also for mitigating the depressing effects of mean construction.

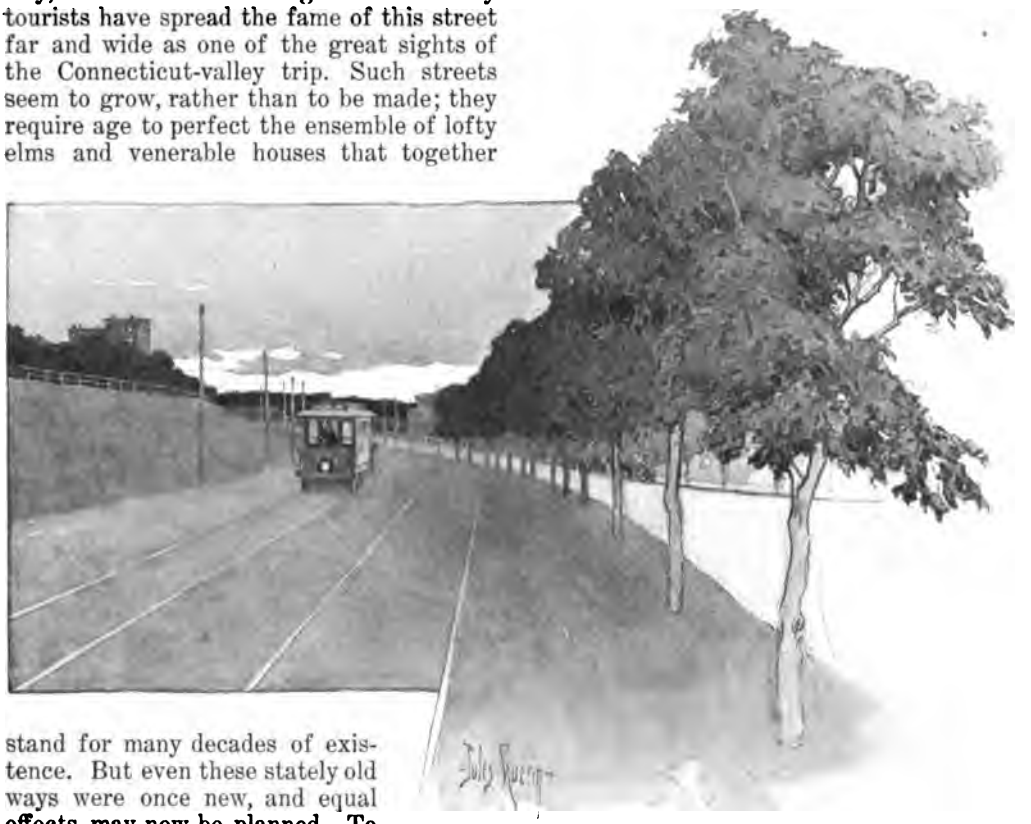
A narrow residential street may be a very attractive one if the houses stand well back from the street-line, with pleasant grounds about them. In a growing town, however, the danger from such conditions comes with the liability to convert the street to business purposes, or to erect more compactly disposed dwellings. If business comes in, the transition is commonly marked by jagged lines. Commercial structures, often of a cheap and undesirable aspect, are built out to the street, while the dwellings stand recessed back at irregular intervals. And when at last the street is fully occupied for business purposes, it is altogether too narrow; the roadway and the sidewalks are cramped, and often a widening has to take place at the public expense. If built up closely to the line with dwellings, the street is likely to lack air and sunshine, and the tendency is toward squalid conditions.

An excellent remedy for these evils is offered in the Massachusetts law that empowers municipalities to establish building-lines at any desired distance back from the street-line. When such a line is established, no buildings can be erected on the intervening space. The municipality acquires an easement in this strip of land, which can still be used by the owner for anything but building purposes, and, on the establishment of such a line, owners may claim damages, as in case of takings for a street-widening. It is, however, commonly more of a benefit than a damage to have property thus restricted, for it assures a more permanently desirable character to the street; and in case a street-widening should ever be called for, no obstacles will stand in the way: by taking the restricted strips, there will be ample room for the wider roadway and sidewalks.

Ideals for attractive street-planning are to be found in many parts of the United States. There is nothing more charming as a rural street than that of a New England village at its best—lofty aisles of leafage, the trees with feet in a carpet of turf at the sidewalk border; the houses, quiet and unobtrusive, standing well back, and marked with the true home character, whether they are humble cottages or abodes of the rich. The noblest development of such rural streets is to be found in the old towns of the Connecticut valley and in western Massachusetts. There the main highways have an extraordinarily generous width, often giving room for quadruple rows of old elms and broad spaces of turf, the roadway requiring only a narrow space in the total width of the thoroughfare.

The beauty of such streets goes far to compensate for the too prosaic aspect of our typical wooden country houses, conferring upon the New England villages of the best type a picturesque charm that bears comparison with that of English villages, though of a quite different fashion. In this way there is probably nothing finer than the celebrated street of the Connecticut-valley

town appropriately named Long Meadow. Long Meadow street, as it is called, is bordered by almost the whole of the township's main village, which extends along the grassy interval of the great river, shaded by hundreds of the typical elms which in that valley are found in their highest perfection. Beneath one of the double naves of natural Gothic the electric cars now speed their way, and hundreds of long-distance trolley tourists have spread the fame of this street far and wide as one of the great sights of the Connecticut-valley trip. Such streets seem to grow, rather than to be made; they require age to perfect the ensemble of lofty elms and venerable houses that together stand for many decades of existence. But even these stately old ways were once new, and equal effects may now be planned. To all good highway development the mellowing touch of time will give its justifying charm.



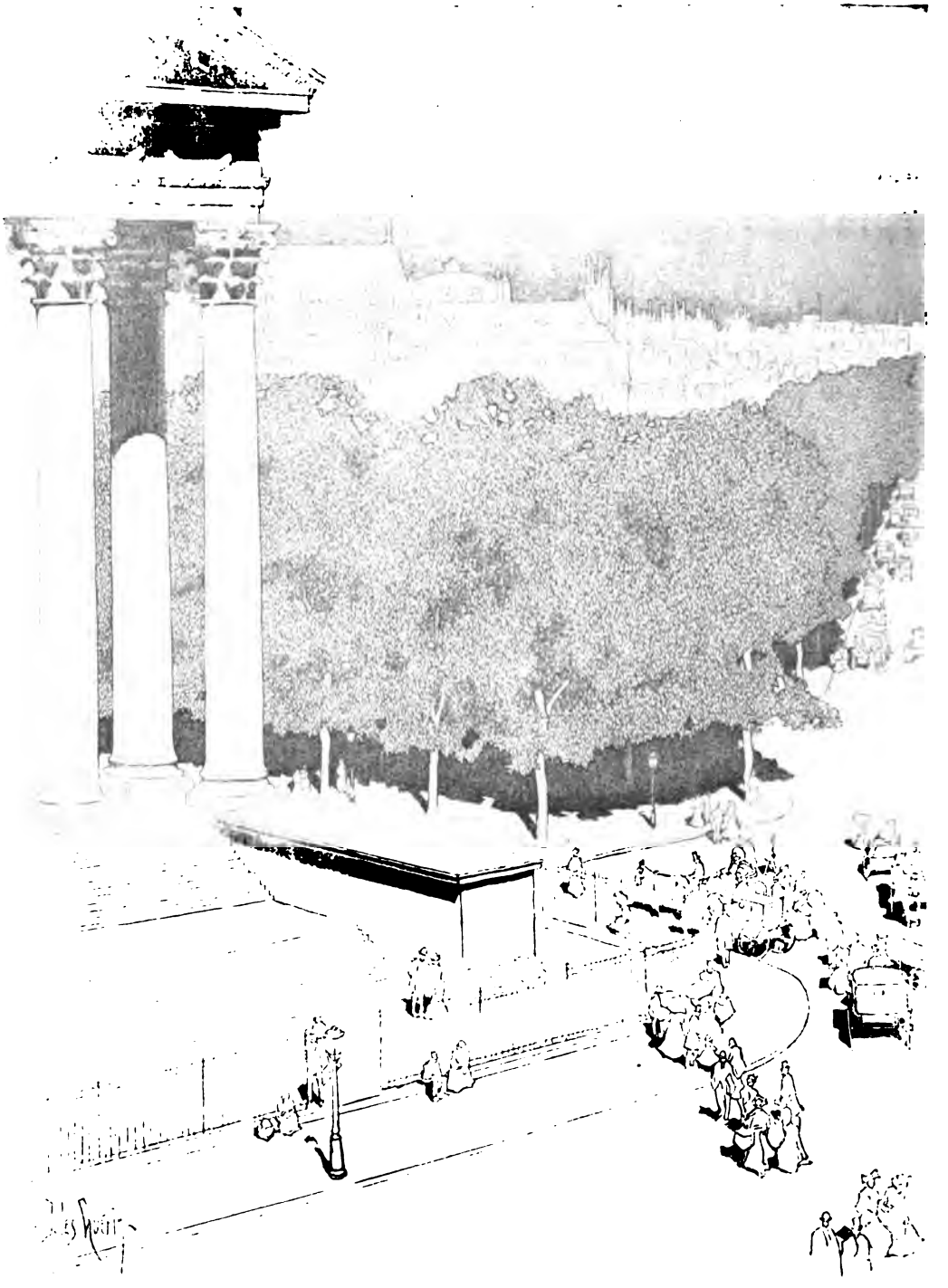
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

BEACON STREET BOULEVARD, BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS.

A street with a reserved space for an electric railway, the tracks of which are laid through turf.

Even though the glorious elm, as many now fear, may be doomed to perish before the assaults of its numerous enemies, in almost every part of the country other trees, suitable to local conditions, may be made to rival the elm in grandeur. Meanwhile, in all work that looks to permanent effects, the raw edges of newness may soon be softened, and the wayside made attractive with well-kept turf, shrubbery, and climbing plants. Many climbing species have a rapid growth, and can be made to cover bare places with beauty in a single season. Poles and stakes may thus serve as substitutes for trees while these are growing. In climates where the English ivy is not hardy, similar effects of evergreen may be gained by the planting of the *Evonymus radicans*, a beautiful Japanese forest plant which would be ideal for such purposes if its growth were more rapid. Wherever practicable, the mantling of electric-wire poles, trolley posts, and sign-board posts with climbing plants is advisable. Unfortunately, the need of access for repairs or inspection by climbing men with spurs is apt to bar the use of climbing plants in many instances. Yet these accessories can be used oftener than they are, and our engineering heralds of ugliness may thus be converted into standard-bearers of beauty. Not a few examples may occasionally be seen, showing what is possible in such directions.

Even where these posts and poles must necessarily stand in all their ugly nakedness, their ill effect may be ameliorated through screening by wayside trees. Indeed, under



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

THE RUE ROYALE, AS SEEN FROM THE MADELEINE, PARIS.

Example of a wide business street with low-growing trees as an adjunct to architecture.

these conditions they often lose the greater part of their offensiveness. But here a great and growing evil must be guarded against. In towns and villages tree destruction by electricity is becoming alarmingly frequent. Magnificent trees are often slaughtered by the careless placing of wires or cables bearing strong electric currents. The branches, swaying in the wind, chafe against the conductors and wear away the insulation; then the current escapes and kills the trees. In many places the beauty of whole streets has been thus ruined. Something should be done effectually to prevent this wholesale electrocution of shade-trees.

There are certain great streets in various American cities famous as typical examples of civic beauty and stateliness. In spreading the gospel of civic improvement such object-lessons have the greatest value. What one community has done surpassingly well other communities will seek to do. Hence, these great streets serve as models that, with due modifications according to local circumstance, have been widely followed elsewhere. One of the foremost of them is Commonwealth Avenue in Boston, with its central reserved space for trees, turf, and monumental adornment, and its breadth of two hundred and forty feet between building-lines. Another famous thoroughfare of the residential type, urban and suburban in character, is Euclid Avenue in Cleveland. A celebrated illustration of the possibilities of stately development under semi-tropical conditions is Magnolia Avenue at Riverside in southern California, adorned with pepper-trees and palms, extending for miles through orange-plantations and bordered by pleasant residences.

The extraordinary development of street-railway lines under electric traction has made it necessary to plan highways largely with reference to such occupancy. This has frequently led to an adaptation of the central reserved space between two roadways, which characterizes the boulevard type, to the requirements of electric traction. Such central reserved spaces for car-tracks have been a feature in New Orleans for something like half a century. In that city certain wide avenues originally had canals in the center, between two roadways. These canals were filled in, and the space was devoted to car-tracks. Electric traction, however, made it possible to cover the entire space with turf, only the gleaming lines of steel showing in the grassy carpet. This is one of the many ideas in civic design that we owe to the genius of Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, who first introduced it in his plan for the Beacon-street boulevard in Boston and Brookline, as the route for the first electric street-railway built in a great city. This simple device is really one of the great civic acquisitions of the age; it abolishes dust, diminishes noise to a minimum under the muffling action of the turf, and accelerates transit by removing the railway-tracks from the roadway. Moreover, it revolutionizes the circumstances that make a neighborhood nuisance of a great public convenience, and brings the street-railway into conformity with the finest residential development as a basis for a beautiful form of public improvement.

This idea achieved quick popularity and has been adopted widely. In highway planning for urban and suburban requirements, the best results can be obtained only when car-tracks are separated from the road. In country districts this is often best effected by distinct rights of way entirely apart from the highway; but in cities and towns a more immediate relation to the highway is essential, and the reserved central space offers the best solution. A comprehensive method of dealing with this problem has been adopted by the Boston suburb of Milton. A system of electric railways was called for, and the town authorities decided to require reserved spaces everywhere. The township area was predominatingly rural and very extensive; but the interests of economy required that both for land purchase and road construction the width devoted to such purposes be considerably less than demanded for roads of the usual boulevard type, one hundred and ten feet at least. The aim here was not to obtain stateliness of effect in grand residential avenues, but to secure the maximum of safe and rapid transit in a network of rural thoroughfares that should be attractive as drives and agreeable as elements in the development of the town. Accordingly, existing roads were widened, and, where necessary, new highways were laid out, under a plan that called for a total width of seventy-four feet, with two roadways eighteen feet wide, a reserved central space for car-tracks running through turf, sidewalks six feet wide, and planting-spaces of three feet.

In this way the modern railway principle of double-tracking was applied to ordinary highway conditions. With all traffic on each road going in one direction, the narrow space of eighteen feet seemed ample. The double roadway thus provided is well adapted

to the modern requirements of the automobile and the bicycle, and the separation of traffic into streams flowing in opposite directions reduces the danger of collision to a minimum. Like a railway, the highway itself is thus double-tracked. It should be said, however, that experience indicates that while the double roadways of the Milton type answer for purely rural conditions, the width is inadequate to the development of the town as a suburb of a great city. Therefore it is proposed to lay out future avenues of the kind with double roadways twenty-four feet wide. A more economical plan suggested is to have one roadway of thirty feet, with single tracks for electric cars in a reserved strip on each side, adjoining the sidewalks. The main objection to this plan is that it would interfere with access to abutting premises, while the frequent crossings by residential driveways would be a menace to transit.

To promote and preserve the charm of the typical country road, as well as to beautify the formal city or village street, should be one of the chief aims in civic improvement. An example of a country road of ideal beauty is to be found in the Greater Boston municipalities of Medford and Winchester. A historic old colonial estate of some hundreds of acres is still owned by the descendants of the original proprietor, who in stately fashion maintained his country-seat there. The few suburban places into



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

A BEAUTIFUL TYPE OF RURAL HIGHWAY (GROVE STREET IN MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS).



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

ESSEX WOODS ROAD, NEAR MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA, MASSACHUSETTS.

A woodland drive with sylvan beauty made permanent by taking the bordering strips for park purposes.

which the estate is now divided have little changed it from its original park-like aspect. One of the main roads between the two communities traverses the ancient estate through the greater portion of its length. This is a public highway, but the present proprietors have assumed the charge of maintenance, in order to assure the preservation of the character that has been gradually developed under more than two centuries of occupancy by virtually one family. The beauty of this road is of so simple an order, and yet so exquisite in its combination of wildness and unstudied finish, that only a faint idea of it can be given in words.

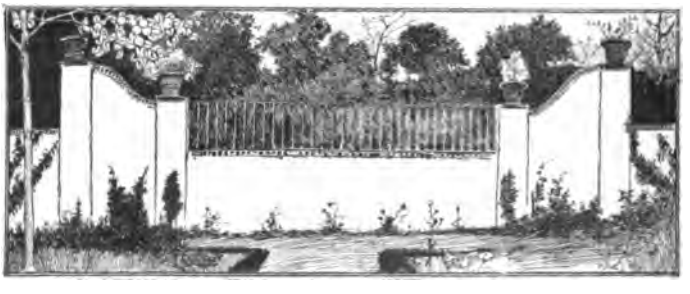
A formal street, in its development, may be compared to a canal, while a country road is more like a brook or river, meandering naturally through fields and woods. Grove street, as this highway is called, for the greater part of the way takes its course in easy curves and grades between low, substantial walls of gray stone. At one point, however, near the site of the original mansion, the continuity of the stone construction is interrupted by an old-fashioned wall of brick, preserved for its historic associations and said to have been built by slave labor. There being a more direct way between the two communities, comparatively little traffic passes over this route, and a narrow roadway suffices. The road is bordered by wide turf-margins as far as the walls, between which and the road wild shrubbery grows here and there, and climbing plants mantle the stones. Within the wall, and bordering the road, is a diversity of tree-growth, deciduous and evergreen, in charming irregularity, and giving renewed interest at every turn. While everything grows naturally, and apparently at random, there is nothing unkempt or neglected in effect, but a simple, unstudied orderliness that tells of a strong human feeling for landscape beauty behind it all.

In the foregoing instance the conditions have been exceptionally fortunate. But there are even better ways for preserving the charm of a beautiful country wayside. In a suburb where the city is pressing hard upon the country, land is too valuable to be held indefinitely in broad acres; all this loveliness must eventually pass unless, under conditions of a denser occupancy, measures are taken to make it the basis of something enduring.

A most admirable example is that set by the seaside town of Manchester, on Cape Ann. One of the town's great charms for its wealthy summer dwellers is the beauty of the drive through the Essex woods. Well-grown woods have their value for timber and fuel, however. So, to forfend all danger of wayside spoliation, the entire belt of woodland traversed by the road, in a width just sufficient to preserve the integrity of the forest border, was purchased by subscription, and presented to the town for permanent preservation as a part of its park system. An area of seven acres, thus secured, was equivalent to a long roadside stretch of sylvan scenery. The example of Manchester has been followed by the Cape Cod town of Yarmouth, which for like purposes has secured a long belt of land bordering a pleasant drive through the woods. In case landowners refuse to part with their wayside property, the Public Parks Act provides the means to secure such strips by right of eminent domain. Simply the taking of an easement in the land would be sufficient, leaving to the owner the right of free access to his property beyond, but forbidding him to cut trees and shrubbery, or otherwise to interfere with the natural aspect of the strip in question. Since wayside property of the kind is usually of low valuation, a comparatively small expenditure would secure a long strip of beautiful roadside for the perpetual enjoyment of the public. Then, with every year, the trees would grow, and the scene would gain in beauty.

In connection with the extensive movements for the construction of finely engineered State highways in various parts of the country, it is possible to accomplish much in these directions. Shade-trees can be systematically planted, with results surpassing their service in adornment. For, both in shading the way and in acting as windbreaks, they tend to protect the roadbed from disintegration, preserving from evaporation under excessive sunshine and drying winds the moisture necessary to proper binding. Much is also possible in the way of simple embellishment and in protecting these roads against disfigurement.

Well-kept borders of grass and shrubbery may be maintained; artistically designed guide-boards and mile-posts may be erected; electric-wire poles and trolley posts may be kept as far from ugliness as possible; and the defacing tendencies of the advertising fiend may be restricted. It should be considered that large sums of the public money have been expended in the creation of these improved highways, and their purpose should be correspondingly respected by giving them an aspect worthy of their civilizing function. The examples cited above can be most appropriately followed by the permanent reservation of wayside strips at points of notable beauty, or commanding important prospects.



A VISIT TO THE EMPRESS DOWAGER.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST NEW YEAR'S AUDIENCE GIVEN BY THE EMPRESS DOWAGER OF CHINA TO THE LADIES OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS.

BY BELLE VINNEDGE DRAKE.

IN China it is the national habit to devote about thirty days at New Year's to a renewal of vows to cleanliness, friendship, kindred, and business honor. Debts are paid, the body is arrayed in its purple and fine linen and started on its yearly round of calls upon relatives and friends. In recognition of this time-honored custom,—and custom runs back a long way in China,—the Empress Dowager kept open house, and invited the ladies and children of the various foreign legations to call upon her at the New Year season's anniversary—February 27, 1902, by our reckoning. It was an invitation courteously sent, and with courtesy it was accepted, with no disposition to judge deeper than the kindly appearance of its spirit. It was a curious semi-heathen, semi-Christian little procession that wended its way to the east gate of the Imperial City. The ladies, interpreters, and children were all carried in sedan-chairs by coolies, and each legation contingent was preceded by its own mounted escort of soldiers and mafoos astride their shaggy little Chinese ponies. Besides these, the court sent a mounted escort of twenty officials and attendants, who preceded Mrs. Conger's chair. The dean of the diplomatic corps, the distinguished-looking and courtly Austrian minister, acted as official protector for the party, and preserved thereby the dignified proprieties of the occasion. Three different detachments of Chinese troops were stationed between the outer wall and the gate leading into the Forbidden City, and presented arms as the almost solemn little cavalcade passed through the lines. At the gate of this city the usual official sedan-chair gave place to one of imperial ownership, a little open red chair, not unlike what our American go-cart without wheels would be, and carried on two long poles by four stalwart eunuchs. The way taken led by the famous dragon wall, which must have lost its original charm of keeping out evil spirits, from the number of foreign devils who eluded its vigilance that day; but, since inanimate things can be depraved only when reflecting the spirit of the animate, may it not be reasonable to suppose the dwellers within the gates of the Forbidden City may have awakened to a recognition that evolution had at least carried us beyond the horn-and-hoof stage?

Whatever individual theory the world may have about it, all restraint was removed that day, and American, British, Russian, Italian, French, German, Spanish, Austrian, and Japanese were permitted to vanish behind that wall which had for so many centuries stood guard against all foreign invasion. Safely inside, the imperial chairs were given up, and the court eunuchs assumed the responsibility of assisting tripping feet and lifting trailing skirts through the open courts. At the door of the room where our outer wraps were removed and tea was served, several distinguished Chinese officials, led by Prince Ch'ing, greeted us with a genuine American hand-shake and cordial smile, and, figuratively at least, offered us the keys of the city.

After sipping a cup of refreshing tea, official precedence began to form itself in proper order for the march across the court to the throne-room. The dean, Baron Czikann, in a dazzling uniform of gold lace and numerous jeweled medals, imposingly led the procession, followed by Mrs. Conger, wife of our distinguished American minister, and doyenne of the diplomatic corps. With this dazzling head, the brilliancy decreased by gradual stages to the lesser lights of ranking importance in the different legations. We passed directly from under the canopy of heaven through a door into the presence of a boyish-looking, bright-eyed man of thirty-two, who calls himself a son

thereof. Whatever of august personality that title may suggest, it was wholly eclipsed by the far more powerful presence of China's Catharine II.

American womanhood was most nobly represented that day in the gentle and kindly spirit, yet self-possessed and gracious dignity, of Mrs. Conger, who said in a clear, well-modulated voice: "Your Majesties: On this holiday occasion the ladies of the diplomatic corps bring to you most cordial, happy New Year greetings and the best of good wishes for the imperial court and for all China," which was promptly taken up and interpreted into Chinese by Mr. Williams, Chinese secretary of the American legation. Whereupon Prince Ch'ing knelt before her Majesty to receive her reply, which he gave in Chinese, and was interpreted into English by Chang Te-i, the new Chinese minister to England. After which their Highnesses offered the right hand of fellowship with true democratic warmth of interest to each alike from the head to the foot of the procession. It is barely possible that the long continuity of inherited court experience may have lent a little more grace to the bended knee of our European sisters, and they may have suffered less mental perturbation over the possible disaster of backing down three or four steps from the throne; but, with the rare adaptability of the American woman and the excellent example of Mrs. Conger, the four other ladies from the United States managed to acquit themselves with at least some semblance of grace.

The hand-shaking of the Empress was not a perfunctory function, for she shook the hand of each person, and looked keenly into her eyes, and distinctly separated her from her kind. She has that rare possession of so much charm in woman, a soft, caressing voice, supplemented by an engaging smile, an eager, observing alertness of expression, and a noticeably gentle touch.

This formality over, she left the throne and all its formal greatness, and came down among the children of men with a true housewifely interest in the comfort and pleasure of her guests. Of course chief favors were shown the wives of the ministers as the first-ranking ladies present, but she did not forget those of lesser fame, and was particularly attentive to the children.

Her first duty was to see that we were served tea in a little drawing-room leading off from the throne-room. She was attended by about twenty-five princesses, and, from the Empress Dowager down, it was a beautiful picture of Oriental splendor and beauty. The Empress Dowager was dressed in the national costume, consisting of a long, loose, sack-like garment reaching from the neck to within about three inches of the floor, over which is worn a short, sleeveless jacket. They were made of blue satin exquisitely embroidered all over in figures of butterflies, bats, characters in gold denoting long life, and flowers, all in harmonizing colors. Her hair was dressed in the Manchurian extension fashion, and adorned with dozens of pearls, of varying sizes, from a penny down to a pinhead. Her feet were prettily dressed in the embroidered Manchurian shoes perched on brackets, so that she seemed taller than she really was, for she cannot be quite five feet tall. None of the ladies had small feet. The younger ladies wore differently colored gowns of the same style as the Empress's, with large clusters of brightly colored flowers in their hair, and, with only a few exceptions in the case of widows, their faces were most artistically painted, a study in pink and white, with a single blood-red spot on the lower lip. The effect of this kaleidoscopic coloring can better be imagined than described.

During this little tea-drinking ceremony the Emperor passed here and there, an evidently amused spectator of the animated, picturesque scene. He was closely followed by an attendant, who lent an arm of protection when femininity came too near, pushing him into close quarters.

After sipping from her own jade cup of tea, the Empress passed it to the lips of Mrs. Conger and the wives of the other ministers in turn, as a sort of mark of fraternal amity and good will. We were now conducted to the private apartments of the Empress Dowager, and, since it is the first time foreigners have ever entered that portion of the palace, the event is historical.

We were first taken to the banquet-room, where refreshments were served. From our entrance into her private palace, all men, save the Emperor and the eunuchs, were excluded. Mrs. Conger sat at the right of her Majesty, and Mme. Uchida, wife of the Japanese minister, a graduate of Bryn Mawr and an enthusiastic admirer of all things American, sat on her left. Acting as interpreter for the Empress Dowager was a most bewitching little Chinese maid of eighteen, daughter of a former minister to Germany, where she was educated, speaking German and English very well. She was a dainty little creature, with modest yet self-reliant manner, sweet voice,

and a sympathetic responsiveness quite remarkable in one so young. The refreshments were served in what we would call buffet style. Since the Chinese never use a cloth for covering the table, and there is no general demand for the supply of such Western accessories, no surprise should be expressed when it is recorded that the tables were draped with a honeycombed variety of cotton spread bordered with fringe, belonging to the genus commonly known as "counterpanes" in our country. But it was a graceful concession to our custom which gave the spirit far more significance than the letter. After all, a fine pattern of Irish linen would have made a poor show, with every spot covered by Chinese epicurean delicacies.

There were bird's-nest soup, sharks' fins, fruits, sweets, and everything known to the category of the correct Chinese palate. The Empress passed from one table to the other, with true motherly concern for the pleasure of every one. When she felt quite satisfied that all her guests had been well served, she led the way across her handsomely furnished drawing-room to her bedroom, where she more fully revealed those qualities peculiar to women which so clearly differentiate the sexes. She took Mrs. Conger and Mme. Uchida by the hands and led them up to her bed, or kang, patting it to show them its luxurious softness, and finally, with girlish abandon, climbing up on it and bidding the two ladies do likewise. And as she settled down for a visit with them, she suggested a young girl home from boarding-school with some girl chums for a vacation and a jolly good time.

The kang had curtains in front which were draped back, and the walls of the room formed the other three sides. Surrounding these three sides was a shelf on which were all manner of curiously carved pieces of jade, five loudly ticking clocks, of which the Chinese are so fond, and some fruit, which was placed at the head to appease the spirits. The diplomatic corps had specially requested, when accepting the invitation to call, that no gifts be offered when the Empress gave this New Year audience. However, as she sat cozily confidential with the ministers' wives, she quietly slipped a very pretty little jade ornament into the hands of each in turn, with a roguish twinkle in her eyes, and a whispered Chinese admonition which said as plainly as any English words could do, "Don't you tell." She gently patted one of them on the cheek in real lover-like fashion, and affectionately let her other hand rest on theirs. Some one suggested she must have very sweet dreams on such a downy bed, whereupon she laughed, and said: "Yes; and when I dream of snow it brings me good luck." While she was having a good, old-fashioned visit with her friends, the Emperor came up boyishly to the side of the bed, when she laughed quite merrily, and saying something to him which made him smile, he quietly slipped away. She served the ladies tea here, into which she dropped some fragrant blossoms which she declared were a panacea for headache.

Her rooms were filled with rare and beautiful works of art—porcelain, cloisonné, brass, bronze, tapestries, and carved jade. One piece of jade presented the outlines of a huge boulder, over ten feet high, which, upon close examination, disclosed the most exquisite carving of foliage, flowers, and long processions of Chinese climbing to the top. Another piece of jade formed a large bowl-shaped fountain-basin about three feet high and over three feet in diameter, with flowers and vines carved all around the brim, and goldfish swimming in the water it held. The carved wood partitions between the rooms were an immense cabinet from floor to ceiling for the reception of exquisite old porcelain, brass, and cloisonné. There were very large candelabra of cloisonné; the black wood chairs, tables, and kangs were inlaid with pearl in fantastic designs. The rooms were heated with braziers, or, more accurately, the chill was taken off by them; for the Chinese would suffocate in our furnace-heated houses, while long exposure in theirs would congeal our blood close to the freezing-point.

When the Empress felt we had done justice to her boudoir, she tactfully gave the signal to go, and led us into the banquet-hall, where her councilors of state had been doing the honors of the palace in the entertainment of the gentlemen of our party. She was accompanied by her ladies in waiting, who stood modestly by while she bade them good-by, exchanging a few words with them.

When it is remembered how short a time ago such a levee would have violated every principle known to the code of womanly modesty and sanctity, some measure may be taken of the progress China is making toward emancipation from not only time-honored, but religion-honored traditions. If only two or three years have been required to work so great a change, surely it would be a hopeless pessimist who would not see in it

signs of better things, while to the optimist it suggests a future, not far remote, when China will at least marry into the family of nations, if she may not develop into a full-blooded relationship.

When the gentlemen had backed themselves out of her imperial presence, Mrs. Conger took the initiative for the ladies of the foreign deputation. It was evident that her Majesty parted reluctantly from the wife of America's minister to her empire, for she has confided to her own confidential officials a strong leaning toward that gracious, kindly lady, whom she considers most intelligent, because she can talk politics, and frankly admits if all foreign ladies are like her she would be most happy to know them. In bidding her good-by she expressed a desire to see her often, that she might make better acquaintance with such a representative type of womanhood.

Without a medium of common speech, with widely varying racial characteristics, forms of government, and religion, yet this bright, youthful-looking little old lady of sixty-seven met us on the common ground of universal sisterhood, and admitted us into an atmosphere of sympathetic understanding which banished all thoughts of differing race, morals, religion, or politics. As we looked into her strong, intelligent, and attractive face, it would have been difficult for the most prejudiced to see a line of cruelty or malice in it. True, we cannot forget the awful scenes of the summer of 1900; but, with the magnanimity that should come to every believer in the Christ spirit, the nations have agreed to accept China's attitude in good faith and begin all over again with a better and, it is to be hoped, truer understanding of the relations of men.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF E. L. GODKIN.

BY JOSEPH B. BISHOP.

IT is not my purpose in the following pages to essay an all-round estimate of the career and public services of Edwin L. Godkin. My intimate association with him for sixteen years, as his assistant in the daily task of editing the "Evening Post," obviously disqualifies me for the work. All that I shall attempt will be a personal study of his mental characteristics and methods of journalistic work as these were disclosed to me. It was my privilege and constant pleasure to enjoy with him a degree of intimate companionship such as he accorded to few men. It was not easy for him to be confidential with anybody. Direct and open he always was, sometimes to an extent well-nigh terrifying; but confidential, in the sense of disclosing to you his inmost feeling as well as thought, he seldom was with anybody. He detested sentimentalism in every form, and had an infallible scent for it, no matter in what guise it might approach him. In his eyes it was a form of humbug, and that was enough to condemn it. I have never come in personal contact with a mind so free from cant as his was. He did not need Carlyle's injunction, "First clear your mind of cant," for the taint had never entered his. He had that perfect intellectual sanity and perfect intellectual integrity which stand revealed in the works of Huxley and Darwin, and more clearly still in the private letters of the two. What they sought, Mr. Godkin always sought with a zeal and determination that nothing could resist—the thought at the bottom of every question which carried conviction with it. He was intensely eager to get the honest thought of other men, but the thought that he held to finally was the one that carried conviction to his own intellect. When he had decided upon that, it became the law and the gospel for him, and there was no power on earth capable of swerving him from his devotion to it. Other men might call him intolerant; he knew to the very depths of his soul that he was right.

I can most clearly reveal the qualities of his mind by citing some illustrations of his methods. It was his custom to hold each morning an informal conference of editorial writers as to the subjects which were to be

treated in the day's paper. At this conference it was understood that everybody should "free his mind" without restraint, and this was always done. What was especially calculated to unnerve a newcomer in these gatherings was the intensity of concentration in Mr. Godkin's eyes, when he turned to him, after the latter had proposed a subject, and asked: "What would you say about it?" Woe to the poor man if he had nothing above the commonplace view to present. He would not get far in his exposition before, with an impatient wave of the hand, and whirling quickly around in his chair, the chief would dispose of the matter with an unceremonious verdict, like, "I don't think that 's worth while," or, "We have said that already," or, "Oh, there 's nothing in that." After that, nothing more upon the subject was to be said. Sometimes, after an interested attention of a few seconds, a quick, searching question would be put that would go through the subject like a knife through a toy balloon, leaving complete and utter collapse. But if a real thought were brought forward, an old subject with a novel method of treatment advanced, Mr. Godkin's eye would kindle with delight, his mind would at once begin to play around it, illuminating it with touches of humor and expanding it with penetrating insight, till the author became fairly astonished at the beautiful proportions of his own offspring. Just at this point came the author's greatest peril. The chances were ten to the dozen that Mr. Godkin would become so delighted with the development of the subject, so intoxicated with the intellectual pleasure of its treatment, that he would say, with a serene smile of perfect enjoyment, "I 'll write on that."

But the loss of his subject was not the worst misfortune that happened to the subordinate editor. He was destined to see it treated in a manner that might well fill him with despair. Not only was all that he thought about it expressed in a way that he could never hope to equal, but with it a veritable host of ideas that had been lurking in his mind, but which he could not get hold of. It was this quality in Mr. Godkin's writing that Lowell defined so exactly in one of his letters to him: "You always say what I would have said—if I had only thought of it."[1] And how well he said it!—with an inexhaustible supply of quiet, delicious humor, a wealth of experience drawn from wide knowledge of men and books, and a lightness of touch that has never been equaled in journalism, and very rarely equaled in literature. Everything was grist for his mill. A casual quip in conversation, the latest good story, a sentence from a new book, a fresh bit of political slang—all these found lodgment in his mind, and just at the proper place they would appear in his writing. Time and time again I said something to him that I thought would interest him, and failed to get the least response, or even a sign that he really comprehended it; yet, as certain as fate, it would stare me in the face a day or a week later, fitting into a leading article as nothing else would have fitted in that place, and as I myself would never have had the thought of using it.

He was as ready to listen to criticism of a subject of his own proposing as he was to assail a subject advanced by others. All he asked of you was perfect frankness and sincerity and the possession of a real thought. If you had something to say that was worth saying, a more eager listener or a more responsive one could not be desired. If you got the better of him, and showed him a defect in his own idea, he did not hesitate for a second, after he had argued the point with you, to admit defeat. So, too, with his work after it appeared in "proof." Any suggestion of change that was made and was of value he would take instantly. He had less of the vanity of authorship than any man I have ever known. Delight in his work he always took, but it was from sheer enjoyment in the intellectual exercise attending it—an enjoyment which seemed as detached from himself as if it were the work of another person. He had in very large measure the faculty of walking around himself, looking at himself at a distance and from all sides, which was of incalculable value in his work. Many a time when he thought of writing upon some topic that needed careful treatment, I have heard him say, "I want to write on it, but don't know whether I can trust my discretion." He was always on the watch for his rollicking humor, lest it lead him into extremes of expression that might prove harmful to the cause he was striving to aid. Time and again he would write something, and before putting it in type take counsel on it, watching you closely to see if you caught the humor of it and comprehended fully what he had said in it. If you failed in this test, he would never ask your judgment again. If you met the test, but advised against publication, backing your

[1] "Letters of James Russell Lowell," Vol. II, p. 76.

advice with good reasons, he would suppress the matter without a particle of hesitation or compunction, and say no more about it.

Nothing delighted him more than what he was fond of calling "journalistic rows." When one of these broke out between two or more contemporaries, he always followed it with intense enjoyment, and sooner or later fairly itched to take a hand in it. The "joy of combat," inherent in the Irish blood, was strong in him, and he knew he must watch it. Repeatedly, when a "row" was on, he would write something about it, just by way of trial, and then take advice. If you said in criticism that in writing about it he had committed some of the most flagrant of the offenses that he had for years been assailing as the leading characteristics of these "rows," he would burst into a roar of laughter and say, "Well, I am afraid that is so, but I really should like to show what a pair of humbugs they are." But he would destroy his "copy," nevertheless. Never was his enjoyment of a "row" keener than when he himself was the object of attack, as was very often the case. He would read all the hard things said of him in one paper after another, fairly shaking with pleasure, and then say: "What a delightful lot they are! We must stir them up again." If the able editors who thought they were making him miserable with their "scathing" attacks upon him as "Larry" Godkin could have seen him under these conditions, they would have been greatly astonished.

The secret of his unusual conduct under fire was given with entire accuracy by Mr. E. C. Stedman, to whom I was once describing it. It was his consciousness of power. "He knew that he could hit back much harder than they had struck." And he could. No assailant who ever fell under his editorial hand would deny that. I was once asked to go to see a friend, a man of high character and unusual influence upon the intellectual life of his time, who sent word to me that he was ill in bed. I found him in bed, really ill, and the cause was that he had been made the object of Mr. Godkin's powers of ridicule for something he had done which offered provocation for that treatment. "I do not care a rap," he said, "for what any other editor may say about me, but Mr. Godkin has the awful power to wound." When I told Mr. Godkin of this, he was quite overcome with contrition, and said, with perfect sincerity, that he had no idea the man would take it so hard as that. "I will never write another word about him," he added, and he never did.

His unfailing sense of humor kept his mind in a condition of perpetual youth. Although in years he was the oldest man on his staff, intellectually he was the youngest member of it. His ability to take fresh views of an old subject, to find in it a phase that gave it new interest, was inexhaustible. No man was ever less prone to get into ruts. His objection, always ready to a suggested topic, "Oh, we 've said that," was a constant prod to research and original thought. At the same time he was a firm believer in the gospel of iteration, and when any kind of campaign of education was in progress, he insisted upon enforcing it; but even then he was always able to give each succeeding application a sufficient touch of variety to make it attractive. When he was conducting his memorable assault upon the personnel of the old Republican machine of New York city, he hit first upon the device of always referring to its members as the Boys, with a capital B, and this from the moment of its appearance in print became the established usage. Then followed his repeated designation of them as the "Johnnies," "Jakes," and "Mikes," with quotation-marks, and the use of all names of other Boys in like manner. A peculiarly characteristic touch came later, when, in speaking of their political work, he described them as "engaged in their Jakery and Mikery." There were people who complained of weariness because of his persistence in the use of this nomenclature, but it was undoubtedly most effective in bringing that kind of political activity into disrepute.

He had the ability, somewhat rare among men of humor, to appreciate a joke when he was himself the victim of it. When he first took editorial charge of the "Evening Post" he had associated with him two other well-known Mugwumps, Carl Schurz and Horace White. The combination did not work harmoniously, and after a year or more Mr. Schurz withdrew. There was much speculation in the newspapers as to the cause of the disagreement, and the suggestion was made by Isaac H. Bromley, unique and refreshing humorist of happy memory, then in the service of the "Tribune," that "there were too many mules in the same pasture." Mr. Godkin was inexpressibly tickled with this, and always recalled it with hearty laughter. On one occasion a gentleman who had been appointed to public office was spoken of in a sketch of his life which was published in

the local columns of the paper as "the son of an Irishman living in Arkansas." He came into the office in a condition of great wrath and insisted upon seeing Mr. Godkin personally about it. He saw him, and after he had departed, Mr. Godkin came out of his room with his face fairly beaming with amusement, and said: "Don't you think there is something comic in a man's coming to *me* with the claim that he has been insulted by being called the 'son of an Irishman'?" On another occasion a well-meaning but very unsophisticated reformer came to me with a wonderful tale of the great things he and his associates were doing in municipal politics. When I failed to be sufficiently impressed with the value of his labors, he asked, as a personal favor, to be introduced to Mr. Godkin. I presented him and retired. Within a few minutes he fairly burst from Mr. Godkin's room, his face aflame and his gait very rapid. Behind him, a minute later, came Mr. Godkin, his eyes flashing and his whole countenance emitting wrath. Striding up to my desk, he exclaimed: "There is only one answer to be made to the stuff that man talks, and that is, 'You're an ass!'" "Did you make it?" I asked. "No," he replied; "but I came very near doing so." "I judge from his appearance as he departed," I said, "that he was able to gather your meaning, nevertheless." Then the humorous aspect of the case struck him, and his wrath disappeared in a hearty laugh. No matter how earnest or how indignant he might be about anything, the moment a ludicrous view of it appeared, he was ready to enjoy it, not infrequently to the sacrifice of all other aspects of it. One thing he would not submit to, and that was to be bored. The city during the height of his career was fairly crowded with persons who had made this discovery under circumstances far from agreeable to themselves. If a stentorian yawn, or a deep sigh, would not start a bore, heroic methods were resorted to so effectively that an active enemy for life was usually made. I was complaining to him one day that a person to whom he had introduced me was boring me almost beyond endurance. "Why don't you let him see it?" he asked. "I do," I replied, "in all the usual ways, but he refuses to recognize them." "Then I would ask him to please go away," he said. "I have always found that effective."

He was amused always with that perennial type of reader known to all publishers as the "stop-my-paper" subscriber. Whenever he received an angry letter from one of them, his invariable form of reply was that the letter furnished indubitable evidence that the writer stood in especial need of the enlightenment and instruction which the paper was supplying, and that hence it would be sent to him for the full period of his subscription. On one occasion he received a long and extremely pretentious communication from a "constant reader," criticizing his conduct of the paper and instructing him at great length and with much specification as to the way in which he should edit it. Mr. Godkin replied with studied courtesy, saying that he had read the letter with much interest and was deeply impressed with the writer's desire to aid him in editing the paper. Still, he felt obliged to say that he was convinced that the writer was laboring under a misapprehension as to the value of his own opinions. If those opinions, he added, were as valuable as the writer evidently believed them to be, the house in which he lived would be surrounded with large hotels that would be crowded with pilgrims from all quarters of the earth who had come there to get the benefit of his advice. The fact that his dwelling was not so surrounded should convince him that he was putting too high an estimate upon his views. Nothing further was heard from this critic. Few critics, in fact, ever ventured upon a second encounter.

From the outset of his career as editor the charge of "omniscience" was brought against him. Charles Dudley Warner struck a chord of approval in many hearts when he dubbed "The Nation," in its early days, "The Weekly Judgment Day." Undoubtedly Mr. Godkin had always with him the conviction that he was right—what man of really strong intellect has not? In almost every case he was right, or, to put it in another way, he was more nearly right than his critics. He was better informed than they were, had a profounder knowledge of the subjects he was discussing, and brought to them more careful thought than they could command. The reasons for this were to be found in his intellectual training and experience. I do not think it will be disputed that he was the best and most widely educated man who has entered journalism in this country. As a "great editor" he stands in a class by himself. No one would think of placing him in the same category with Greeley or Bennett or Raymond or Dana. As a purely intellectual man he ranked above them all. He was the son of an eminent scholar, and was born into as well as trained for the in-

tellectual life. He entered American journalism on its intellectual side and remained on that side throughout his career. All his interest in his newspaper centered in the editorial page; he paid only casual and superficial attention to the other parts of it. Then, too, he was from first to last the philosophic observer of events, viewing them in this country more or less as an outsider. In times of unusual excitement he was capable of becoming an insider for the moment, but he invariably resumed his attitude of observer subsequently.

In commenting upon American politics and development, he was always weighing them in the light of human history, with which he had the familiarity which came from constant reading and intimate personal knowledge of the leading minds of his time. From the time when, as a young man just entering upon life, he wrote a history of Hungary, down through the period when he went as a newspaper correspondent to the Crimean War, and till his later days, he lived in constant association with men and books. He was as familiar with every phase of European politics as he was with those of this country, his knowledge coming not only from books, periodicals, and newspapers, but from personal acquaintance, resumed almost yearly in long visits abroad, with the leading statesmen and publicists of nearly every country in Europe. No other American journalist possessed such advantages as these, and he was naturally aware of the superior power which they gave him.

And was he the only editor who has assumed greater wisdom than his fellows? Lowell, writing to him in 1867, said: "'T is the curse of an editor that he must always be right. Ah, when I 'm once out of the 'North American Review,' won't I kick up my heels and be as ignorant as I please! But beware of omniscience. There is death in *that* pot, however it may be with others. It excites jealousy to begin with."[1] Note the rare insight of that final sentence, and you will find, I think, a partial explanation of the attitude of many of Mr. Godkin's esteemed contemporaries toward him. He not only assumed to be always right: in most cases he was right. Few things are harder to bear in a fellow-being, especially in a fellow-editor, than a steady-going quality of that sort.

But while he was intolerant of ignorant or superficial criticism, he was never so toward men in whose sincerity and intelligence he had confidence. The "Evening Post," under his editorship, was the home of that absolute intellectual freedom, intellectual courage, and intellectual honesty without which there can be no great newspaper. Every subject was discussed in the editorial council with a freedom of opinion that was simply unlimited. When the paper spoke, it uttered the combined view of the entire staff as it had been arrived at in the discussion. Sometimes, probably in a great majority of instances, the original view of Mr. Godkin was the one expressed, but often he had abandoned that for a different one brought forward by some one else. He had no pride of opinion, but, on the contrary, hailed with positive delight one that he recognized as superior to his own. He would fight for his own for all it was worth until convinced, and would fight at times with a good deal of human heat; but when the tussle was ended, even in his own defeat, there was not a trace of bitterness or injured vanity. Nothing was more intolerable to him than the modern conception of the intellectual side of a newspaper,—the conception that has come in with the advent of commercial journalism,—which looks upon the editorial page as the mere tender of the business side, its writers as so many hands in a factory, rather than as constituting the soul of the paper.

Was he a pessimist, had he no faith in American institutions, was he never an American in feeling and sympathy? I have left these questions till the last, because they call for the most careful treatment, and because I am aware that a large number of people will not agree with what I shall say about them. When I first became associated with him, on the eve of the Presidential campaign of 1884, he was an optimist, in the proper sense of that much-abused word. He detested dishonesty and trickery in political and public life, but he scorned the idea that these were dominating influences, or that the American people were indifferent to them. He threw himself into the task of preventing Mr. Blaine's election with all his force and with an unshakable conviction of ultimate success. I remember distinctly that, as the campaign drew to a close and the virulence of partizan bitterness reached a degree of intensity rarely if ever known in this country before or since, he never for a moment faltered in his faith as to the success of his view of the case at the polls. On the day of election, when we were

[1] "Letters of James Russell Lowell," Vol. I, p. 383.

all weary with the long and bitter contest, and when, as is inevitable in such a condition of overwrought nervous tension, many of us were troubled with anxious doubt as to the result, he was imperturbably calm. When I expressed my fear on the subject, he said, with an earnestness of conviction that I shall never forget: "I have been sitting here for twenty years and more, placing faith in the American people, and they have never gone back on me yet, and I do not believe they will now." That was his invariable spirit in all the early years of my association with him. It was still his spirit in 1888, for when Lowell delivered his address in this city, in April of that year, on "The Place of the Independent in Politics," Mr. Godkin, in commenting upon it on the following day, said:

> What was better than all was that there ran through every sentence a vein of that high morality and courageous hopefulness, and of that supreme confidence that, in the long run, the better cause will have the upper hand, which, to men who are worth much either to home or country, always sounds like a trumpet blast. Every one who listened to him, and, above all, those who have to deal with the unspeakable meannesses and trivialities of factional politics, must have been grateful for being raised for one brief hour into the pure air and the clear light which surround the things that ought to be.

The key-note of all his labor at that time and for several years afterward was "courageous hopefulness." He believed in his work, and believed that "in the long run the better cause will have the upper hand." He never could understand the persistent criticism of his methods that he was a destructionist, that he tore down rather than built up. Time and again he quoted, as expressing his creed, Lowell's familiar lines:

> I loved my country so as only they
> Who love a mother fit to die for may,
> I loved her old renown, her stainless fame;—
> What better proof than that I loathed her shame?[1]

He believed with all his mind and heart that there was no surer way to bring about better politics, higher standards of political morality and conduct, than by merciless exposure of political wrong-doing, and merciless condemnation of those who were responsible for it. On one occasion, when a somewhat timid reformer was remonstrating with him for what he regarded as too great resort to personalities, he exclaimed: "My dear sir, rascals in all ages have objected to personalities!" He believed in denouncing sinners, rather than sin. His conception of his duty as a journalist was much like that which Socrates in his "Apology" said his had been in Athens: "The state is exactly like a high-bred steed, which is sluggish by reason of his very size, and so needs a gadfly to wake him up. And as such a gadfly does God seem to have fastened me upon the state."

With all his zeal and persistence, he believed in times and seasons for reform work, and had little patience with the type of reformer who could not see that there were times for action and times for inaction. In fact, from the outset of his career as a journalist, he was shy of the "crank" reformer. He had constant trouble with his early abolitionist associates, because he could not discard entirely the saving quality of common sense in his editorial course. Many of them parted company with him early in his career, and others were unable to approve his conduct or to keep faith in him. He was always on his guard against too close identification with them in the public eye, feeling much the same about them as Colonel T. W. Higginson says the wife of a moderate reformer felt about his associates: "Oh, why do the insane so cling to you!"[2] His sense of the ridiculous was so acute that he feared the consequences of attaching that quality to any cause he was advocating. Many times did I hear him say in the presence of such danger: "We must keep those people in the background as much as possible, or we shall all become ridiculous."

His whole soul revolted at the war with Spain. He once told me that the sight of a battle-field in the Crimea, after the fight was over, had given him a loathing for war that he could not overcome, no matter what the provocation might be. As to the Spanish War, he believed it to be unnecessary and unjust, and that it could have been prevented and would have been prevented had not Congress precipitated it. When it came, he was unable to reconcile himself to it, and he remained in this attitude to the end. He did not believe that the institutions of the country could survive it without a radical change in character, and when the people of the country sustained both the war and the administration under which it had been fought, he was convinced that the character of the American people also had changed. His old buoyant faith that "in the long run the better cause will have the upper hand"

[1] "Epistle to George William Curtis," 1874. [2] "Contemporaries," chapter on "Eccentricities of Reformers."

was dead within him, and he saw nothing but the breakdown of free institutions in America as the ultimate and not far-distant outcome. There is no reason why I should not speak freely of this attitude of his. He made no concealment of it, for it was not possible for him to conceal what he believed to be the truth. Hour after hour would he argue the point with me, with much of the old intellectual vigor, but without a ray of the old hopefulness. He had simply given up the fight, and having given it up, saw nothing but gloom in the future. Time and again he would exclaim, when I refused to accept his view, "I cannot see how you keep up your optimism!" On one occasion when we had found ourselves getting further and further apart, he went away, but returning a few minutes later, said, with that directness which was his distinguishing characteristic and noblest attribute: "I am going to ask you a direct question, and I want a direct answer. Do you think age is telling on me?" When the direct answer was given that in some ways it was and in others it was not, and that it showed most in a growing unwillingness to hear the other side, and in despair of the future because his advice had not been followed, he answered with great simplicity, that old quality of walking around himself for an impartial view still unimpaired, "Well, you know, I am very near the border-line."

It was impossible after this period to arouse the old hopeful spirit by any appeal whatever, even to his sense of humor. In the earlier days he would always be ready to laugh over a charge that he was a pessimist. "Why," he would say, "they have been calling me that for forty years. When I lived in Cambridge, and spent much time with Charles Eliot Norton, they used to say that, when Norton and I sat up late at night discussing political men and affairs, about two in the morning things became so dismal that all the dogs in Cambridge began to howl."

If he was a pessimist, he was the most cheerful as well as the most delightful one the world, or at least my part of it, has ever known. If ever there was a life of intellectual freedom, it was the life which had him for its center and moving spirit. We hear a great deal nowadays about restrictions upon intellectual freedom, and several persons who claim to have had theirs restricted have filled the land with clamor about their sufferings. Mr. Godkin had the first requisite of intellectual freedom, an intellect to be free with, and that he used it for the welfare of his fellow-men no one can successfully dispute. He did, for nearly a quarter of a century, perform the inestimable service that Lowell attributed to him of "heightening and purifying the tone of our political thought." He made journalism in this country an intellectual profession to which any man of talent might be proud to belong, and for this all journalists owe him a debt of lasting gratitude.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

LIFE laid upon his forehead a caress,
And, smiling, gave him, for his birthright dower,
Humor and judgment, passion, purpose, power,
And gifts of vision, pure and limitless:
Then—for she ever tempers man's success,
Nursing the canker in Earth's fairest flower—
She added pain; and taught him, hour by hour,
To know that only blessèd which doth bless!
So, following the Gleam from early youth,
He lent a strengthening hand, and gave his heart,
And aided feet, less sure than his, to climb:
He sacrificed not others to his art,
But worshiped beauty with unselfish truth,
And lives, the well beloved of his time!

RUSTICATORS AT THE COVE.

BY GEORGE S. WASSON.

ONE wild January night a furious northeaster drove the fine snow in curling drifts across the narrow road leading to Simeon's store. The three great elms in front swayed and creaked in the heavy gusts, between which the dismal moan of the steam fog-horn on the Neck was dimly heard mingling with the rote of the sea on that exposed headland. In the Cove the riding-lights of half a dozen coasters at anchor blinked feebly through the driving snow, rising and falling on the long ground-swell which worked in from outside, and to a small but select assemblage the red-hot stove and tobacco-laden air of the store seemed doubly grateful.

"This here breeze o' wind 's prickin' on consid'ble tough," remarked Cap'n Roundturn, as he unbuckled his overshoes and settled back comfortably in his chair. "Ef the sea keeps on makin' same 's she has sence noontime, 't would n't s'prise me no great ef some o' these lumber-loaded fellers out here did n't pile up on the beach 'fore ever we 're through with it."

"Wal, I dunno 'bout that, you," said Simeon, dubiously. "I could n't make out to sight ary vessel outside in that air glin we had jes 'fore sundown, an' what few there is to anchor in here is all right 'nough, without this wind cants to the east'ard furder, an' gives us a reg'lar-built ol'-fashioned combustible. I don't look to see nothin' come ashore, though, myself. Vessels carries sich tormented heavy groun'-taycle now'days to what they useter, we don't commence to git the wracks there was thirty year' ago."

"Would n't kick a mite to see a cargo o' stove-coal delivered up here on the rocks good an' handy 'bout this time, though," remarked Sheriff Windseye, cheerfully. "My ol' coal-bin 's gittin' to look kind o' sick a'ready. Dinged ef these flaws ain't strikin' heftier ev'ry minute, you!" he exclaimed, as a fierce blast drove the snow like sand against the eastern windows.

"You bate they be," assented Simeon. "It 's been breezenin' on stiddy now ever sence noontime. I told my woman last night, s' I, 'We 're in for a ling'in' ol' eas'ly breeze o' wind,' s' I. It 's seldom ever I heared the rote out on them s'utheas' ledges plainer 'n what she was last night, an' take it one spell there, swan to man! ef did n't seem 's though them breakers on the Hue an' Cry was ri' down here back o' the salt-shed! Wonder what them summer rusticators 'd say ef they should light down here this weather. S'pose they 'd turn to an' be rowin' acrost from the Islant bare-armed an' bare-headed to-night?"

"Godfrey, you!" cried Cap'n Job Gaskett, in response to Simeon's ironical inquiry. "'T would n't s'prise me one mite to see 'em tryin' of it on. No, sir, 't would n't—not a part'cle! I tell ye, them folks doos make out to ac' so like a parcel o' nat'rals when they 're down here summer-times that nothin' they turned to an' done would n't jar me none now. Why, I seen some on 'em, one day here last fall, when 't was rainin' consid'ble smart, thick o' fog, an' a fresh breeze a-goin' from out here to the s'uth'ard an' east'ard, damp an' cold 's the devil—there they was, the pore half-fools, rowin' round an' round the Cove into one o' them hotel bo'ts, nary headgear on to 'em, an' stripped chock to the waist they was, tryin' to git theirselves tanned, I cal'late!"

"Oh, them 's a ter'ble cur'ous class o' folks, them rusticators is, now I 'll be jiggered ef they hain't! But tell ye one thing, an' that is, you come to take them that goes round a-sketchin' an' drawrin' these here portograft views, I cal'late them kind 's the biggest cranks o' the whole kerboodle. One time I seen three o' them kind to once settin' down drawrin' a portograft view o' that set-fired ramshackle ol' wrack of a house Jim Whittle lives into, 'way down on the lower Neck road, there! Why, gracious ever, you, I 'll bate high there hain't a flake o' paint left on to the blame' ol' trap, nor there hain't been sence my rec'lection, an' seem 's ef I could 'member chock back to the Concord fight, too!

"Would n't wonder but what she was



DRAWN BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN.

"'DRAWRIN' A PORTOGRAFT VIEW O' THAT SET-FIRED RAMSHACKLE OL' WRACK OF A HOUSE.'"

built 'bout the same time Columbus come ashore up there to Plymouth! But that 's jes the very place them rusticators had turned to an' gafted onto to sketch a portograft view on, much 's to say, 'This here is the pootiest-lookin' place we can make out to scare up to this whole Cove.' Sich works is a reg'lar dod-blowed slur on the town, an' that 's allst you can make on 'em.

"I know blame well we hain't got no gilted palaces, an' all them kind o' krawm, but same time there is quite a few slick an' tidy little places here to this Cove, jes neat an' han'some as any they 've got up to the west'ard, back o' Baws'n, there. Why, I 'll un'take to name off half a dezen places this minute that 's all painted up an' blinded off pooty 's ary pictur' ever you see, a set o' outbuildin's an' ev'rything complete. But set-fire, you! What 's them kind 'mount to, anyways? Them kind hain't no sort o' 'count to them blame' rusticators!

"They 've allus an' forever got to run afoul o' some ol' lop-sided wrack of a house, or else a boat, or a w'arft; dinged little odds, I guess, what 't is, long 's it makes out to be a reg'lar ol' has-been, that hain't seen no paint nor fixin' up not sence Adam was a yearlin'; an' then, 'Oh, my!' says they, 'but hain't that some lovely!' That makes 'em grin right out, same 's so many Chessy cats, that does. They got to take an' heave to then, right away, an' sketch her all out complete, so 's 't to lug her off home 'long on 'em.

"Why, sir, ef you 'll b'lieve it, ol' Sam Belcher there he told me hisself one on 'em went to work one time an' drawred a portograft view o' him a-stan'in' into his ol' dory with a plaguy great jag o' lopster-traps one time,—yas, he did, that 's a fact,—an' give him a dollar fer stoppin', too! Must made a reg'lar dandy style o' pictur' to take an' stick up into a gilted frame somewheres, now I swanny!

"That ol' dory o' Sam's come outen the *Pilot's Bride*, ef I ain't very much mistakened, an' she was lost all o' twelve year' sence, I know, an' prob'ly she wa'n't by no means a bran'-new dory then, neither. Sam he ain't never teched her sence in no way, shape, nor manner, without 's to chinse up her garboards a grain with pieces ripped offen his shirt-flap; an' I 'm tellin' of ye she 's about as desprit-lookin' an ol' packet now 's you can scare up in a month o' Sundays.

"For the matter o' that, you come to take ol' Sam there, an' there don't make out to be nothin' so very beautysome 'bout him, neither, specially when he 's all ragged out in his oilskins an' kag-boots, same 's he 'most allus is, an' chock-a-block full o' new rum at that! An' dirty! Wal, don't say a word! I 'll bate he can't remember so fer back 's the time he shifted his clo'es last, or washed his face an' hands, nary one. But there! Seems 's though he jes suited them rusticators right up to the handle, an' I calc'late myself he 'll git adopted by some on 'em yit.

so 's 't they can have him round handy to set an' look at."

While in general the company present seemed greatly to enjoy this discussion of the rusticators' failings, Sheriff Isaac Windseye, who had recently fitted up his house for their accommodation, took no part in it, and having fashioned a toothpick from a burnt match, sat tilted far back in his chair, using the implement in silence.

But Simeon, who was well known to entertain a supreme contempt for the peculiar class of people in question, now vacated his high perch at the desk, and, with spectacles pushed down to the tip of his nose, advanced into the arena.

"The fust year after them kind o' folks struck here to this Cove," he began, "I turned to an' laid in a prime stock o' these here canned goods; not jes merely tomatoes an' the like o' them, but a real downright fancy lot o' canned chicken, canned puddin', blueb'ries, blackb'ries, lopsters an' clams, an' 'most ev'rything else I figgered them folks would prob'ly be callin' for. Wal, sir, wha' 'd I git by it? There they set today, the biggest part on 'em, up there on them back shelves." And Simeon turned and surveyed his slighted goods with a look of sorrow and indignation.

"I 've eat some few cans in my own fam'ly," he went on, "an' mebbe I 've give away p'haps a helf-dezen or so cans, but I hain't never sold one single, sol'tary can outen the lot to a rusticator yit, nor I don't never cal'late I shall. The way it looks to me, I 've jes went an' made a clean loss on the whole blame' business. It 's seldom ever one o' the tribe 'll so much as set foot inside here 't all, an' when they do it 's merely to gawk round, or else call fer somep'n' they know plaguy well I hain't got.

"Now, you take it last summer one time: that air little red-headed galoot from Phullydelphy there,—the one that 's built them set-fired homely-lookin' barracks down on the ol' Dunham place, you know,—he come sailin' in here one mornin' big 's Billy-bedamned. Blowed ef he did n't tread up to the counter here same 's a chicken doos to a dough-dish, an' 'lowed how he wanted some Mocho coffee.

"'I hain't got it,' s' I. 'Don't never have no call for it,' s' I.

"'Got any Jayvy?' s' he.

"'No,' s' I. 'All cleaned out o' Jayvy jes this minute.'

"'What hev you got in the way o' coffee?' s' he.

"'Wal,' s' I, 'got some bang-up ol' Rio here, good 's you 'll find in the State o' Maine.'

"But, no, that would n't never do. That wa'n't costly 'nough fer him, an' out he stomped ag'in. Said he was 'fraid his folks would n't like it; but it 's my opinion he did n't actilly know nothin' 'bout Rio coffee. When you take an' come ri' down to the fine thing, it 's ter'ble little them folks doos 'pear to know 'bout, an' jes how under the livin' canopy they git a livin' is somep'n' I can't noways fathom.

"P'haps they may be counted dre'tful big herbs up round where they come from, but I cal'late, honest now, you take an' plant one on 'em down here somewheres, an' it 's a chance ef he wa'n't on the town inside o' six months."

"I kin tell you, sir, jes how 't is with them style o' folks," put in Cap'n Roundturn, raising his great forefinger impressively. "The bulk o' these here rusticators could n't make out to git their livin's, noways they could rig it. The thing is, some one o' the ol' seed folks 'quired prop'ty, an' now these here creeturs is jes merely heavin' of it away an' gittin' red on 't fast 's ever they kin. The most o' these here rusticator folks is more or less lackin' an' soft-baked-like; anybody that 's had truck 'long on 'em kin see that the fust send-off. They 'd oughter been turned once more into the oven; that 's what ails the most on 'em.

"But then there 's another class o' rusticators that works it on a dif'rent plan," continued the cap'n. "You come to take the gin'ral run o' them kind that puts up to these here summer boardin'-houses in room o' ownin' their own places, an' I 'm knowin' to it for a fact that when they 're to home they live same 's a cat doos un'neath of a barn!

"Yas, sir; that 's jes how them kind lives to home. They 'll turn to an' skin along jammed dre'tful close to the wind all winter, so 's 't to save up 'nough to take an' slide down here for mebbe a month or six weeks summer-times, an' try to make our folks think they 're sunthin' quite a little extry-ord'nary, to be sure!

"Dod-rot 'em! I know 'em root an' branch, from stem to starn-post, jes like a blame' book!" cried Cap'n Roundturn, regardless of mixed similitudes in his wrath at the thought of such gross imposition.

"Some on 'em drives hoss-cars an' these here electuissic mortars when they 're to home, an' blame' tickled they be to strike the

job, too; but soon 's ever they come to git down here with a b'iled shirt an' short pants on to 'em, why, nothin' ain't half good 'nough for 'em."

After thus relieving his mind, Cap'n Roundturn paused, and glared about him menacingly.

"Cal'late to take ary rusticator up there to your place this summer, do ye, cap'n?" inquired Simeon, shortly.

"Oh, I would n't wonder no great—I would n't wonder," answered the old man, with an air of resignation. "Ev'ry fall reg'lar I jes up an' vum I won't never have no more truck 'long on 'em, noways. It 's a plaguy nuisance havin' 'em an' all their dod-blowed parafarelly round underfoot summertimes; but the thing on 't is, our womenfolks makes out to git a little spendin'-money outen 'em, an' I s'pose likely it 'll be jes 's they say about it ag'in this spring, same 's 't is with ev'rything else."



OLD JABE'S MARITAL EXPERIMENT.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

OLD Jabe belonged to the Meriweathers, a fact which he never forgot or allowed any one else to forget; and on this he traded as a capital, which paid him many dividends of one kind or another, among them a dividend in wives. How many wives he had had no one knew; and Jabe's own account was incredible. It would have eclipsed Henry VIII and Bluebeard. But making all due allowance for his arithmetic, he must have run these worthies a close second. He had not been a specially good "hand" before the war, and was generally on unfriendly terms with the overseers. They used to say that he was a "slick-tongued loafer," and "the laziest nigger on the place"; but Jabe declared, in defiance, that he had been on the plantation before any overseer ever put his foot there, and he would outlast the last one of them all, which, indeed, proved to be true. The overseers disappeared with the end of Slavery, but Jabe remained "slick-tongued," oily, and humorous, as before. When, on the close of the war, the other negroes moved away, Jabez, after a brief outing, "took up" a few acres on the far edge of the plantation, several miles from the house, and settled down to spend the rest of his days, on what he called his "place," in such ease as constant application to his old mistress for aid and a frequently renewed supply of wives could give.

Jabe's idea of emancipation was somewhat one-sided. He had all the privileges of a freedman, but lost none of a slave. He was free, but his master's condition remained unchanged: he still had to support him, when Jabez chose to call on him, and Jabez chose to call often. "Ef I don' come to you, who is I got to go to?" he demanded. This was admitted to be a valid argument, and Jabez lived, if not on the fat of the land, at least on the fat of his former mistress's kitchen, with such aid as his temporary wife could furnish.

He had had several wives before the war, and was reputed to be none too good to them, a fact which was known at home only on hearsay; for he always took his wives from plantations at a distance from his home. The overseers said that he did this so that he could get off to go to his "wife's house," and so shirk work; the other servants said it was because the women did not know him so well as those at home, and he could leave them when he chose. Jabez assigned a different reason:

"It don' do to have your wife live too nigh

to you; she 'll want t' know too much about you, an' you can't never git away from her" —a bit of philosophy which must be left to married men.

It was reputed that the old fellow worked his wives to death, and certainly their terms did not last long. However it was, his reputation did not interfere with his ability to procure new wives, and with Jabez the supply was always equal to the demand.

MRS. MERIWEATHER, his old mistress, was just talking of him one day, saying that his wife had been ill, but must be better, as her son, the doctor, had been sent for only once, when the name of Jabez was brought in by a maid.

"Unc' Jabez, m'm." That was all; but the tone and the manner of the maid told that Jabez was a person of note with the messenger: every movement and glance were self-conscious.

"That old—! He is a nuisance! What does he want now? Is his wife worse, or is he after a new one?"

"I d'n' kn', m'm," said the maid, sheepishly, twisting her body and looking away, to appear unconcerned. "Would n' tell me. He ain' after *me*."

"Well, tell him to go to the kitchen till I send for him. Or—wait: if his wife 's gone, he 'll be courting the cook if I send him to the kitchen, and I don't want to lose her just now. Tell him to come to the door."

"Yes, 'm." The maid gave a half-suppressed giggle, which almost became an explosion as she said something to herself and closed the door. It sounded like, "Dressed up might'ly—settin' up to de cook now, I b'lieve."

"His wives have a singular fatality, and he always replaces them as soon as they go," explained Mrs. Meriweather.

There was a slow, heavy step without, and a knock at the back door; and on a call from his mistress, Jabez entered, bowing low, very pompous and serious. He was a curious mixture of assurance and conciliation, as he stood there, hat in hand. He was tall and black and bald, with white side-whiskers cut very short, and a rim of white wool around his head. He was dressed in an old black coat, and held in his hand an old beaver hat around which was a piece of rusty crape.

"Well, Jabez," said his mistress, after the salutations were over, "how are you getting along?"

"Well, mist'is, not very well, not at all well, ma'am. Had mighty bad luck; 'bout my wife," he added, explanatorily. He pulled down his lips, and looked the picture of solemnity.

I saw from Mrs. Meriweather's mystified look that she did not know what he considered "bad luck." She could not tell whether his wife was better or worse.

"Is she—ah—what—oh— How is Amanda?" she demanded finally, to solve the mystery.

"'Mandy! Lord! 'm, 'Mandy was two back. She 's de one runned away wid Tom Halleck, an' lef' me. I don' know how *she* is. I never went ahter her. She was too expansive. Dat ooman want two frocks a year. When dese women begin to dress up so much, a man got to look out. Dee ain't always dressin' fer *you!*"

"Indeed!" But Mrs. Meriweather's irony was lost on Jabez.

"Yes, 'm; dat she did. Dis one's name was Sairey."

"Oh, yes. So; true. I 'd forgotten that 'Mandy left you. But I thought the new one was named Susan?"

"No, 'm; not de *newes'* one. Susan—I had her las' Christmas; but she would n' stay wid me. She was al'ays runnin' off to town; an' you know a man don' want a ooman on wheels. Ef de Lawd had intended a ooman to have wheels, he 'd 'a' gi'n 'em to her, would n' he?"

"Well, I suppose he would," assented Mrs. Meriweather. "And this one is Sarah?"

"Yes, 'm; dis one was Sairey." We just caught the past tense.

"You get them so quickly, you see, you can't expect one to remember them," said Mrs. Meriweather, frigidly. She meant to impress Jabez; but Jabez remained serene.

"Yes, 'm; dat 's so," said he, cheerfully. "I kin hardly remember 'em myself."

"No, I suppose not." His mistress grew severe. "Well, how 's Sarah?"

"Well, m'm, I could n' exactly say—Sairey she 's done lef' me—yes, 'm." He looked so cheerful that his mistress said with asperity:

"Left you! She has run off, too! You must have treated her badly."

"No, 'm; I did n'. I never had a wife I treated better. I let her had all she could eat; an' when she was sick—"

"I heard she was sick. Did you send for a doctor?"

"Yes, 'm; dat I did—dat 's what I was gwine to tell you. I had a doctor to see her *twice*. I had two separate and *indifferent*

physicians, fust Dr. Overall, an' den Marse Douglas."

"My son told me a week ago that she was sick. Did she get well?"

The old man shook his head solemnly.

"No, 'm; but she went mighty easy. Marse Douglas he eased her off. He is the bes' doctor I ever see to let 'em die easy."

Mingled with her horror at his cold-blooded recital, a smile flickered about Mrs. Meriweather's mouth at this shot at her son, the doctor; but the old man looked absolutely innocent.

"Why did n't you send for the doctor again?" she demanded.

"Well, m'm, I gin her two chances. I think dat was 'nough. I declar' I 'd ruther lost Sairey than to broke."

"You would! Well, at least you have the expense of her funeral; and I 'm glad of it," asserted Mrs. Meriweather.

"Dat 's what I come over t' see you 'bout. I 'm gwine to give Sairey a fine fun'ral. I want you to let yo' cook cook me a cake an' —one or two more little things."

"Very well," said Mrs. Meriweather; "I will tell her to do so. I will tell her to make you a good cake. When do you want it?"

Old Jabez bowed very low.

"Thank you, m'm. Yes, m'm; ef you 'll gi' me a right *good*-sized cake—an'—a loaf or two of flour-bread—an'—a ham, I 'll be very much obleeged to you. I heah she 's a good cook?"

"She is," said Mrs. Meriweather; "the best I 've had in a long time." She had not caught the tone of interrogation in his voice, nor seen the shrewd look in his face, as I had done.

"I 'm mighty glad to heah you give her sech a good char-àcter; I heahed you 'd do it. I don' know her very well."

Mrs. Meriweather looked up quickly enough to catch his glance this time.

"Jabez—I know nothing about her character," she began coldly. "I know she has a vile temper; but she is an excellent cook, and so long as she is not impudent to me, that is all I want to know."

Jabez bowed approvingly.

"Yes, 'm; dat 's right. Dat 's **all** *I* **want** t' know. I don' keer nothin' 'bout **de temper**; atter I git 'em, I kin manage **'em.** *I* **jist** want t' know 'bout de char-àcter, **dat 's all.** I did n' know her so well, an' I **thought** *I* 'd ax you. I tolt her ef you 'd give **her a good** char-àcter, she might suit me; **but I 'd wait** fer de cake—*an'* de ham."

His mistress rose to her feet.

"Jabez, do you mean that **you have** spoken to that woman already?"

"Well, yes, 'm; not to say *speak* **to her.** *I* jes kind o' mentioned it to her **as I 'd** inquire as to her char-àcter."

"And your wife has been **gone—how** long? Two days?"

"Well, mist'is, she 's gone fer **good, ain't** she?" demanded Jabez. "She **can't be no** mo' gone?"

"You are a wicked, hardened old **sinner!**" declared the old lady, vehemently.

"Nor I ain't, mist'is; I 'clar' I ain't," protested Jabez, with unruffled front.

"You treat your wives dreadfully."

"Nor I don't, mist'is. You ax 'em ef I does. Ef I did, dee would n' be so many of 'em anxious t' git me. Now, would dee? I can start in an' beat a' one o' dese young bloods aroun' heah, now." He spoke with pride.

"I believe that is so, and I cannot understand it. And before one of them is in her grave you are courting another. It is horrid —an old—Methuselah like you." She paused to take breath, and Jabez availed himself of the rest.

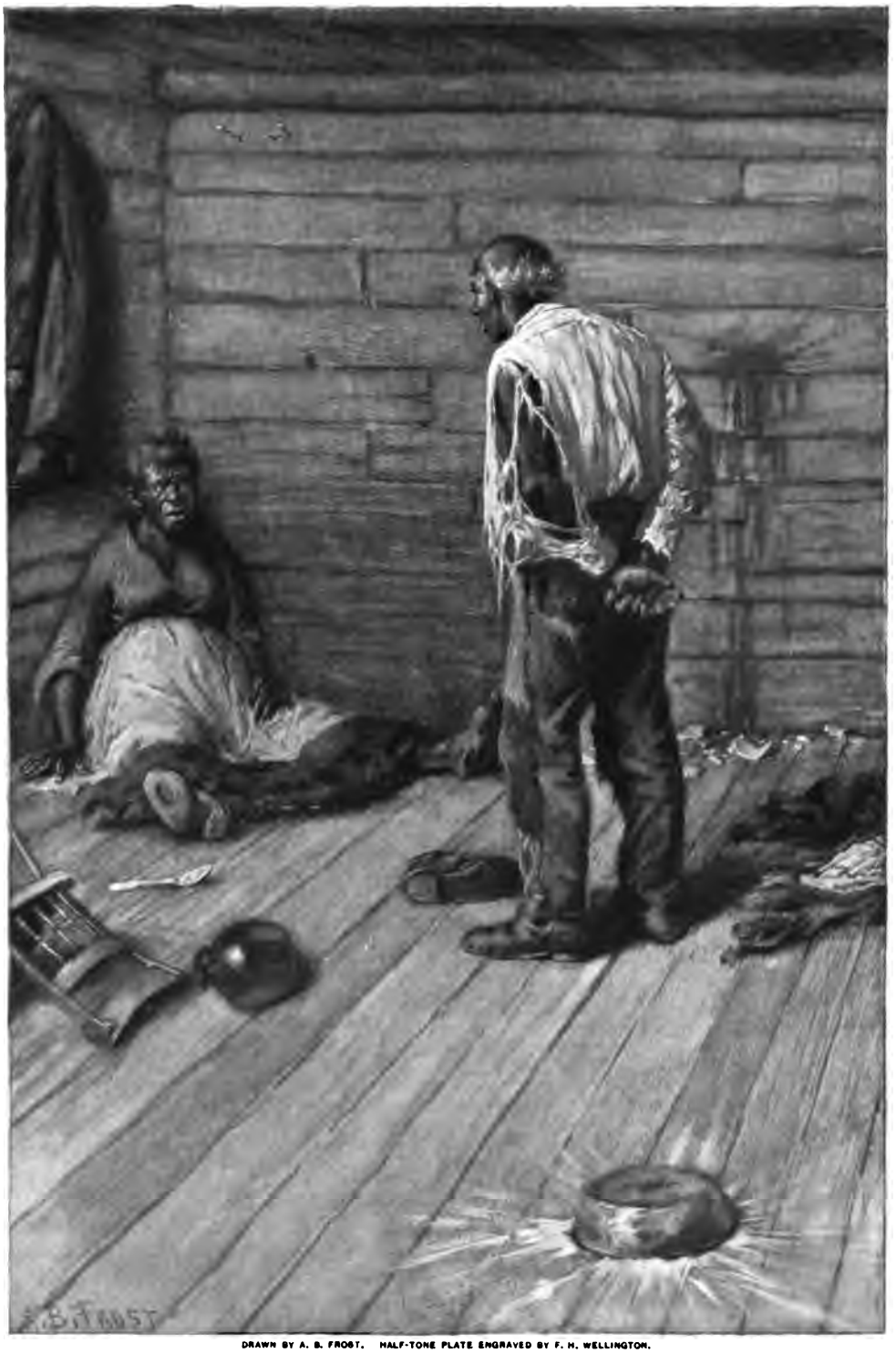
"Dat 's de reason I got t' do things in a kind o' hurry—I ain' no Methuselum. I got no time t' wait."

"Jabez," said Mrs. Meriweather, seriously, "tell me how you manage to fool all these women."

The old man pondered for a moment.

"Well, I declar', mist'is, I hardly knows how. Dee wants to be fooled. I think it is becuz dee wants t' see what de urrs marry me fer, an' what dee done lef' me. Women is mighty curisome folk."

I have often wondered since if this was the reason.



DRAWN BY A. B. FROST. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"'I DON' KEER NOTHIN' 'BOUT DE TEMPER.'"



CHAPTERS FROM THE BIOGRAPHY OF A PRAIRIE GIRL.

BY ELEANOR GATES.

PICTURES BY FANNY Y. CORY.

II. THE STORY OF A PLANTING.

THE little girl was making believe, as she planted the corn, that the field was a great city; the long rows, reaching up from the timothy meadow to the carnelian bluff, were the beautiful streets; and the hills, two steps apart, were the houses. She had a seed-bag slung under her arm, and when she came to a hill she put her hand into it and took out four plump yellow kernels. And as she went along, dropping her gifts at each door, she played that she was visiting, and said how-do-you-do as politely as she could to the lady of the house, at the same time taking off her battered blue sailor-hat and bowing—just as she had seen the lightning-rod agent do to her mother.

She had begun the game by naming every family she called upon. But it was not long before she had used up all the names she could think of—those of the neighbors, the Indians, the story-book people, the horses, the cows, the oxen, the dogs, and even the vegetables in the garden. So, after having planted a row or two, she contented herself with making believe she was among strangers and just offering a friendly greeting to every household.

She had come out to the field when the prairie-chickens were still playing their bagpipes on the river-bank, their booming sounding through the morning air so clearly that the little girl had been sure they were not farther than the edge of the wheat-field, and had walked out of her way to try to see them, tramping along in her best shoes, which had shiny copper toes and store-made laces. But when she had reached the wheat, the booming, like a will-o'-the-wisp, had been temptingly farther on; and she had turned back to the newly marked corn-land.

Her big brothers had sent her out to drop and cover eighty rows, the last corn-planting to be done that year on the big Dakota farm. They had finished the rest of the field themselves and, intent on getting in the rutabaga crop, had turned over the remaining strip to the little girl, declaring that she could drop and cover forty rows in the morning and forty in the afternoon, and not half try. To make sure that she would have time to finish the work, they had started her off immediately after a five-o'clock breakfast; and in order that she should not lose any time at noon, they had made her take her dinner with her in a tall tin pail.

Her first glimpse of the unplanted piece had greatly discouraged her, for it seemed dreadfully wide and long. So, after deciding to plant the whole of it before doing any

covering with the hoe, because the dropping of the corn was much easier and quicker to do than the hoeing, she went to work half-heartedly. Now, to make her task seem short, she had further determined to play "city."

It was such fun to pretend that, as she went bobbing and bowing up and down the rows, she forgot to stop her game and throw clods at the gray gophers. They lived in the timothy meadow, and were so bold that, if they were not watched, they would come out of their burrows and follow the rows, stealing every kernel out of the hills as they went along and putting the booty in their cheek-pouches.

After she had dropped corn as much as a whole hour, the little girl's back ached, and when she went to refill her seed-bag at the corn-barrel that stood on the border of the meadow near the row-marker, she sat down to rest a moment.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

"SHE USED HER HOE-HANDLE AS A POKER TO SCARE OUT SOME OF THE MUSKRATS."

The marker resembled a sleigh, only it had five runners instead of two, and there were rocks piled on top of it to make it heavy. So the minute the little girl's eyes fell upon it and she saw the runners, she thought of winter. Winter instantly reminded her of the muskrats in the slough below the bluff. And with that thought she could

not resist starting down to see if they were busy after the thaw.

She gathered many flowers on the way, and stopped to pull off her shoes and stockings. At last she reached the slough and waded in to a muskrat house, where she used her hoe-handle as a poker to scare out some of the muskrats. Failing in this, she picked up her shoes and stockings and went around the slough to find out if any green leaves were unfolding yet in the wild-plum thicket. A little later she climbed the bluff to the corn-field, making a diligent search for Indian arrowheads all the way.

When she reached the seed-bag again, she threw the string over her head and started up a row determinedly. For a rod or more she did not pause either to be polite or to scare away gophers, but hurried along very fast, with her eyes to the ground. Suddenly she chanced to look just ahead of her, and stopped abruptly, standing erect. Her shadow pointed straight for the bluff: it was noon and high time to eat dinner.

She sat down on the marker and munched her sandwiches of salted lard and corn-meal bread with great appetite. She was just finishing them when the call of a goose far overhead attracted her attention. She got down and lay flat on her back, with her head on the seed-bag, to watch the flock, high above her, speeding northward to the lakes, their leader crying commands to the gray company that flew in V-shaped order behind him. When the geese were but a dark thread across the north sky, she felt drowsy and, turning on her side with her hat over her face and her back to the gentle spring breeze, went fast asleep.

She lay there for hours, entirely unaware of the saucy stares of several gophers who paused in their hunt for kernels and stood as



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

"SHE LAY THERE FOR HOURS."

straight as picket-pins to watch and wonder at the little heap of pink calico under the battered sailor-hat, or whisked about her, their short legs flashing, their tails wide and bushy, their cheek-pouches so full of kernels that they smiled fatly when they looked at her, and showed four long front teeth. But the little girl was wrapped in a happy dream of a certain beautiful red wagon with a real seat that she had seen in a thick catalogue sent her mother by a store in a distant city. So she never moved till late in the afternoon, when the gentle breeze strengthened to a sharp wind that, with a petulant gust, whirled her sailor-hat across the rows and far away.

The flying hat caused a stampede among some curious gophers who were just then investigating a near-by unplanted row in the hope of finding more corn. Clattering shrilly, they scudded back to the meadow, and the little girl rose. After a long chase for the hat, she went stiffly to work again, not stopping to put on her shoes and stockings, though the wind was cold.

After that she planted faithfully, leaving off only to throw clods at the gophers, or to ease her back now and then. And it was when she was resting a moment that she noticed something that made her begin working harder than ever. Her shadow stretched out so far to the eastward that she could not touch its head with the end of her long hoe. When she first came out that morning, it had fallen just as far the other way. She looked anxiously up at the sun, which was shining slantingly upon the freshly harrowed land through a gray haze that hung about it. Then she looked again at her shadow, distorted and grotesque, that moved when she moved, and mimicked her when she bent to drop the corn. Its length showed her that it was getting late, and that she would soon hear the summoning blast of the cow-horn that hung behind the kitchen door.

She dropped the seed-bag, walked across the strip still unplanted, and counted the rows. She returned on the run. The dropping was little more than half finished, and no covering had been done at all. She knew she could not finish that day; yet if they asked her at the farm-house if she had completed the planting, she would not dare to tell them how little of it was done. She sat down to pull on her shoes and stockings, thinking hard all the while. But just as she had one leg dressed, she sprang up with a happy thought, and stood on the shod foot like a heron while she dressed the other. Then, without stopping to lace her shoes, she tossed her hat aside, swung the seed-bag to the front, and began dropping corn as fast as she could.

The kernels were counted no longer, nor were they placed in the hills precisely. Without a glance to right or left, she raced along the rows, her cheeks flaming and her hair flying out in the wind. She had decided that she would *plant* all of the strip, but not *cover* the corn until next day.

The sun sank slowly toward the horizon as she worked. But the unplanted rows were rapidly growing fewer and fewer now, and the descending disk gave her little worry. Up and down she hurried, scattering rather than dropping the seed, until she was on her final trip. When she reached the end of the last row, she joyfully put all the corn she had left into one hill, turned the seed-bag inside out, slipped her lunch-bucket into it, and, after hiding her hoe in the stone pile on the carnelian bluff, turned her face toward the house. And at that very moment, with the winding of the cow-horn for its farewell salute, the last yellow rind of the sun went out of sight below the level line of the prairie.

EARLY the next day, while the little girl's big brothers were busy with the chores, she mounted her pony and rode away southward from the farm-house. At the reservation road she faced toward the sun and struck her horse to a canter. A mile out on the prairie to the east, she turned due north up a low ravine; and finally completed almost a perfect square by coming west, when on a line with the carnelian bluff, to the edge of the corn-field. There she tied her pony to a large stone on the slope of the bluff and well out of sight of the house, and, after hunting up the hoe, started energetically to cover up the planting of the day before.

She began at the bluff on the first uncovered row, and swung down it rapidly, her hoe flashing brightly in the sun as she pulled the dirt over the kernels. But when she had gone less than half the distance to the meadow she stopped at a hill and anxiously examined it a moment. She went on to the next without using her hoe, then on to the next and the next; and, finally, putting it across her shoulder, walked slowly to the end.

Arrived at the edge of the meadow, she turned about and followed up another row. Her hoe was still across her shoulder, and she did not stop to use it until she was near the bluff. When she reached the meadow

the second time, she sat down on the row-marker and looked out across the timothy.

"Goodness!" she said, addressing the half-dozen animated stakes that were eying her from a proper distance, "you 've done it!"

The gophers stood straighter than ever when they heard her voice, and new ones came from their burrows and sat up to watch her, their fore paws held primly in front of them, their tails lying out motionless behind, and their slender heads poised pertly, with no movement except the twinkle of sharp, black eyes and the quiver of long whiskers.

"And there ain't 'nough seed left in that barrel," went on the little girl, "to plant a single row over again."

She sat on the marker a long time, a sorrowful little figure, in deep study. And when she finally rose and resumed work at the upper end of the strip, she thought with dread of the disclosure that sprouting-time would bring.

An hour later, she untied her pony and climbed wearily upon his back. As she rode across the meadow toward home, she shook her head solemnly at the mounds in the timothy.

"I s'pose," she said, "you 've *got* to have something to lay up for winter; but I think you might 'a' gone down to mother's veg'table patch, 'cause, when the corn comes up, I 'll catch it!"

THE corn-stalks were nodding in their first untasseled sturdiness before the little girl's big brothers paid the field a visit to see when the crowding suckers should be pulled and the first loosening given to the dirt about the hills. They went down one morning, their muskets over their shoulders, and the little girl went with them, hoping that so much time had passed since the planting that they would not punish her even if they found fault with her work on the last eighty rows.

Summer had come in on a carpet of spring green strewn with wild clover, asters, and blazing-star. And as they went along, the verdant prairie rolled away before them for miles in the warm sunlight, unbroken save where their eyes passed to the richer emerald of wheat sprinkled with gay mustard, new flax on freshly turned sod, or a sea of waving maize. Overhead, the geese no longer streaked the sky in changing lines, but swarms of blackbirds filled the air with crisp calls at their approach, and rose from the ground in black clouds. Down along the slough where the wild-plum boughs waved their blossoms they could see the calves frolicking together; and up on the carnelian bluff, the young prairie-chickens scurried through the grass before a watchful mother.

The little girl trailed, barefooted, behind her big brothers, and was in no humor to enjoy any of the beauties of earth or sky. With anxious face she followed them as they penetrated the lusty stand of corn, going from south to north on the western side of the field. Then she tagged less willingly as they turned east toward the strip she had planted. As they neared it they remarked a scarcity of stalks ahead; and when they at last stood on the first of the eighty rows, they gazed with astonishment at the narrow belt that showed bravely green at the upper end by the carnelian bluff, but dark and bare over the three fourths of its length that sloped down to the timothy meadow.

"I guess *this* won't need no thinning," said the biggest brother, ironically.

They set to work to examine the hills, that only here and there sent up a lonely shoot, the little girl standing by and silently watching them. But they found few signs of the gopher burrowing they felt sure had devastated the ground. All at once the eldest brother had a brilliant thought, and, with a glance at the little girl, who was nervously twisting her fingers, paced eastward and counted the rows that made up the barren strip. There were just eighty!

He came back and joined his brothers; and the little girl, standing before him, dared not lift her eyes to his face.

"Did you plant that corn?" he demanded, ramming the butt of his musket into the ground.

"Yes," answered the little girl, her voice husky with apprehension. There was a pause.

"Did a lot of gophers come in while you 's a-planting?" asked the biggest brother, more kindly.

"Oh, a *lot*," answered the little girl.

"Did you sling clods at 'em?" demanded the eldest brother, again pounding the musket into the dirt.

"Nearly slung my arm off," answered the little girl.

The eldest brother grunted incredulously.

"It 's mighty funny," he said, "that the gophers liked *your* planting better 'n anybody else's."

The little girl did not answer. Her forehead was puckered painfully as, gripping her hat, she stood busily curling and uncurling her toes in the dirt. Her lashes were fluttering as if she awaited a blow.

"I 'll just ask you one thing," went on the eldest brother: "what 's to-morrow?"

The little girl started as if the blow had fallen, and stammered her answer.

"My—my—birfday," she said.

"A—*ha*," he replied suggestively. Then he tramped to the timothy meadow, the others following. And the little girl, walking very slowly, came on behind.

WHEN the big brothers had gone on to the farm-house, after halting a moment on the edge of the meadow to survey the numberless gopher mounds, thrown up on all sides so thickly that the timothy was almost hidden, the little girl still tarried in the corn-field. Her eldest brother's hint concerning her birthday had suggested the cruel punishment she felt certain was to be hers, and she could not bear to face the family at the dinner-table.

For months she had longed for a little red wagon—a wagon with a long tongue, and "Express" on the side in black letters; and had planned how she would harness Bruno and Luffree, the Indian dogs, to it, and drive along the level prairie roads. Evening after evening she had taken out the thick catalogue and pored over the prices, and had shown the kind she wanted again and again to all the big brothers in turn.

Then one day she had surprised her biggest brother while he was taking a bulky brown-paper package off the farm wagon on his return from Yankton. He had sent her into the house; but she had found out later that the package was in the corn-crib, and had crept in there one afternoon, when the farm-house was deserted, and taken a good look at it as it hung from a rafter and well out of reach. It was still wrapped up, but the brown paper was torn in one place, and through the hole the little girl had seen a smooth, round red stick. It was a wheel-spoke.

Now, she had been promised, since her birthday came at Christmas, that she might change it to June, so that she could receive two gifts a year. This new birthday, her sixth-and-a-half, was not far off, and she had waited for its coming as patiently as she could, in the meantime working secretly on harnesses for the dogs, who had resigned themselves good-naturedly to much measuring. Now, on the very eve of her happiness, she was to be deprived of the yearned-for wagon.

Crouching in the corn-field, she grieved away the long day. Dinner-time came, and all the corn-stalk shadows pointed significantly toward the carnelian bluff; then they slowly shifted around to the eastward and grew very long; and at last commingled and were blotted out by the descending gloom that infolded the little girl.

Lying upon her back, she looked up at the sky, that, with the gathering darkness of the warm summer night, disclosed its twinkling stars, and wished that she could suddenly die out there in the field in some mysterious way, so that there might be much self-condemning woe at the farm-house when they found her cold and still. And she could not refrain from weeping with sheer pity for herself. After pondering for a while on the sad picture of her untimely death, she changed to one of great deeds and happiness, wealth and renown, in some far-off land toward which she was half determined to set out. But this delightful dream was rudely broken into.

A long blast from the cow-horn sounded through the quiet night and echoed against the bluff. The little girl sat up and looked toward the house through the dark aisles of the corn.

"I 'm not coming," she said, speaking out loud in a voice that broke as she ended, "I 'm going to stay here and *starve* to death!"

Once more the cow-horn blew, and this time the call was more prolonged and commanding in tone. It brought the little girl to her feet, and she



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY GEORGE M. LEWIS.

"TRIED TO COUNT ON HER FINGERS THE DAYS THAT MUST PASS BEFORE CHRISTMAS."

hunted up her hat and put it on. Then, as two short, peremptory blasts rang out, she started toward home.

Next morning she dressed hurriedly and got to the sitting-room as quickly as she could. But there was no bright red wagon standing bravely in wait for her as she entered; there was nothing under her breakfast plate, even, when she turned it over. She ate her grits and milk in silence, choking a little when she swallowed, and, as soon as she could, rushed away to the corn-crib to see if the brown-paper package was still there.

It was gone!

Then she knew that her big brothers had sent it away.

She crept back to the house and climbed the ladder to the attic, where she meant to hide and mourn alone. But no sooner had she gained her feet beneath the peaked roof than she saw what she had been seeking.

It hung by its scarlet tongue from a beam, flanked by the paper of sage that was to season the holiday turkeys, and by the bag that held the trimmings of the Yule-tree. And the little girl, sitting tearfully beneath it, tried to count on her fingers the days that must pass before Christmas.

(To be continued.)



THE KING OF BAD BAD.

[TO M. B. H. AND F. B. H.]

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS,
Author of "Tom Beauling," "Captain England: An Antic of the Ocean."

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

"I HAVE fourteen other daughters," said the huge King; "but"— his voice sank to a whisper— "they all married Abad Bey. They would do it," he said.

Then, with the manner and in the voice of a Cook guide, his Majesty indicated an unsightly pile on an eminence, and announced, "The house of Abad Bey."

"M-m-m," said I.

Royalty looked its pleasure.

"From drawings of my own," he said modestly. Then clearing his throat, and pointing to a northlier row of houses:

"The houses of my mothers-in-law," said the King. Impotent hate furrowed his brow. "They are the oldest in the world," he cried passionately, "and the most—"

I tried to look my sympathy.

"I have done everything," the King went on in a hoarse voice, "and nothing happens. I have had them painted all over with bright-colored spots, I have made them run races, I have made them ridiculous in every way, but they *will* stay on and on. And some of them ar'n't really mothers-in-law of mine. I 'm convinced of it," he cried. "Some of them are just friends of mothers-in-law of mine. What do they do?" He shouted ex-



"'SOMETHING MUST HAVE STUNG THAT ELEPHANT.'"

citedly. "They kiss each other, and scream, and say they are alone in the world. It is not to be borne. But let them look to themselves! And it is not otherwise with my"—the King blushed deprecatingly—"with my more *intimate* family, only they are younger and will last longer. I only keep them on in the hope—" the King looked down at his red shoes in some embarrassment.

"In the hope—" I said.

"I have no sons," said the King, simply. "My daughters," he said, "would stretch about a mile and a quarter."

The pathos of the situation brought tears to the kindly monarch's eyes.

"You," he said, "have never betrayed me (everybody else has over and over again), so I can tell *you*. I had a son, a little bit of a one, once. One day he was riding his elephant up and down, and shouting to the people to get out of his way and beat their heads on the ground, and—" the King paused; there was a lump in his throat. "Something must have stung that elephant, for suddenly he overturned the dog-market and started north as fast as he could, trumpeting at every step, and disappeared in the desert. We followed him for a long time, but presently a dust-storm came and wiped out his tracks, and so I that had one son have now none."

"While there is life—" I began.

"That was in the book out of which I learned my English," said the King.

I tried again.

"Perhaps he will come back," I said.

"Perhaps," said the King, longingly; "and if he does, I shall know him."

"How, Royalty?" I asked.

The King drew back the rich stuffs that covered his breast, and disclosed a palm-leaf, exquisitely tattooed in dim blue.

"I see," said I; "he has the twin mark to that."

The King nodded for a long time, and then, somewhat to my surprise: "It is so supposed," he said, "and consequently every man-child in Bad Bad, and all the little children of the desert, have been so marked by their designing parents. I shall know my son," said the King, triumphantly, "not because he has a palm-leaf tattooed on his breast, but because he has n't."



ABAD BEY.

The King waved his hand, and a shower of bright sweat fell from it like diamonds.

"It is hotter in summer," said the King.

"Indeed!" said I.

"Ever so much hotter," said the King. "I have no energy in summer to combat plots and things; but that does n't matter, because at that season nobody has the energy to get them up. Even Abad Bey—" He looked about cautiously.

"Tell me," I proposed.

"Abad Bey has a son," said the King. "King, Son-in-law, Son of Son-in-law, Grandson of King, King."

"The plot thickens," I said.

"I won't, won't have it," said the King. "As if there were n't other grandsons!"

"Then there *are* grandsons?" I said.

"Grandsons and grandsons," said the King.

The King glanced at his ivory tablets, and then shook his head.

"I have forgotten to put down how many," he said.

"Indeed!" said I.

"They are nice little fellows," said the King, "awfully nice little fellows. It 's their parents and grandmothers," said the King. "I hate them, I hate them."

"Your own wives and daughters?" I said, a little shocked.

"At this moment, perhaps," said the King, "they are plotting to dethrone me. But you—you who have never betrayed me—"

"I only arrived to-day, Royalty."

"Then you never will betray me, will you?" said the King.

I put out my hand.

The King gave me his, which was very fat.

"Don't pinch it, please," he said.

The King turned from his capital to the desert.

"There is life," he cried, "free and large." He looked at his immense body and limbs.

"If it were all downhill, I could manage it," said the King.

At this moment the sun set so suddenly that it seemed to have slipped and fallen.

"Shall we play a game at billiards?" said the King.

"I am a poor hand, your Majesty."

"Then I shall win." The King's simple old face beamed with pleasure. "You must help me be a king," said the King.

Presently we were playing billiards. You would have thought that a child was playing, so eager were the King's cries whenever he scored. And this was often enough, for the table sagged, and the balls, when set in motion, all made for the same corner. Getting beaten was a most intricate affair.

II.

EARLY one morning the King sent for me, and I found him in the palace garden. He was carrying a pretty little basket full of offal.

"A pretense," said the King, in a whisper; and then aloud, for the benefit of his attendants: "Everybody keep at a distance," he said. "We are going to feed the crocodiles."

I could see that the King was agitated about something, and when we were sufficiently alone,

"There has been an attempt to poison me," he said.

The poor old gentleman was really frightened.

"My favorite cake had it on," said the King.

"Had what on?" I asked.

"The poison," said the King.

"Tell me the whole story," said I, somewhat alarmed.

"It was my favorite cake," said the King; "but I did n't eat it."

We had reached the edge of the crocodile tank, an irregular pond with an island of reeds, sufficiently green to please the eye, in the middle. Various-sized crocodiles lay half concealed among the reeds, but when the King called, they slipped into the water and swam toward us, each, with its nose for an apex, creating a V-shaped wake.

"Keep back—back!" said the King to his attendants.

"The crocodiles," he continued to me, "are a pretense—"

"Under cover of which we can talk," I suggested.

"Just so," said the King. "Shall I continue my narrative?"

"If you please, Sire."

"I suspected the cake," said the King. "I often do, but usually I eat it. On this occasion, fortunately, I did not. Rag Dal warned me. I rewarded her on the spot."

"How did you know it was poisoned?" I asked.

The King held out a little cake, the size and shape of a camphor-ball, but of the consistency of those delectable confections which, with us, are called by the children "kisses."

"It *is* a little off color," I said.

"Have you a cut or a scratch anywhere about you?" asked the King, anxiously.

"I think not, Sire."

"Then you may take it in your hand without *much* danger."

I did so.

"And now," said the King—"now—"

"And now?" I said.

"Smell it," said the King, "but very warily—'most as if you were feeling the tip of your nose, so that people will not suspect that you are smelling it."

I did as I was told.

"And you ask me how I know that it is poisoned? 'Smell the cake,' was the warning of Rag Dal. I did so—and you see for yourself. Don't you?" This in a kind of pleading voice.

"Possibly, your Majesty," said I, "the egg which went to the composition of this sweet was, to put it as delicately as possible, offensive."

"Oh, no," said the King; "extract of peach-stones. I know, because I had a monkey once—"

The King's anecdote was broken in upon by the arrival in the water immediately beneath us of a very large and ugly crocodile, which, by bringing together his jaws with a loud-sounding and sinister clap, signified a pressing desire to be fed.

"You do not believe in the poison, I 'm afraid," said the King. "Give me the cake."

I returned the suspicious article.

"Open you mouth, pretty, and beg," said the King, in a playful voice, to the crocodile. While the crocodile was doing this, the King whispered very low:

"I have always hated that crocodile." And still lower, "I call him Abad Bey, in private." Then he threw it the cake and, "Lash um's pretty tail, was it!" said the King.

The crocodile caught the thrown cake with precision, and instantly opened wide its glistening white mouth for more.

"It ought to double him up pretty quick," said the King.

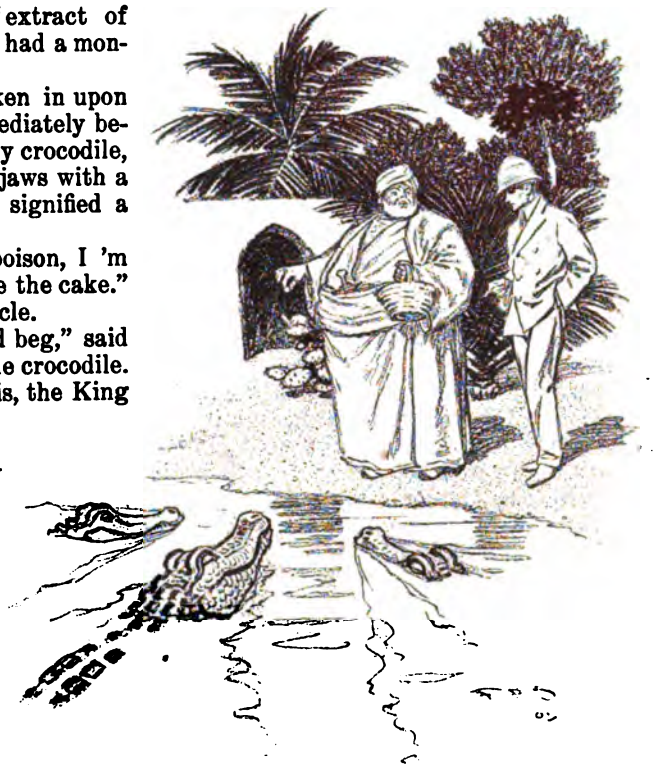
"Who knows," he said, "but a crocodile is a living anti—anti—"

"Dote?" I suggested.

"Who knows?" said the King. "And if he is, why, there is no way of finding out whether the cake is poisoned or not."

"I should not like to try to recover it," said I.

"Ugly—Ugly—Ugly!" cried the King,



"'I HAVE ALWAYS HATED THAT CROCODILE.'"

But the crocodile only begged for more. And now it was joined by the others, and a great thumping of jaws arose. The King began to throw offal to his pets, and they fought for it.

"Keep an eye on the big one," said the King. "It will be glorious when the cramp seizes him and he beats the waters with his tail."

Even the gentle old King had a cruel streak in him.

"If he does n't hurry up," said the King, "I shall be ashamed—ashamed."

"It was a natural mistake," I began, "very natural. The odors of prussic acid and of very old eggs are something alike."

"Yes, are n't they?" said the King. And then a new idea came to his exalted mind, and he went quite pale.

and then, with the illuminated countenance of one who has hit upon an adequate revenge, and after the manner of unseemly little boys in the street, he thumbed his nose at the crocodile.

But I said very firmly:

"What you have just done, your Majesty, although I will not deny the acute provocation which has given rise to the particular act in question, is not *done* by the best kings."

The King turned away sadly. A large, bright tear trickled out of the King's eye.

"Oh, forgive me, your Majesty!" I cried. "I have blundered. The very fact of your Majesty's doing it, makes it, so to speak, done."

"No—no," said the King; "you were right. I shall put away childish things forever."

At this moment a murmur arose in the garden, and the King had a new interest.

"A mob has broken in," he cried; "they are coming for me."

"Absurd, your Majesty!"

"No," he said. "Last night I had words with Abad Bey about the succession. He was very angry, and said I should hear from him; and now he is approaching with his cowardly assassins."

The King was really terrified, and I myself was uneasy, for the garden was rapidly filling with people. They began to shout, but I was unable to distinguish the words.

"Quick," said the King, "a cigarette! I must appear calm."



"'TWO,' SHOUTED THE OLD LADY."

It was from this moment that I admired the King. Shaking like a leaf, or rather an elephant with the ague, and puffing at the cigarette, he grandly faced what he truly believed to be murder at the hands of a mob.

"Save yourself!" said the King.

"I remain with you," I said.

And now we were quite surrounded by a yelling crowd. To me they did not appear hostile, but rather glad about something. I could not make out what.

Suddenly a woman, a very old woman to judge by her figure, completely veiled, was thrust forward.

"Have I the King's ear?" she cried in a creaking voice.

"Speak, traitress," said the King, with a great make for majesty.

The old hag gave a giggle, and shrieked her message:

"Girls, your Majesty!"

The King began to understand.

"How many?" he asked after a time, in a patient voice.

"Two," shouted the old lady.

The King bent his head.

"Tell them to keep the best—I mean the *better* one," said the King.

III.

WORK on the bridge did not progress as rapidly as I wished. I was continually taken from it, often to amuse the King, but usually to assist him with his everlasting counterplots. The King's vizir, the King's barber, the King's engineer (which was I), and the King composed our council; and one evening after a singularly disagreeable interview with his son-in-law Abad Bey, the King called us together.

"Abad Bey is gaining power with the people," was the King's opening remark. "He told me so himself," continued the King, "and I myself am sensible of having lost ground with them. I am no longer popular with Ôm, Rîk, and Arrêh. When I ride abroad on my elephant I can plainly see that it irks the people to beat upon the ground with their foreheads. It used to be such a pleasure for them. I have, therefore," said the King, "called you together to agree upon what would best be done. For you are not only my trusted followers, but (and this I hold in greater esteem) my affectionate friends."

"This is good talk, your Majesty," said the vizir (he would have been a tall man if his feet had been joined to his legs by ankles), opening his little eyes as wide as he could and stroking his fat cheek; "and if my advice is of any value, I will give it."

The King thanked the vizir for his pithy remarks.

Then the King's barber, an old baboon of a man, said:

"I, too, O King, will not be backward when my advice is asked."

The King thanked the barber for his willingness to give advice, and addressed me.

"Do you also speak," he said.

"Your Majesty," I answered, "the people are children: divert their minds."

"I will," said the King, "if I can."

"Your Majesty," said the barber, "the people are human: pervert their morals."

The King was greatly pleased with this advice, and said that he would if he could. And the barber said that he thought there would be no difficulty, provided there was any room left in their morals for perversion.

Then the vizir spoke.

"Your Majesty," he said, "intimidate them."

The King sprang, or rather heaved, to his feet, and his eyes glowed with martial ardor.

"A triumph!" he cried. "I shall be drawn at the head of my troops."

"In the middle of them, if I may suggest," said the barber, himself a timid man.

"In the middle of them," said the King, "by two snow-white elephants in a lofty—lofty chariot. I mean that I shall be in a chariot, and the elephants shall pull it. No, they sha'n't, because they might run away; but they shall pretend to pull it, when, really, it will be pushed along by hand. After me shall come the prisoners taken in—in—"

"In war, your Majesty," put in the barber, loudly.

"You mean the two Germans?" said the King.

"No one else," said the barber.

"But they *were n't* taken in war," objected the King, querulously. "They were taken in a tree."

"It does n't matter," said the vizir; "they will look well in chains."

"I shall wear a full suit of armor," said the King.

"Ahem!" said the barber.

"What did you say?" said the King, sharply.

"Nothing, your Majesty, only—only it 's a long time since your Majesty tried on one of his suits of armor, and of late years his Majesty has—"

His Majesty looked uncomfortably at that portion of his anatomy which, except at those times when he was carried in a litter, preceded him wherever he went, and said simply:

"I shall have to have a suit made."

"One thing at a time, your Majesty," said the vizir. "We should work up a climactical effect upon the people in order to achieve the best results. Let us divide our work into three afternoons. On the first afternoon we will divert the people."

"I shall hold you responsible for that part," said the King to me.

This was not pleasant, but I bowed.

"On the second afternoon," continued the vizir, "we will pervert them."

"It won't take a whole afternoon to do so simple a thing," said the barber. "Leave that part to me."

"Agreed," cried the King.

"And on the third," said the vizir, "we will have a triumph."

"Leave that to me," said the King.

The vizir looked disappointed.

"Then there is nothing left for me," he said.

"We must have funds," said the barber.

"Leave that to the vizir," said the King, and he chuckled for a long time at having made so successful a remark.

"But about the prisoners," said the vizir, a little testily. "We 've used them for every triumph we 've ever had. The people will not be impressed."

"Why not hire some people and disguise them as prisoners?" I suggested.

The King looked at me whimsically.

"Is that—done?" he said.

"That is one for your Majesty," I said humbly.

The King pinched my ear with his thumb and forefinger.

"You must never leave us," he said, "you delightful man."

"As for the prisoners—" said the vizir.

"True," said the King. "I had forgotten. We must get some."

"Or execute those we 've got," put in the barber.

"I 've had so much bloodshed in my life," said the King, "so much." He looked appealingly at me. I shook my head.



"THE KING'S VIZIR, THE KING'S BARBER, THE KING'S ENGINEER (WHICH WAS I), AND THE KING COMPOSED OUR COUNCIL."



"'THEY ARE PROBABLY ENEMIES,' SAID THE BARBER."

"Not done!" said the King, triumphantly, to the barber.

"Then I don't know what to say," said the barber.

"Neither do I," said the King.

"Nor I," said the vizir.

"Nor I," said I.

"Suppose, then," said the King, "we take camels and ride out in the cool. There is a fine moon, and we may get a shot at a jackal. We shall have leisure to discuss our plans, and though we may not hit on any successful ideas, at least we shall have passed the evening in pleasant company and in the pursuit of innocent pleasure."

The King had four camels saddled, and presently we were throwing picturesque shadows against the buildings of the quiet city, and later upon the uncharted desert.

IV.

"WHAT is that, your Majesty?" exclaimed the vizir, who was not a brave man at night.

"Where—what?" cried the King, with a start.

We looked in the direction indicated by the vizir.

"They are upside down," said the King, presently.

"Your Majesty sees it, too," said the vizir, with a sigh of relief.

"So do I," said the barber, passionately, though nobody had asked him.

"It must be what foreigners call a mirage," said the King. "I think, on the whole, I don't like the looks of it."

"There are eighteen, your Majesty," I ventured.

Against the horizon to the north a row of eighteen camels with people or packs on their backs was displayed upside down. Even as we looked the thing righted itself, the ranks seemed to close, and presently it was as if we saw but one camel, and that coming directly toward us.

"They have turned," said the King.

"They are probably enemies," said the barber.

"Let us reënter your Majesty's capital," said the vizir.

The King bit his lip.

"I don't like to run away," said the King, "before I know whether they are enemies or not."

"Discretion—" began the vizir.

"That also," said the King, "was in the book out of which I learned my English."

"If anything happens to you," said the vizir, "it will be on our heads."

"That is true," said the King, after a pause. "I am not at liberty to risk my person. But"— and here the King shook his fist at the distant procession of camels— "look to it, for I shall come again." Then the King struck with his whip, and "Forward!—I mean back!" cried the King.

We rode for a little distance at a sharp trot, the King leading, when suddenly the camel upon which the barber was riding turned its ankle and went down with a little shriek. The King drew rein.

"Kismet!" wailed the barber, for flight had terrified him.

The vizir and I looked to the King for suggestions.

"You will have to get on one of the other camels," said the King.

"Make it kneel, somebody, quick!" cried the barber. "They 're coming!"

The vizir looked at the King, and the King looked at the vizir, and then they both looked at me. The moment was psychological.

"Does anybody know how to make a camel kneel?" said the King.

There was a long silence, for nobody did.

The King made an effort. He addressed himself to the vizir's camel, and said, "Kneel, Kicklum-pretty-was-it-is," several times without effect. After that we all tried, but it was no use. The camels would n't even look at us.

"You 'll have to climb," said the King.

"And be quick about it!" said the vizir.

The barber, greatly alarmed by the rapid approach of the suspicious caravan, made a rush at the vizir's camel, jumped as high as he could, got two large handfuls of camel hair, and fell on his back in the sand. The camel, astonished at this unusual behavior, darted her snake-like head at the barber with criminal intent, but—such was the expeditious manner in which that gentleman rolled himself out of harm's way—was obliged to content herself with his loose green silk trousers, which she devoured on the spot. The King turned away his face.

"Barber," he said presently, "try another camel."

But the barber said no, he would rather fall into the boiling oil-pots of his enemies than into the jaws of any black-hearted son of a dog of a camel. Then the barber buried his face in his hands, and was shaken by unmanly sobs.

"The die is cast," said the King; "we will all stay. It shall never be said that I saw a friend in trouble—"

"Or in deshabille," said the vizir, who, though shivering with terror, could not resist the opening.

"—and ran away," concluded the King, sententiously.

The caravan approached.

"What shall we do if they are armed to the teeth?" said the King.

"We would best surrender," said the vizir, promptly, "if you want my opinion."

"It depends," said I, for the King had looked at me beseechingly.

"Yes, it depends," said the King. "Listen, my children. If it seems best to surrender, I will give the signal—so,"—he stretched up his hand with the palm forward,—"and lest there be any mistake, and they shoot us down,"—the vizir groaned,—"you will all repeat after me, as loud as you can, '*We surrender! We surrender!*'"

"Suppose we try it once," said the vizir, "for practice."

"Very well," said the King, "but softly." Then he gave the signal, and the vizir and the barber and I repeated after him, but sotto voce, "We surrender! We surrender!"

"Very good," said the King, "very good *indeed*. But look sharp, everybody, and mind you do nothing humiliating until I give the signal."

Meanwhile the caravan was drawing near.

"Royalty," said I, "unless I am greatly mistaken, there is a lady in the party."

The King's first thought was not for the lady or for himself, but, like the gentleman he was, for his disturbed friend the barber.

"Barber," said the King, "you would best bury your legs in the sand."



"ON THE LEADING CAMEL WAS A WHITE GIRL."

The barber fell to with hurried scoops.

"Majesty," said the vizir, in the tone of one performing a sad duty, "the face of the woman is white, and, to put it as delicately as possible, bare."

"Shocking!" said the King, with averted eyes.

"Unless," said I, "she is a countrywoman of mine, in which case, your Majesty, and your Majesty's vizir,"—this with some asperity,—"it *is* done."

The caravan was now within fifty yards.

On the leading camel was a white girl. I thought she looked prodigiously sweet in the moonlight. The two parties confronted each other in silence.

Suddenly the girl's right hand shot up with the palm out. The King's hand followed suit as quickly as an echo follows its causal sound, and the stillness was broken with loud shouts from both parties of "We surrender! We surrender!"

Fortunately, the girl's party outnumbered ours, and we were outshouted by them, our cries of "We surrender!" being completely mumbled by their cries to the same effect.

I took off my hat.

"They have surrendered, your Majesty," said I.

Slowly the truth dawned upon the King. He swelled before our eyes, and his features assumed as much hauteur as was consistent with their rotundity. He rode forward in a slow and stately manner, and the girl came out to meet him.

"Bad-Badians die," whispered the vizir, who was not without humor, "but do not surrender."

"Your fates—" began the King, in a great rolling voice.

"You must n't shout so," said the girl; "we are very tired as it is."

"My friend," cried the King to me, "for this day's work, which our sons—I mean our daughters and our grandsons—will remember with pride, as a reward for the gallant part which you have borne in this day's great bat—meeting, I should say, I give you this white woman to wife."

I rode quickly up to the girl.

"Don't be alarmed," I said. "This is embarrassing—nothing more."

"Reassuring, if not flattering," said the girl.

She looked wonderfully sweet and tired.

"Captives," roared the King, "fall in! Vizir, shoot the first man that escapes—"

"Before or afterward?" asked the vizir.

"No; in the head," said the King. He turned to the barber.

"Barber," thundered the King, "you—you"—his voice weakened—"you would best excavate yourself after a due interval and bring up the rear.

"Lady," said the King, "the view in *this* direction is considered beautiful."

V.

THE King, the lady, and I rode abreast in the order named, followed in Indian file by the vizir and the captives, and rear-guarded at a seemly distance by the unfortunate barber. The captives, with the exception of the white girl, whom I judged to be from Baltimore, belonged to some desert tribe whose language and appearance were not unlike those of the Bad-Badians, and who were in number nine. As we rode, the King's curiosity got the better of his desire to be thought a cold, proud conqueror, and when the white girl, without warning, broke into a peal of musical laughter, he fell to asking her questions in his most searching manner.

"What are you laughing *at?*" asked the King.

"I was laughing," said the girl, "to think that this was the first time it had n't worked."

"The first time that what had n't worked?" asked the King.

"Why, up to now," said the girl, "whenever we have met people who alarmed us, and have tried to surrender to them by all shouting that we did, they have run away."

"Ahem!" said the vizir, who was immediately behind us.

The King looked grave for a while, but presently his large countenance beamed, and became wreathed with a benevolent smile.

"So you were afraid of us?" he said.

"Dreadfully," said the girl. That did the King good.

"What are you doing here?" he asked presently.

"Writing it up," said the girl. "You see, my paper wanted a series of articles about the wonderful city of Bad Bad,—ever been there?—and I said I would go and write them. You see," she continued, "my family was greatly impoverished by the Civil War. Indeed, when it was over, we had nothing left but some handsome plate, which my mother had buried so carefully at the time the troops entered Richmond that it has never been found since, and so mama and I needed money, and I went on a paper, though I hated the idea, and I signed a contract to visit Bad Bad. And then what do you think happened? An uncle that I had never heard of fell out of a second-story window in Chicago and broke his neck, and by his will left me an enormous fortune. Was n't that probably *more* fun? But the trouble was, I had to keep my contract with the paper; and here I am, and it does n't look as if I were ever going to get to Bad Bad, or home, or anything."



"HIS ARMS FULL OF CAPTURED MUSKETS."

The King was touched by the tone of the girl's narrative.

"I would say," he said when she had finished, "that your piquant recital is Greek to me, but for the fact that I understand the Greek language perfectly, and your recital not at all. I gather, however, that you are an American and have just come into a large fortune."

"Find out if she 's got it with her," said the vizir, in a very loud whisper.

"A good idea," mused the King. "Have you it with you?" he asked.

"Only the part the milkmaid had," said the girl.

The King was charmed, for he recollected the poem. It had figured in the book out of which he had learned his English.

"And so you want to see Bad Bad," he said.

"I 've positively got to," said the girl.

A rise in the desert had brought the city into the range of our vision. It looked not unbeautiful and very shining under the magic touches of the moon. The King waved his hand toward the city.

"The city of Bad Bad," said the King.

"It 's immense!" cried the girl.

"It is large, is n't it?" said the King, beaming with pleasure at the compliment. Then he laid his fat hand upon his breast in a thoroughly majestic manner.

"The King of the city of Bad Bad," said the King. I cannot be sure, but I think I heard the vizir mumble, "It 's immense."

Here my countrywoman did honor to her country and her sex.

"I knew you were a king the moment I set eyes on you," she said.

For the ensuing second, which I make no doubt was the happiest in the King's existence, powers of utterance failed him. An opportunity to be truly kingly was at his disposal. He measured it in his mind for a little while, and when he at length spoke, his voice was brimming with geniality and, there is no doubt about it, tears.

"Not a prisoner," said the King, "but a guest; not a girl, but a blessing." Then he bowed as low as his anatomy would permit, and touched his forehead with the back of his forefinger.

"Not a king," he said, "but a slave."

"'Tout flatteur vit au dépense de celui qui l'écoute,'" remarked the vizir, in an undertone; and aloud, "That spoils the triumphal procession, your Majesty."

"True," said the King, evidently troubled; "but I will not take back what I have said."

"Don't take it back," said the vizir; "modify it."

"Not a bad idea," said the King, and fell to ruminating.

Presently he slapped that which he was pleased to regard as his knee.

"I have it," he cried. Then he turned to the girl.

"Would you mind pretending to be a prisoner for a few days?" he asked eagerly.

"I should like it of all things," said the girl.

"And you won't mind wearing chains—very light pretensical chains—in a triumph?"

"Not a bit," said the girl.

"You see," explained the King, apologetically, "it is necessary for the military to intimidate the people, with whom, owing to the poisonous influences of Abad Bey, my son-in-law, I am become very unpopular."

"I see," said the girl. "But I think they are a pretty silly kind of people if they don't like *you*."

"Not a girl so much as a blessing," said the King to himself.

We had arrived at the outskirts of the sleeping town when a singularly happy thought struck the King.

"Let every one," said the King, "shoot off his gun and shout. Then give the guns to me, and thus, when we ride into the town, it will appear to the people that the prisoners were taken in fight."

Presently the peaceful night was broken by terrific shouts and a rattling discharge of



"IT WAS A TREMENDOUSLY IMPRESSIVE AFFAIR."

firearms, and when we rode into the awakened city, hastily kindled lights displayed to the eyes of the excited citizens their King, his arms full of captured muskets, riding haughtily at the head of a long convoy of prisoners.

At the dog-market the crowd became so dense and enthusiastic that the King was obliged to halt and make a speech.

"Peace be with you, and repose," cried the King, "for though grim-visaged enemies stalk in the desert, your King watches over you."

There were tremendous cheers.

Now Abad Bey, when he heard what had happened, had given orders that no lights be shown in his palace, and so the eyes thereof were, so to speak, closed to the King's triumph.

"Aye," continued the King, pointing to the dark palace, "you may rest in peace, for your King watches, even though Abad Bey sleeps!"

Here the people groaned against Abad Bey.

Later, a light collation was set before the prisoners in the King's European dining-room.

VI.

ON the first afternoon of our threefold manifestation against the hearts of the King's subjects, we made of our efforts to divert them a complete failure.

"It was n't *your* fault," said the King to me, his face quivering with disappointment; "*you* did your best: but what—what might have amused *your* people did n't amuse mine. My people," said the King, in a tone of distress, "seem to be different from other people's people."

"Of course," said the vizir, "an open-air play would be just the thing in some countries, and it might be a success here, especially a play with so witty a dialogue as that written by the girl for the occasion; but when you take into consideration the fact that a total eclipse of the sun occurred during the third act (a natural enough phenomenon, but not of a nature to act reassuringly upon a superstitious audience desirous of being amused), together with the accidental explosion of a barrel of gunpowder in the improvised orchestra circle during the fourth act, and, lastly, that the sixth, seventh, and eighth acts, with their scenic glory and stage pageantry, were handicapped by a sand-storm, during which the audience were obliged to lie on their stomachs, the result is scarcely a matter for wonder, or," he added, as he saw that the barber was about to make a speech, "for comment."

The girl, in a white dress with a blue rib-

bon round her waist, and a wide hat trimmed with yellow daisies, strolled out on the terrace. She had a number of loose sheets covered with writing in her hand. The King, with an affectionate nod, offered her a place on the rug beside him.

"I hope that smoking does not disturb you," said the King.

"Not in the least," said the girl, and she sat down beside him.

"I 've been writing up our first night's performance," said the girl, "for the press at home."

"*Chacun à son goût*," said the vizir: "what failed to amuse our people will probably fill the bosoms of yours with inextinguishable laughter."

"To tell the truth," said the girl, "we 're a little touchy on the subject of our play, are n't we?" She gave me a bright nod.

"Yes," I said, "we are."

"And," continued the girl, "it seems to be our cue to make good, and so it occurs to me that to carry out the second number on the program—I refer to the perversion of the people's morals—"

"Not without blushing, I hope," said I.

"—it would be an excellent plan," the girl went on without heeding, "to start a wheel."

Neither the King nor the vizir nor the barber seemed impressed.

"That is a game for very little children, is it not?" said the King, dubiously.

"We call it rolling the hoop," said the barber.

The girl put back her head and laughed.

"Hear the dear silly men!" she said.

The barber and the vizir and the King looked a little foolish.

"It 's a game for adults," said the girl—"grown-up adults, with heads for mathematics, and combinations, and the laws of chance, and things. You put your money on a color or a number, and the wheel goes round; and sometimes," she said, "you really can win at that game, and sometimes you really can't."

"And then," said the King, brightening visibly, for he seemed to himself to have brought a very difficult calculation to an illuminating conclusion, "you don't."

"That 's it exactly," said I.

"And furthermore," said the girl, "I have a real wheel somewhere among my belongings."

"It 's a sort of fever," I explained. "Once you begin playing, you never want to stop, and the banker—that 's you, your Majesty—can't lose."

"Do try it, Royalty!" said the girl, and she sent a man for her wheel.

It was a very little wheel, but brightly painted, and, in spite of its camel journey across the desert, possessed of a rotary movement which was both smooth and precise. Presently, after more explanations, we were at it, and it may be added that the girl's wheel made a hit with the King and the King's vizir and the King's barber.

Invitations were at once sent out to the leading nobles, and on the following morning a parlor was opened in one of the large halls of the palace. By noon the King's most skilful workers in ivory and hard woods had completed two more wheels, and by four o'clock the sleepy city of Bad Bad was in a foment of gambling, and the double zero was pouring good and, it must be remarked, bad money into the King's pockets. The King expressed himself as greatly pleased with the results of the second afternoon. On the third day came the triumphal march and the military display by which the people were to be intimidated.

It was a tremendously impressive affair. The King, completely surrounded by his army, a disorganization of about sixty men, and followed respectfully by the prisoners in chains, rode several times up and down the chief street of his capital, in a lofty car gay with silk rugs, wheeled by slaves, and preceded by two very large elephants painted white, with big blue eyes surrounding their real ones. The vizir rode on the King's right, the barber and I on his left, and Abad Bey in the car with him. This, the King said, was policy. There was enough enthusiasm to satisfy the most exacting monarch, and when it was all over the girl said that she and the King had reminded her, during the procession, of nothing so much as of any Roman emperor and his Zenobia.

"And now that that is off our minds," said the King, as he sipped his thick coffee, "the thing to do is to find out what has been accomplished and what effect our combined expenditure of talent and treasure has had upon the hearts of our subjects. To-night, then," said the King, "let us disguise ourselves and go down into the city."

The barber contemplated the great bulk of his master for some moments.

"What does your Majesty propose to disguise himself *as?*"

The King thought for a while.

"I will disguise myself as a fortune-teller," he said finally, "because then, you



"IN A VERY DARK SECTION OF ALLEY."

know, I can tell fortunes and make them come true."

When we had applauded the King's resolution, the vizir said, not without malice: "I, with your Majesty's permission, will disguise myself as a barber."

"And I," said the barber, not to be outdone, "will disguise myself as a vizir."

The vizir looked daggers, and the rest of us laughed.

"You," said the King to me, "*must* go as a bandit."

"And I," said the girl, "will go as a war correspondent."

"It will not be proper for you to go at all," said the King.

"Won't it, please?" The girl appealed to me: "You 'll look out for me, won't you?"

"You will have to go in some other capacity, then," said I.

"I will go," said the girl, and she looked very pretty as she said it, "as the bandit's sister."

"Ahem!" said the King, the vizir, and the barber.

"We will meet here at midnight," said the King, "and pass the early hours with a recounting of our several adventures."

"Remember," said the vizir under his beard, "that the object of this expedition is to hear pleasant things said about the King."

The King, fairly trembling with eagerness and enthusiasm, bundled off after a costume.

VII.

THE quarter of the town which we had elected to visit in disguise was dark at that hour as to its windows, but where an occasional door leading to a room of entertainment slightly below the street-level stood ajar, a yellow band of smoky light broke in on the gloom of the narrow street, while overhead, between the houses, extended a crooked ribbon of deep night set with twinkling luminaries.

It was a place the ways of which turned and doubled and ended blindly, like the road to the "center" in a child's puzzle; it was where the thief spent his "steal" and the gay young men of Bad Bad their evenings. The wisdom of his Majesty's government had marked certain houses with a red cross by way of indicating to the unused reveler that at some time or other murder had been done within.

In a very dark section of alley we came upon a man who lay upon his back with his arms outstretched. He was richly clothed, and moaned at short intervals.

"I wish I had n't let you come," said I to the girl, and I knelt by the man.

"Is he hurt?" said the girl.

"Are you hurt?" I said.

"Hurt!" said the man, suddenly sitting up. "I should think I was hurt. Look at me!" It was possible to see that the man was bleeding about the mouth and chin.

"He probably fell off his donkey or into something," said the girl.

"I did n't!" said the man.

"What is the matter with you, anyway?" I asked.

"Listen," said the man. "As I was about to enter a dancing-booth, I chanced to pass my hand over my chin and observe that I had not been shaved for two days. Being at that moment accosted by a fellow who claimed to be a barber, and protested that his magic touch enabled him to raze even the most delicate skin by starlight, I sat down and gave over what used to be my face into his hands. Perceiving at the second stroke that the fellow was the merest impostor and bungler, I endeavored to escape from his loathsome clutches; but at that, being a heavy man, he knelt upon my garments so that I was unable to rise, and having seized with his left hand the hair upon the top of my head, he continued with the most criminal malice and incompetence to shave my cheek and chin. My screams for help were at length heard, and several young men armed with staves came running out from the dancing-booth, and perceiving that I was one in authority, delivered me from the toils, and fell upon the barber with an infinite number of loud blows. It was pleas-

ant for me to observe him as he fled squeaking like a pussy-rat, followed by the young men and the well-merited blows, until at the corner of the street he stumbled and fell, and, in the posture of a chidden dog, received the balance of his punishment. Not willing to be recognized by the young men, for I am one in authority (and having with me no small coins with which to reward them for their zeal), I hurried back in the direction from which I had come, meaning to reënter my domicile and give myself into the hands of the surgeons. But on the way, overcome by pain, shame, mortification, and vain regrets for the beauty which is no more, I swooned. The rest you know."

Here the richly dressed man hurled himself again to the ground and was shaken by long sobs. Presently he looked up, and, in a voice made sharp by pain:

"And who are you?" he asked.

"A bandit," said I, pleasantly enough; but at the word the man, with a piercing shriek, was up and off, and for a long time after he had disappeared we could hear the quick patter of his feet.

We proceeded on our way, and before long came across what we at once recognized for the fat barber who had been beaten by the young men. He also was lying in the street, but face down. He was groaning most piteously, and at intervals made passes in the air with his fat legs as if by this means to protect himself from some menace or other.

"Try the bandit act again," said the girl.

I knelt by the man's head and said very distinctly: "You have but a moment to live. I am a bandit."

The fat barber accompanied an indelible shriek with an incredible bound, and was off, rushing like a blind mole, and the only thing which kept him on his course was the fact that whenever he ran into a building it guided him back to the middle of the street. And now he glanced from a building on one side of the street and now from one on the other.

The girl and I laughed for a long time.

Around the next corner we came upon a little knot of men who, standing with their backs to us, craned their necks to see into a lighted room the door of which was open. We joined the group and, unobserved, looked over their shoulders.

In the middle of the room sat a prodigious man cross-legged. His robes were black and covered with belomancic signs: suns, moons, triangles, squares, eyes, and circles. His face was veiled.

Numerous men and women sat in a circle about the huge man, who, beyond doubt, was a fortune-teller.

"What is your name?" said the fortune-teller to a lean youth with high cheek-bones.

"Ali," said the youth.

"Where do you live, Ali?"

"In the Kamel Taj."

"What is your business?"

The youth toyed with his fingers and looked upon the ground, whereat the people laughed.



"NUMEROUS MEN AND WOMEN SAT IN A CIRCLE ABOUT THE HUGE MAN."

"Please," said the youth, "my employment is very shameful; for every third month I am employed to clean out the refuse from the donkey-stable of that son of a dromedary, Abad Bey—may the dogs bite him!"

"A-a-a!" said the audience.

The huge fortune-teller seemed to sit more erect after this semi-public condemnation of Abad Bey.

"Ali," he said, "a blessed lot awaits you."

Here Ali was obliged to suffer the hearty congratulations of his friends.

"Ali," said the fortune-teller, "who is your favorite public character?"

"My King," said Ali, without an instant's hesitation.

And the people, with great enthusiasm, snapped their fingers and cried:

"Eh-eh-eh!"

The enormous proportions of the fortune-teller seemed fairly to double at this.

"Ali," he said, "I have no doubt the King will hear of your loyalty and put you in the way of some clean and lucrative employment."

Again the youth was congratulated by his friends.

After he had told a few more similar fortunes amid great applause, the mountainous fortune-teller took out an ivory tablet and writing-instrument.

"What is the name of everybody present," he said, "and the place where he or she lives?"

When he had taken down the several names and addresses, the fortune-teller put this question to those assembled:

"Who is everybody's most detested public character?"

As in one great voice came the answer:

"Abad Bey," coupled with the Oriental hiss, "A-a-a!"

The fortune-teller seemed to quiver with delight.

"And who," said he, in a proud voice, expectant of the certain answer, "is everybody's favorite?"

"The King of Bad Bad," came the answer. "Eh-eh-eh!"

Then the fortune-teller began to prophesy, right and left, clean and lucrative employment at the hands of the King for all those whose names and addresses he had taken down.

"This is wholesale robbery," said the girl; "we must save him. The old dear thinks that nobody recognizes him."

We pushed in among the people at the door, who hitherto, such was their engrossment in the fortune-teller, had not observed us. As we emerged into the light, a terrified cry of "Bandits! bandits!" was raised, the torches were put out, and by their last flicker we saw that the room had emptied as if by magic, and that the last door to close was closing on the fleeing bulk of the King.

Then—for he was leaning against the door with his whole weight to keep it closed behind him—we could hear his quick breathings and almost the beating of his heart.

The girl and I laughed until the tears ran down our faces. Then we beat upon the door behind which the King had taken refuge, and pretended to give orders to large numbers of our followers.

"Let ten men," I said, "go without and guard the various exits of this building, and let ten others come hither with a heavy stick of timber and break me down this door!"

Then we came away, but even in the street we could hear the terrified panting of his Majesty, braced heavily against his door.

At twelve sharp we all met, as by appointment, upon the terrace.

The vizir, in his disguise of barber, came as if he had the rheumatism in all his joints; the barber appeared in rich garments, but covered as to the cheek and chin with a thick coating of rice-powder. When the vizir recognized the barber and the barber the vizir, each rushed at the other, and the midnight quiet echoed with the sounds of their blows and their cries of vengeance. After a time, becoming exhausted with exercise and vituperation, they sank into their places on each side of the King.

The King appeared greatly satisfied with his evening.

"In the first place,"—it was thus he began to narrate,—"not a soul penetrated my disguise. I went freely among the people, and by subtle questioning learned that—" his Majesty's voice broke a little—"that everybody loves me."

The girl looked up sweetly into the King's face.

"But later," said the King, "I stood in grave peril of my life, for being set upon by bandits, ten of whom—"

The King looked hard at the girl and hard at me, for we had not changed our costumes.

"I am ashamed," said the King, simply.

VIII.

SHORTLY after the King had fulfilled the last of the various obligations undertaken

by him while in the disguise of a fortune-teller, he fell ill of a surfeit, and although nothing more serious than an ache harassed his Majesty, nevertheless, as is proper at such times, the court expressed itself as tremendously doubtful of the royal invalid's eventual recovery, and Abad Bey, with the everlasting pretension that to *his* son should descend the royal scepter, became an obnoxious figure. It was during this period of gloom, when the King would see nobody but his physician, that a dark youth in a blue suit with brass buttons each stamped with a winged foot, and a vizored blue cap supporting the same classic device, rode out of the desert, to the north, on a very handsome camel, and entered the great city of Bad Bad.

As the dark stranger mounted the steps of the palace, the girl, to my astonishment, ran forward, shook him by both shoulders, and, as near as I can remember, said:

"It 's Haligan, you dear boy! I *am* glad you 've come, and how did you leave the office and Mr. Worst and Hisgain and the rest, and what have you got for me, and how did you find your way, and tell us all about it." Then the girl said my name, "and this is Mr. Haligan, the special messenger of the paper for which I correspond."

"Pleased to know yer," said Haligan, with the nod of a busy man. "Member of de press?"

"I regret to say I am not," I said. "I build bridges and railroads only."

"Well," said Haligan, in a friendly voice, by which I could perceive that he wished to put me at my ease, "if you engineers did n't build railroads and bridges, dere would n't be any accidunts for reporters to write up."

The girl laughed a clear, ringing laugh. The messenger-boy continued his remarks to her.

"Your stories has been great, miss," he said, "and I 've brought wid me a letter from de Sunday editor sayin' he 's pleased wid your work, and instructin' you to proceed to de Myramid celebration at Lassar. Business first and pleasure afterward," said the dark youth, as he delivered the letter. "And how have you been, miss?"

"Great," said the girl.

"Found friends, I suppose, and all dat, everywheres?" said the youth, in the tone of an elder brother, and with a deprecating leer at me.

"All that," said the girl. "But how did you ever manage to get here without an escort or anything?"



HALIGAN.

"Easy," said the messenger-boy, "for I was armed wid me wad and me compass, and mounted on me camel, and inspired by de get-dere spirit of me callin'."

"Well," said the girl, "it 's almost as good as getting home to see you again, Haligan."

"Speakin' of gettin' home," said the boy, "I don't know if it 's owin' to de vivid detail of your stories, miss, or what, but dis here city and palace looks as familiar to me as Herald Square about 11 P.M., when de trolleys is chargin' home full of people, and de owls is winkin' de hour. I could n't take a wrong turn if I tried."

Further impressions of the messenger-boy were checked for the moment by the advent of Abad Bey and a gorgeous suite. He nodded haughtily to the girl and me, and was about to pass on when his eyes encountered those of the messenger-boy. Abad Bey started visibly, parted his lips as if about to speak, thought better of it, and, evidently in some agitation, continued his way.

"Oncet I had a long-lost relation dat looked like dat guy," said the messenger-boy. He took off his cap for the first time (he had only touched it on arriving), and passed his fingers through his thick black hair.

"Tell me," he said suddenly, "what 's his name. It ain't *A-Bad Bey*, is it?"

The girl and I looked at each other in astonishment.

"But it is," we said. "That 's just it. Go on."

"And dat mosque off dere?" said the boy. "Is it called de Mosque of Tali?"

"It is," we exclaimed.

"Well, dat 's all right," said the boy; "I

won't lose me job, I guess, by it, but I was born in dis here city."

At this moment there was a shout from an upper window, and presently the King, attired in what kings wear at night or when they are ill in bed, came pattering out on the terrace as fast as he could, followed by his physician, his vizir, his barber, and his son-in-law Abad Bey, in the order named. He never paused once until the blue-coated messenger-boy was fast in his royal embrace and the mercurial device of the brass buttons threatened to become indelibly impressed upon the thinly covered though ample bosom of majesty.

"Ali! Ali!" cried the King. "My long-lost Alighan! O Alighan, my son!"

The messenger-boy freed himself, and held the King at arm's-length.

"Oncet," he said, "I had a long-lost fadder dat resembled dis ol' guy, but he can't prove it, and nobody can."

"O wise boy!" said Abad Bey. "Of course nobody can prove it."

At this stage the King almost burst into tears.

"I can prove it—I can," he said, "and I will. Behold!"

Tearing aside the silk which covered his breast, he displayed to the eyes of all the before-mentioned palm-leaf done in tattoo.

"A miracle!" thundered the barber.

"Shut up, you ass!" said the vizir.

"Who is dis stout party, anyway?" said the messenger-boy.

"Hush!" said I; "he is the King."

The face of the messenger-boy brightened.

"Dat puts a soyten amount of leaves on de family tree," he said.

"Ali—Alighan," said the King, "speaking truth, have you such a mark as this on your bosom?"

"Speakin' truth, I have n't," said Haligan, "and speakin' sense, if I was to have anythin' on me bosom, it would be a gallows, or an Amurican eagle, or somethin' ornamental, or, wid apologies to de lady here present, somethin' sentimental, such as de ernitiuls of me sweetheart burnt in wid a cigar, like dem discovered on de chest of Micky Maghun by de wardens when dey was helpin' him wid his toilet for de electric chair. 'Dem,' says Micky, 'is de ernitiuls of me best goyl; take her dis sprig of geranumum wid me compliments, and say dat wid me last sigh I forgive her all.'"

"I knew I could prove it!" exclaimed the King.

Haligan gave his hand to the King.

"Pleased ter know you," he said, "and now duty calls, 'n' I must be off."

"You can't do that," I said. "It seems, young man, that you are the lawful heir of this kingdom, and it 's a pretty good place, and I advise you to stay."

"Kingdom come!" exclaimed Haligan. "Here, miss, you 're a reporter; what 's de fax?"

"You have heard them, Haligan," said the girl.

"And dey 're true?"

"As fax go."

Haligan whistled, and then, with an inimitable mincing accent, he said:

"'Oh, I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,'" and leered about.

The girl looked despairingly at me and then at Haligan.

"Buck up, Haligan!" she said.

Haligan reflected. "I can't do it," he said at length. "I 'd lose me job. Excuse *me*."

"You 'll lose your job, Haligan," I said, "but being king is a better job, and when you get settled, you can start a paper in this old town, and be the whole shooting-match."

"I accept," said Haligan, abruptly.

Then he straightened himself, and turning to his brother-in-law Abad Bey, said, with a superb gesture:

"Me good man, don't stand dere like a bump on a log, but step lively, and ask de gentlemen what dey 'll take."

IX.

SOMEHOW the girl was persuaded to remain in Bad Bad until the bridge was finished.

"I must get Haligan started," she explained.

And one day, just before her departure, as we were all sitting in a cozy circle about the King, his Majesty opened his mouth on a subject which lay close to his heart.

"My dear friends," said the King, "and you especially, Tăd" (this was a name by which he sometimes called the girl; it means in Bad-Badian, when there is a long mark over the *a*, Little Blessing), "as the day is approaching upon which our pleasant and memorable sojourn together must end, I feel it my duty and pleasure to speak to you gravely upon certain matters. Realizing," said the King, "that I am a timid old man, constantly suspecting plots where none exist, and making myself otherwise ridiculous in many ways, I have decided to abdicate in favor of my son, of whom I am very proud, and on whose strong young frame and alert

mind I shall lean confidently and with affection as I go down the declining years."

The barber sniffled.

"When the girl came," continued the King, "I gave her in marriage to my friend here,"—the King pinched my ear in a friendly manner,—"but when I came to see that true marriages happen, and are not made, I was ashamed to have placed two charming young people in so embarrassing a position, and I herewith apologize for a foolish mistake, which was brought about only through an ignorance of foreign customs. When I saw that the young people, in spite of my foolish words, continued to live independent of each other, I at first marveled, and later understood. I had thought at one time," continued the King, "of offering my own hand to this young lady, and, out of deference to her education and customs, of putting away my other wives; but my friend the vizir, to whom I am grateful for his frankness, and of whom I made a confidant, told me not to be an old fool, and Rag Dal—she is the only woman who ever bore me a son—wept."

Here the girl threw her arms impulsively about the King's neck and kissed him on both cheeks.

"Then," said the King, with a smile that had something of a quaver in it, "when my son came, I asked him if he would not like to have her for his wife; but he said that, although he was a king's son, she was too far above him for anything of that kind. I do not understand these matters, so I am willing to let them rest," said the King.

The King's son mumbled something and glanced away.

The King turned to the girl and me with his brightest look.

"And then," said the King, "I saw that she had made her own choice, after the manner of her own people.

"My dear friends," the King went on, "you from your great and modern country will perhaps look back upon your sojourn in Bad Bad with amusement, and sometimes will laugh over those adventures in which, be it admitted, I played a timid and unkingly part, for I truly believed that the hands of all men were against me and that I had no place in my people's hearts. But sometimes," said the King, "I hope that, when the day is over and the cool is settling on the pleasant garden places, you will take hands and speak kindly of the old man who loved you both and who wishes you well."



(BEGUN IN THE APRIL NUMBER)

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE.

BY MARY ADAMS.

PART SIX.

July the thirtieth.

HEATED seven times, the days pass through the furnace. Only the nights are possible, and one lies awake much to realize the fact. Really, I find them more merciful than they often are in this terrible month. While the moon lived they were solemn and unreal, like the nights of an unknown planet in which one was a chance visitor. My brain burned, my head swam; I thought strange thoughts and felt new emotions, and was an alien to myself. Now that the moon is dead, there is a singular quality in the darkness; it creeps on compassionately, like delicate and tender feeling, shielding one from the fiery trouble of the obscured sun. I long for the dark, and when it comes I feel as if it were a cool hand, and I lay my cheek upon it, and am quieted and comforted—no, I am not comforted. I have not heard from Dana for eighteen days.

I read somewhere in a society novel, once, of a husband and wife who could not live together, and she smiled and said:

"Dear Bertie is on a yacht."

But after a good while "people began to think that yachting trip had lasted rather long." I wonder if people think that Uruguay is lasting rather long? But I am astonished at my fixed indifference to that sort of sting; what I endure is so much more important than any one else's view of what I endure. Married man and woman are a universe to themselves. Other persons look small to me, and quite distant, as if they were the inhabitants of a different solar system.

The telephone people have changed our number. It is now 26—6, and went, I believe, into the new book.

August the fifth.

MARION'S head hangs like a sun-smitten flower, for the first dog-days are cruel to her, and the doctor has been to see her every day for nearly a week. She is better for the tireless attention which he never fails to give her, and she has grown very fond of him; he, I think, of her. I found him to-day with the child on his lap, and Dombey in his arms; Banny Doodle suspended head first from his necktie, which had been untied and retied for the purpose (who can fathom the mental process which leads my daughter systematically to deny to this unfortunate doll the right to stand upon its feet?); and Job was crawling up his back. Job was engaged, I think, in the noble purpose of rescuing Banny Doodle. Job is attached to the doctor, but not devotedly so. If the truth were known, I think Job misses his master, though he would not admit it for a pound of chops. The doctor is not the master, and the master instinct in the dog is stronger than his affections or inclinations. I have found him several times, lately, sleeping on a glove or a slipper of Dana's. I think Job's jealousy of my husband has yielded to a sense of anxiety about him. We are all growing a little anxious. The doctor's eyes ask every day, and he telephoned me last evening to know if I had heard.

What would become of me without Robert? He never forgets, he never fails, he never neglects. He carries my hapless lot as if it were a shield that he might be brought home dead upon and not regret it. He guards me, he comforts me, he "keeps me from sinking down." He counts himself out; he never thinks of his own ease, of the burden that I am, of the price that I may cost him.

I am not worthy of this chivalry. I always knew that Robert was a gentleman,—and, after all, there are none too many,—but now I perceive him to be a Knight of the Sacred Circle where honor and tenderness are one quality. He is faithful to "the highest when he sees it," because that is his nature, and he can trust himself to his nature; and I—I can trust him.

I write to Dana sometimes how kind

Robert is to us, and I have tried to explain to my husband precisely how I feel about the doctor. I think Robert is very much troubled about Dana's long silence. To-day I took him unawares and asked him quite quickly:

"Have *you* written to Mr. Herwin?"

His face took on its transparent look, whitening visibly, but otherwise he showed no emotion, and certainly nothing that could be called embarrassment.

"Why the question, Mrs. Herwin?"

"Don't you wish me to ask it, Dr. Hazelton?"

"It is your right, of course. But—no—I do not wish it."

"Very well, Doctor. I will not ask it again."

He got up and paced the room, with his hands in his pockets, and went to the window. The blinds were closed and the light smote through, and I saw the man as I did once before, standing in a gleaming stream, with the sun-motes whirling about his head. He wheeled unexpectedly.

"I will not confuse you. I have not written to your husband. But if I should ever see occasion to do so, I wish to take the liberty without being questioned."

"Take it," I said. I held out my hands toward him. "It is an unrestricted deed."

"You are quite sure that you trust me?" he asked, with just a perceptible catch in his breath. Then I said:

"I would trust you, Robert, to the uttermost ends of fate." And so I would. Who in all my life has proved trustworthy, if not this old friend? Only my dear dead father; no one else. As I write, the candle is lighted by Marion's crib, and I can see the compass pointing north. There is something about this effect of gold and candle-light that I wish I knew how to explain to myself—I mean the sense of rest that it gives me. It melts upon the nerve like late sunlight upon green branches, or firelight upon happiness. And yet that is not what I wish to say. I am losing my power to express beautiful thoughts, so many tragic ones devour me. Is the sense of beauty meant only for the young, the inexperienced, and the happy? I have always thought it was safer for the old and the sad.

August the sixth.

I USED to dream incessantly about Dana. At first there was scarcely a night that was not cruel with him; then it would happen for three or four together, with spaces of mercy between. He was generally in some trouble—ill, or in prison, or lost. There is one Uruguay swamp which I think must be on the map, I know it so by heart: it has palmettos, and yucca-bushes, and seven cypress-trees in the foreground; there is an old bright-green log with a viper on it, coiled (he wrote me about one called *vivora de le cruz* because it had marks like a cross on its head). Dana stands at the end of the log, the end which dips into the water; he stretches out his hands to me, and the log sinks, and then the snake springs.

There is a prison in that country, somewhere, barred with iron crosses at the windows, and he comes to the window of his dungeon,—he is far below the ground,—and lifts his arms, and I can see his fingers and enough of his left hand to recognize his wedding-ring. But I cannot see his face, and I wake calling, "Dana!"

Then there were dreams when I saw his face, and woke to wish I had not. It was turned quite fully to me, and it was dark and offended. I cannot say that it was his freezing face, but he was always inscrutably displeased with me. Sometimes he retreated from me across a wide country, and I—for I would not pursue him—stood with vast spaces between us, and wrung my hands. At other times I could hear him calling me repeatedly and anxiously, but I could not see him at all. Thrice I lay staring and sleepless all night, and at two o'clock I heard his voice distinctly in my room. "Marna? *Marna?*" he said loudly.

Once I had a dear dream, and cried for joy of it. I thought he came home and in at the door suddenly, and ran his hand through his dark curls, and said in his old way:

"Marna, what a darn fool I was to leave you! I can't stand it any longer." I never had this dream except that one time; and he took me to his heart, in the dream, and he cried out: "Have I been too sure you would forgive me?" Then he found my lips, although I would have denied them (for my heart was sore with its long hurt), and he said: "This is the kiss that lives."

I do not dream of Dana so often lately. I think I am rather glad of this, because the dreams lasted for days, and I was ill as long as they lasted.

August the seventh.

MINNIE CURTIS came over to-day, and asked what I heard from my husband. He was quite well, I said, by the last letter. I

thought she regarded me with a certain pity, expressed in her blonde way, without the complexion of reserve, and I wondered why it did not annoy me. Only yesterday the doctor said to me:

"The strongest trait in your character is your indifference to inferior minds."

"Some one has been talking," I said at once. "Not about—" I stopped, for I felt ashamed to have begun, and the color smote my face.

"Don't be foolish, Marna," replied the doctor, gently. "Spare yourself. I shall take care of all that."

"Some one has been talking about Uruguay," I finished.

"I am glad you mind it so little," he returned in his comfortable, comforting tone.

"Doctor," I demanded, "when your patients are on the operating-table, would they mind a wasp? Or a hornet?"

The doctor smiled: "I cannot say that I remember ever to have seen an insect of the species, or any other, in an operating-room."

"You have said it," I maintained. "They are never admitted."

When Minnie got up to go, she went over to the piano and began brushing the music about. I never knew a girl with Minnie's nose who was not, somewhere in sensibility, a defective.

"Ah," she said, "the 'Bedouin Love-Song'?" She drummed a few chords of the prelude. Then indeed I rose upon Minnie Curtis. I think I actually took her by the shoulder, rather hard, and I know that I pushed her hand back.

"You will not touch that music, if you please. I do not like it disturbed."

Minnie colored and stared.

"You don't mean to say—" she began.

In point of fact, Dana's music remains just as he left it the last time he sang and played to me. I never allow any person to touch it, for any reason, and Luella and Ellen are forbidden to dust the piano. But even Minnie Curtis's nose was equal to the situation. She did not finish her sentence.

When she had gone, I sat and eyed the music.

> I love thee, I love but thee!
> With a love that shall not die!

I whirled the piano-stool, which still spun with Minnie's retreated figure, and hid my face upon the rack. Thus and then I thought—and I record that I thought it for the first time in my life:

A man selects whom he pleases, and *wins* her if he can; he slights the object of his love when he will, and ceases to love when he chooses. A woman's choice is among her choosers, and she is denied the terrible advantage of the right to woo. Why should eternal tenderness be expected of the more disabled, the less elective feeling? Why should the life everlasting be demanded of a woman's love? I had got so far when Marion came up and pecked at my muslin dress (it was the old May-flower dress that her father used to like), and said something about Pity Popper; so I took her in my lap and kissed her hair, and I wished that I could cry.

When I looked up, the doctor was standing in the middle of the room. I do not know how long he had been there. He glanced at the music on the rack.

"I am not going to use my horses this afternoon," he said prosaically enough. "I have ordered James to come over and take you and Marion to drive at four o'clock, when it cools a little. You need the air."

He did not suggest that he drive with us, but left me, smiling gently. I do not think I even thanked him. But Marion ran and offered him Dombey to kiss. This fact was the more impressive because she had just fed Dombey on raspberries and cream.

August the tenth.

Oh, at last! . . . Dana's letters came yesterday—three of them, stalled somewhere; whether in the mails, or in his pockets, or on his desk, who can say? He used to keep letters over sometimes, and I would find them in such queer places—once I found two in the umbrella-rack.

I say "he used to," as if my husband were dead. In all separations there are the elements of eternity; and in every farewell to the being we love we set foot upon an undug grave.

Dana writes quite definitely and kindly. "I shall resign the consulship," he says. "You may expect me home this fall. I have had enough of it. I am convinced that the climate does not agree with me, and, in fact, I am not very well." He sends more love than usual to Marion, and his grateful regards to the doctor, to whom I am to set forth the fact that he is taking atropin $3^{\times}$. He adds a postscript:

"I have been thinking how patient you were with me when I had that devil of a grippe. You were a dear old girl, Marna. A fellow misses his home in a blank of a

country like this. When I get better shall you want me back?"

SENT.

"August the tenth.

"MY DEAR HUSBAND: Your letters were so long delayed that we all had begun to be anxious. I do not think I will try to tell you how I felt when Ellen brought them in yesterday and laid them on my lap. There was war on her old face—tears and smiles. In my heart, too, were battling forces. Between anxiety and joy, between my hurt and my love, I was rent. I had waited a good while for these letters, Dana.

"Shall I want you back? Try me and see! I hurry this off by the outgoing steamer to tell you what an empty home waits for you how longingly, and what a

"Loyal, loving

"WIFE.

"P.S. Marion is better, thanks to the doctor; she has not been at all well lately. I will write at more length to-night about her, and about whatever I think will interest you. This note goes only to hold out the arms of

"Your MARNA."

August the eleventh.

TO-DAY the doctor came, and I showed him Dana's letters. I had, of course, telephoned the news to him yesterday, as soon as I received it, and he came in shining. One would have thought it was his own happiness, not mine, that was in the question. He had a high expression.

"I did not dare to hope for so much," he said joyously, "nor quite so soon."

"At least," I sobbed (for I could not help it), "he is alive. He had been silent so long, I had begun to—suffer, Doctor. And I did not want to cable and make myself troublesome to him."

Something in Robert's face or manner perplexed me, and I said abruptly:

"You have been writing to him!"

"I have not written to Mr. Herwin."

"Cabled, then?"

"Nor cabled."

"You might as well tell me what you *have* done. I think I ought to know."

"You were so kind as to say that you trusted me."

"And I do, I do. Never mind, Doctor."

"But I do mind, and I will tell you. I took steps to learn if he were still at the consulate. Of course I did this very quietly—and suitably."

"How long ago?"

"Three weeks."

"You did not tell me."

"I did not think it would make you any—happier, on the whole."

"Have you ever done this before?"

He hesitated. "It is not the first time, I admit. I want you to feel that I shall do whatever is necessary and best for—you—"

"Robert," I tried to say, "you are a good man. I bless you from my heart."

"I receive," he said, "the benediction."

He bowed his head and stood beside me quite silently; and before I could think what I should say, he was gone.

August the twentieth.

IT is on record that the fakirs really do live buried for forty days, and are reanimated. It is with me as if I had held my breath since the seventh of October last, and now began to inhale—feebly, for the long asphyxia. Now that I know I need not suffer, I scarcely know how to be happy. In the morning I wake and think, "It will soon be over." At night I fall asleep saying something that perhaps religious people would call a prayer. I have not learned to pray, for I am not yet religious: I am only disillusioned with the irreligious. I find that paganism has not helped perceptibly in that form of fate which has been appointed to me. "After all," I say, "there is a God, and he is merciful." And then I sleep—long, blessed nights. Anything can be borne, I think, if one sleeps, even joy.

The days have wings. They fly from me like strange birds lost on their way from some tropical country. There are forest fires somewhere, and here the August air is impearled with haze, or smoke, or both. There is an unreal light all the time. The sun sinks like a burning ship in a sullen sea, and if there were a moon, she would be the ghost of a lovely mermaid diving. I feel excited every minute, as if—God knows what—would befall. I suppose it is because I am so happy.

"Try to be calmer," said Mercibel, to-day. "It is quite unnecessary to wreck yourself."

"Mercibel," I demanded, "have you seen me shed a tear? Or do any foolish thing?"

"If I had," retorted Mercibel, dimpling, "I might have spared myself any comments on the subject." I can see that she watches me furtively.

So does the doctor. No; the adverb is

misplaced: I never saw Robert do a furtive thing. Rather should I say that he guards me quite openly. I think he has caused it to be generally known that my husband will soon be at home. He took us to ride yesterday, Marion and me; it is the first time that he has done so. He looks a little pale, but every recurrence of feeling on his face is receptive, as if he reflected my happiness. He has borne my troubles so long and so uncomplainingly, how glad I am to lighten his load! I wish I could be merrier. I am aware of trying to express the expected amount of gladness for the doctor's sake. It is remarkable how rigid the emotions grow when they have set in certain attitudes too long.

August the thirty-first.

WE are very happy. Dana's letters come more regularly than they did, and I reply frequently and comfortably; I find myself much more at ease in writing to my husband. He tells me to expect him when his year's service is over, if not, indeed, before, and that he will soon be able to be more definite. The neighbors (including Minnie Curtis) come in and wish me joy, and some old friends who have had the delicacy to keep silent while I have been filling the rôle of the neglected wife hasten to share my relief from the position, and particularly to congratulate me in that I did not accompany my husband to Montevideo. "The child made it impossible," they say politely.

Marion talks incessantly about Pity Popper, and orders for a new bicycle-suit have been issued in Dombey's behalf, while Job is destined to a Yale-blue plush ulster; but Banny Doodle, whose wedding-dress is as gray and dim as an outlived honeymoon, is to have nothing at all—unless the clothes-wringer, a dark fate on the teeth of which this hapless doll is forever clutched. "Tell Ellen sqush her frough!" commands my daughter, contemptuously. Mercibel asked me to-day, with some embarrassment, if I did not think I needed some new dresses myself. I had not thought of it. I believe I have not had a new gown since Dana left. I compromised with Mercibel upon a long white cape to catch up and run about the grounds in.

A lady told me once that she never in her life had ordered a black street-dress but that there was a death in the family, and she had given up black street-dresses.

I wonder, if I instituted a new ruby house-gown, if Dana would come home any sooner? Or if we should be any happier when he did come? Colors are forces, I think, and their power lies among the subtleties and the sorceries. Who knows where it begins or ends? If the heart of the wife is in the ruby jewel, the arms of the wife are in the ruby velvet. . . . Shall I extend them?

My old gown is quite crushed and paled; it has a grieved look. Why do I hesitate to have more wife velvet? Why is it so difficult to renew a faded rapture? And is it a duty? Or a sacrilege?

"YOU are looking tired," the doctor said to-day; "we must have a better color before Mr. Herwin comes." He talks a good deal about Mr. Herwin's coming. He seems to think of it all the time. He is so kind to Marion and to me that I can but dwell on his kindness continually. It runs through my happiness—a comfort within a hope—like a thread of silver twisted with a thread of gold. The other evening I ran out with Job about the grounds, and I saw the doctor's shadow on the shades of his office window; he was sitting at his desk, with his face bowed on his hands, and he looked to me (in the shadow) a lonely man. It occurs to me that it is rather noble in Robert to be so happy in my happiness. So was he grieved in my grieving; so was he broken on my rack.

Sometimes it seems to me that he shelters my joy as if it were a faint flame that a rude wind might blow out—as if he put his hand around it carefully.

SENT.

"September the third.

"DANA MY DEAR: I hurry this—it is but a postscript to my letter—to say that I am beginning to dream of you again (I have not lately), and that last night I had the dearest dream that ever a wife had of her husband in the dream-history of separated married people. I thought you came home sooner than we expected you, and hurried in, and said— But when you come home I shall tell you all about it, if you will care to hear. I shall not forget it. Some dreams are more real than facts, I find, so I treasure this for you. I am treasuring much. I am preserving my power to be happy (for that is a faculty which weakens rapidly with disuse), and am flinging off my experience of suffering. I am forgetting that you have hurt me, and remembering that you are coming to me. I am forgetting that we have ever failed to make each other happy, and I am thinking

that we loved each other dearly. And, Dear, I began to write this only to tell you that I have begun to count the days. I think you will sail on the 17th of October; don't you? And that is forty-and-four days.

"And I am four-and-forty times your waiting "WIFE."

September the fifth.

LAST night I dreamed again of Dana, and I write it out to rid me of it. It was a composite dream, and worse than any. There was the log and the swamp, the seven cypresses and the yucca, and the viper; the coil, the spring, and the fall; and there were the bars of crosses, and the dungeon, and his uplifted hand with the wedding-ring. And there was always his dark, offended face.

Then he came home, in the dream, and he was—as he used to be before he went away; and he spoke and he did—as he used to speak and do. And, oh, it all happened all over again! My husband was not kind to me—he was not kind!

September.

I WENT to church to-day with Marion. They sang: "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be." . . . What if, when he comes back, it should be just the same? Will the ice in his nature solidify? Or the fire of it melt? It is a war of the elements. It is a strange thing when a wife must say: I know no more than any other woman, any chance acquaintance, what my husband will do, how his character will express itself.

September the tenth.

AND yet we are very happy. It is as if the bow of pain had bent, and the arrow of joy were flying to its mark. We live in a kind of exaltation. I can see my excitement reflected in every face—Mercibel's, Marion's, Ellen's, and, most sensitively of all, in Job's; more unerringly than any person, Job knows when I am glad or sad.

The doctor's sympathy is a fact by itself, something apart from that of other friends. It is like the atmosphere, or the law of gravitation. I breathe it, and I stand upon it. What was I writing the other day about elements? There is elemental peace as well as elemental war.

I am young and well (as women go), and I inherit physical health, but I think, as I look back on the closing record of this year, that if it had not been for Robert I might have died.

I told him so this evening.

"Do not overestimate that," he said quickly. We were sitting on the piazza, for there is a warm starlight, and he had come over to see if I had heard any news from Dana.

"It would not be possible," I persisted, "to tell you, Robert, how I feel about what you have done for me—the kindness, the care, the trouble you have taken for us—the obligation—"

Ellen, from the nursery above, where she was putting Marion to bed, began to sing shrilly:

His lov-ing ki-i-*ind*-ness, oh, how great!

"Listen!" I said, laughing, and I held up my hand. It was my left hand, and the moon blazed upon my wedding-ring. I crossed my hands in my lap, and my betrothal ruby flared before my eyes and his, a gleam of crimson fire. The doctor did not speak, and I sat and watched the ruby—of all colors the glorious, the rapturous, burning deep down to the heart.

"It is chilly for you here," said the doctor. "You will come indoors." He did not speak quite naturally, though quietly and firmly, as he always does. He rose, and stood for me to pass in at the door.

"Are n't you coming in?" I cried. I felt disappointed; I am alone so much, and it is such a comfort to me to see my old friends—I have not too many. No; I will be quite candid: it is a comfort to me to see the doctor. How could I help that? How could I? If I ought, I would. And I should be willing to show him my whole heart and all that is therein, and I am sure he knows that, too. I have not a thought nor a feeling that I should be uncomfortable to have him see, and when Dana comes I shall tell them all to Dana—every one.

"I don't think I will come in to-night," replied the doctor. "My patients—" He paused.

"How is the old lady?" I demanded. "How many has she had to-day?"

"Only two. I should soon discharge her, but she does n't want to go." He laughed. That laugh seemed to clear the air of I know not what, and I know not why.

"There!" I said. "You see for yourself it is much better to come in. Your patients are all quite comfortable just now. There is not one of them who needs you as much as I."

Hesitating perceptibly, he came in. There

was a fire laid on the library hearth, and he took a match and lighted it. The blaze leaped and struck him in the face. . . . I was shocked at its expression.

"I have hurt you!" I managed to say.

"Child," he faltered, "you cannot help it. I wish to change Marion's medicine," he hastened to add in his usual voice, "while I am here. Will you ring for a glass? Or shall I?"

I rang, and Luella brought the tumbler, and the doctor prepared the medicine silently. He had not sat down, and I pushed a chair toward him; he did not appear to see it.

"Two teaspoonfuls once in four hours, if you please, Mrs. Herwin." His tone was quite professional, and the muscles of his face had stiffened; I perceived that he did not mean to stay—perhaps, God knows, that he did not dare. Then swiftly it seemed to me as if I could have gone up and sat at his feet and put my head on his knee, like Marion, and cried; and I thought how he would have put his hand on my head and comforted me, as he does the child. And I was not ashamed that I thought it; but I did not tell him my thoughts. I opened my lips to say, "Don't go, Doctor!" and I closed them. I should be glad to remember that I did not say it, only that I am afraid I said a thing less kind, more weak. For everything that I had ever read and heard about friendships that people may have—men and women, right women, good men—came crowding to my mind. Once I thought it impossible that I could experience friendship, or need it, after I married Dana: now, to-night, I remembered all that haughtiness of happiness and that bigotry of inexperience with a kind of scorn of myself, for I perceived that I am more pitiable, needing friendship, than I was happy, having love. My head swam a little, and Dr. Hazelton's face seemed to blur and recede from me like a countenance within a cloud, so exalted was the man's look.

"Doctor!" I cried, "what is *this?* Is it friendship, Robert?"

Then across his eyes there passed the sacred war which no woman, witnessing, could forget: for she would reverence the man and do him obeisance in her soul forever, because his knew no reproach, as it had known no fear; and because the affection with which he had honored her was a matter to be proud of, and nobler for, and better for, as long as she should live, or he.

"Call it friendship, child," said Robert, not quite steadily. "It is a good word, safe and strong, and it is respected of God and men.

"It is quite a true word, too," he added more distinctly—"for you, Marna." His eyes did not evade me, but met mine wistfully and straight; they were as remote and as mournful as the eyes of some higher being set to watch the sealed tomb of a lower life. He spoke more quickly: "We must be honest with ourselves in everything—you and I. And very careful. I try to be."

"I know you do! I know you are!" I cried. "God bless you, Robert!"

He held out his hand; it was cold. I put mine into it, trembling; for I felt afraid—but not of him.

September the thirteenth.

WHO was it who wrote that "God bless you!" was equal to a kiss? Sterne, I think. But what could Sterne know of the holy war, the sacred victories, the high nature of a man like this, the soul of a desolate woman, saved from despair because she had been understood, and guarded, too?

September the fifteenth.

WHERE did I track that ballad about the skipper's daughter?

" . . . a man might sail to Hell in your companie."

"Why not to Heaven?" quo' she.

It has doubled, and is hunting me down.

September the twentieth.

THERE is no letter from Dana. And it is our wedding-day. What a freak of fate that a woman should try to forget her wedding-day! The doctor has not been over to-day at all.

September the twenty-first.

THIS morning very early, at half-past eight, the doctor came. He walked in without ringing, and called me, in a low voice, from the foot of the stairs. I ran down, and Marion and Job came tumbling after. The doctor detained the child gently, that she should not follow us into the library; but Job slid in. Then Robert shut the door, and *then* I saw the cold autumn morning light full upon my old friend's face.

"Dana is dead!" I cried.

"No—no—*no!*" he gasped. "It is only—this."

He held out a cablegram; his hand shook

more than mine. I read it, and folded it, handing it, without speaking, to the doctor, who extended his fingers to take it back. This was the despatch:

"*To Dr. Hazelton.*

"Sail Saturday San Francisco. Advised voyage round Cape for health. Have written. Tell my wife.

"HERWIN."

I COULD not see quite clearly for a little, and I got to the Morris chair and put my head back. Job jumped into my lap and began to kiss me, whining as he did so. It was so dark about me that still I could not see any object in the room except the face of the Yorkshire, and I clung to my dog; I think I said: "*You* love me, Job, at any rate," but I am not sure. I did not think about Marion, nor about any person. It was as if I were a girl again, and had only Job. I believe I said, "Father! I want my father!" but I cannot tell; and then I suppose the doctor caught me and lifted me, for I felt that I was slipping sidewise to the floor.

When my head cleared and the room had lightened, I was on the lounge. Mercibel was doing something to my clothes and rubbing my feet; the doctor had my hands in his, and warmed them gently; there was brandy on the table, and his medicine-case. As I turned, he drew my little girl between us, and put her in my arms. Marion began to babble: "Pity Popper!" Then my voice came to me, and broke upon me, overcoming me against my will. I am afraid I said:

"Oh, pity *Mommer*, Marion! Pity *Mommer!*"

No one spoke in answer to me. In the stillness I heard the dog whining. They had put him down, and he crawled back upon the lounge, and made his way to my neck, and clung there and kissed me with compassionate rapture—my truest and most helpless friend.

September the twenty-second.

I WRITE, that I may endure: for it helps me to do so—it always did; I am thus created. To-day the doctor suffered me to talk of what has happened, though he would not yesterday; but now I am much stronger, and stiller, for I will not break under this broadside, nor will I be shamed by it to my own soul.

"You have gained perceptibly since last evening," he began in his usual voice. "You are brave."

"I am the veriest coward who ever was selected to stand under heavy fire," I protested. "The only thing is that I know it, and so don't run."

"That is the way the best soldiers are made," replied the doctor, smiling sadly.

"Run I *will* not—from *this*," I said. "It is a battle to the death now. There is one thing on which he has not counted—the roused pride of a tender woman. The powder was belated," I added, "and it is smokeless, Doctor; but it will do some execution yet."

Something in my voice seemed to wring his heart.

"Marna!" he entreated me, "*Marna*, don't!"

"Robert," I demanded, "tell me the holy truth. Nothing less and nothing else will serve me now. *Has my husband deserted me?*"

He had now quite regained himself. His averted profile did not betray him; it was gray and pinched, but it is often so. He turned his head and looked me nobly in the eye.

"I will not deceive you," he said. "It may be so. *I do not know.*

"Believe the best," he added in his reasonably cheerful voice, "until your letter comes. There is to be a letter yet."

I said: "Oh, is there?" I had forgotten all about the letter.

October the first.

AND once I was writing notes to ghosts—my mother, who ceased from me when I was a little girl, and pretty Ina, dead in her teens. There are no ghost letters on these pages now. Life has accepted my manuscript, and edited it sternly, drawing his delemark through all the fantasies.

And yet, I think if I could see my father for one moment, perhaps he would find a way to help me. He always did; he was full to the brim of love-inventions. And if he came in at the door and said, "Now, daughter—" I should expect the miracle. In the last few days I think I have prayed to my father.

If Dana should never come in at the door again—there is no letter yet. I have come to regard the door as an enemy, as something forced between us, and I have stolen down for several nights and drawn the bolts, and slept with the house unlocked.

October the third.

THE letter has come. I suppose it is what I should expect, and yet I cannot say that it is. He sets forth the fact that he has not

been well, and that the only doctor he could get hold of in that blanked country who seems to possess a dose of sense ordered the sea-voyage. He takes a coasting steamer, by name the *Marion*. He will cable from San Francisco, and I am to write to the hotel the name of which he gives me. He is sorry to disappoint me, and I shall hear from him as often as possible. He cannot yet set a date for his return, but hopes that it will not be long delayed. He sends his love to the baby, and his regards to the doctor, to whom I am to express my husband's warmest gratitude for the faithful care which has been given to the family. The letter reads like a copy-book with broken sentences; there are several such, and the whole thing is a reluctant medley. There is not a genuine word in it from beginning to end. He adds that he is glad to leave a country where there are two thousand species of insects and where the spiders are as large as—something that I could not make out.

Later.

A SCRAP from Dana's letter fell when I opened the envelop,—I suppose I was confused and excited,—and it wavered away and dropped somewhere. Job has just found it and brought it to me, wagging joyously. When I read the scrap, I kissed Job and blessed him, for this is it:

"P.S. You 're a sweet old girl, Marna. For God's sake, think as well of me as you can."

October the fourth.

I SHOWED the letter to the doctor, for I felt that I had better.

"Is this all?" he asked.

"There is a postscript," I admitted. "I do not know whether to show it to you or not."

"Have you written?" he persisted.

"No."

"Cabled?"

"No."

"Are n't you going to do either, or both?"

"I have not made up my mind."

"Let me see the postscript," he replied authoritatively.

I unfastened it from this page and showed it to him, and pinned it back again in its place. Neither of us spoke. The doctor went to the window in that way he has, and stood with his hands in his pockets, looking out, a sturdy figure, all man, from his strong head to his firm foot. I wondered that I had ever called him "too short," and that I used to think him plain.

"You stand between me and despair," I thought. But the thing I said was:

"Robert, what shall I do?"

"Give me time," he answered patiently; "I must think." He left me without looking at me.

October the fifth.

TO-DAY he came again, and began at once:

"Mrs. Herwin, I have come to say that I do not know how to advise you. This situation has passed beyond me. It has passed from the ordinary to the extraordinary perplexity. I am afraid— I am sorry to seem to fail you!" He broke suddenly.

"There is a point," he hurried on, "where the third soul cannot trespass. Your tragedy has reached that point. It may not remain there: it may take on new phases—something where I can be of use again. If I can —you know you will not have to ask."

I said something—I don't know what—half inarticulate; but he spoke again, before I had finished:

"Just now I think only your own heart can counsel you. Follow it. I can give you no other advice to-day. When I have considered the matter further I may have more to say. For the present, do not depend upon my judgment, but upon your own instincts."

As he moved to leave me, a shaft of sunlight which his figure had interrupted fell across the hair of my little daughter, who, running in, had sprung upon me and at that moment laid her face upon my lap. I put out my hand to smooth her curls,—her father's curls,—and the ruby on my finger received the light deep to the core of the splendor.

"It is the heart of the wife," I thought.

Yet at that moment, so perplexed am I, so torn and troubled, it seemed to me that if the doctor left me so I should perish of my bewildered desolation. And I did utter these weak and bitter words:

"I am sorry to have been so troublesome to you."

He wheeled as if I had smitten him.

"I think, Mrs. Herwin, I have deserved to be better understood by you than that."

Then indeed I followed the counsel of my heart, for it urged me, and I cried out:

"Forgive me, Robert! I am so wretched! I have nobody but you!"

I got up to put Marion out of the room, for it was no sight for her, to see her mother weeping, and I could not have helped it if

I had been slain for it. I shut the door, and put my head on the top of the Morris chair, and, so standing, I cried and cried.

And then I heard from between the teeth of my old friend these five half-strangled words:

"Good God! How *could* he?"

I do not think he knew I heard them, and I hope he did not. I motioned him to leave me, and he did so instantly. I did not see his face, for I did not lift my own.

October the tenth.

THERE have been burglars about us lately, and the neighborhood is uneasy. I wonder why I am not? A burglar is such a small trouble. I have scarcely seen the doctor for a week, and although I have been really ill with I don't know what, I have not summoned him. To-day Mercibel came over, and ran back, and sent him immediately. He was so entirely himself that he put me at my ease at once. Neither of us referred to the circumstances of his last call. He prepared his powders, gave me some quiet professional advice, and rose to go. Then, quite naturally, as he has been in the habit of speaking, he observed:

"Have you cabled?"

"No."

"Written?"

"No, Doctor."

"Are you going to?"

"I have not made up my mind. Of course he is at sea now. Is there any hurry?"

He did not reply.

"If this is desertion—" I began.

"And if it is not?" interrupted the doctor, quickly.

"Robert," I said, "if you knew anything about Dana that I did n't—should you tell me?"

"Perhaps not."

"And yet, if I needed to know, if I ought to know—"

"Have you ceased to trust me, Marna?" Robert asked.

I held out my hand. He took it, laid it down, and looked at me.

"You may not have all the perplexity," he said gently. "I am trying to do the best I can."

"If the worst were true, if he means—this," I insisted, "would you have me pursue him?"

A terrible gleam flickered in Robert's eyes, but his pale lips were locked.

"And if the worst were not true—if there were some reason, something that I do not understand—"

"Consider this possible," he interrupted more impetuously than he is apt to speak; "in making your decision, allow for such a margin— If I *knew*, I should be able to counsel you. I cannot advise you on a working hypothesis. As the thing stands at this crisis, I would rather trust your heart than my head.

"Child," he added, "remember that I am not—unwilling to do—anything. I have a good deal to consider—not for myself—but for you, Marna."

Then he fell upon the phrase that he had used before:

"We must do—God help us!—the best we can."

November the tenth.

WHERE is that cataract which spends itself before it becomes spray and falls, so great the height from which it leaps? Nothing but mist reaches the ground.

What shall a woman do with the current of a feeling fixed at too far a height, and dashing over to its own destruction in too deep a gulf? My love is a spent cataract, wasted in mid-air. Last night I waked suddenly and found myself saying, "I wish I had never seen my husband's face." I have never said that before. It is as if I had blasphemed for the first time in my life. I quiver with it yet. When I slept again, I waked again, and that time I was saying:

> Oh, each man kills the thing he loves;
> The brave man does it with a sword,
> The coward with a kiss.

I have not heard from Dana. The doctor asked me two weeks ago if I had written, and I said, "Only that once." I kept a copy of the letter, as I have—I wonder why—of several letters (but not all) that I have written him since he went to South America.

SENT.

"MY DEAR DANA: I try to write, as you asked, but my pen is dumb. What would you have me say? If a man would kill the thing he loves, he smites to slay, he does not vivisect. If you would tear the tie between us—be a man and tell me so. There is, I think, a circle of fate where a woman's love will parley with neglect no more. Mine has reached that invisible circumference. It used to be eternal growth and motion, like the ripples of the ether, when a sacred word has been spoken, widening on and out for-

ever. Now everywhere that I turn I meet the boundary; and I must say that I am afraid to measure it, lest I should perceive that it is narrowing. Are you playing with your own soul or with my tenderness? Be candid with me, for your own sake, for the child's, and for mine.

"MARNA.

"P.S. Dana! Dana! You ask me to think the best I can of you. Then tell me what to think, I pray you, Dear. Are you sick? I would come to you anywhere, anyhow—and, oh, I would cherish you still. Are you in any trouble? I would share it to the uttermost pang. Have you done anything wrong, Dana? I would be the first to forgive it, to forget it. I would help you to put it behind you, to bear the consequences, no matter what they are or might become. Trust me, Dana. Confide in me—even now. Tell me the worst, and I will believe the best. Share with me your trouble—I don't care what it is—even if it is the trouble of ceasing to love me. Let us meet that misery together as once we met love together, and help each other to bear it as best we can, because we chose each other, and you did love me, and I am

"YOUR WIFE."

There has been no answer to this letter. The spray of the cataract turns sleet, and I can imagine that in time there might a glacier form in the gulf below.

I can see that the doctor grows anxious. He has ceased to ask me whether I have written to my husband. Nor do I longer question him. I can see that Mercibel pities me. I thought I was fond of Mercibel, but now I do not like to have her near me very often. I do not care to see any person,—I wince at every point of human contact,—yet I cannot show it. I am like an animal fixed in a torture-trough by experimenters. My house has become my world. I see my servants, my child, and the doctor. He does not come as often as he did. I perceive that even he is affected by the position I am in, and that, in fact, I can take no natural hold on life anywhere. Robert is very careful. The Knight of the Sacred Circle makes no weak mistakes. Yet I feel from my soul that my fate bears upon his continually. I may be wrong,—a desolate woman is apt to lose her sense of proportion in measuring her effect upon a man who cares for her at all,—but it seems to me as if my old friend did not forget me for an hour. And when he does come—oh, God bless him! God bless him as I never can, but as I would, and I am not afraid or ashamed to say so! I would so bless him, if I could, that he should be happier, having my friendship, than he could be having the love of any gladder, freer woman in the world.

I wish that I could tell him so.

November the twelfth.

HE came to-day, and I tried to tell him; it seemed to me as if I must—as if I owed so great a debt to his chivalry, and his pure and high affection, that the least I could do was to express as much as that to him. Why, I could say it before all the world! But he forbade me by a gentle motion of the hand.

"Hush, Marna. You need not explain it. I understand.

"It is true," he added, as if he had really understood the very words upon which he sealed my lips. "I do feel in that way. And I am happier—as it is—than I could be—"

"You need not explain, either," I interrupted, smiling. "I, too, can understand."

We shook hands and parted quietly. His presence remains for a long while after he has visibly left me. I read the other day:

It is easy to throw off a hand of flesh, but not the clasp of a human soul.

Everything comes to the spirit at last, I find. Might there be some subtle and sacred advantage reserved for that which begins with the spirit and does not descend?

Love is like God, omnipotent, immutable, inscrutable, and they that worship it must worship it in spirit and in truth.

Next to God, the best thing is a true-hearted and high-minded friend.

November the fifteenth.

MARION was taken suddenly last night with one of her croupy throats (she is entirely relieved to-day), and Ellen telephoned for the doctor. It was half-past two. He got over on the wings of the wind, and lavished himself upon the baby for an hour; nor did he speak to me at all, except to give me professional orders. When the child was relieved, he asked me to step down-stairs for a moment. We stood together in the hall. There was no light except from the compass-candle, which I had carried down; it had a gentle flame.

"I found the front door unlocked," he began with abrupt severity. "You had sent Ellen to draw the bolts for me, I presume?"

"No, Doctor."

"Was it intentionally unlocked?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"Why?"

"I cannot explain why. I—feel happier so."

"Since when?"

"Oh, for quite a while, I think. It seems as if I *could* not lock it. I tried."

"This has been so since your husband cabled last?"

"Yes, Robert."

"Don't you know that it is positively unsafe—for yourself, your family? You must know that the autumn burglaries in the suburbs have been worse this year. You are as liable to have trouble as any one else, and you are—quite unprotected."

"We sleep with all our bedrooms bolted, Doctor—thoroughly."

"You should sleep with your front door locked and bolted after this."

I made no reply.

"Will you do so, Mrs. Herwin?"

"No, Dr. Hazelton."

"Why not, Marna?"

"I cannot bolt that door, Robert."

"Very well," said the doctor; "I shall send over a man to sleep here after this—one of my nurses. I can spare Eliot, just now, perfectly well; he is on day duty, and likely to be. He is entirely trustworthy, and too well trained to ask for reasons why. You will make up the sofa-bed for him in the library, if you please. He will come over to-morrow night at ten o'clock."

I offered no protest,—indeed, it did not occur to me till to-day that I could,—and the doctor left without another word. As he opened the front door, the wind puffed out the compass-candle and left me staring.

"What should I do without it?" I thought as I groped up-stairs in the dark.

November the sixteenth.

ELIOT came over at ten o'clock last night, and disappeared from public life in the library sofa-bed. I slid down and unbolted the front door, as usual, and slept as I have not done for weeks—not listening, nor quivering. Eliot is so used to watching that he would stir at any sound.

November the seventeenth.

TO-DAY the doctor found me grappling with the shipping news, a feeble self-delusion. I never knew there was any before, and I might as well be turned afloat on the stock-market. He took the paper from my hand. In his eyes I saw unfathomable compassion.

"I will attend to all that," he said.

"If there should be any wreck?" I whispered.

"There is no wreck," answered Robert. "The *Marion* has arrived in port quite safely."

"How long have you known this?" I asked, when my head ceased whirling.

"About two weeks."

"Why did you not tell me?"

"Would it have done any good, been any easier? I tried to choose the lesser pang for you."

There was nothing to be said. I felt that the misery in my eyes leaned upon the chivalry in his too utterly, too heavily. I turned my face away.

November the twentieth.

TOLSTOY says that people should marry in the same way as they die—"only when they cannot do otherwise."

In the main condition of civilized human happiness, is there a terrible structural fault? Is the flaw in the institution of marriage itself, or is it in the individual?

Why did Dana find it impossible to be happy on the terms of married life? Other men are. But *are* they? Is society dancing under a white satin mask—the sob or the grimace beneath? Is my lot only more crudely or vulgarly expressed than others selected from the general experience—a cry instead of a satire? Dana loved me—madly once, dearly afterward. Why did not the dearness remain when the madness had gone? Must a man cease to value because he has won? Is this a racial trait, or Dana's trait? Am I meeting the personal misery, or the fate of my sex? Why, when I endured so much, could he bear so little? How, when I cherished, could he neglect? Why, when my tenderness clung, could his unclasp?

Once I was a proud girl. Plainly, I should never have become a loving wife. That was a mistranslation of nature. It was the Descent of Woman. If this which has befallen me is *Man*, not *Dana*, then some woman of us should lift her voice and warn the women of the world what woe awaits them in the subterfuge of love. Now I remember my dream—how I sat in the amphitheater, and saw myself and Dana on the stage, and blamed myself for the excessive part that I played in my tragedy, and the house rose upon me from the pit to the boxes, for it was serried of women, and they said: "You are ours, and of us, forever"; and I cried out

upon them: "Then womanhood and manhood are at civil war!"

Why does a woman trust herself to love, or to her lover? Friendship is the safer, as it is the saner thing.

If it is *Man*, not *Dana*, what then, I say? It is conceivable that the time might come when the Princess in the great Medley of Life should make no feint of battle,—to be beaten, poor girl, by all the military laws,—but in some later, wiser day should gather her forces, and order her heralds, and proclaim the evolution of her will: "We give you all that history has taught us you can be trusted with—our friendship, sirs. For the rest, we do reserve ourselves."

There is no word from Dana, yet, of any kind. Every one has ceased to speak to me about my husband.

November the twenty-fourth.

LAST night a strange thing happened. It was pretty late, as much as half-past eleven, and Eliot had come in and was asleep (or he says he was) in the sofa-bed. I had not slept at all. The telephone called sharply—I think it was twenty-five minutes to twelve, for the compass-candle showed my watch as I sprang. I got into my old ruby negligée and ran. Eliot, in his nurse's dressing-gown, stood tall and lank in the hall. He had the receiver at his ear. As I flew down the stairs he was saying:

"26—6? Yes, this is 26—6."

. . . . . .

"Mrs. Herwin's? Yes. This is Mrs. Herwin's house. Yes, she is at home—yes. I will call her."

. . . . . .

"Yes; Mrs. Herwin is coming. Hold the wire."

I took the receiver from his hand, and he stepped back. I motioned to him to return to the library. He did so, and I think he shut the door. I said:

"Who wishes Mrs. Herwin?"

There was no reply. I repeated my question, more loudly and quite distinctly; but there was no answer. In a kind of nervous fright, I rang the Central peremptorily. The night operator, stupid with sleep, was inclined to view the summons in the light of a personal offense.

"You 've cut me off!" I cried. "Give me my message."

The night operator made some inarticulate answer—Dana would have called it actionable. He said the baby used actionable language when she cried.

"Please give me my message!" I pleaded. "It may be very important. I must have that message. Oh, *do* give me my message!"

"Great Scott!" said the night operator.

The night was windy and cold, and the wires sang wildly. As I stood waiting, the noise deepened; it was as if the electric forces pitted themselves against me, that I should not have the message. I threw the whole power of my voice upon them:

"Who wants Mrs. Herwin? Here she is. *I am here,*" I repeated clearly.

Faint, far, infinitely far, jarred and jagged, like a cry coming from a falling star, it seemed to me as if a voice replied. But what it said I could not hear, I do not know. The rage of the wires increased. I called till I was spent. The electric protest, as if hurled from a mighty throat, grew into a roar. It was now impossible to communicate even with our own exchange. The cold drops started upon me, I do not know why. I experienced a kind of supernatural fear.

The library door opened, and the nurse stepped out.

"Come away, Mrs. Herwin," said Eliot, suddenly. "It is of no use. I will call the doctor."

"You can't," I protested; "the wires won't work. Listen to that roar! Horrible!" I put the receiver to his ear.

"It does sound ugly," admitted Eliot. He was now dressed, and he put on his hat to go for the doctor.

"Go back to bed," I said peremptorily. "There is nothing in the world that the doctor can do. Why should you rouse that tired man? Tell him in the morning.

"I am not your patient," I maintained, when the nurse hesitated; "I am your hostess. Go back to bed, Mr. Eliot."

With no more words, he went. I crawled up-stairs, and lay staring till dawn. The white electric light of the street-lamp that I have always loved, and Dana used to like, flooded the lonely room. The telephone wires raved on the roof of the house, and the banshee suddenly joined them.

November the twenty-fifth.

THE doctor was disturbed by the telephone story, but he would not discuss it with me. He and Eliot have been in some sort of consultation, and it is my opinion that Robert went in person to the exchange to-day. It did not occur to me to do as much, I am so used to the doctor's thinking of everything.

"Have you found out where the message came from?" I asked him suddenly.

He shook his head. I was so sure, however, he had heard something, that I insisted:

"What was it, Robert?"

"It was a long-distance call," he said.

There was no repetition of the call last night.

November the twenty-seventh.

LAST night at half-past twelve—I had not slept, but was lying in my old red gown, all ready for any summons—the telephone called again, and again I ran.

This time I was in advance of Eliot; in fact, the nurse seemed to have slept through the ringing of the call-bell, at which I was surprised; he did not come out of the library, and I answered the call myself.

The night was as mute as eternity, and the wires were clear and calm. Again, as before, a distant operator asked:

"Is this 26—6?"

"This is 26—6."

"Mrs. Herwin's house?"

"It is Mrs. Herwin's house."

"I wish to speak with Mrs. Herwin."

"I am Mrs. Herwin."

A clumsy silence intervened. Then I heard the distant operator say:

"Here 's your party. Why don't you speak up?"

A faint voice feebly uttered an indeterminate sound.

"Who wants Mrs. Herwin? *Oh, who are you?*" I cried.

The unsuccessful articulation struggled and fell feebly from the wire. The distant operator took offense.

"Why don't you talk, now you 've got your party? You 've got no more voice than a ghost. Speak up, man, in Heaven's name! Can't? Mrs. Herwin, the party can't talk. He can't be heard. And he won't talk through me. He seems to be an obstinate party—he—"

The distant operator's voice died down. I called, I rang, I threatened, I pleaded. The message was cut off as utterly as the voices of the dead.

The receiver shook so in my hand that I could not hang it up, and while I was fumbling to do so I felt it taken from me. I said: "Thank you, Eliot." But it was not Eliot. Ashen and stiff, the doctor's face regarded mine.

"Am I too late?" he asked hoarsely. "Eliot did as well as he could. It took time. Let me come, Mrs. Herwin."

As I stepped aside for him to take my place at the telephone, I perceived the impassive face of the nurse; he was shutting the library door to go back to his sofa-bed. What orders had he received and (I must say admirably) executed?

To leave me to answer the call-bell? To slip out of the window and summon the doctor?

Peremptorily, in the professional tone, this order came:

"Mrs. Herwin, go into the parlor and lie down on the sofa till I call you."

I obeyed. The doctor stood at the telephone a long time. Fragments of what he was saying fell, but I did not try to gather them. I knew everything would be right, everything would be done, now that he was there. Presently he hung up the receiver and came into the dark room; he had the compass-candle in his hand.

"I have learned where the call came from," he said in a matter-of-fact tone—as if it were hardly worth speaking of.

I sprang.

"From a town in Minnesota," proceeded Robert, quietly. "The name is Healer—one of those queer Western names."

I tried to speak, but I do not think I succeeded. I believe I meant to ask if he thought it were a real town, and my dry lips stupidly struggled with the words: "I never heard of such a place"—as if that fact bore upon the case at all.

"I happen to have some professional knowledge of the village," observed the doctor, "though that does n't amount to much. It is near St. Paul—this side. St. Paul is about as far as the telephone goes."

Then I cried out upon him:

"Oh, is there no way? Can't you find out *any*thing more?"

"I have done my best," said Robert, patiently.

(To be continued.)



THREE STRANGE ANIMALS.

NOTES BY J. M. GLEESON TO ACCOMPANY HIS DRAWINGS.

I. THE MANED WOLF, OR WHAT?



THE director of the Bronx Zoölogical Garden summed up the situation pretty accurately when, in answer to my request for information about the maned wolf, he said: "If you have seen him, you know as much about him as any one." I had felt quite ashamed when for the first time I gazed wonderingly upon this strange and weirdly constructed creature, and realized that I knew absolutely nothing about him. His scientific name, *Canis jubatus*, had been only a meaningless word; but on making inquiries on every side, and examining the transactions of the various zoölogical societies, I found there was nothing to be ashamed of, for virtually nothing of his habits is known. His name certainly is a misnomer, for be he wolf, fox, or wild dog,—and he is classified as each of these by various experts,—maned he certainly is not, any more than is the gray wolf or even the collie. He appears to me to be more fox-like in appearance and character than anything else, and I am sure that if he were seen in the open, with the grass covering half the length of his ridiculous legs, any one, expert, naturalist, or other, would unhesitatingly pronounce him to be a gigantic fox.

I had never seen either drawing or photograph of him, and when I suddenly came upon him in the Amsterdam zoo I felt for the moment that I was the victim of some optical illusion. He was lying down. I saw what seemed to be a red fox magnified several times, looking out at me with the true fox expression; but a thin black-and-red leg stuck out from the curled-up body to such a distance that I fairly held my breath with astonishment. Just then he sprang lightly to his feet and stalked gravely up and down the front of his cage—short neck, huge ears, thin, pointed muzzle, the long needle-like canine teeth showing for half an inch against the jet-black under lip, and his legs more out of proportion than those of the giraffe. He seemed literally to be walking on stilts.

His eyes were large and black, rather close together, and with the timid, anxious fox expression, quite unlike the bold yet wary expression of a wolf. His body was about the size of a large timber-wolf, and was covered with rather long, coarse, yellowish-red hair, broken with certain black and white markings. The face was red, growing dark toward the muzzle; the under jaw was jet-black, suddenly changing at the junction of the neck into snow-white; the ears, very large and somewhat rounded at the tips, were red on the outside and white within; from the nape of the neck to the shoulder was a stripe of very dark brown hair, rather long, and, I fancy, capable of erection, when it might vaguely suggest a mane. The hair over the ribs was curly, and the under surface of the body was fawn-colored; the tail was tipped with white, and the legs were red on the outer and inner surface, and running into black toward the ankles. The feet were large, black, and hairy.

This strange animal occurs in Brazil, Paraguay, and Argentina, and is called by the natives "aquara-quazi." He inhabits the swamps and lagoons, where he remains concealed by day, coming out at night to prey upon the small rodents and reptiles. He will

even eat fruit. Occasionally, however, he will attack sheep.

He is said not to extend as far south as the pampas, and this is rather astonishing, as he seems most peculiarly fitted by nature for such an environment. There, I should fancy, he might live in almost absolute security from man, his great height enabling him to look over the tall grass and scan the country, while he could shrink out of sight behind a tiny tuft of dried grass. His speed should be enormous, for he is quick of motion, and his phenomenal reach of limb should make it possible for him to outrun anything. What a grand sight it would be to see him trying his speed with the fleet rhea, or South American ostrich, the latter with long neck outstretched, one wing held aloft, sail-like, its long muscular legs working like those of a blooded trotter, and the wolf, with ears down, pointed muzzle, tail straight out, skimming like a red streak over the ground in mighty bounds! These things, however, we shall never see, for animal life is disappearing as rapidly in South America as in our own country, and the *Canis jubatus* will in all probability soon become in very fact a name only.



DRAWN BY J. M. GLEESON.

MANED WOLF AND PACAS.

II. THE BLACK LEOPARD.

It was somewhat astonishing to find not so very long ago in one of our leading magazines an article by a well-known writer in which he seriously discussed the difference between the leopard and the panther, and it is not at all unusual to hear visitors in a zoo, while standing in front of the leopard cage, ask where the panthers are kept. They are, of course, one and the same animal. There is a very great difference in the size and structure as well as the markings of leopards, the larger species being at times called the panther. But the most astonishing thing is that in the same litter with the yellow-spotted variety may be, and frequently is, found a black leopard. The black one is not without his full complement of spots, which, of course, are visible only in very favorable lights. His coloration is, however, not the only strongly marked difference, his structural formation being generally quite different, while his character is so much so as almost to convince one that he must be a separate species. His head is generally smaller and finer than that of his spotted brother, the profile being much more curved,



DRAWN BY J. M GLEESON. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

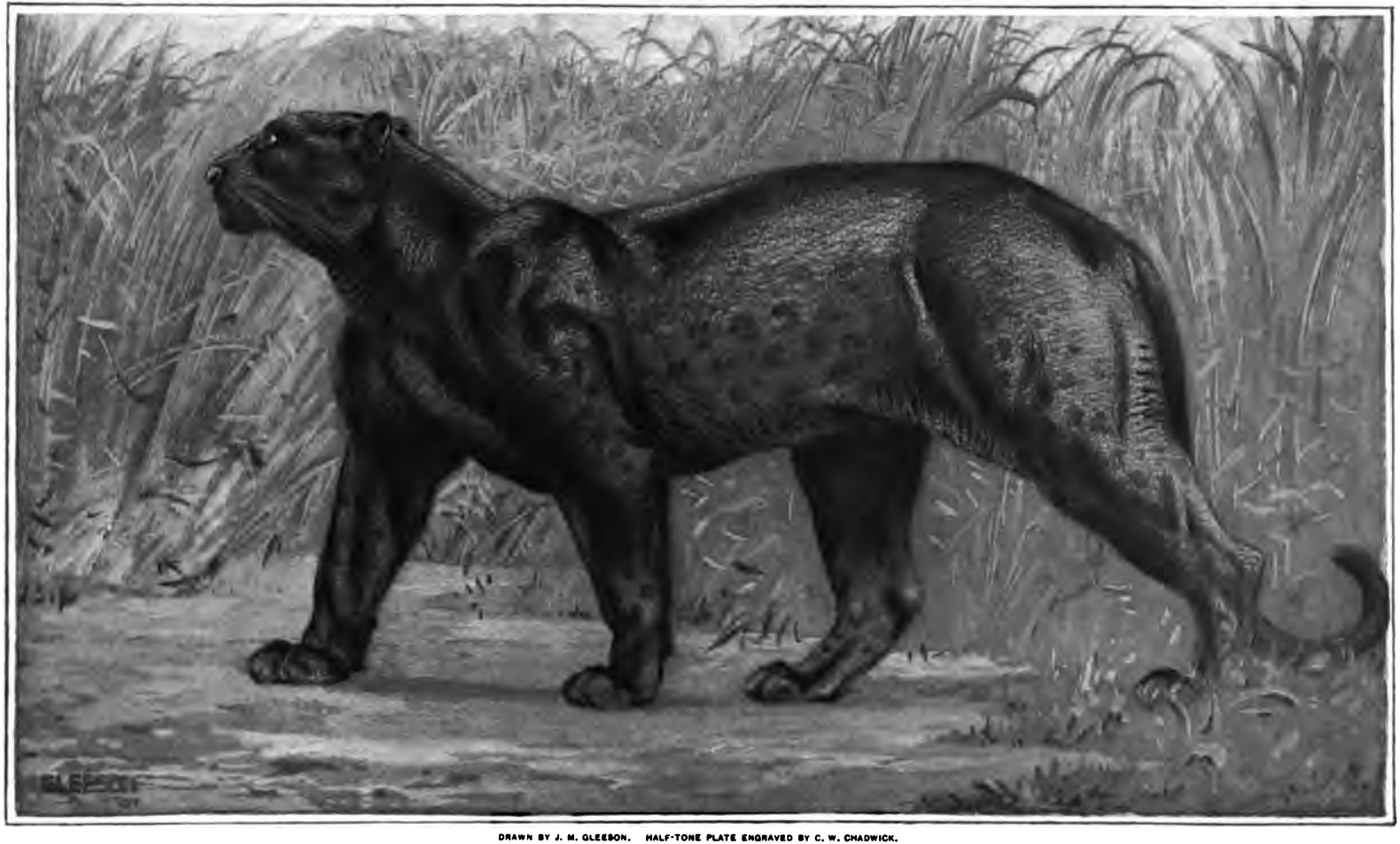
HIS NOISELESS SNARL (THE BLACK LEOPARD).

and a good specimen seems to me to be more strongly built.

I know no other animal that so completely embodies all conceptions of a dreadful savage beast of the jungle. As the spotted leopard is by his well-arranged protective coloring almost invisible in daylight, so the black leopard, moving only at night, must assimilate perfectly with the gloom of the jungle when he seeks his prey—silent, invisible, terrible. His very snarl is noiseless; the lips curl back, showing the purple gums and sharp white teeth. His yellow eyes become narrow slits of light; he emits no sound: he moves a veritable shadow, black, mighty, and as savage as a demon. Well has Kipling chosen him to play an important rôle in his splendid jungle romance; and he describes him well: "Black as the pit, and terrible as a demon." He speaks of his voice as being as "soft as honey." Of this I do not know; I have hung for weeks about his cage, but have never heard him make a sound.

For the average visitor to the zoo he is neither an interesting nor entertaining animal, for he moves but rarely during the day, and is known to most people only as a black, sulky brute always curled up in the remotest corner of his cage, and occasionally favoring them with a noiseless, vicious snarl. In the zoölogical garden at Antwerp are two splendid males, and while working there I discovered that, twice a day, one of them took some exercise. I was always there, and have made the only drawings of the real black panther that I have ever seen, all the other drawings being merely of a leopard and colored black.

There was virtually no variation in his exercise—up and down, up and down, just so many steps to the right, just so many to the left; then in circles around the cage and over a heap of artificial rocks. Then stopping in the center of his cage, facing outward, he dropped back on his haunches and fixed his eyes for a moment on the highest point of the front of his very high cage; then



DRAWN BY J. M. GLEESON. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

THE BLACK LEOPARD (ANTWERP ZOO).



DRAWN BY J. M. GLEESON. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

THE SERVAL.

straight up he flew, half-way up in a single easy bound, and caught the front bars with his paws, exactly as a man would with his hands. Another bound from that seemingly impossible position, and he was nosing the ceiling. He held on for a few moments, then, just turning his head and looking down, he sprang away from the bars and alighted lightly on his feet. On rare occasions I have seen him spring from the top of his box in the extreme rear of his large cage, strike in his flight the polished woodwork of the side of the cage, and rebounding, traverse the entire width of the cage, landing against the front bars, to which he clung. Though in a half light he gives an impression of velvet-black, he has, in a strong light, much color. The upper flat planes become blue, shading into black; along his sides and flanks the local color is a purple-brown. His eye, while appearing yellow, is in reality a light hazel.

III. FELIS SERVAL.

THIS is the largest of the smaller African wildcats, being next in size to the leopard. Like the leopard, it is found from Algeria to the Cape. It is not generally looked upon as a handsome or otherwise interesting animal, which is of course very good fortune for the cat, for it has thus escaped the slaughter which is the fate of all that is beautiful in the animal kingdom; nor has the naturalist pursued it with any keenness, as is shown by the dearth of information as to its habits, which are probably those of any other wildcat. It preys upon all kinds of small animal life, and is known occasionally to kill the gazelle. The specimens in zoölogical gardens do not appear much more formidable than a house cat, but a good specimen taken wild may measure five feet in length, of which about one fifth is tail.

I find the serval handsome and in certain poses even statuesque, reminding me of the bronze figures of animals found with Egyptian mummies. Its movements are very quick and graceful, and in walking it holds its head high. Its most characteristic features are the great length of leg and the comparative shortness of tail. The hair is somewhat longer and coarser than that of the leopard, and is of a somewhat faded tawny, running into pure white on the lower parts, where the hair may be long. The spots of black are very small and far apart, but they increase in size and thickness as they approach the ridge of the back, where they run into lines. The tail is somewhat flat and is ringed with black. A pelt may be distinguished by the large black spot on the inner surface of the upper fore leg. The serval is playful, and if taken young is easily tamed. Black specimens frequently occur, the markings of the skin showing in a favorable light, as in the case of the black leopard.

HUNTING-SONG.

BY CHARLES H. CRANDALL.

OVER the jeweled lawn—
  Follow, follow, away!
Up to the hills of dawn—
  Follow, follow, away!
Ah, 't is a noble quest:
Follow the game with zest.
  Holloa! Holloa!
  Follow! Follow!
Up to the doors of Day.

Back to the glowing West—
  Follow, follow, away!
Back to the gates of rest—
  Follow, follow, away!
Back to the hearth and hall, my lads!
This is the best of all, my lads!
  Holloa! Holloa!
  Follow! Follow!
Follow the sunset ray.

Into the shades of Sleep—
  Follow, follow, away!
Never a trail to keep—
  Follow, follow, away!
Hang the horn on the wall, my lads!
Others will echo its call, my lads!
  Holloa! Holloa!
  Follow! Follow!
Peace to the hunter's day!



DRAWN BY E. NOYES THAYER. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"PESKY LITTLE RASCAL! I CAL'LATE YOU DON'T SEE NO GUN, EH!"

FIRST PRIZE IN THE CENTURY'S COMPETITION FOR HUMOROUS DRAWINGS.



DRAWN BY F. TAYLOR BOWERS. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

UNCLE ISAIAH: "DAT DAWG DONE TRACKED 'NUDDER RABBIT, SUAH! CAYN'T FOOL DIS YERE NIGGER ON RABBITS!"

SECOND PRIZE IN THE CENTURY'S COMPETITION FOR HUMOROUS DRAWINGS.



DRAWN BY GEORGE E. SENSENEY. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

A PROTEST: "VHEN I LOOK AT T'E FUSS VE MAK OFER TESE CONFOUNTET FOREIGN NOPILITIES, I AM *ALMOSHT* ASHAMET DOT I AM AMERICAN."

THIRD PRIZE IN THE CENTURY'S COMPETITION FOR HUMOROUS DRAWINGS.

THE PROVING OF LANNIGAN.

BY CHESTER BAILEY FERNALD,
Author of "The Cat and the Cherub," etc.



THE steam-launch was bowling up the bay and homeward, at high tide and twilight and spring, with the crew at military silence and two officers in lively conversation with a lady. Lannigan had not regarded the lady, though the rating "A 1!" had been whispered to him at the moment she stepped aboard. But here, as he leaned in his seat and dreamed with the evening, the flare of a match set her profile sharp against his eyes, and started up a thrill in Lannigan that kept him gazing long when the soft, compelling features had blurred in the gloom again. Strange, strange! Time had been too busy erecting her fortunes all these years for ever a touch at her lovely face. He settled down with his head in his hands, seeming to stare at the keel of the boat. But he did not see it, and he did not hear the beat of the screw or the rush and ripple of the waters.

What he saw was the wall of a long, deep garden, and, at a corner hidden by trees from a time-worn house, a girl, who leaned over, muffled in a scarf, lest he might discern her face in the starlight. What he heard, in this night of June, was her rich, old-country voice, with a bit of the blessed brogue in it, and a touch of the heart, he thought, and a quaver of longing.

"Then why will I never see ye again?" he pleaded.

"If I disappeared for years," she said, "I 'd find ye still here whistling to the robins every morning. Sure, ye 've stolen the secret of happiness, and that from some girl, I think, such a tongue ye have."

"Then ye 'd better share half the secret with me," he said, "or, faith, ye 'll be robbing it all."

"Now, true, if I thought I 'd never grow old," she laughed, "I 'd scare ye for saying that. I 'd make ye think I swallowed your blarney."

"What 's growing old to do with being young?" he said. "Why, the pleasure of growing old with you would keep a man young forever."

"Ah, yes," said the girl; "for is n't a man young always? But there 's nothing that keeps a woman young, and there 's plenty that makes her old. And that 's how little ye know of us; for I believe ye never had a mother."

"Did n't I have a mother, though?" said Lannigan. "And as handsome she was as you 'd be, now, if a bat would steal that scarf away. And she never growed old: she stayed preserved in the sweet things that none could keep from telling her. 'T was she that learned me how to read the heart behind the smile, Mary Travers; and that 's why I know ye like me prayers, though ye do pretend ye 'll come no more to the wall."

"Ye child!" said Mary Travers, drawing the scarf more tightly. "Ye never even saw me face. And if ye did, ye 'd pass me by; for I 'm the ugliest girl that ever slaved for a living. And maybe that 's why I 'm scared of to-morrow night's moon."

"Whatever marble you 're made of," said Lannigan, "it 's the heart of burning fire inside I 'm knocking at. What 's a face, Mary Travers? Sure, the divil himself is a handsome man. Ye need have no face at all, if ye like."

"Oh, with such a tongue inside your head, ye 'll never lack a roof over it," said Mary Travers. "Well, it 's good-by to ye; and when I 'm an old woman I 'll remember how pretty ye can talk to an empty face at a wall."

"I 've something important to tell ye," he called. But she had fled, and the stars looked down upon his puzzled countenance.

When he returned, the following night, she was not there, and he could not understand. Their dozen trysts had yielded what seemed to him too inevitable and from too near the source for her now to keep a promise of absence made so lightly. He gave a robin's whistle and hummed a snatch of a sailors' chanty as he walked the length of

the three inclosing walls. Then some one in the garden began tapping with a trowel on a flower-pot. He stopped and called, but only the cold wall gave echo to his greeting. It needed the brush of his feet retreating through the grass for the trowel to cease and a voice to cry:

"Don't go!"

"You 're there, then, Mary Travers!" he said. The trowel resumed; his words seemed to have fallen on deaf ears. When the trowel paused again, as he waited in doubtful silence, it was for the voice to say:

"Here, puss, puss, puss—don't go!"

"So it 's 'puss, puss, puss,' then, Miss Travers?" quoth Lannigan. "Well, I wish I was a cat—ye could n't drive me away. Will ye never cease with that trowel?" he cried, after an interval. "Did n't I say I wished I was a cat?"

"If you 're addressing me, sir," said the voice, clearly and frigidly, "I 'm not Mary Travers; and I 'm not concerned with what animal you 'd rather be."

"Now, what are ye giving me, with schoolteachers' talk!" said Lannigan, taken with what appeared the mischief of it. "I know your voice too well, Mary Travers, for I 've learned it by heart, me friend."

"Excuse me," came the voice, crisply, "but I object to being taken for a servant, and especially for Mary Travers; for I 'm like her neither in grammar nor any other way. I 'm the governess in this house, and I 'm not Mary Travers."

"Then why are ye speaking with her voice, in the garden here?" said Lannigan. "Ye 'd object, I suppose, to looking over the wall," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "to show if yourself ain't as much like Mary Travers as your voice is?"

"Most certainly I should object," said the voice. "Do you think I 'm in the habit of flirtations with casual strangers? Go away, sir!"

The young man rubbed his brow. Sure, this rudeness did not sound like Mary Travers. What were these high-priced phrases and this mouthing, and where was her brogue? He had to accept what he heard, though with astonishment. It was not the voice of Mary Travers; he had deceived himself, and he felt silly. Now, nevertheless, any one who had looked down within the garden would have seen no "governess" there, but would have seen Mary Travers—Mary Travers tapping with her trowel and keenly listening for what would happen next. There were stations more exalted than that of a governess for which she believed she could conquer or cloak her lack of equipment, even without the aid of a wall. Already she had so schooled herself that when she had talked these nights with Lannigan her brogue had been as much an affectation as her stilted utterance was now. She smiled. She was succeeding with the test she had put for herself; and equally what pleased her was the chance she was gaining skeptically to explore a man's unguarded heart. She waited while he kicked the turf and muttered his chagrin.

"Excuse me, miss," he said, to make amends, "I did n't think there was two voices in the world as fine as yours. Would Mary Travers be coming out to-night?"

"Mary Travers," came the voice, "is not employed to be drooping over garden walls."

"'T would improve the landscape if she was, miss," said Lannigan in another tone.

"Why, you seem to esteem the girl," said the voice. "You are evidently that sailor she 's talked to so much. I 'm sorry for you."

"I had n't found out why ye need be," said Lannigan.

"With her purring ways and her Irish blarney," the voice went on. "They gave her a double face when she came into the world, but they gave her no heart at all. She 'd sell her best friend for a chance to rise in society. She 's not worth the odds and ends she 's glued together of."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, miss," said Lannigan, raggedly, "but could n't you get some gentleman acquaintance to come this side of the wall and say them words to me about Mary Travers? If ye 'd only send some one, —some man that ye would n't mind if his friends brought him home horizontal, miss, —'t would help to express me views about Mary Travers."

"Of course," said the voice, "you 're the young man that works and sings by the water, there. I 'd heard such pleasant things of your character from my friends the naval officers that I can't understand your feelings for a common domestic like Mary Travers. You 're much too good for her."

"There ain't any man too good for her," came Lannigan. "And she has her friends, too."

"Do you know how she spends her wages?" said the voice. "Why, on having her teeth inlaid with gold, and buying rubber gloves to keep her hands from showing her trade. Do you think she 'd look at a man that could n't lift her out of running up and down stairs for a living? Of course

not; and that 's why she as much as told you to go about your business; for she thinks you 've neither a bank account nor a hope to get one. Some day you 'll call me your friend for telling you that."

"You can excuse me, miss," said Lannigan; "for no friend of mine says anything ag'in' Mary Travers. It 's a funny kind of a lady that talks like that of a girl that 's below her in station and not here to answer. Do ye think I did n't know it was n't her voice, all the while? Ye might as well say the sun don't shine through the windows at church as say there ain't a heart behind such a voice as Mary Travers's. Good evening!"

He gave a look along the wall, loath to leave without some sign of Mary. There was an interval, and then the silence was broken by the voice, a little more softly and somewhat constrained.

"Mary Travers is such a goose," it said, "that when you 've talked to her a bit, I suppose you make her think she has a heart. Good night, Mr. Lannigan."

Of course, as he went home, still without a reason for not having seen Mary Travers, he began to question if what he had so indignantly denied did not contain some element of truth about her: he had met the voice and withstood it, but there was this to show for the impact, just as there was something that had shown in the last words of the voice. For his part, the notion that Mary could look upon men with such cold inquiry hurt his soul, as a base intrusion of the sanctuary. If the doubt lingered on against his will, it was because of a dawning suspicion about himself, as to whether she had not some right to ask for aspirations more solid than were exhibited in his humble post and his joyousness. The thought grew, and made keener his suspense.

Mary Travers did appear at the wall on the next night. She had admitted to herself that she had no reasons for coming; so she came without any. There was a bright young moon, and the girl shaded her face as much as she could with her scarf, and stood in the deepest gloom of the lilac-tree.

"I was out here last night," he said. "I was talking to that governess girl."

"What did ye think of her?" said Mary Travers.

"I think poor of her," said Lannigan.

"But ye 'd know she was a lady, and that without seeing her, would n't ye?" said the girl.

"Oh, her grammar may be all right," he said, "but wearing diamonds in your teeth don't make a happy home. The governess is no friend of yours."

"Why, what did she say?" said Mary.

"She said as much as you 'd throw overboard your best friend, if 't would help ye to make a harbor. She said as though you laid so near the ground ye could n't see over a dollar. I want to know what ghost of a right she 's got to talk so," said Lannigan. "It 's made me want to ask you if, after all, it 's made some difference with you that I don't get very much pay and can't see the prospect of more just ahead of me."

It would have been useful to answer no; but she wished him to feel a touch of her resentment at his want of eagerness for what she thought were the prizes in the world.

"Would n't that be an easy question to answer?" she heard him say. "Does it make a difference, then?"

"There 's no need of answering it," she said at last; "for it don't make any difference to you. I mean that the governess knows the man in the next house, here, and knows I 've promised to marry him. She thinks you ought to keep away, because I ought not to be meeting ye here and him never hear of it."

Lannigan stood motionless. His silence, as he looked long and steadily up at her, touched her conscience and made her uncomfortable.

"One woman 's as good as another, ye know," she tried to say lightly. "All women know that, and most men find it out. The girl that talked to ye over the wall last night, if she 'd shown ye her face—well, you would n't be the first that pretended to lose his heart to her on sight. And me—the poor housemaid, I 'd be forgotten. Ye seem to be losing your tongue," she said, in a few moments.

"No, it ain't my tongue I 'm losing," said Lannigan. "You say ye 've promised to marry this man. That 's a bit of a serious matter. Then why have ye come and talked the way ye have so many times with me, and him not know it? Don't ye love him?"

She felt herself diminishing under his gaze, but she would not sink to humility.

"And if ye don't love him," said Lannigan, "why have n't ye told him ye don't?"

"Oh, there 's no one needs fuss but I 'll carry my end of it," she said stiffly. "And, what 's more, I 'm not afraid but he 'll take care of me, and save me from slaving when I get old."

"And so ye 'll marry him," said Lannigan;

"and ye can't stand there and say ye love him—you that have talked so free to another man under the dark! It 's because ye *don't* love him, Mary Travers."

"He 'll push his way to the front," she retorted. "He 's never been afraid to ask the world for what he wanted."

"Ye mean he has a bank account," said Lannigan; "and ye mean that me—I ain't got nothing to rattle but me tongue. But if that 's all, why ain't it all? What need was calling ye out in the dark with a covered face to ask me to tell ye what true liking was? What do ye think ye 'll come to, for committing such forgery?"

He was getting away from her, to where she could not reach to punish him. She made a change in her manner.

"You think I would n't keep my promise, if I made it," he heard her say, leaning toward him. "But I will. How do you know," she said, softly appealing, "whether I 'm not keeping a promise—and whether you have n't made it hard for me to keep it—harder than you know?"

"How do I know?" repeated Lannigan. "Why, Miss Travers, it 's nothing to me what ye keep; for I 'm not leaving anything of mine with ye. Good night, and good-by!"

She heard him whistling loudly in the distance, and he had never looked back. She summoned what thoughts she could to dispel the scorn he had left in the air. Chief of them was her belief, which he seemed to challenge and damage, that the sentimental needs of a man were more constant than his constancy. But how many days, she angrily said to herself, if given the beauty and willingness, would Lannigan stand against some other woman who appeared to fall in with his dreams and never fell out with his apathy in matters of advancement? She loosened her scarf and fancied herself as the governess again, glowing upon him and bringing him back to her feet, if she chose, before she had opened her lips. She went in and lighted a lamp before her mirror.

He had laughed and expressively kicked an old shoe from his path. He had torn a page from his catalogue, and he believed that his book was the better for being the lighter. But by midnight, in the silence of his room, the wound was flowing freely again. The memory of his mother came, suffusing him with a tenderness that spread and contritely enveloped the girl he had left at the wall. For him, whatever the wind, it was not to be bitter and brutal, but to be gravely, kindly right; and though Mary Travers was wrong, and though she thought slightly of him, it was his own lack if there had not been a dignity in his spirit so high and firm that none could pass without acknowledging it. He tried to raise his head proudly upon this basis; but it only invited him to more luminous contemplation of himself. Return to earth, and what was he, after all, in the respect of which she had flouted him? Had he ever had a higher content than to bask in the sun, with a pipe in his mouth and a jest on his lips? All those phrases with which she had flattered him about his joyousness and habit of song, it had only been her way—sweet and gentle, he was in the mood to call it—of suggesting how little the fire of ambition was alive in him.

Well, he exclaimed, pacing the narrow room of his quarters in the lighthouse station, he would make something happen. Mary Travers was not married yet; and if she felt only in honor bound to this man, there was hope. Let her bid Lannigan compel the material world for her sake, and here was the power to do it bursting his sinews. He sat down to be calm and decide where he would strike first to develop his fortunes, and the pendulum swung back from fancy to facts. He was a sea-dog; young as he was, he knew in his bones that nothing else could ever be made of him. He had never traded a boot-lace, except at a loss; and the main item of his assets was the more or less worthless promissory words of blue-jacket borrowers scattered all over the seas. Accumulating riches in a world where sick men asked in the streets for bread, how it was done was past his fathoming. And for lack of knowing, he, with his long, hard arm and his chest of iron, was to be denied the woman he loved; he was to bend like a slave and pay the tribute of his heart's desire to another man who owned a key to the soulless, inexorable mystery of wealth. Here, in the waters where this other man rode triumphantly and bore away the girl whom Lannigan loved, Lannigan seemed to be sinking, deeper and deeper, till the very pressure of the depths forced him up again to his place in the scale of gravity.

Once at Bar Harbor he had jumped into the breakers and brought out a little girl who might have drowned. Her father had made an exceedingly generous offer of reward. Lannigan had said that he would be compensated enough for his wet clothes if the gentleman would take a glass of wine with him. So the wine was drunk, as between gentlemen, with none of the patronizing in their conversation. The only other

tangible outcome of the affair was the gentleman's card,—he was a politician of eminence,—which he gave, accompanied by an offer of a kindly word to the Secretary of the Navy should Lannigan ever wish it. The card was still in Lannigan's pocket, after three years; for none of Lannigan's mates had prevailed upon him to invoke its promise.

Now he sat with the address before him and wrote three awkward letters, asserting that he considered himself competent for the duties of a quartermaster—three letters which he tore up one after another, each with a heavier heart. Adieu to his pride, he felt, in his own crude fashion. Any man who was a man, he told himself, would have made the dive for the girl. There had been no risk; and if there had been, forsooth, should an impulse that rose from his soul to the terror-struck cry of a child be hideously turned to advancement and coined into lucre? But he wrote the letter again: it was for Mary Travers's sake. He took it darkly forth and dropped it criminally in the box. He would have given much, the next moment, to have it back. Once more his spirit rose bitterly against Mary Travers; she was more like frigid Fate than flesh and blood in her way of letting him pass from her life. Of the regret and hope and fear that lay in the box with his letter he would have spoken more freely to the governess than to Mary Travers.

There was a day of rain, then one that brought sunshine and a telegram. Before he opened it he had steadied himself for a rebuke from some vague source at Washington. He was astonished to find that his promotion had been arranged by the great man as if with a gesture of a busy hand; and he was invited to write again when he needed something more. So, then, he was a quartermaster. If the fact did not restore his ancient pride, it numbed the seat of the amputation. That evening he set out for the wall. There was a heavy burden of obligation on his conscience toward the man whose daughter's life he had saved; but there was a new confidence in him, and he brimmed with things to say to Mary Travers. He specially planned the unimportance which he would give to the news of his advancement; she should see, he said to himself with a lover's fierceness, what an ignoble consideration this was beside affairs of the soul. He was coming with fresh ammunition, and he longed for the fray.

There was some one at the wall. She leaned over expectantly in a snug cloth gown, shaded by a hat of vast proportions, but illuminated at the ears and throat and fingers by rhinestones. As yet she stood where the moon came dimly, under the lilac-tree.

"Is that you or the governess?" he said. "For I 've never seen either of your faces."

"I am the governess," said Mary Travers, distinctly. "Did you know that Mary Travers is going to be married right away?"

So it was for this that his three tragic days had been preparing! There was humor in it. He gave a laugh, and picked himself up, as it were. Well, he would not let himself appear ridiculous to the governess. There was something he liked about her—something a man could grasp if he wished to forget himself.

"Yes, I had an idea of it," he said measuredly, taking out his pipe. "'T was a nice girl, Mary Travers."

"Oh, she was n't very handsome," said the governess, mendaciously, "but some men liked her. You know you made me angry, because you compared her to me. But I don't think quite the same about men as Mary Travers does: my ideas are more like yours," she said, without a blush.

"I 'm glad I met ye," he said. "Most girls, nowadays," he added, with the philosophy of his one experience, "don't have any ideas about men: their ideas is all about money."

"Not the right kind of a girl," said the governess. "You 've been as unlucky as I was—up to the time I met you." She moved a little way so that she stood in the moonlight; she looked up at the stars, and the beams came full in her eyes, and the beauty of sky and trees and stars was lost beside the beauty of her face. "I mean," she said, with a gentle smile, "that all the men I ever knew—till I met you—considered that looks was what counted most in a girl."

"Ye know why?" came the young man, inevitably. "You 're that extraordinary handsome yourself that the men can't think of anything else."

He received a look of childish gratitude, as if he had solved for her one of the mysteries of her life.

"Do you really think so?" she said. It seemed to mark a stage in their intimacy. She sat down on the wall and looked at him admiringly. "You 're the kind of man that looks terrible deep into things," she said. "I 'm thinking you could keep on looking right into any one's heart, if you wanted to."

He was so engrossed in her face that he

hardly heard her; but he nodded. She seemed to accept the nod for much that he might have fittingly interjected in words. She sighed, and happily smiled, and took off her hat, exhibiting her profile, with all her hair, against the sky.

"Sure, you 're the handsomest girl I ever saw!" said Lannigan.

"You know," she said, "it might make a difference to Mary Travers whether you was an officer or not; but it would n't to all girls. I mean," she said, with apparent difficulty, —"oh, well, I guess you don't care very much what I think!"

"Yes, I do," said Lannigan. "I got a wrong idea about you the other night. I want to make me apology."

Her head had been slowly revolving; there was no aspect of it in which she had not equal confidence.

"Do you think it looks friendly for you to stay there?" she said, turning on him radiantly. "Did n't Mary Travers ever care enough to show you those spikes in the wall?"

Aye, he thought to himself as he climbed up, to Mary Travers, somewhere in the house that loomed beyond the trees, he was like the melted snows; and here was a woman with a way as sweet as hers, and with other attributes which Mary Travers did not possess. No one in the station of a governess had ever been so cordial to him: she made him forget the burning of his heart.

"You 're not bad-looking yourself," said the governess, now that for the first time he stood within touch of her.

"Do ye know," he said, sitting contentedly, "if I had n't been coming here to waste Mary Travers's time, I 'd never met you?"

"Then you can apologize for the way you spoke to me that evening, over the wall," she said. "Go on—and speak from your heart, if you have one."

She hung over him like the ripe fruit on the bough, and he held his knee a trifle diffidently in his hands.

"Well," he said, "in the first place—you 're the handsomest girl in the world."

He was surprised by the quick change of her manner. She sat down at a distance, and looked away.

"No; I 've heard that before," she said. "That does n't come in the first place with me. That is n't what I wanted."

"But, sure, I 'm chock-a-block with appreciation of ye," he said earnestly. "When I say, solemn, 'I 'm your friend,' I could n't say more, could I?"

In a moment, as she spoke without taking her eyes from the mound that raised them above the rest of the garden, there was a deep sadness and resignation in her voice.

"Of course," she said, with a shrug and a smile, "if you can't say more—why—" she seemed to choke.

"Why, what 's the matter, me dear?" said Lannigan, jumping up.

She hurriedly hid her face in her hands and shook, as if sobbing the sentiments she could never speak; and as it was Lannigan's nature to fight first and explain afterward, so now he found that he had put his arm around her.

"What 's the matter?" he said vaguely.

She sat up and pushed away his arm.

"You don't want to see what 's the matter, and so you don't see," she said. "You 're trying to let me down easy; but you can't. Nothing can."

Her utterance seemed to fail her again. She knew from his silence that now he understood; she waited, as one who was dumb from suffering. The seconds passed, and she wondered what he would say.

"Ye know I 'm only a common sailor—a kind of sea-horse?" he said at length. "I don't savvy the game on land, at all. I could n't take decent care of ye."

"I 'm independently rich," declared the governess. "I 'm only being a governess to amuse myself."

"Ye know ye 'd have no more friends among the officers, if your husband was only a common sailor," he said. "They 'd make ye ashamed of me."

"Oh!" she flashed. "You 're not being sincere. You would n't let anything stand in the way—if you cared. You 're making pretenses! Why can't you tell me something that 's true?"

She seemed at his mercy, transfixed and helpless. All the mighty love which he thought was in her heart for him shone from her pleading eyes. They set themselves upon him as if not to let him have his will, not to let him think, but to bend him to say the three words that always afterward would be her trophy of their interview. In a moment she saw fit to look down again. He had taken her one gloved hand, and in his voice there was a truer tenderness than she had ever listened to.

"The truth is," he said, "I can be a petty officer to-morrow, if I want to accept. And you 're the handsomest girl I ever met; and you 're a lady, and no one ever had the right ideas as much as you. You seem to be all

I 've dreamt of, and more besides; but you see, you ain't Mary Travers, and you can't be. That 's the trouble. Good night, and always God save ye!"

He had jumped down from the wall. She watched him disappear among the trees. She was full of emotions: what they were, what she wanted, she could not tell. She only knew that the night seemed suddenly grown chill, and that she was uncomfortable and unhappy, and that something was lacking.

His pride had been fortified by the admiration of this beautiful creature. He felt the strength to make a showing of dignity and indifference to Mary Travers, if he met her. When he purposely passed the wall again the following night it gave him satisfaction dimly to see her there in her calico gown and scarf and to send her a cheerful greeting and a word about the weather over his shoulder. But she called him back.

"I want you to come up here," she said. "I 've this to tell ye," she began, when he was seated and bore himself with fine neutrality: "the governess has left town; you 'll never see her again. And I 'm not going to marry that man."

"Why not?" said Lannigan.

"If you don't know why," she said simply, "then no one does."

So he kissed the one place on her cheek that was not obscured by the scarf, and he was glad of the gloom of the lilac-tree.

"Sure, it 's extraordinary," he said, pressing her hand as if it might dissolve. "Sure, ye 've given me a scare, Mary Travers," he added, in a few moments. "Me heart was drying up inside me, dear! And don't I get a look at your face?" he said, after a while.

"Not yet," she said. "I 've a deal else to confess to ye before I confess me face. So you 're going to be an officer, then? Hurry up and have it done before we—"

"Before we 're married," said Lannigan.

"Yes," said Mary Travers; "for I 've thought it all over. I 'll make a big man of you yet. I know how to manage people. I know how to mesmerize them. How long would it take ye to be an admiral, if ye did n't have a wife to push ye ahead?"

"Sure, not till I 've gone to sea in another world," said Lannigan, with a happy laugh. "Ye see, I 'll be only a petty officer, and not in the line of promotion—not even a warrant officer."

"Then the first thing is for you to get ordered down to Washington," she said. "*He*—he 's a reporter, you know, and understands how those things are done. He 's told me everything he knows, I guess. So I shall work the wires to have you put in the line of promotion."

"Sure," said Lannigan, with a twinkle, "ye 'll have to begin with making me a boy again. But we 'll be that happy when I am ashore that ye 'll stop bothering about commissions and gold lace. When we 're in New York I 'll take ye out to the Park every Sunday, with a glass of beer at the eating-house, and ride back in the Elevated."

"I was at Coney Island once," said the girl, reminiscently. "And once I was at that swell place in Fifth Avenue. Tell me again, why can't you be put in commission, and get to be a captain, and all that?"

"Because, me darling," said Lannigan, comfortably, "I ain't got the education; and I 'm too old to be let into the Academy to learn it, let alone wanting the pull to get appointed there. But, sure, if I 'm in command of as fine a craft as you, I 'll ask no better billet; and if I don't keep ye smiling through life, then I 'm not me mother's son."

"You 'll have to give up the navy, then," said Mary Travers, firmly. "You 'll have to drop the brogue, and mind your grammar, and try the newspaper business. *He* makes a fine salary: sometimes he gets fifty dollars a week. He says it does n't take much brains; he says it 's mostly in your feet, if you have a little bluff."

"Think of me," said Lannigan, bubbling over, "interviewing the President, with me hat cocked over me ear! No, ye 'll never get the sea-salt out of me, Mary, not with patent medicine. But a corking good petty officer I 'll make, or there 'll be fun with the gun-crew. Do ye want to marry me two days from now, at nine o'clock in the morning?"

She was long in answering. She sat with folded hands, looking at the ground.

"You 're not even sure of being a petty officer?" she said, when she turned to him and he saw her eyes in the depths of the scarf and guessed that they were blue, like the governess's.

"I could n't swear the papers was in me pocket," he said, with a twinkle, thinking of the surprise in store for her; "but I think I could arrange it, if I wanted."

She was very still and thoughtful; she pulled the scarf farther over her brow.

"Will it be the next day after to-morrow, then?" he said. The moon was showing its pale warning over the housetops. She turned her back to it, and gazed deeply out of the scarf at him.

"You do think a lot of me," she said, as if it had been denied. "You 'd better come and take me away to-morrow, not the day after."

"Would n't I, though, if I could!" he said. "But, ye see, to-morrow I 'm off with the Lighthouse Board on inspection."

"You 'd better come to-morrow," she said.

"But, ye see, it 's orders, me girl," said the sailor. "But I 'll have it fixed for the day after to-morrow. Maybe I 'll have a surprise for ye," he added.

"You 'd better let the orders go," she said. "You 'd better let everything go, and come to-morrow."

"But ye would n't have me found wanting of me duty," he said gently, "on the day our lives begin. I 'm a soldier, dear; and when it says, 'Come!' sure, that 's what it means."

"But *he 'll* be back to-morrow noon," she said. "I know what he 'll say. I don't want to be there to hear him, with all his questions. Come to-morrow! What 's duty, what 's anything, if I want you!"

"Ye don't understand, dear," said Lannigan. "Duty 's everything—twice as much for the rank as for the file. Ye need n't be afraid of this man. Give him my name and address, if he wants it; but face his music, and let him have both ends of the truth. 'T will be good for him and good for you. 'T will help pass the time from now till Tuesday. Shall I come at nine, and have me first look at your sweet face, and be married at noon to ye?"

At length he thought he felt submissiveness in her sigh.

"Come, if you still think I 'm worth it," she said. She took his head in her hands; the scarf fell away, but she was too near for him to see her eyes and what was glistening there. "I hope nothing bad will ever happen to you," she said softly and truly, "for there never was any one so good as you 'll be to your wife."

"Sure, Mary, I 'm anchored in the haven of joy!" he cried, seizing her hand and holding it against his forehead. "No wind that blows can reach me, dear. Till Tuesday, then—and me mother 's looking down from heaven on you this night. One look at your darling face now—"

But it was hidden too soon in the scarf; and with a pressure of his hand she had left him, and was hurrying over the pebbles of the path to where the light shone at the window by the doorway.

There never had been another such Tuesday morning in all time, he thought, when the day of duty was past, and he rose to the joyous chorus of his brother robins, and put himself into the modest new uniform of a quartermaster. He felt religious; he doubted whether he had been true enough to the faith of his mother to deserve the blessing that was coming to him. His friend Mike Shaughnessy had arranged it all with the priest across the river; and Dannie Thimblow, and Haight the boatswain, and half a dozen others who were at home in one church as much as in another, would be waiting there, each one the contributor of a loan for the lining of Lannigan's pocket. He had parted with some of the money to two "tired" men before he was fairly on his way to Mary's house. He felt in love and pity with all the world. And his heart swelled as he thought of the governess, looking out somewhere upon this morning with feelings in such melancholy contrast to his own. Speed the man who was worthy to please her; and if Lannigan ever met her again, he knew just what he would say to show how he had forgotten the night at the wall.

He dropped a batch of letters into the box—promises to send photographs of himself and his Mary to friends in distant parts of the world. Then he turned down the street which ended at the old house where Mary Travers served. There was a quiet gleam in his eye: she would see the uniform and half guess his promotion; but she would ask the question in a flash, and there was something exquisite in that he would now see her face for the first time, and see it smiling with pleasure at his having achieved what she desired most of all things. He discovered that in his dreams she had come to have all the beauty of the governess; and he suddenly warned himself that he must not expect so much. She would not be so handsome as the governess, in one way, but she would be in another; for her heart and soul would shine in her face to him.

It was a keen moment, almost too keen, when he rang the bell and looked through the long panes of glass beside the door; and it was rather a relief to see, not a young woman coming, but an old lady. She peered seriously at him for some moments through the glass before she turned the latch. This, then, had been made a day of privilege for Mary, and she would be prinking up-stairs. The old lady stood regarding him with solemn questioning.

"Will you tell Mary Travers there 's a naval officer to see her, ma'am?" said Lan-

nigan, in a voice he knew would reach the upper stories.

"Will you come in?" said the old lady, after a moment's pause. She led the way to the drawing-room. Her manner left him in doubt as to whether she was inconvenienced by the loss of Mary Travers or generously solicitous for her, and about to cross-examine him concerning his history and character. "Is your name Lannigan?" she asked, with her eyes fixed on him, yet hardly at ease.

"It is, ma'am," he said, with his broad smile. "Ye 'll agree I 'm the most fortunate man in the world to-day."

"If I understand what has happened, I *will* agree," said the old lady, with some force. "Had you known Mary Travers long?"

"I 've known Mary Travers well, ma'am," said Lannigan. "And that 's often a good deal better than long."

There was something the old lady was trying to read in his face and could not. In a moment she broke out painfully:

"Then, if you 've known her so well, can you explain to me what she 's done?"

"I think I see, ma'am," said Lannigan, with quick sympathy. "Mary has n't talked enough." He looked to the door. Doubtless the girl was listening at the head of the stairs, but he would say what he thought. "Mary 's all right, ye know, at the heart; but she don't always understand that she ought to speak out a little straighter. She 's gone the way her heart pointed—that 's all; I know that 's true," he said, with proud dignity. "And no matter who it hurts, ye would n't ask any girl to do different, would ye, ma'am?"

The old lady could not frown through the mystery that confronted her in his face. She looked away and shook her head.

"If you tell me that, I ought to believe it," she said, pressing her thin lips. "But I don't believe it," she followed, with conviction. Her eyes filled. "I took Mary Travers when she was a little girl," she said. "Considering what I 've been to her, she might have treated me differently—she might have told me about this."

Lannigan nodded gravely. Mary had been wrong; Mary should have been more straightforward, and it was his duty to demand that she should be—his duty as the one who loved her most.

"I understand, ma'am," he said. "Now, ye see I 've arranged to take the train in fifteen minutes from now. Let 's call Mary down here. I 'll tell her she 's got to make a clean breast of it to you, from beginning to end. You 've been her best friend, ma'am—and she ought never to forget that."

He rose and looked suggestively toward the door. The old lady had followed him with strained attention, still baffled. Then she spoke.

"I did n't tell you," she said. "They did n't come back here."

He looked, startled, into her dim, set eyes.

"They did n't come back here?" he said. He glanced around the room. The old lady stared at him still painfully, still incomprehensively, but without speaking. The house was silent and empty.

"They did n't come back here?" he heard himself repeating. He stared back at her; the pictures on the wall seemed to whirl about the center where, half frightened and half stupid, she sat motionless.

"They have n't even left an address," she said.

"Oh!" he said colorlessly.

"She married him yesterday," said the old lady. "She said it was to keep her promise. I know she never cared for him. It 's her ambition," said the old lady, choking. "She has n't been fair—to him or me, or to—"

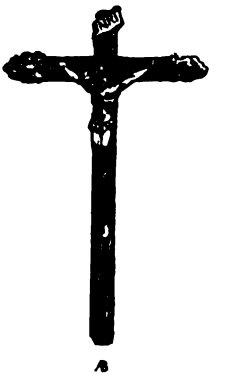
She looked at Lannigan inquiringly.

"STAND by, there!" growled the launch-captain. Lannigan brought the nose of the launch to the landing with his boat-hook. The captain handed the beautiful one ashore. She smiled and passed under the electric light, in her silks and snowy gloves, carrying a bunch of lilacs. For an instant her eyes met Lannigan's. If they remembered him, if they recognized him, there was not a quiver of a muscle about her mouth.

"And that was the governess," said Lannigan to himself. "Aye, handsome she was; and the smell of them lilacs! I wonder if she knows what become of Mary Travers—poor Mary dear, that married the other man because she 'd promised him!"



STATUE OF THE VIRGIN AND CHILD FROM THE CATHEDRAL—BLACKENED BY FIRE AND COVERED WITH VOLCANIC DUST.



CRUCIFIX OF EBONY AND SILVER, FOUND IN THE CEMETERY OF THE QUARTIER DU MOUILLAGE.



DOOR OF THE TABERNACLE OF THE MAIN ALTAR OF THE CATHEDRAL.

RELICS OF ST. PIERRE. PRESERVED BY REV. JOSEPH F. MacGRAIL.

A STUDY OF PELÉE.[1]

IMPRESSIONS AND CONCLUSIONS OF A TRIP TO MARTINIQUE.

BY ROBERT T. HILL,
Geologist, United States Geological Survey,
Author of "Cuba and Porto Rico, with the Other Islands of the West Indies."

WHEN I endeavor to write a scientific description of the volcanic disaster in Martinique, I cannot keep my statements dissociated from the human aspects of the subject. Mingled with every scientific proposition there is a thought of human ruin and disaster, a swirling of thoughts of the geologic causes and corpse-strewn streets; of volcanic topography and ruined houses; of steaming craters and smoking funeral-pyres; of flowing mud streams and streams of human refugees wildly striving to flee from the island. I hear the voices of that quaint city as I once knew it: the laughter and badinage of the many-colored strollers through its streets; the merry voices of its children; the impudent pleadings of the little *canotites* who paddled out in frail barks to give the approaching stranger his first welcome; the songs of the laborers in the adjacent fields and woodlands; the chimes of its sweet-toned bells; the chants of the devout, from the twice-belfried cathedral;—and then I hear the terrible roar of that sudden blast which converted all into mute and speechless clay.

On May 14, at the request of the National Geographic Society, and with a few hours' notice, I boarded the relief-ship *Dixie* for Martinique, arriving at that island on May 21, thirteen days after the catastrophe. The object of this visit was not adventure, but the study of the volcano and its phenomena.[2]

The night of May 20 overtook the *Dixie* off the coast of Guadeloupe, every one watching for signs of the great eruption. All day in the northern islands fumaroles of steam had been imagined wherever smoke

[1] See also in the preceding number of THE CENTURY narratives by eye-witnesses of the eruptions of both Pelée and La Soufrière, together with an account of life in St. Pierre during the week previous to its destruction.—EDITOR.

[2] Many of the newspaper reports sent from Martinique—not those, however, furnished by United States Consul Louis H. Ayme—have contained baseless statements describing me in all kinds of dangers, and as having said things of which I never dreamed. I wish to enter a disclaimer against such statements. Those alleging that I was burned by the volcano, or climbed to its summit and looked into its crater, or at any time was in imminent peril, are untrue. One other statement also should be denied. This was to the effect that on May 30 the captain of the *Cincinnati*, with me on board, left the island on account of fear of dire consequences. The only thing I personally claim to have done while in Martinique was to avoid adding my voice to the predictions of disaster made by others which might cause alarm among the population. In fact, while not hesitating to state that I did not consider life safe within the immediate radius of the crater, I endeavored to calm the fears of the frightened people at Fort-de-France, and continually asserted my belief that the volcano had done its worst.—R. T. H.

from the cane-mills rose from an island, and as the sun set all looked for the ruddy glows which the analogy of Krakatua had suggested. One by one, as the night rolled away, the passengers sought their hammocks below. I could not sleep; and at one o'clock, alone on deck, I received my first evidence of the disturbance in the distinct odor of sulphur wafted on the night air.

Between three and four o'clock on the morning of the 21st we approached the coast of Martinique, and could discern its outline through the haze of a queer, dim moonlight faintly illuminating the sea. Venus hung bright over Carbet; but to the north of it, where Pelée should have stood, a great bank of what was apparently fog and cloud enshrouded the land. As we approached, strange lights appeared upon the shore at the place where St. Pierre had been. These were not the fixed white and green of the semaphore which mariners had hitherto known to mark the site of the city, but one was a great burning mass which we afterward learned was a coal-pile in the southern part of the city, while to the north were small fires as of lights in a dwelling. For a moment a hope sprang in our hearts that St. Pierre had not been destroyed in the eruption of the 8th; again, we thought that perhaps the lights had come from campers remaining upon the site to guard the treasure buried beneath its ruins. But on the morrow we learned the truth. Those lights were funeral-pyres, and the supposed cloud of mist above Pelée was the lingering traces of the second great eruption—that of the 20th.

On that day ashes had risen above the trade-winds and swept southward over Fort-de-France, driving hundreds of its inhabitants on board the ships in the harbor, upon which they fled to any destination to which the latter might take them. Captain McCormick of the *Potomac*, by measuring the quantity upon the deck of his ship, estimated that during two hours there had fallen over the Bay of Fort-de-France an equivalent of three hundred and seventy-four tons of dust to each square mile.

Early on the morning of May 21 we arrived at Fort-de-France, which also we expected to find in ruins and ashes. Instead, a fairer prospect never met the eye. There before us, uninjured, was the same Martinique, with "its rich soil, its gentle slopes, its superabundant irrigation, its noble harbors, . . . a very emerald among inferior gems."

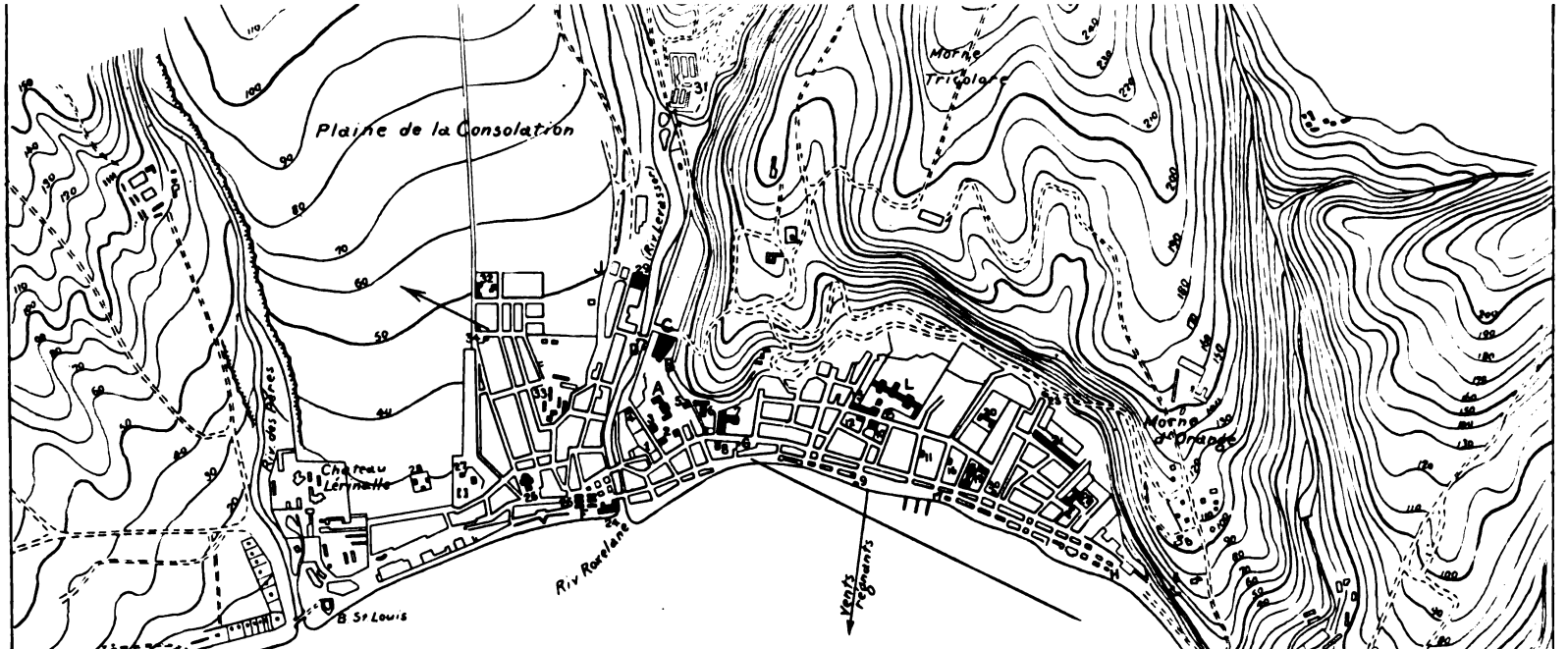
MONT PELÉE.

Of the mornes, pitons, and montagnes that studded the surface of Martinique, Mont Pelée, which stood conspicuously forth at the north end of the island, was the master of them all, not only exceeding them in height, but so isolated by its position that it commanded attention and respect. In general plan it is a circular cone, culminating in a single summit peak from which the surface slopes in all directions to the sea, except toward the south, where its constructional slopes meet those of Carbet and form a neck of land. This general plan is modified, however, by bold strokes of nature's erosive carvings whereby the surface is cut into numerous radial divides and cañons.

The whole was clad in the densest verdure, broken only by the different shades of green, varying from that of the lighter green fields of cane to the almost black green of the forest. Cultivation in spots extended up to 2500 feet. Above this was the tropical forest or woodland known as the Grands Bois. Near the summit was an unforested belt, the Savanes. Still above this there was an upper belt of woodland called the Petit Bois, tree-ferns and dwarf palms. The crest was a steeper slope of bare and naked pumice, dark red from the rusting of its ashes, and streaked with straggling vegetation.

The top of Pelée, about 4428 feet in altitude, is a truncated loaf, in the summit of which is a bowl-shaped basin—the floor of that type of an old crater known as a caldera, which has existed since prehistoric times. Around the bowl was a somewhat regular circle of hills, sloping within toward the caldera; without, toward the sea, Morne Lacroix, the highest pinnacle of the mountain, stood about 200 feet above the crater lake, upon its northwest edge. Morne Pavillot was on the north, Piton Marcel on the south, Ti-Bolhommes on the east.

In the floor was a lake called Lac des Palmistes (Lake of Palms). It measured 150 meters (492 feet) in circumference, and was the only one known in Martinique. This floor was covered with pumiceous soil, while in its lower depression there was sometime a lake which varied in diameter with the season and perhaps with the movement of the column of molten matter upon which it was superimposed. Sometimes this lake was a bed of mud, but its foundation everywhere, as shown by the investigation of French scientists, was boulders and debris of pumice-stone, the remnants of the crest



PLAN OF ST. PIERRE.

BÂTIMENTS MILITAIRES

- A Caserne des Ursulines
- B Quartier d'Artillerie
- C Hôtel de la Gendarmerie
- D Latrines
- F Corps de garde de la place du Marché
- G " " " " " Bie d'Esnotz
- H " " " du marché du Mouillage (Prêté à la ville)
- J Bureau et logt de l'officier chf du Service
- L Hopital Militaire

EDIFICES CIVILS

1. Hôtel de l'Intendance
2. Palais de Justice
3. Eglise du Centre
4. Presbytère du Centre
5. Prison
6. Théâtre
7. Pensionnat de demoiselles
8. Dépôt central des pompes à incendie
9. Douanes
10. Hotel de Ville
11. Tresor
12. Bureau central de la police
13. Hôtel du Directeur de l'Interieur
14. Bureau des Postes
15. Banque
16. Inscription maritime
17. Chambre du Commerce
18-19. Eglise et Presbytère du Mouillage
20. Evêche
21. Lycée des garçons
22. Asile Béthleem
23. Asile St Anne
24. Entrepôt des Douanes
25. Marché du Fort
26. Eglise du Fort
27. Hospice civil
28. Presbytère du Fort
29. Maison coloniale de santé
30. Depôt de pompes incendie
31. Jardin botanique
32. Couvent
33. Eglise et clocher de la Consolation

of former eruptions, below which, at some unknown depth, the hot magma still exists.

The western rim of the summit crown of hills is broken by a great nick leading down from the bottom of the bowl through a tremendous cañon, or fond, toward the head-waters of Rivière Blanche, on the western slope.

There are ten rivers which, with their branching head-waters, originate almost at the summit and flow in various radial directions away to the sea. The valleys of these cut its slopes into numerous segments, the divides of which in turn are beaded and broken by many smaller hills and mornes, giving the north side the aspect of indescribable steepness and ruggedness. A conspicuous object of the northern slope is the Pain de Sucre, a sharp conical peak, almost needle-pointed, which rises half-way between the summit and the sea. The semicircular northern end of the mountain from the Rivière Prêcheur to Macouba is one of the most rugged coasts in the world. The radial slope of the surface leading down from Mont Pelée is etched by a hundred streamlets into narrow ridges, suddenly terminating at the sea-margin by steep bluffs of two hundred feet in altitude. This bluff-line is broken at frequent intervals by deep incised cañons, V-shaped, except that the tops of the V are very close together. Occasionally one of these cañons has cut completely to sea-level and formed a little delta-plain within its mouth sufficiently large for the nestling of villages like Grande Rivière. Others have not cut quite to the sea-level. Still others have cut only half-way down the cliff-line, and many hang far above the water. Beyond the little rock of Pearl Island, between Grande Rivière and Macouba, one can count at a glance over eight beautiful cascades spouting out of the hanging cañons from the steep cliffs into the sea.

THE CLIFF-BOUND AMPHITHEATER.

GET well in mind the topography of one of the segments of the circle on the southwest slope of Pelée from the summit to the sea, for this was the area of death and ruin. This segment lies between the waters of the Blanche and the Mouillage, which, rising within a mile of each other on the western summit of the mountain, diverge to the coast, the first entering the sea two miles north of the city, the other in the heart of the city itself. Note well that each is bordered by a steeper cliff-line, and that between these cliffs there was an area of lower-lying topography.

The Rivière Blanche is bordered on its north side by a great precipice which continues from the nick in the summit bowl to the sea, where it ends with a butte known as La Catafalque. The top of this precipice forms the sky-line of all pictures taken of St. Pierre and Pelée, and was the northern cliff-line of the valley of death.

The southern cliff, a more winding line, follows the south bank of the Rivière Mouillage—first south, to the west of Morne Rouge upon its summit, thence west to the city of St. Pierre, where it bends south again, making the background of the narrow bench upon which that city is built. Over the area between these cliffs was one of the finest rural prospects in the world. To-day it is all desert.

The two opposing cliffs which lead from the summit of Pelée to the sea, and form two sides of a triangular area, overlook a generally lower-lying country between them, which in itself is cut away by several other radiating streams into a sloping topography which would be called rugged did it not look smooth in comparison with the great ridges, fonds, and mornes which abound and rise above its altitude without the triangle.

Within this lower cliff-inclosed segment area seven or eight streams flow down the slopes to the sea. The chief of these, beginning on the north, is the Rivière Blanche, which follows the foot of the northern summit almost from the lip of the crater bowl to the sea, nearly four miles. Hardly an eighth of a mile from its mouth, the Rivière Sèche also enters the sea; its head-waters likewise descend from the slopes of the summit crater, where, together with those of the Rivière Blanche, they constitute at least six deep radiating stream-furrows on the upper slopes of the peak. Proceeding southward a half-mile, another and shorter stream runs into the sea; then less than a half-mile farther south is the mouth of the Rivière des Pères, another stream which rises on the slopes of the upper cone.

The Rivière des Pères formed the northern boundary of the city of St. Pierre. A half-mile south of its mouth the Rivière Mouillage, or Roxelane, enters the sea. This also rises on the edge of the summit cone, but its south bank follows the southern cliff into the edge of the city, where the cliffs bend southward parallel to the sea and toward the village of Carbet. Thus it will be seen that there are four long rivers which rise



RELIEF MAP OF PELÉE AND VICINITY.

Drawn by O. A. Ljungstedt, under the direction of Professor Hill.

almost at the summit of Mont Pelée and drain the amphitheater.

At the south edge of the city was still another stream; this, however, is not born of Mont Pelée, but flows from the slopes of the Pitons du Carbet and cuts through the plateau.

Between the Mouillage and the Rivière des Pères there was a flat-surfaced, sloping plain extending a mile or more upward toward Morne Rouge. This was the Plaine de la Consolation, until lately an emerald field of cultivation. Near the sea it ended in a bluff, and against the scarp homes were built, like cliff dwellings, facing the single street between it and the sea.

The Plaine de la Consolation also ended in a bluff at its north edge, over the Rivière des Pères. Between the latter and the north cliff of the Blanche, the floor of the amphitheater was cut and carved into numerous low-bedded divides, reaching up toward the summit until within a mile of it, when the gradient suddenly increased toward the peak, and their head-waters became deep ravines divided by narrow ridges and cliffs. Small sea plains existed near the mouths of the Sèche and the Blanche.

There, hidden in the landscape of Mont Pelée, are some other things you cannot see without climbs and scrambles—hot springs and old smothered lateral wounds of the volcano. West of the peak were the Bains Chauds (Hot Springs), on the heights above Prêcheur; to the north, toward Basse-Pointe, the little place known as Ajoupa-Bouillon; to the east the deep fond of the Rivière Falaise.

Still another and an important one was deep down in the cañons of the Rivière Blanche. Of this the "Annuaire" says: "It is known that on one of the gorges of the mountain there is a place where sulphur has been found, which the natives call La Soufrière." L'Étang Sec is another name by which this place was known. It is situated

far below the summit of Morne Lacroix, and is so surrounded by hills that it cannot be seen except from the mountain cliffs immediately above it. Lafcadio Hearn, as though speaking from the summit of Pelée, has said of this: "Through a cloud-rift one could see another crater lake twelve hundred feet below, said to be five times larger than the L'Étang of the summit. It is also of more irregular outline. It occupies some ancient crater and is very rarely visited; the path leading to it is difficult and dangerous—a natural ladder of roots and lianas over a series of precipices."

ST. PIERRE.

SOUTH of the crater summit of Pelée, on a narrow belt stretching for a mile and a half along the sea-shore, lay the city of St. Pierre in a gentle bight which here indents the shore at the foot of the cliffs of the great mountain behind it; the center of the city was about four miles from the mountain's summit and two and a half miles from the hidden Soufrière.

So narrow is the sloping bench upon which St. Pierre was situated—walled in behind by a high plateau—that there was hardly room for its population, crowded in houses of antique pattern built with steep gables in the old French colonial days. Its area was broken by parks of trees, public squares, and noble fountains. Radiating from the city were magnificent roads,—of an excellence unknown to Americans,—every foot of which represented great cost and labor. Communication with the rest of the island was largely by water, although in the streets of the city stood picturesque *diligences* which, with the aid of lusty mules, sometimes took the mountain roads to La Trinité, Fort-de-France, and the country plantations.

Just outside the city was the famous botanical garden, and not far away were several resorts. At the south edge of the city, upon lower heights of the backing cliffs, where they were among the first objects seen by the traveler in approaching the city, were beautiful statues, one of which was a gigantic and pitying Virgin surmounting Morne d'Orange (Our Mother of the Watch), which, overlooking the anchorage, was erected to propitiate a divine providence for seafaring men.

The massive houses were of concrete boulders of old volcanic rock ejected from Pelée long ago, mixed with a cement of pozzuolana—volcanic ejecta from the same source. There were also huts for the poorer classes.

In each house of the better class was a cement bath as large as the average American sleeping-room. Public buildings abounded, hospitals, barracks, churches, convents, schools, a city hall, a theater, and a chamber of commerce being noticeable.

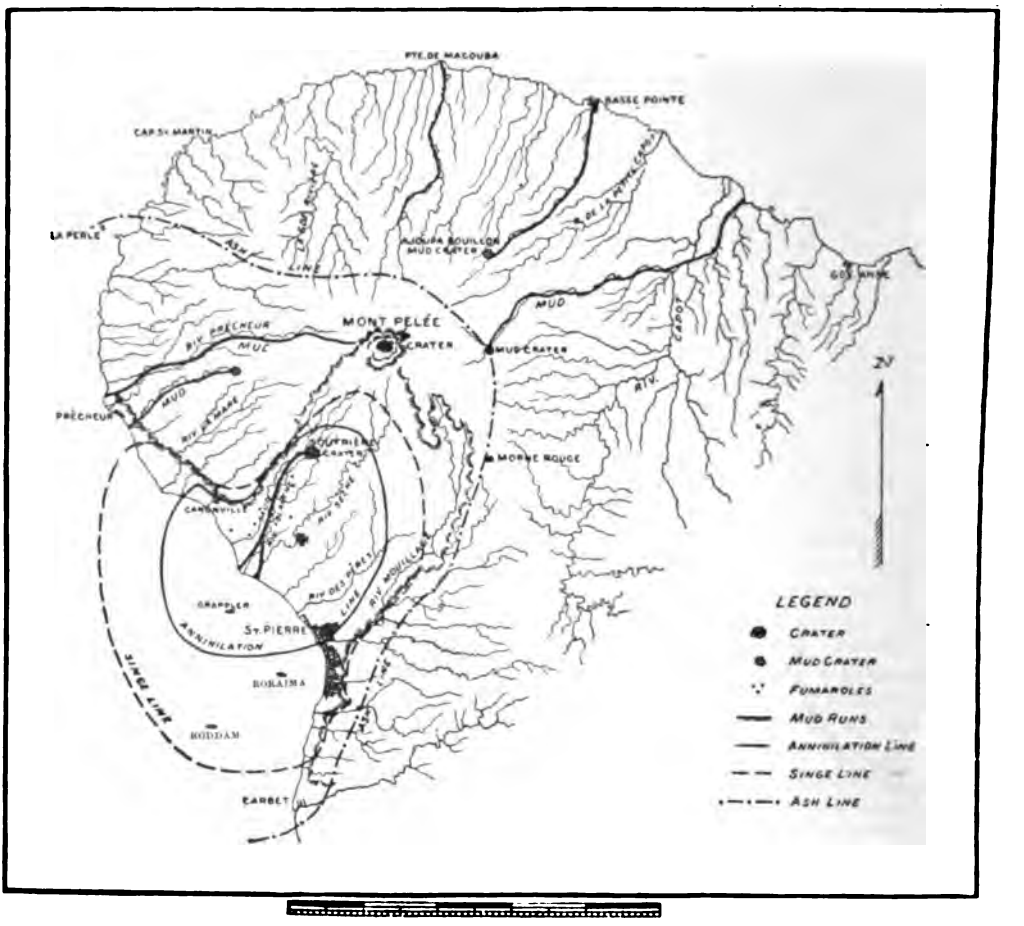
The wealth of the city was estimated from one hundred million to one hundred and twenty-five million dollars, and that of the adjacent country destroyed at least fifty million more.

The streets, the largest of which were parallel to the stretch of the strand, were picturesque with life and color. Through each gutter flowed a quiet stream of mountain water. Along the shore could always be seen crowds of laughing people surrounding the fishermen's boats as they came in with their daily catches, while at the levee, some two hundred yards from the anchorage, were casks of rum and sugar, or bags of cocoa, or bales of the sweet vanilla-bean, that rare plant that reaches perfection on the island. Half-naked lightermen mingled with the white uniforms of the sailormen or port officials, and here and there were the flaring colors of the Martinique women.

The inhabitants were chiefly Martiniques, that queer race composed of a mixture of African, French, and Carib blood, noted for its beauty and its misfortunes; but besides these were many whites of refinement and culture, creole merchants and scholars,



A FLASH OF LIGHTNING IN CLOUDS ERUPTED BY PELÉE. FROM FOND ST. DENIS, MAY 26. PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROBERT T. HILL.



2½ miles to the inch

MAP PREPARED BY ROBERT T. HILL, SHOWING ZONES OF DEVASTATION IN MARTINIQUE.

French soldiers and officials. The population of St. Pierre on June 12, 1901, was 26,501. On the morning of May 8, 1902, the population of St. Pierre had been increased to fully 30,000, about 5000 of the 15,000 people of the surrounding towns having sought shelter in the city; it is certain that fewer than 1000 had left it before the eventful morning.

On the morning of May 22 we boarded a tug to go to the ruins of St. Pierre, ten miles distant. For an hour we sailed the beautiful coast, passing close to the steep bluffs, undermined at points by the waves, and indented by numerous streamways, near the mouth of each of which were wide cultivated valleys opening toward the sea. Above them rose the tree-clad mornes leading up to the nested summits of the Pitons du Carbet. Here and there were the bright red roofed villages such as Case Navaire and Case Pilote, surrounded by fields of emerald cane and waving cocoa-palms. Nowhere was there a sign of death or destruction; naught but the luxurious; overabundant wealth of tropical green and moisture.

Presently we rounded the cape of Morne aux Bœufs, perhaps a mile from the shore, when, in the twinkling of an eye, the whole reality of the disaster burst upon us. Back of us the island banked in eternal green; to the front an awful scene—the incarnation of death and desolation, the superlative realization of all the stories of terror of which we had heard. A ghastly, ashen-gray landscape extended from Carbet to the coast of Prêcheur.

A cry of horror escaped from every person on board. For several moments I was transfixed with the spectacle before me, and I came near forgetting my duty to record, if possible, the phenomena observed. Specialized to an unusual degree indeed must be he who could view this scene unmoved by those emotions which affect all men upon the

sight of such an unmistakable demonstration that behind all sources there is something before which the strongest human mind must bow in painful knowledge of its pygmy weakness.

The weird picture before us, set in a frame of sky and sea and green, was so deathly, so awful, that its production would defy the most gifted pen. It was a miniature of lightest gray, and its aspect was that of a lifeless Arizona desert with its yellowish-gray adobe soil seen through an ashen atmosphere, like the sunlight through a faint Connecticut fog.

Pelée's lately morne-crowned top, hitherto the gathering nucleus of life-giving moisture which, wreathed with mist and cloud, until lately held the placid waters of the Lake of Palms, was now a great truncated cone a mile in diameter. Above this summit rose a constant cloud of smoke and steam, sometimes floating down so as to obscure the details of the lower configuration, but this morning rising in a great billowy column 10,000 feet above the apex.

On the western side of the summit there was apparently a frightful fracture presenting an opening through which one could see within the bowl itself. Through this gap within the bowl, on what was formerly the floor of the Lake of Palms, rose a huge conical pile of whitish angular pumice-stone, varying in size from a cubical fragment ten feet in diameter to the smallest particle. This rose a hundred feet or more, and through its interstices great columns of white steam seethed and boiled.

The lips of the gap in the bowl continued straight down the mountain as a cañon toward the sea. The northern side was much the higher, and formed the sky-line of the area of devastation, broken only slightly just at the sea, where it terminated at the butte



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THE PLACE BERTIN, NEAR THE BOAT-LANDING, ST. PIERRE.



PROFESSOR GASTON LANDES, OF THE LYCÉE OF ST. PIERRE.

A rare portrait, from a local pamphlet, obtained by Professor Hill. M. Landes, who was a victim of the eruption, wrote many observations on the volcano in "Les Colonies" (see the August CENTURY).

La Catafalque, just south of the mouth of the Rivière la Mare. This northern cliff-line, which before the eruption was covered with woodland which rounded its irregularities into gentle slopes, had been so denuded of vegetation that its naked strata of old volcanic rocks stood forth in rugged irregularity.

Nearer to us another, the south and opposing cliff-line of the amphitheater, led from the summit nearly to our feet—from Pelée to the sea, and thence toward Carbet. While the southern cliff ran down in a wide curve toward the sea, closely following the south bank of the Mouillage, it suddenly bent southward as it neared the sea, immediately back of the business portion of St. Pierre, maintaining its altitude toward the village of Carbet.

Below the top of this southern cliff-line and between it and the northern one lay the area of desolation, but above its top a line of vivid green appeared. Far up where the cliff began, a few hundred feet from the summit cone, there were great gorges in which tall trees were still standing. Following the summit toward Morne Rouge, the high steeple of the village church still



ST. PIERRE, BEFORE THE ERUPTION OF MAY 8, 1902.

This view is taken from a point near the cathedral. The little park beyond the lighthouse is the Place Bertin, and the flagpole marks the former seat of the United States consulate, which, however, during the year previous to the eruption, was farther to the right of the Rue Victor Hugo, shown in the foreground.

peered above a green woodland. Lower down, the estate of St. James appeared, a group of artistic buildings, also surrounded by stretches of fresh green verdure, trees, and sparkling fountains. Lower still, to the very edge of the city, was a red-roofed villa surrounded by a garden of palms; hibiscus and oleander surmounted its top above the zone of devastation. Everywhere it was apparent that the almost vertical walls of this cliff limited the devastation, and that objects upon their summits were spared by altitude from destruction.

With a rapid glance I examined the area of blasted landscape between these cliffs—the segments of Pelée's slope, which but lately had been a veritable garden, now an amphitheater of death and annihilation for ten of the three hundred and eighty square miles that compose the surface of Martinique. One side of this area, which was triangular, was formed by the sea, while the other two, cliff-bound as described, led up to the smoking apex of Mont Pelée, suggesting to those who were not familiar with the previous aspects an idea that a segment had dropped down. But this was not the case.

The seaside was a stretch of blue water breaking in the frothing surf against a bleak and desert shore. The sloping landscape was a sterile, treeless, houseless desert of dry mud, except upon the narrow plain at the foot of the scarp south of the Mouillage, where lay a chaos of ruined walls, uptorn trees, and scattered debris such as was never before seen. From the mouth of the Rivière Mouillage northward there is little sign that the city once extended a mile in that direction. Over it all was a thin coat of mud, like a veneering of light-colored cement, as if it had been plastered by the human hand; its smooth surface was everywhere marked with delicate parallel striæ.

Viewed from the sea, the floor of the triangular amphitheater, in addition to its coating of plaster, presented two great areas within itself, along the lower course of the Mouillage and along the Rivière Blanche, which had the appearance of having been overflowed by a different type of mud. These areas, now of a yellowish color, were deltoid in outline, with a broader base along the sea, and narrowed inland toward Pelée. Apparently they had been deposited by tremendous

torrents enormously out of proportion to the streamways which they attempted to follow, and from which, as they burst from the deeper cañons of their upper courses, they spread out over the less broken country near the coast. One of these formed a gentle slope back of the northern edge of the city covering the once beautiful and verdure-covered Plaine de la Consolation. The other extended along the former mouths of the Rivières Blanche and Sèche.

The latter was the larger and more conspicuous of the mud-fans, and extended from the southern escarpment of the Rivière Sèche to the northern cliff-line of the amphitheater. Its center lay over and completely leveled what was the lower portion of the former course of the Rivière Blanche. Through its middle was a winding ribbon of inky blackness which had the false appearance of lava flow, and which came in periodic gulps from near the lower western crater. Along its course and on the borders of the sea a hundred small jets of white steam rose intermittently into the air; and as they touched the sea the steam-clouds seethed more thickly. Its depth at the coast has not been ascertained, but the streams of May 3 and 5, before the eventful disaster of the 8th, had completely covered the great buildings of the Usine Guérin, of which there is not now the least trace. Emptying into the sea, this mud stream sediments the littoral and adds to the land. In fact, a small island about fifty feet in length and ten feet in width has formed from this sediment near the mouth of the Rivière la Mare.[1]

Along the shore at the mouth of the Rivière Sèche, which parallels the Rivière Blanche to the southward, was a great mass of white stone with a reddish tinge. At this locality there is much evidence that large boulders of hot pumice were brought down in the earlier floods.

Within the area between the northern cliff and the Rivière Mouillage every trace of vegetation, habitation, and life was obliterated. The annihilation was complete and absolute: not a single object remains to suggest the dense culture and population and vegetal growth that once covered this landscape; not a sign of the villa palm or of cane-fields, not a trace of the giant cocoa-palms or of the *grands bois* which covered the upper slopes.

Between the Rivières des Pères and Mouillage only the faintest outline of walls stood to mark what was once the dense population of the northern extension of the city, while

[1] Messrs. George Carroll Curtis, Robert Dunn, and Herr von Gottberg were the first to set foot in this area after the eruption, while accompanying an expedition organized by Herr von Gottberg and the writer, May 23.



MONT PELÉE, SHOWING ONE OF THE CRATERS.

the thickly settled faubourg which extended back of the city up the lower slopes of the Plaine de la Consolation, on which stood the convent with sisters and young girls and its church of sweet chimes, and the hospital was only one single house with roof preserved. Along the shore and against the cliff in this southern end were vast piles of debris, great rafters, and especially hundreds of corrugated tin roofs which had been blown and



THE COAST AT RIVIÈRE BLANCHE.

Taken from the *Dixie* by Chaplain MacGrail, U. S. N., May 21, 1902. The smoke of Pelée is seen in the middle distance, above the clouds. The site of St. Pierre is at the extreme right of the view.

crowded with helpless patients, is now a dreary plain of mud, smoothed over as if by a plasterer's trowel.

Of the three stone bridges that crossed the Mouillage, which marked the exact center of the elongated city, two are still standing; but it is only south of this stream, between the cliff and the sea, that one found visible remnants of the people and habitations which two weeks before had thickly populated this landscape.

The narrow bench of land, the business center of the town, with its parks, markets, warehouses, churches, club, hotel, and residences, was now an agglomeration of roofless broken walls projecting through huge piles of debris, mostly the rounded stones which had formed their concrete structure. There cut against this scarp. Huge trunks of trees with deep roots had been torn bodily from the ground and were prostrate everywhere, although many of these were left standing.

But the most striking object was the face of the cliff itself, lately a marvelous bank of foliage, now a barren, frowning bluff. Great roadways, upheld by huge ramparts of masonry, led diagonally up its barren face. Their solid cobble beds were completely buried and concealed by mud almost reaching to the top of the protecting walls. Upon its highest summit still stood a red-roofed villa surrounded by foliage.[1]

THE ERUPTIONS.

OFTEN, while watching the summit of Pelée, pillars of black smoke and steam were

[1] On May 25 the writer and a chance companion visited the vicinity of this house from Fond St. Denis. The latter, more interested in curios than science, entered it and reported that the inhabitants had apparently escaped, as the drawers were all opened and emptied of their valuables. On May 30, as the *Dixie* passed St. Pierre, homeward bound, the cottage was afire.

seen to puff slowly into the air. Each of these boiled up slowly like a great ball, except that it was convoluted into folds underneath, each one of which rolled in turn. It slowly rose like a balloon, and then "mushroomed" as if its weight were pressing around its axis.

Accompanying the summit eruption, and almost simultaneously with it, was another puff 2000 feet below the summit, which all evidence thus far collected indicates as the vent from which came the fatal eruption, which was not from the site of the summit crater, which is five miles distant from St. Pierre, but from this lower vent, about two miles north of the city. Although exceeded in size by the summit crater, the presence of this lower and also active vent is most apparent.[1]

One of the first objects that caught my eye, upon looking over the field of devastation, was an eruption which came from this lower vent, entirely different in shape and effect from those of the summit, never forming the ball-like seething clouds of the latter, but simply rising like a pillar of brownish smoke, and frequently floating down the surface of the land toward the sea. Time and again during my stay upon the island I observed these eruptions. Finally, on the 29th of May, our last night in Martinique, while behind the sheltering lee of the north side of the Bay of Fort-de-France, between which and Mont Pelée arose the obscuring profile of the Pitons du Carbet, I witnessed two simultaneous eruptions to the northward, occupying the exact position upon the profile of the summit and lower crater. These smoke-clouds rose and lingered above the horizon for many minutes, and I called the attention of Captain Berry and other officers to the phenomena, demonstrating the existence of two volcanic vents. Mr. George Kennan is my authority for stating that the vent in the Rivière Falaise, on the east slope, also sends out lapilli clouds.



VIEW OF THE DEVASTATED COAST BELOW MONT PELÉE.

From a photograph taken soon after the eruption. On the right are seen the ruins of St. Pierre. The vessel on fire is the *Roraima*.

[1] So far as the writer is aware, this vent had not been visited by any one up to the time of his departure from the island. It is situated in the deep cañon which apparently runs from the gap in the bowl of the crater, and is largely obscured by hills. Much is desirable to be known about this cañon, its vents, and the condition of its bottom.



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ST. PIERRE AND MONT PELÉE, BEFORE THE ERUPTION.

Sometimes the great balls of smoke from the summit crater were unusually large, and, instead of ascending and dispersing in the upper air, where they belonged, a ball would spread out into a great horizontal sheet of unusual magnitude, floating in all directions with fearful aspect, like the one of May 20, which spread fourteen miles south over Fort-de-France.



GENERAL VIEW OF ST. PIERRE, SHOWING SYNCHRONOUS EXPLOSIONS OF UPPER AND LOWER CRATERS.

(From stereoscopic photograph, copyright, 1902, by Underwood & Underwood, New York.)

I shall never forget one of the larger eruptions, which it was my fortune to witness, on the night of May 26, from Fond St. Denis.

After having studied the phenomena of the volcano by aid of coasting-vessels, and landing at every point, I resolved to strike out into the country from Fort-de-France. Every one told me that this was impossible—that horses could not be obtained, and that no place could be found to stay except with the great planters along the eastern shore.

We had been told that the north country was full of marauding banditti, that we ought to carry arms for our defense, and that to reach St. Pierre was absolutely impossible. Finally, however, in company with a young American, I procured horses and the services of a negro attendant, and on the morning of May 24 started out from Fort-de-France toward St. Pierre by the road called Le Trace, which leads northward past

Balleta and Coleson, and rounded the base of the Pitons du Carbet to Deux Choux, and thence via Fond St. Denis to St. Pierre. To our surprise, we found the entire route to be along a most perfect highway, abounding in beautiful scenery and thronged with people coming in toward Fort-de-France. Furthermore, instead of requiring two or three days to reach the ruined city, which is only about twenty-two miles distant, we rode to within three miles of it in a single afternoon upon miserable ponies which could not travel as fast as a man could walk. In fact, we found that one could have traveled from Fort-de-France to the very edge of St. Pierre in half a day without meeting a single obstacle or a sign of devastation.

On May 24, just as the light of day was fading, with two companions, I reached the straggling houses along the highway between Deux Choux and St. Pierre which constitute the village of Fond St. Denis. We knocked in vain for a night's shelter at the first cottages, for the inhabitants had fled, and continued on past the little church in course of construction, where the workmen had apparently laid down their tools after the great explosion, and proceeded onward toward St. Pierre to the last houses of the settlement, when suddenly we met half a dozen people, one of whom kindly placed at our disposal an empty cottage, while others endeavored to procure from the ash-sprinkled foliage some bamboo cane for our ill-fed horses.

Taking possession of the deserted cottage, we found the heavier articles of furniture, together with a comfortable bed and mattress, void of linen, in one of its two rooms. In the other there were tables, chairs, a charcoal brazier, and a few dishes and earthen casseroles (which our negro guide insisted upon calling casteroils) and other cooking-utensils. Upon the surface of the tables and benches and window-sills, and coating the utensils, there was a thin sprinkling of volcanic dust which had permeated the house.

We had hardly made ourselves comfortable and finished the meal which we had



PHOTOGRAPHED BY O. VON GOTTBERG.

MONT PELÉE AND ST. PIERRE FROM THE FOOT OF MORNE D'ORANGE, MAY 21, ABOUT 4 P.M.



RIVIÈRE ROXELANE, IN THE CENTER OF THE CITY, LOOKING SOUTH.

(From stereoscopic photograph, copyright, 1902, by Underwood & Underwood, New York.)

brought in our sacks, supplemented by a pot of chocolate which one of the women prepared for us, when one of the natives stated that we could see the light from the volcano. It was then about 8 P.M.

Stepping out of the door, I saw before me a perfect tropical night. Not a cloud obscured the starlit firmament. Suddenly, to the north and above Pelée, there was a dim flare of light like the sheet-lightning of a summer storm. This was the reflection of the incandescent molten mass within. Following this, a great spherical cloud, with hundreds of boiling and seething convolutions, slowly rose above the vent. It had hardly appeared before it was followed by a blinding flash of light, like a great gun-flash, from the mouth of the crater, accompanied by long, deep-pitched detonations from the bosom of the mountain. Over the crater's rim followed a fountain shower of incandescent pumice, which looked like molten fire. Hardly had the cloud-ball reached the air when around and through it flashed a thousand lightning-like streaks, with here and there great balls of fire. While standing in mute amazement observing this phenomenon at the apparently safe distance of some three miles, I was horrified to see the cloud fall suddenly, flatten, and float out horizontally into the sky like an aërial river directly toward and above me —a ribbon of inky blackness, and coming slowly, yet so fast that it was easy for me to see that it was not to be escaped by running.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY I. C. RUSSELL.

MORNE D'ORANGE, ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE, MAY 22, 1902.

Rapidly and with deadly silence the cloud flowed toward me, when presently I was made painfully aware of another frightful feature within it. The electric-like flashes were not confined to the area immediately over the crater, as might naturally have been expected, but all through the dense aërial river of lapilli weird flashes began to develop which ran parallel to the earth's surface. Some of these were lightning-like pression upon the plates or, as would be expected under the circumstances, I bungled in my methods of exposure. I secured one of the lightning-flashes, however—a precious souvenir of that occasion. (See page 769.)

The approaching and overwhelming cloud had barely reached my position when, mysteriously and silently, with a change of wind, it gradually changed to the eastward, swinging around upon the crater as a pivot toward



PHOTOGRAPHED BY O. VON GOTTBERG.

VIEW IN THE RUINS OF ST. PIERRE: A PART OF THE CATHEDRAL ON THE LEFT.

at times; others were unlightning-like in that they were slower and apparently traveled along distinct lines of ignition. I undoubtedly had before me the visible evidence of the ignition of the gases within a volcanic cloud like that which rolled upon St. Pierre on that fateful morning, apparently ignited by electric flashes. Horror-stricken at the approach of that weird, silent, deathly cloud which was coming directly toward and above me, and knowing that there was no means of escape which could originate within myself, I squatted beside the building, wrote my notes, and photographed at the flashes. The fainter gas illuminations either made no im- the northern end of the island, and I breathed freely again. Some reporters who were even nearer the mountain than I were so frightened by the spectacle, which was made more horrible to them by the overflow of the incandescent pumice boulders directly toward them, that they precipitately fled, and upon reaching Fort-de-France started the rumor, which had wide-spread circulation, that Kennan, who was to the east of me, and I had probably been overwhelmed. This incident was the only one experienced by me upon the island which had the slightest element of danger or adventure; but in that experience I had seen a clue to the secret



PHOTOGRAPHED BY I. C. RUSSELL.

ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE, FROM MORNE D'ORANGE, MAY 22, 1902.

of the great disaster which destroyed St. Pierre.

The great streams of mud which have flowed and are flowing down the old streamways of the mountain are hardly less interesting than the smoke-clouds. Many of these, like those on the Prêcheur coast, are small rivulets, which creep along almost imperceptibly, choking up at the little narrows, and then breaking through with great gulping noises. Others, like the Rivière Blanche, the river emptying at Basse-Pointe, and the Capot, are more serious affairs, the two former being engaged in piling up the mud in successive layers over the country adjacent to their mouths, adding new geological formations to the surface, just as many of the older rocks of Pelée represent similar formations.

The devastation which the mud stream of the Rivière Blanche caused on May 3 and 5 has been fully set forth in several accounts.[1] This river of mud has now completely filled and obliterated the lower portion of the course of that stream, and the flows of new mud which take place at frequent intervals are sometimes startling to behold.

On the afternoon of May 29, while studying the topography of the volcano from the deck of the *Ruby*, a hundred yards offshore from the former mouth of the Rivière Blanche, just after one of the great smoke-balls, with its seething, rolling convolutions, had erupted from the summit, I suddenly noticed, almost at the foot of Mont Pelée and about a mile back from the shore, a tremendous fountain of inky liquid shoot up into the air fifty feet or more, accompanied by splotches of white steam strongly suggestive of boiling lava, and by tremendous noises. Two of my companions, Mr. Curtis and Mr. Dunn, were then ashore, crossing the very path of the previous flows, and it looked as if the material from this outburst was about to overwhelm them. We quickly whistled an alarm to them; but, to our astonishment, they ran right into the old mud river instead of away from it. Fortunately the stream did not continue coming down upon them as fast as it had started, much to our relief.

It is interesting to note that, notwithstanding the frightfulness of the human catastrophe, the eruption of 1902 was accompanied by but few serious geographic disasters. Neither were any of the dire after-effects predicted by some alarmists fulfilled.

[1] See THE CENTURY for August.

There were no great cataclysmic disturbances of the soil, as fissures, earthquakes, subsidences, uplifts of the sea-bottom, or gigantic tidal waves. There have been no serious changes in the configuration. With the excellent French map of 1823 in hand, I carefully compared the landscape, and found every point upon the two perfectly identical, with a few exceptions to be noted. Upon this old map are the same great crevasse leading from the west side of the crater, the same cliff-bound scarps, the same mornes, hills, valleys, rivers, and slopes. The only changes have been the addition of the slightest possible ribbon of new mud-built land along the coast at the mouth of the Rivière Blanche; the nicking of the strand at a few points by the vicious return wave which followed the frightful blast; the filling up of the lower valleys of the Rivières Blanche and Sèche with mud and debris; and a few slight changes in the summit.

The reports of lava flows were all founded upon the confusion of the mud streams with that material. In fact, the matter erupted from Pelée is of a type of acidic silicious rock which does not often result in lava flows.

In the recent discussion in Congress preceding the interoceanic canal legislation, the disaster of Pelée was used as a potent weapon against the Nicaragua route and hastened the choice of Panama. Advocate as I have constantly been of the Panama route on account of its apparent freedom from seismic disturbances, I can truthfully say that had an interoceanic canal existed within one mile of St. Pierre before the present eruption, it would remain uninjured and intact to-day.

The present disturbance of Pelée has also been rather disappointing to higher students who hoped to find in it some further lessons upon great theories which have been propounded regarding the origin and laws of vulcanism, and it must be confessed that it does not contribute much substantial evidence to the theories already propagated by the world's great thinkers.

It makes no contribution to Baron von Richthofen's elaborate interpretation of a series of volcanic products whereby one kind of material was succeeded by another. The erupted material from Pelée is hornblende-hypersthene-andesite, exactly the same, with slightly varying proportions, as that of all the oldest prehistoric eruptions, dat-



PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAMES BURTON.

VIEW OF MONT PELÉE, SHOWING OUTLINE OF CRATER, SELDOM SEEN ON ACCOUNT OF CLOUDS.



VIEW IN THE RUINS OF ST. PIERRE, SHOWING EFFECTS OF VOLCANIC BLAST.

(From stereoscopic photograph, copyright, 1902, by Underwood & Underwood, New York.)

ing back as far as the Cretaceous period, as exposed in the foundations of the Greater Antilles.

The whole phenomena, past and present, could be cited as a notable exception to Powell's theory of the normal sequence of events in vulcanism, including epochs of loading, accumulation of sediments in areas of deposition, baking, compression, metamorphosis of the load of sediments, uplift, unloading by degradation, and finally vulcanism; for Pelée is an oceanic volcano which has undergone only one continuous history of piling up above a single original vent.

Pelée has also disappointed the explosionists, who anticipated a farewell performance like that given by Krakatua. While its ejecta have always been of the Krakatuan mineral type, during the millions of years of its history it has never produced a Krakatuan mountain-annihilating explosion.

Neither has Pelée offered any comfort to the "fissurists," who postulate a great crack in the earth letting down water to the magma as an accompaniment of every volcano. In fact, there have been no serious fissuring earthquakes. The tremors have been solely from explosions within the crater, and were not exceptionally severe; indeed, not as severe as many which have previously taken place within the Antillean vents with deadly earthquake effects without causing eruptions.

Many vulcanologists hold that volcanic explosions result from sudden access of water to the superficial portion of the hot magma through earth-fissures developed by stresses or strains from sedimental loading, and that the volcanic action itself is a secondary accompaniment of such fissuring. The letting-in of the water creates explosion, the explosion makes vents, and the expansive magma arises, as a result of the release of pressure, through the vents thus caused. On the other hand, it may be asked if there may not be some disturbance in the magma itself which causes it to expand and rise toward the surface, and if the explosions do not result primarily from the ascent of this magma to contact with the earth or ocean water rather than the descent of the water to it.

Dutton's theory that the density and fusibility of the contents of the magma constituted a double function, producing the conditions for the extrusion of molten rock matter as a leading feature in the mechanism of volcanic action, is conspicuous as not having been disproved in this eruption.

What, then, were the essential features of the eruption of Pelée which gave it individual distinction? Briefly, these were the gases probably exploding aërially, the tremendous lightning effects, and the great magnetic wave instantaneously recorded thousands of miles away.

The most important addition to knowledge from the Caribbean volcanoes is the faint suggestion which they give that the causes of volcanic phenomena are disturbances within the hot magma itself rather than in the superficial crust, as maintained by many, and the far-reaching physical suggestion is that these disturbances may produce some of the great magnetic storms which pass over the earth at times and have been attributed to the sun. It is a strange coincidence that Professor Bochmetjew, on the 17th of January last, in a work published by the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences, ably disputed the accepted hypothesis that the sun, with its magnetic and electric storms, was the source of all the earth's magnetic waves, as argued in the classical treatise by Lord Kelvin. Professor Bochmetjew showed that there were several causes of the earth-storms, citing three conspicuous causes: (1) thermo-electrical waves, as a result of the climatic warmth, which he called thermo-electrical streams; (2) that the earth water through its daily shrinkage

caused another class of magnetic streams, which he called trickling-through streams; (3) the powerful and most important agency of the cooling of our planet.

When the excitement of the present moment is over, when all the facts and evidence are collated and sifted, what will be the verdict of science and history concerning the late volcanic eruption of Mont Pelée? It is still too soon to make final statements. There are still some points upon which testimony is lamentably scarce. Even as I write, the hard-working chemists have not as yet completed the analyses of the few specimens which I collected. For some evidence we must wait until the volcano's violence is over, after which the geologist may climb its craters and delve to their bottom for specimens which, when microscopically studied or chemically analyzed, will give additional data.

All the evidence shows that the principal phenomena in the catastrophe were as follows: The morning was clear and bright, but the people were in a condition of thorough panic from the previous events. At seven o'clock there was a preliminary air-movement which caused the hands of an aneroid barometer to vibrate violently. Shortly after this detonations of explosions were heard within the mountain. At 7:50 witnesses from the decks of the ships saw two great eruptions. The first was a mushroom cloud from the summit crater, which ascended into the upper air, and then, according to witnesses from the land, floated southward. Almost immediately after this there was another and more violent eruption from the lower side of the mountain, so tremendous in its effects as to impress some witnesses with the opinicn that the whole side of the slope had opened. This was a terrific and rapidly traveling black cloud of lapilli, which swept with great rapidity southward toward the city. In this cloud there was, no doubt, a great quantity of hot, dry steam, as shown by the burns of some of the wounded on the ships within the touch of its outer margin, and probably gases. The cloud was also exceedingly dense, so much so that it caused total darkness of positions it enveloped. It was likewise heavier than the air, for it traveled along the surface configuration instead of ascending. Owing to this fact, people living upon the higher cliffs overlooking St. Pierre were spared.

This cloud advanced horizontally at a frightful rate of speed in a direction from east of north to west of south. It was also intensely hot, and from its edges a wave of heat radiated out beyond its margin, blighting and withering vegetation. The weight of evidence shows that the cloud was incandescent in itself, but that within it, after its eruption from the mountain, was developed a frightful flame. All persons who saw it from the land side testify to seeing great sheets of flame develop within it. This flame was quick and sudden, and shot with lightning-like rapidity over the city from north to south, consuming houses, trees, human beings, wherever it touched. There were also displays of lightning within the upper cloud —lightning of marvelous effects and rapidity. Sparks shot along the summit in every direction, and it was noted that this lightning played incessantly on the St. Pierre side.

Another remarkable phenomenon was the tremendous destructive force which uprooted trees, unroofed and destroyed buildings throughout the city, threw down people and objects as if particles of chaff, made the sea recede, overturned ships, destroyed all rigging, and piled the debris of the town against the overhanging cliff. This force was aërial, not terrestrial. It threw down the tops of walls, leaving their foundations standing; threw statues off their pedestals; took the rigging and upper works from off the ships; blew down some trees and stripped others of every trace of twig and foliage. It drove the water back from the shores, which returned with terrific force. The direction of this force was radial, apparently from a common center, from which its effects diminished progressively.



VIEW FROM ST. PIERRE, SHOWING MUD FLOW TO NORTH AND FUMES FROM LOWER CRATER.

(From stereoscopic photograph, copyright, 1902, by Underwood & Underwood, New York.)

The *Roddam*, on its farthest edge, was noted



PHOTOGRAPHED BY I. C. RUSSELL.

BATTERY ON MORNE D'ORANGE, ST. PIERRE, MAY 22, 1902.

injured, but was released from its anchorage by the breaking of the chain. The *Roraima*, still nearer the center of the force, was almost overturned, and deprived of its upper works and rigging. The *Grappler*, still nearer, and lying off the mouth of the Rivière des Pères, was completely annihilated. The decrease of the force from without inward is testified by all the objects. The center of this force seems to have been at the north end of the city, where the destruction was greatest, and every trace of culture, vegetation, buildings, and humanity was almost instantaneously annihilated.

Not only was there a tremendous outward force, but this was followed by a return movement, as if a vacuum had been created. This return movement was gentler than the outward force, and brought life and vitality to many who had been exhausted *for the lack of air to breathe*. Another marked phenomenon of the explosion was this exhaustion of air, as testified by all witnesses who were within the radius of the blast, indicating that the oxygen had been completely consumed.

Then another peculiar thing occurred: from the heavens there fell a rain of thick liquid mud, accompanied by small stones of pumice, which lasted for a considerable interval, some say as long as thirty minutes. This apparently was not rain from the sky, but moisture which had developed within the cloud, and, mingling with the ash-like lapilli, formed mud within the sky. Wherever this liquid touched, it plastered the surfaces as though it had been placed on by the hands of man; the landscape was bedaubed with a continuous smooth coating—ships and trees, stones, and even the corpses in the streets. Trees, smoke-stacks, and rigging were all plastered alike; even the bodies of the survivors on the ships were so coated that the cement-like mass had to be literally cracked off the heads of the negroes.

Besides these phenomena seen, there was another substance, which, though invisible, was perhaps the chief agent in the resulting disaster. I refer to the gases which accompanied it. Yet there is no statement so hard to demonstrate as this. That gases were present there can be no doubt whatever, as testified by the phenomena themselves and the traces which they left upon the wreck. What these gases were is another question, for although the gaseous phenomena of volcanoes are least understood, it is a well-known fact that the vapors of all the Caribbean soufrières are sulphurous, and it is highly probable that either sulphureted hydrogen, H_2S, or sulphur dioxid was crimi-

nally implicated in the disaster at St. Pierre. The chief surgeon of the *Dixie* expedition alleges that some of the people at St. Vincent were killed by the inhalation of sulphur dioxid. Up-to-date chemistry has not been of much service in detecting the nature of these gases, but we must remember that full and specific collections with chemical determinations cannot be made until Pelée ceases erupting. It is a significant fact, however, that twigs collected from the trees by me in St. Pierre showed a sulphurous coating, and that all the silverware was blackened by this substance. It is even stated that the captain of the *Suchet* picked up pieces of pure sulphur in the streets of St. Pierre. Still more significant is the fact that for weeks before the catastrophe the city was filled with sulphurous smells—"so strong," wrote Mrs. Thomas T. Prentis, wife of the United States consul, "that horses stopped and snorted, and some of them dropped in their harness and died of suffocation."

The problem of exactly how St. Pierre and its inhabitants were destroyed is still before us. There are two theories:

1. The heat-blast theory. This assumes that the lapilli, gases, and steam of the cloud were ejected with sufficient initial force to destroy buildings from two to five miles distant, and were sufficiently hot to inflame the city and destroy the people by singeing, suffocation, and asphyxiation.

2. The aërial gas explosion theory. This postulates that the weight of the cloud, causing it to descend, the exhaustion of air, the flame, and the great aërial force developed, were the products of an explosion caused by the union of the gases of the cloud with the oxygen of the air, which took place in the air, but near the surface of the ground.

From whatever point of view the subject is approached, all the evidence focuses upon a single deduction: that there was a terrific aërial explosion within the cloud after it erupted from the mountain, which developed tremendous destructive forces, and that the situation of St. Pierre adjacent to the bluff behind it was such that reverberation caused therefrom assisted in its destruction.

The position of the cliffs inclosing the area of devastation would have had much to do with the destruction of St. Pierre, inasmuch as places outside of the cliff-bound amphitheater and upon the edge of the plateau above its depth were spared from destruction.

The aërial explosion, if it occurred, involves the presence within the cloud of a combustible gas, but science is still unable to state its nature. The distinguishing of explosive gases involves a faculty of scientific specialization which the writer does not possess; but as sudden and mysterious as was the great secret, it has left its traces and clues, which the detectives of science will follow up. Metal surfaces of objects in the ruins will be examined and analyzed for traces of sulphur and chlorids. The deposits from the numerous steaming fumaroles are already within the chemical laboratory. Even the ash and rocks of the island will be submitted to minute investigation.

Haunting my mind is a hypothesis which may be but a dream, and which cannot be proved, yet is one which would explain all the phenomena.

On that fateful morning two clouds erupted almost simultaneously from the mountain, one following the other at a slight interval. The first of these came from the open flue of the summit chimney and floated southward horizontally toward Mont Vert. In this cloud developed a violent storm of electric discharges. The second came from lower down the mountain at the spot probably known as La Soufrière or L'Étang Sec. The ejecta from the latter vent were not from an open flue, as the summit cloud, but were from the initial explosion of an ancient vent long clogged up by an accumulation of old material and sulphurous gases. Being heavy with gases, and while rolling toward the city, what would have happened had that host of electric sparks from the upper cloud flashed into the lower aërial mass of superheated gases, even though they had otherwise refrained from already uniting with the oxygen?[1]

[1] Professor Hill informs us that since writing the foregoing he has received from Dr. Emil Deckert of Berlin, who ascended Pelée in 1898, interesting confirmation of the view that the deadly eruption was from the lower lateral crater on the west side of the mountain. Dr. Deckert, in an address delivered in Berlin on the 12th of May, asserted this opinion very emphatically on the ground of his own observations in 1898 and those made by M. Léon Sully on the 25th and 26th of April of the present year, and of the newspaper reports.

Professor Hill finds further confirmation of his theory in the following extract from an article by G. Mazet published in "L'Opinion" of Fort-de-France of May 7, but written before the destruction of the Guérin factory on May 5: "The eruption was accompanied by no serious trepidations of soil, but a rain of ashes, broken through by *burning flashes of gas, alone signalized this volcanic eruption*. In the neighborhood commotions were produced in the air, the effect of returning shocks, and created the impression of frequent seismic phenomena. However, the soil has only felt a few slight undulations of short duration."—EDITOR.

PHASES OF THE WEST INDIAN ERUPTIONS.

DEDUCTIONS FROM PERSONAL OBSERVATION OF THE REGIONS DEVASTATED BY MONT PELÉE AND LA SOUFRIÈRE.

BY ISRAEL C. RUSSELL,
Professor of Geology at the University of Michigan.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY I. C. RUSSELL.
BOYS CARRYING WATER TO REFUGEE CAMP, GEORGETOWN, ST. VINCENT, MAY 27, 1902.

IT is from the point of view of the geologist and the geographer that I invite the reader to consider certain phases of the recent volcanic eruptions in the Lesser Antilles.

During the morning starlight of May 21, 1902, I stood on the deck of the United States cruiser *Dixie*, then on her mission of mercy to the stricken people of the islands of Martinique and St. Vincent. Peering ahead into the darkness, I endeavored to fancy what dread picture the rising sun would reveal. To the eastward, dimly outlined against the brightening sky, loomed a vast mass of vapor in which Mont Pelée and the dead city at its base were enshrouded. On the shore still smoldered the fires of the once beautiful city of St. Pierre. The second great eruption of Mont Pelée had occurred the day preceding the arrival of the *Dixie*, but as she steamed past the devastated region all was silent—the silence of death.

We reached Fort-de-France soon after daybreak, and later in the same day visited St. Pierre. My visit to the dead city was repeated on the succeeding day, each excursion being on the United States despatch-boat *Potomac*, in command of Captain McCormick. Later I went on the *Dixie* to St.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY I. C. RUSSELL.
INJURED CATTLE, NEAR GEORGETOWN, ST. VINCENT, MAY 27, 1902.



ASCENDING LA SOUFRIÈRE, ST. VINCENT, IN 1878.

This photograph was taken near the crater-brim, and shows the western or leeward coast as seen from the summit. The ascent was by a well-made cinder-path or -trail. The figure on the right is Dr. F. A. Ober.



THE LARGE CRATER OF LA SOUFRIÈRE, ST. VINCENT, BEFORE ITS ERUPTION ON

Vincent, and was able to land on both the west and the east coast of that island within the area devastated by the eruption of La Soufrière, and to study characteristic portions of the records which had been recently made. Every possible facility for my work was cordially extended by Captain R. M. Berry, commander of the *Dixie*, and by his able staff of officers, and also by the governors of both Martinique and St. Vincent.

HOW VOLCANOES ARE FORMED.

THE various phases which volcanoes present are so diverse that the general reader will no doubt ask for assistance in grouping them in orderly sequence. As a brief generalized outline of the history of a volcano, I believe most geologists will accept the following, although certain of the explanations suggested cannot be demonstrated by actual observation.

Owing to movements in the cold and rigid outer portion of the earth, or crust, as it is convenient to term it, the rocks are folded and broken, and the cracks thus produced may extend down to the intensely heated rocks thousands of feet beneath the surface. The material at a depth of several thousand feet is, so far as one can judge, intensely hot, and would be molten if it were not under great pressure. The formation of a crack through the cold and rigid outer layer, however, serves to relieve the pressure on the intensely hot portion beneath, and the deeply seated rocks become viscous or fluid and are forced through the fissure up toward the earth's surface. As the molten material, or magma, rises, it may be forced between stratified layers and form intrusions of various shapes in the cold and rigid rocks it invades, or it may reach the surface and spread out over the land or beneath the sea as a lava flow. Molten rock, coming to the surface, sometimes flows out in vast volumes through the greater part of an extensive fissure or through many fissures, and veritable inundations of lava occur.

One of the best-known and most typical illustrations of such an occurrence is in the region drained by the Columbia River, where a series of horizontal lava sheets, covering some two hundred and fifty thousand square miles, has been cut across in the formation of the cañon of Snake River, revealing a



MAY 7, 1902 (NOT THE CRATER OF 1812, WHICH LIES TO THE NORTHEASTWARD).

thickness of over four thousand feet. More frequently, however, the liquid rock, or the solid fragments produced by steam explosion, is forced from the earth through definite tubes or conduits, about the surface openings of which hills, craters, and even magnificent mountains are built by the deposition of the ejected material.

The most marked variations that occur when lava rises through well-defined conduits pertain to the degree of fusion of the extruded rock. If thoroughly fused, it escapes easily,—in fact, almost with the freedom of water,—and flows away quietly in a stream which resembles the outpouring of liquid metal from a furnace. If but moderately fluid, or thick and viscous, it is frequently thrown into the air, by the explosive energy of steam and gases, as still plastic clots, which cool during their flight, and form scoria, or bombs; or it may still be sufficiently soft, on striking the earth, to spread out as flattened cakes. But if the fusion is less complete, and the column of lava as it rises in the throat of a volcano becomes rigid before reaching the surface, it is in many instances broken by explosion within or beneath it, and solid, angular fragments are projected into the air as dust, gravel-like kernels termed *lapilli*, and even as massive blocks weighing perhaps several tons.

Of the material shot upward, there are, again, two principal divisions, namely, that which is molten, or plastic, and that which is sufficiently cooled to be solid and even brittle. To anticipate, I may say that the lava extruded from Mont Pelée and La Soufrière during their recent eruptions was all in the condition of solid, angular fragments.

The explosions which frequently form a conspicuous feature of volcanic eruptions may seemingly be best explained on the assumption that molten lava, as it rises from deep within the earth, brings with it various gases, but more especially steam with a high degree of tension. It is to be presumed, however, that as the molten material rises and invades the water-charged rocks near the earth's surface, important additions to the steam dissolved in the lava are acquired. While the explosion of volcanoes is commonly ascribed to the violent escape of



TYPE OF CARIB RACE, ST. VINCENT.

steam, the fact is recognized that water, in contact with white-hot rock, would be decomposed, and furnish oxygen and hydrogen, which, as the temperature decreases, would recombine with explosive violence. While the molten rock forced upward in the conduit of a volcano is yet under great pressure, the steam and gases contained in it are confined and held in solution in the magma; but as the summit portion of the ascending column nears the surface, pressure is relieved, the pent-up vapor and gases expand, and explosions result. Each explosion, by blowing out lava, tends still more to relieve the pressure on the lava below, and a succession of eruptions follow, until the steam-and-gas-charged portion of the volcano is removed. The cessation of an eruption after a violent explosion is an argument tending to show that it is only the summit portion of the lava in a volcanic conduit which is charged with steam and gas; otherwise, as it would seem, an eruption would cease only when nearly the entire subterranean reservoir of highly heated rock had been emptied.

If the highly heated rock in a volcanic conduit is sufficiently liquid to permit the steam and gases to escape through it, in the manner that steam escapes from an open vessel containing boiling water, there will be little if any projection of the lava into the air, although extensive overflows of lava may occur without explosions. During such quiet explosions vast volumes of steam are given off; hence it is evident that the pressure which forces liquid rock from deep within the earth to the surface is something dis-



VIEW OF CHÂTEAUBELAIR ISLAND, ST. VINCENT, WITH STEAM FROM RIVERS OF MUD.
Taken from the *Dixie* by Chaplain MacGrail, May 23, 1902.

tinct and apart from the explosions, which sometimes form the most conspicuous part of an eruption. In brief, the forcing out of lava may be best explained as the result of pressure on the material deep below the earth's surface, and the steam explosions as a result of the rising of the hot magma into the water-charged surface portion of the earth's crust.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY I. C. RUSSELL.

MOUTH OF THE WALLIBOU RIVER, ST. VINCENT, MAY 25, 1902.

Hot water entering the sea.

THE TWO TYPES OF VOLCANOES.

THE manner in which steam and gases escape from volcanoes while in eruption furnishes a basis for classifying them in two groups, namely, those of a quiet and those of an explosive type, though the line of demarcation between the types is indefinite. In the case of volcanoes of the quiet type, the extruded lava flows out frequently in such volume as to be measured in cubic miles, but unaccompanied by explosions. In such instances the molten rock is highly liquid, and may flow scores of miles before cooling and hardening. Volcanoes of the explosive type make themselves conspicuous by earthquake, rumblings, and tremendous detonations, accompanied by an outbreak of steam and gases of such violence that rock fragments are shot upward to a height not infrequently of several miles. In such instances the lava extruded is blown out either in clots or, as happens more frequently, in solid, angular fragments. Frequently, too, during explosive eruptions, and even those of extreme violence, there is comparatively little lava extruded at the surface.

The recent volcanic eruptions on Martinique and St. Vincent were well-marked examples of the explosive type. All of the fresh lava ejected was blown into the air in the condition of solid fragments.

According as a volcano is of the explosive or the quiet type, it builds a hill or a mountain in each instance of characteristic shape. A quiet eruption of liquid lava commonly leads to the formation of a low mound with a broad bottom, and if the eruptions are repeated from time to time, a great mountain with a rounded profile and an immensely expanded base may result. Characteristic examples of the mountains built by volca-

noes of the quiet type are furnished by the stupendous volcanic piles of the Hawaiian Islands, the sides of which are generally inclined.

If, on the other hand, an eruption is of the explosive type, the rock fragments blown



RUINS OF WALLIBOU VILLAGE, THREE MILES FROM LA SOUFRIÈRE. SLIGHT ERUPTION TAKING PLACE.

out are piled about the openings so as to form a steep-sided cone, with a depression, or crater, in the summit. Examples of mountains built in this manner are abundant, as explosive volcanoes are more numerous than those of the quiet type, and are illustrated by Fujiyama in Japan, Shishaldin in Alaska, and many others. The most common of all volcanic mountains, however, are those built both by the ejection of fragments and the outwelling of streams of molten rock. Such composite cones, as they are termed, are illustrated by Vesuvius.

THE PLACE OF MONT PELÉE AND LA SOUFRIÈRE AMONG VOLCANOES.

THE mountains in the Lesser Antilles recently in eruption, as stated above, are clearly of the explosive type, and no doubt for centuries to come will be numbered among the most typical examples of that type known. Up to the close of my visit to Martinique and St. Vincent no streams of lava had appeared, and, judging from the observations of others, no effusions of molten rock have since taken place. Not only were the recent eruptions essentially steam explosions, but the rock exposures throughout each of the islands show that many similar explosive eruptions had previously occurred. In fact, the islands are largely composed of igneous rocks ejected as solid, angular fragments, in the same manner as the stones, gravel, and dust recently showered over them. A few old lava streams were noted, however, which show that molten rock has, in the past, occasionally been forced out from volcanic vents on both Martinique and St. Vincent, but from what craters these ancient streams came is unknown. From the extended observations of Robert T. Hill and others it appears that not only Martinique and St. Vincent have been built

mainly by explosive eruptions, but that all the volcanic Caribbees, from Saba southward to Grenada, have a similar history. The process by which this chain of islands has been built is evidently still in action, and is illustrated by the recent explosions.

Both Mont Pelée and La Soufrière for many years previous to the recent eruptions were seemingly extinct. The walls of their craters were overgrown with luxuriant vegetation, and each mountain held a lake in a depression near its summit. In spite of the fact that Mont Pelée experienced an eruption in 1851, and La Soufrière one in 1812, any geologist, I believe, previous to the recent catastrophe, would have considered these mountains as safe as many others in the Lesser Antilles. Fifty or ninety years, however, is but a short period when the cooling of a volcano is considered, as is shown by Mount Shasta, Mount Hood, and Mount Rainier in the Cascade Range, which, although tens of thousands of years old, are still hot within, and still emit small volumes of steam.

Presumably the rocks but a short distance beneath the placid lakes which recently existed in the summit portions of Mont Pelée and La Soufrière were still hot previous to the late eruptions, but what changes caused the explosions cannot be accurately told. Most likely, however, the cracks or belt of fractures in the earth's crust along which the Lesser Antilles are situated were slightly opened, or greater pressure than formerly was brought to bear upon the heated rocks within the conduits of the seemingly extinct volcanoes, and molten rock was forced upward through the ancient rent. This suggestion, it must be understood, is to some extent a matter of theory, but is based on the generally accepted explanation of the nature of volcanoes.

Judging from the reports of persons who visited the crater lakes of Mont Pelée and La Soufrière early in May, their waters became hot previous to the beginning of the actual eruption. Possibly movements in the rocks opened fissures in the bottoms of the craters, through which the lake waters gained access to the hot rocks beneath. On the morning of May 7, the day of the great eruption of La Soufrière, the water in its crater is reported by an eye-witness to have risen to near the lip of the encircling wall,



PHOTOGRAPHED BY I. C. RUSSELL.

WALLIBOU RIVER, ST. VINCENT, MAY 25, 1902.

The river valley is filled with hot stones and volcanic dust to a depth of about sixty feet.

and to have been in violent ebullition. In the case of Mont Pelée, the crater lake appears to have broken its bounds on May 5, and to have sent a deluge of hot water charged with mud through the gorge of Rivière Blanche, which destroyed the Guérin sugar-factory and overwhelmed a score of people. This deluge was heavily charged with mud, and in its mad rush down the mountain valley resembled a "cloud-burst." A similar break of the crater in the summit portion of La Soufrière is not known to have occurred, and the waters and mud of the lake seem to have been blown into the air at the time of the first explosion of that mountain.

The rise of the column of molten rock in the conduit of Mont Pelée and of La Soufrière, and the escape of superheated steam and, no doubt, gases, seem to have been the proximate and immediate causes of each of the recent eruptions. The lava of each volcano belongs to the class of rocks termed andesite. In chemical composition, and to some extent in appearance, the cooled and hardened lava resembles fire-brick. It contains from fifty-five to sixty-one per cent. of silica, about eighteen per cent. of alumina, from six to eight per cent. of calcium, from five to nine per cent. of iron oxids, together with lesser quantities of magnesia, magnesium, sodium, and several other much less abundant elements. From a comparison with certain clays of nearly the same composition, the fusing-points of which are known, it appears that the andesite blown out from Mont Pelée and La Soufrière would become soft and more or less plastic at a temperature of about 2200° Fahrenheit, but fusion sufficiently complete to permit the material to flow would not occur below a dazzling white heat, or at about 2700° or 2800° Fahrenheit.

It is the refractory nature of the rock which largely determined the behavior of the volcanoes while in eruption. Owing to the high degree of heat required to make the lava plastic enough to flow and the absence of sufficient pressure to cause it to rise rapidly, it was not discharged as a stream, but as it rose through the chimney-like opening which permitted its egress, the



PHOTOGRAPHED BY I. C. RUSSELL.

RICHMOND VALE HOUSE, ST. VINCENT, MAY 25, 1902.

Mr. McDonald, whose narrative appeared in the August CENTURY, was about to buy this estate when the eruption took place. The house was partly destroyed by the hurricane of 1898.

summit of the column became chilled and stiffened, and was even changed to solid rock before being blown into the air. The craters of the volcanoes, during their violent eruptions, were of the nature of huge vertical cannon from which rock fragments were blown into the air with such initial velocities that they rose to a height of several miles. By this process of blowing out of the summit portions of the ascending lava columns, a vast quantity of material was removed from deep within the earth to the surface and scattered over many hundreds of square miles of land and sea. The total quantity of material ejected in this manner can only be estimated, but certainly it equals that found in many extensive lava flows.

Not only did the escaping steam or gases blow out masses of the stiffened and brittle rock, but steam and gases imprisoned in the rock itself escaped as pressure was relieved, and blew the wall of the confining cells to dust. The larger part of the lava thrown out by each of the volcanoes was dust-like in character, but the shattering of ejected material was greatest in the case of Mont Pelée. The dust is of a dark-gray color, and resembles ground Portland cement. Near the volcanoes it fell in a hot condition and destroyed all life, but at a distance it became cooler, and did little if any damage to plants or animals. At St. Pierre the fine gray dust accumulated to a depth of perhaps fourteen inches on broad, flat surfaces, but, like snow, it was drifted by the winds, and in places, as in the northern part of the city, where it was swept down from the surface of the plain to the eastward, buried houses from sight. In the valleys it accumulated, in certain instances, to the depth of from fifty to sixty feet or more, but what the average depth throughout the devastated area may be remains to be determined. At St. Pierre little else but fine dust was added to the surface; the largest grains observed by me—of which there were comparatively few, however—did not exceed the size of a small pea.

On St. Vincent the material that fell during the most violent eruptions was much coarser than any observed on Martinique. On both east and west coasts of the island I collected fragments of fresh lava measuring five or six inches in diameter, and even larger masses are said to have fallen. At Richmond House, on the west side of St. Vincent, the layer of stones, lapilli, and dust added to the surface on nearly level areas was about three feet thick. Near Georgetown, on the east coast of the island, the sheet of debris on the arrowroot-fields was approximately fourteen inches thick. These measures refer to nearly level areas at a distance of about five miles from La Soufrière. In the valleys and gorges of the mountains, in many instances, it was estimated that from fifty to sixty feet or more of similar fresh fragmental material fell.

Together with the fragments of fresh andesite which fell—particularly on St. Vincent—are mingled angular or somewhat rounded pebbles and fragments of dense igneous rock, which were observed to be red-hot when they reached the ground. These masses are similar, in the manner of their ejection, to the blocks of limestone to be observed on Vesuvius, and were, no doubt, torn from the walls of the conduits through which the fresh lava was ejected and shot upward with it. These highly heated rocks, as just stated, were frequently red-hot when they returned to the earth, and capable of starting fires. The fragments of fresh lava that fell, although hot throughout the devastated areas, are not reported to have been red-hot. This difference of heat between the fragments of old lava and of the fresh and recently fused rock extruded seems to have been due to their physical properties. The older rock was mostly dense and compact, and retained its heat longer than the usually porous and frequently pumice-like fresh material.

The discharge of fragments from Mont Pelée took place from a crater near the summit of the mountain, but not at the very top. The crater was in full view during my visit to St. Pierre, and on its eastern side rose to a height of several hundred feet above the crest of its newly formed walls where best defined. On the west side was a deep V-shaped notch in the crater's rim, looking through which, from St. Pierre, one could see a conical pile of rough rocks, reddish in color, from which steam was rising in large volumes. This inner cone, situated on the floor of the main crater, was built during mild discharges, and evidently consisted of clots of sticky lava tossed up from the open conduit within. The dull reddish or brownish color of the cone of eruption was, as it seemed, due to its heat. A violent explosion which occurred later, no doubt, blew the small cone to fragments and distributed it far and wide as dust and lapilli, but during subsequent mild eruptions a similar hollow pyramid was probably rebuilt.

In neither of the craters on Martinique and St. Vincent did molten lava rise so as to

make a lake of liquid rock, as has so frequently happened in the case of the Hawaiian craters, and as sometimes occurs in the crater of Vesuvius. At no time during my visit was the light of molten rocks within the craters reflected from the steam that rose above them. Inquiry of several careful observers who witnessed the earlier stages of the eruptions of one or the other of the volcanoes fails to indicate that such a light on the under side of the clouds above the craters was conspicuous at any time. This is consistent with other evidence tending to show that the lava columns cooled and hardened as they rose within the conduits of the volcanoes, and that their summit portions were shot into the air by explosions from beneath.

To repeat: The recent eruptions were explosive. The materials extruded were steam, gases (the precise nature of which is unknown), and fresh or recently fused lava blown out in a solid condition as dust, lapilli, and still larger angular fragments, some of which weigh from one to several pounds. In addition to the fresh lava blown into the air, there was a notable quantity, especially at St. Vincent, of fragments of old and solid igneous rocks, which were torn from the walls of the conduits and shot into the air by the upward rush of steam and lava.

WHAT WAS THE IMMEDIATE CAUSE OF THE DESTRUCTION OF ST. PIERRE?

IN Martinique the region of destruction is triangular; the triangle measures about five miles on a side, and its apex is at the summit of Mont Pelée. The location and shape of the area swept by the volcanic explosions were determined largely by the fact that the crater from which the discharge came was on the west side of the summit of the mountain, and also that the wall of the crater was deeply notched on the side facing St. Pierre. Another factor to be considered is that the trade-winds sweep across Martinique from east to west, or pass directly from the summit of Mont Pelée to St. Pierre. It was this combination of conditions to which, in large part, the destruction of the ill-fated city was due. In addition, however, as it seems safe to conclude from the accounts of several survivors of the disaster, a lateral opening below the base of the crater on the side facing St. Pierre was made on the morning of May 8, and from this opening the volcanic discharge was shot out laterally, and not straight upward as is normally the case.

According to the reports of survivors who witnessed the disaster, a cloud rolled down the mountain-side, requiring some three minutes to reach the coast. The cloud started with an apparent width of about three thousand yards, and spread as it advanced until it was two miles or more in breadth, when it swept over St. Pierre and the shipping in the roadstead. The blasts from the mountain, judging from all available evidence, consisted mainly of steam charged with fine, hot dust; but inflammable gases may also have been present. No conspicuous odor of gas, however, appears to have been observed at the time of the eruption, and during my visit to the stricken city —the day following the second great eruption, which is believed to have been similar in all respects to the first one—there was no suggestive odor of gases present, although the smell of sulphurous acid was in evidence, and suggested the familiar smell usually noticed on visiting the slag-piles of a furnace.

The cloud from the mountain, referred to above, is said to have rolled down its side like a fog-bank, the summit portion of the front of the wave advancing and. rolling under. No conspicuous detonations other than the deafening roar from the mountain accompanied these discharges, but the blast passed over the ships in the roadstead with a rush like that of a hurricane. The blast which assisted in the destruction of St. Pierre had, in reality, the force of a hurricane, as is clearly shown by the records it left. The course it followed is demonstrated by the direction in which trees, houses, statues, cannon, the lighthouse, the cathedral spires, etc., were overturned. The evidence still to be seen is conclusive that the blast radiated from the mountain and passed over St. Pierre in a direction a little west of south. Walls that ran about east and west, and presented a broadside to the blast, were overturned toward the south; while walls running north and south, or with the direction of the sweeping current, are, in large part, still standing. The bells in the cathedral tower, although of large size, were carried southward and dropped beyond the walls which once supported them. Numerous great trees were overturned to the south, and lie in almost perfect alinement.

As to the force of the blast, there is no accurate measure, but there is abundant evidence to show that it was tremendous

The mechanical destruction wrought is such as only a gaseous body moving with a hurricane force could produce. The best suggestion of a measure of the force I was able to obtain was furnished by the statue of the Virgin, which formerly stood on Morne d'Orange, in the southern portion of St. Pierre and near the southern limit of the region of destruction, a distance between four and five miles from where the blast is supposed to have started. The statue in question is of metal,—iron, I believe,—and measures eleven feet high and over nine feet in circumference about the chest. Although hollow, its weight is certainly several tons. It was swept from its pedestal and carried southward a distance of about forty-five feet, and now rests in a recumbent position, the feet pointing southward, or away from the pedestal, which was left standing. Near the statue of the Virgin, and at a considerably lower level, is the site of a battery which contained eight or nine six-inch iron cannon, each gun having a length of nine feet eight inches. These guns were formerly mounted on wheels, and stood within a parapet over which they could be fired; yet, in spite of the protection thus afforded, every one of them was dismounted by the blast which swept over the city.

Without claiming that the evidence in hand should be considered conclusive, I venture the opinion that St. Pierre was destroyed by the explosion of steam charged with hot dust which was shot down from Mont Pelée in a descending direction instead of vertically, and was in reality like the discharge of a great cannon. The blast was certainly hot, seemingly steam charged with hot dust, but, so far as I can judge, did not contain notable volumes of inflammable gases. The evidence as to the presence or absence of gas is inconclusive, however, and several observers who have visited the ruins have suggested that explosions of gas near or within the city were the main agency of destruction; but such facts as I was able to gather do not favor these deductions.

WHAT WAS THE IMMEDIATE CAUSE OF DEATH IN ST. PIERRE?

THE loss of life in St. Pierre is placed at about thirty thousand souls. So far as known, not a person survived who was in the city at 7:55 on the morning of May 8. Of the people on the ships in the roadstead, of which there were about eighteen, a few escaped, and most of these were seriously burned. The death-dealing blast did its work not only thoroughly, but quickly. The people in the city are believed to have been killed within the space of three minutes, and, judging by the reports of survivors who were barely touched by the scorching dust, death was, in most instances, instantaneous, or nearly so. The immediate and general cause of the loss of life has by some been ascribed to burning gas, and by others to the inhalation of steam charged with hot dust. Of these two explanations, the facts observed by me, and the best interpretation I have been able to place on the reports of survivors who witnessed the disaster in part, decidedly favor the conclusion that steam, and particularly the hot dust with which it was charged, was the chief cause of death. In advancing a general explanation of the loss of life, exceptions need to be noted. Many people were no doubt killed by falling walls, and some died from what is termed "shock," and others by electricity, but the great majority of the fatalities were certainly due to something else, a something which was widespread and rapid in its action.

As to the cause of death, where the death-dealing agency was most intense, we can judge best, as it seems to me, by considering what occurred on the outer margin of the devastated area, and especially from the nature of the injuries of the persons who narrowly escaped with their lives. Of the persons who survived the destruction of the ships in the roadstead at St. Pierre, those injured suffered mainly from scalds and burns inflicted by steam and hot dust which adhered to the skin and destroyed the epidermis. In many instances the hair on the injured parts was not consumed. In the case of the sufferers, also, the portions of their bodies protected by clothing, even to the extent of a light cotton shirt, were not burned. While the injured were scalded by steam and burned by hot dust, the heat was not sufficient to burn hair or clothing, but it inflicted severe injuries. This evidence shows clearly that the people were not exposed to the touch of burning gases, for if they had been their clothing and hair would certainly have borne evidence to that effect. As told by the heroic Ellery S. Scott, chief officer of the *Roraima*, the material which fell in the ship was in part in the condition of hot mud. The explanation of this occurrence seems to be that the steam was condensed to water, which, being mingled with the previously dry dust, formed what was in reality adhesive hot mud. This, it is fair to

judge, occurred near the outer limit of the region of destruction, nearer the center of the devastated area; and whenever the heat was not sufficiently decreased to permit the steam to condense, it was charged with dry, hot dust.

Judging from the evidence in hand, the immediate cause of death in the case of a very large majority of the people in St. Pierre was from inhaling steam charged with hot dust. The dust was fine, and in the process of inhalation would enter the throat and lungs as readily as gas. In addition to what has just been stated, we have testimony showing that in many instances the mucous membrane of the nostrils and mouth, in the case of the people who died, was severely blistered and protruded so as to be conspicuous. The conclusions here presented in relation to the cause of death in St. Pierre find support also in the evidence concerning the dead and injured on St. Vincent.

DESTRUCTION IN ST. VINCENT.

On St. Vincent the action of the dust, lapilli, etc., which destroyed life and blasted vegetation over an area of some thirty square miles, was less intense than on Martinique. No blast as from a cannon swept the island, but the eruption from La Soufrière went upward in the normal manner and showered vast quantities of hot stones and dust upon the island. Where this material was sufficiently hot or in sufficient abundance, it destroyed vegetation in much the same way as on Martinique, but the relation of the devastated area to the mountain is different. The region of destruction extends, in a belt about six miles wide, directly across the northern part of St. Vincent, leaving a small island-like area of verdure on its northern side. In many instances, more especially on the outer margin of the devastated area, tree-trunks are still standing, although completely denuded of their leaves and branches. The trees which fell, while in general pointing away from La Soufrière, do not indicate that they were swept aside in the manner so plainly apparent on Martinique. Roofs were crushed by the weight of the material which fell on them, and in several instances, at a distance of four or five miles from the volcano, stones weighing a pound or more fell with such force as to penetrate galvanized-iron roofs. Within a distance of four or five miles from the volcano the material which fell was still sufficiently hot to cause fires. An interesting fact in this connection is that when the dust and lapilli accumulated to a considerable depth around the green vegetation the trees were burned to charcoal, and near Georgetown this material is now being gathered in quantities and used for fuel. I have been informed by residents in Georgetown that, in the deposits of dust and lapilli made during the eruption of 1812, charcoal is not uncommon, thus indicating, as do many other facts, that the recent and the last preceding eruptions of La Soufrière were similar in character.

The distribution of hot material discharged from La Soufrière in a belt across the island of St. Vincent, instead of over a V-shaped area as at Martinique, seemed to have an intimate connection with the position of the crater near the summit of La Soufrière and the influence of the trade-winds on the distribution of the material discharged from it. As is well known, the depth of the layer of the atmosphere affected by the trade-winds is comparatively shallow, and above it the air is moving from west to east. The stones and dust shot upward from La Soufrière rose through the trade-wind layer, and were carried eastward by the upper air-current. On falling, however, they again met the influence of the westward-blowing trades and were given a slant in a westward direction sufficient to allow them to pass through windows and enter houses. The windows of some of the houses near Georgetown which face eastward have the appearance of an abandoned house which has served as a target for stones, while the westward-facing windows, or those looking toward the volcano, are but little injured.

While the loss of life on St. Vincent was far less than that on Martinique,—seemingly the best estimate places it at sixteen hundred,—the number of injured was greater. Nearly all the patients in the emergency hospitals at Kingstown and Georgetown, more than two hundred in number at the time of my visit, were suffering from scalds and burns on the hands, feet, face, and neck. The burns, like those of the injured at Martinique, were caused by hot dust, which adhered to the skin and destroyed the epidermis. Among the sufferers there were only two or three who were injured in other ways, and these had been struck by falling stones. In the opinion, so far as I could learn, of the physicians and others who were early on the scene of destruction, the principal cause of death was from inhaling steam charged with hot dust.

THE SHOWERS OF DUST AND STONES.

SOME of the fine dust discharged from La Soufrière on May 7 was carried upward through the trade-wind layer, borne eastward by the eastward-blowing upper air-current, and fell on the island of Barbados, ninety miles distant, where, as has been reported, it accumulated to the depth of three quarters of an inch. Another observation made by the captain of the British ship *Coya* shows that similar material fell on the same day at a distance of two hundred and seventy-five miles southeast of St. Vincent. The samples of dust collected at these localities, and many samples from both Martinique and St. Vincent, show that the fine material blown into the air was produced by the disintegration of fresh lava, similar to the large masses which fell so abundantly, particularly on the northern portion of St. Vincent. The showers of dust, lapilli, and stones were similar, in the case of each volcano, to what has happened during many other eruptions, and are a repetition of what occurred during the eruption of La Soufrière in 1812, and also during the similar explosion of Mont Pelée in 1851. Such showers of fragments and the wide distribution of dust accompanying them are indications of explosive eruptions, and are in harmony with the fact that the andesite extruded is silicious and difficult of fusion.

Had the lava forced upward in the conduits of the volcanoes been somewhat more readily fusible, clots and even thoroughly fused masses of rock would probably have been ejected into the air and fallen as scoria and bombs; and had the material been still more fusible, lava streams would no doubt have flowed down from the craters. The absence of lava flows and of bombs and scoria, together with the great abundance of angular fragments of fresh lava, shows that the recent eruptions must be considered as simple examples of the eruptions of volcanoes of the explosive type. The explosions that occurred, although appalling when measured by human standards of energy, were small in comparison with many other similar events recorded in both human and geological history. Judging from the size of the fragments recently ejected, when placed by the side of the huge blocks blown out from the same or neighboring volcanoes during previous eruptions, the explosions of May last were mild in intensity in comparison with the catastrophes that have happened many times in past ages on the same islands.

TOPOGRAPHIC CHANGES.

THE study of the topography of the desolated areas on Martinique and St. Vincent, with excellent maps of the islands in hand, and with the aid of photographs taken only a short time previous to the recent eruptions, fails to show that the configuration of either island has been seriously changed. Such modifications as have occurred are confined to the summit portions of the mountains, and are of such minor consequence that they can only be determined when the eruptions shall have ceased and detailed investigations can be made.

On the west coast of St. Vincent, to the north of Châteaubelair, it is reported that minor changes have occurred in the coast-line, and that low, flat areas many acres in extent near the sea have disappeared. These areas were alluvial lands at the mouths of streams, and were made by the streams themselves. Their destruction, as it appeared to me, was not on account of subsidence, but from agitation of the sea and the fact that the streams, owing to the extent to which their valleys had been filled, acquired new energy and have been able to cut away the lands they previously built. Similar changes seem to have taken place, but on a smaller scale, along the coast to the north of St. Pierre; and on both Martinique and St. Vincent some additions to the land and an extension of the shore-line have been made about the mouths of rivers which are discharging vast quantities of fresh fragmental material.

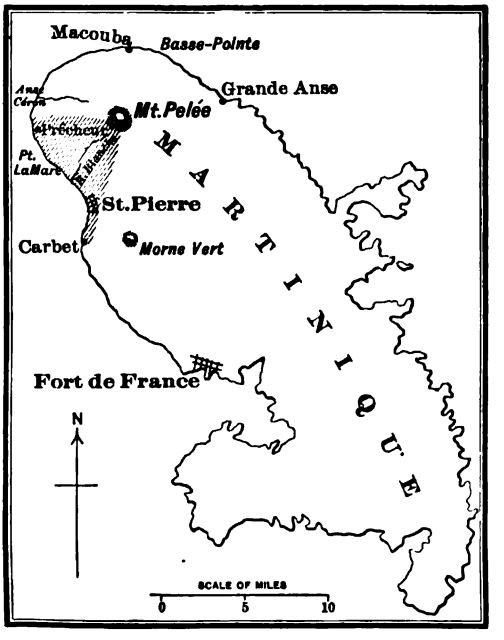
NEGATIVE RESULTS.

IT is surprising to learn that the recent eruptions were not attended by violent earthquakes. Except in the immediate vicinity of the stricken districts on each island, but slight tremors of the earth seem to have been noted, and nothing like a severe earthquake occurred. Small water-waves are reported to have broken on the beach at St. Pierre at the time of the destruction of the city on May 8, but little if any damage was done by them. Observers state that the water at first receded from the shore about three hundred feet and then returned as a wave. A similar movement seems to have taken place during the eruption of May 20, as the sands of the beach were wet, at the time of my visit the following day, to a height of about six feet above high-water mark. Whether these waves were true earth-

quake water-waves, or "tidal waves," as they are frequently but erroneously termed, or whether the water was blown away from the shore by the blast from the volcano, and returned as a wave, there is perhaps not sufficient evidence on which to base an opinion. In the absence, however, of severe earthquake shocks, it is not to be supposed that water-waves in the sea would be started, and the disturbances of the water referred to must seemingly have had a direct connection with the blasts that swept down from the mountain. There is an absence also of records of anything more than mild earth-tremors throughout the West India region.

The sound-waves generated in the air during the recent eruptions, though heard at a distance of more than a hundred miles, did not travel far in comparison with the disturbances of the same nature which accompanied the eruption of Krakatua in 1883. Atmospheric waves such as would affect a barometer have not been reported. In fact, observations made by Mr. Henry Powell at Kingstown, during the eruptions of La Soufrière, failed to show any variation in the usual condition of the barometer.

Another failure of the recent eruptions to meet what might confidently be expected in such instances was the absence or nearly complete lack of brilliant sunsets in the Caribbean region during the days and weeks following the explosions. During my voyage on the *Dixie*, nothing to suggest the presence of an unusual amount of dust in the higher regions of the air was observed. On the contrary, the atmosphere throughout my stay in the West Indies seemed wonderfully clear. It is true that heavy rains followed the eruptions, but these, while washing the lower layer of the atmosphere, cannot be considered as having affected the region above the trade-wind stratum. The clearness of the air was beautifully demonstrated on the morning the *Dixie* left Fort-de-France on her homeward voyage. For an hour or more before sunrise there was not a visible cloud in the sky except the towering column of steam rising from the crater of Mont Pelée. As the sun neared the verge of the horizon, his radiance gradually increased, but nothing of the deep red produced by fine particles in the air made its appearance. Though the sun was below the horizon, and the forest-covered slopes of Carbet were yet indistinct and shadowy, the summit of the magnificent vapor column, rising from the steaming crater to a height of over fifteen thousand feet by measurement, was brilliantly illuminated. That vast column of sunlit vapor, composed of ascending fleece-like forms, each the product of a small steam explosion, expanding at the top like a mighty palm, such as those encircling the sculptured form of Josephine at Fort-de-France, was among the last and by far the most majestic and beautiful of the impressions of my visit to the stricken islands of the Lesser Antilles.



MARTINIQUE.



ST. VINCENT.

WILLIAM WATSON.

BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY.

MR. WILLIAM WATSON has been prominently before the public for ten years, and notwithstanding some younger rivalries that remain to be tried, he is still the most widely accepted of new poets by the distinctive literary judgment in America. The volume in which he has lately collected his work, though he has omitted much that he has published even in the last decade, covers a period of twenty years of production, and hence must be taken to represent his entire poetic labor as he himself has chosen to set it forth. Such a book at such a stage seems justly to require a general estimate of what he has accomplished in poetry by long and arduous devotion to the high standard that is patent on every page, and also by a sincerity in the use of natural gifts so constant and deep that if one does not feel it, he does not feel the very pulse of the book. About one hundred and fifty poems make the sum of what he offers.

Various as the work is in its topics, one trait is obviously in the foreground, and is openly acknowledged in the concluding verses, the "Apologia," in which the poet defends his writings. He is a poet primarily of the literary life, trained in the great academic tradition of verse, and its child by discipline, with taste, matter, and style proclaiming his ancestry as he himself desired should be the case:

> Their lineaments
> Will out, the signature of ancestry
> Leap unobserved, and somewhat of themselves
> In me, their lowly scion, live once more.

Such poetical descent, which does not consist so much in an imitation as in an inheritance, comes virtually only through great love of the "eternal brood of glory excellent," and the intellectual appreciation which results from that early and intimate affection for the poets of past time usually characteristic of the literary temperament. It is not surprising that Mr. Watson consequently won his first recognition rather as a critic in verse, though the expression is misleading; for the criticism is not prosaically conceived, like Pope's, but is rather the analogue in verse of our own interpretative and colored criticism, like Pater's, in prose, as Pope's was of the dry rules of his age. Mr. Watson, in brief, just phrases, or in images which illumine and display our own unshaped sense and unlanguaged affection for the later poets, sets forth, in lines that have the quality of poetry with the coolness of prose, his own appreciation of Wordsworth, Landor, or Gray, as the case may be; or he expresses with somewhat more of lift and poignancy the eidolon he has created of Shelley, Burns, Byron, and Keats; or, in his elegy on Tennyson, with its brilliant qualities of style and depth of feeling, he passes out of the sphere of criticism into that disengagement from intellectual or moral values where love, though springing from judgment, forgets its origins and is itself alone. "Wordsworth's Grave" has many excellencies of its own, and is the more original poem; but the "Lachrymæ Musarum" belongs in the same class, and by its intensity, solemnity, and lyrical development must be reckoned the climax of the poems about poets by which Mr. Watson is most favorably known. The subject of these, which is the spiritual personality of these poets as they are now in men's memory, and the soundness of the judgment passed, its discrimination and penetrating power, its pure and often imaginative phrasing, and also the noble movement of the lines and the self-possession of the style, appeal to the literary class with a breadth and directness not equaled in our later verse.

The reputation founded upon poems whose motive was literary appreciation of great English masters of the art was sustained and spread abroad in the public mind mainly by the political verse contained in the "Ver Tenebrosum" and "Year of Shame," together with a few other pieces of similar tenor. Of these only a portion are now retained, and this fact itself illustrates the transitory interest and value inherent in such contemporary subjects and passions. Wordsworth himself in such sonnets seldom achieved the difficult

task of infusing into them the principle of permanency. A poet who uses his talent as a weapon for the hour must commonly be content with such results as exist in the hour. Mr. Watson's heart was in the cause, and his deep feeling gave to these sonnets a passion not elsewhere so strongly shown, a vehemence, indeed, that often overran the bounds of art and made the verse "foam itself away" almost at once. The sonnets he has now let stand are the finest of the series, and several of them, notably "The Soudanese," are in the best vein of the English political sonnet as practised in its imperishable form by Milton and Wordsworth. That upon Carnot's death, however, and that upon the Franco-Russian alliance, admirably done as it is, and all the verse on the armed state of Europe, must be regarded as occasional pieces depending on a political interest and making a moral rather than a poetical appeal.

This whole body of eloquent exposition, of indignant or pathetic denunciation, of world-sorrow in a humane heart incapable of knowing patriotism except as an element in a larger and inclusive humanity, or of discriminating between a state task and the task of civilization in common, is a fervid argument, a moving address, a lament over the times; but it is necessarily a passion of the moment, and is exposed to the impairment naturally belonging to all such work. Similarly, the religious verse, on which Mr. Watson in his preface lays a grave emphasis, is somewhat narrowly agnostic. In both the political and the religious sphere the poet departs furthest from his art in the sense that he employs the art as an instrument for ideas instead of subduing these ideas to the higher uses of the art itself. The element of his own personality, the interest of what he believes, is here strong, as, in like ways, his friendships are strong in the more familiar verse of the volume; the result is that the reader comes to know Mr. Watson otherwise than as a poet, and always with extraordinary genuineness. Sincerity, indeed, is the note of the book, as has already been indicated.

Apart from all the poems which are thus easily classified, there are a number less distinctively personal and in the common field of all who write. Of these the "Epigrams" and several brief songs are preëminent, and in them Mr. Watson shows most plainly his kindred with Landor in form. In others he attempts a longer flight, of which the chief are "Hymn to the Sea," the "Dream of Man," "The Father of the Forest," "A Study in Contrasts," and "A Dedication." They are curiously alike, under all their differences, in that they use in common a method of veiled allegory; and all are in reality poems of meditation, and more artistically conceived than such poems as "The Unknown God" or "The Hope of the World," in which reflection is given in its intellectual nakedness. In a score of other poems, also, Mr. Watson works in matter which tests his powers when free from a motive engrossingly literary, political, or religious; and in a few instances, besides, he tries pure narrative verse, of which "Domine Quo Vadis" is the most striking example. Upon these various poems, taken as a mass, Mr. Watson's normal and constant poetical force must be judged, unless his signal successes alone be alluded to.

The great quality of all these is their style, as strong as it is flexible, as sure as it is refined, finished in every detail, and yet large and simple in its masses, clear-flowing always. Higher praise can hardly be given to style merely; in its vocabulary and cadences it continues with original touch the traditions of Landor and Arnold, and, in less degree, of Wordsworth's diction in blank verse; it is most admirable in its mastery of pure and often lofty phrase, and relies much upon the phrase as the element of composition; it is excessive in its Latinity, in its polysyllabic preponderance to a degree that seems mannered, and in the glide of the words that results; but even when, as in "A Study in Contrasts," the words are as distinguished as the collie's tail, they are handled with a fine mastery "Amorist, agonist man" is a phrase that almost takes us back to the false taste of "Euphues"; and "millioned-billioned consentaneousness," "in majestic taciturnity refraining her illimitable scorn," to quote those that come first to memory, are phrases that recall Tennyson's fear concerning the end of "Tiresias" that his friend would desire "a less diffuse and opulent close." Notwithstanding such extremes as these, not of infrequent recurrence, it is the style of Mr. Watson in all his verse which lifts it out of comparison with his contemporaries.

The appeal to the literary sense made by the style is very much increased by the prevailing tone and treatment. Mr. Watson is fundamentally a poet of meditation; thought of some kind, critical or political, or more broadly human, is the substance of the verse, sometimes given in the flashing phrase of a single idea, sometimes in the

diffused irony of a fable, as in "A Study in Contrasts," and at others in a mood, though rarely. But in rendering this thought less reliance is placed on imagination and passion than has been usual in this century. The verse cannot be described as romantic; the threefold chill of Landor, Arnold, and Wordsworth may have had its natural effect on other things than the style, and certainly the ideal here found is rather classic purity and elegance than color, passion, that outward audacity or inner intensity which go with romantic temperament. In the single point of nature-description Mr. Watson plainly is not of the Wordsworthian race; his landscape is largely an elegiac convention (except in personal anecdote), and his "Hymn to the Sea" is successful rather in what it says of man than of the ocean. The poetry of love, except for a few graceful songs and personal confidences, seems deliberately excluded.

There is deep feeling in many of the poems, and especially in two of the finest and subtlest in mood and most touched with charm, the "Vita Nuova" and "The First Skylark in Spring," which have the spontaneity of genius, as have also many of the elegiac bursts. There is also the strong sense of nature as a process, the scientific conception of nature; but in neither the passion for love nor that for nature, as the elder poets had the infection of their age, does their eulogist seem to have inherited from them. Sentiment, pathos, meditative power, melody and phrase, love of the poets, interest in man's spiritual problems, passion for his social happiness, together with the faculty for graceful compliment, for friendship in verse, for light irony and the cameo forms of the art as well as for denunciation and eloquent protest in its noblest forms—all this the volume evinces. Its limitations, which have been glanced at, need not be imputed to the poet as defects; they are probably his by choice, in some degree, if the "Apologia" be read as a complete account of his aims; and, in any case, here is only the first-fruits of his art, truly looked at. More than all these qualities, which have been indicated so briefly, one other thing stands out shining: the devotion of the poet to the ideal of poetry as he received it from Tennyson, last of the sacred line. To have lived by it thus far is his honor, and while it remains with him he will scarce need fortune for his friend through many a long year.

THE TWOFOLD CAUSE OF BETTING.

BY ARTHUR T. HADLEY,
President of Yale University.

"Really, now you ask me," said Alice, "I don't think—"
"Then you should n't talk," said the Hatter.

BETTING on athletics, and especially on college athletics, does harm in even more ways than we generally imagine. It is bad alike for the boys who bet and for the boys who play. To the former it teaches the habit of making money by gambling instead of by service—a habit which will expose them to all sorts of temptations when they begin their actual business life. To the latter it introduces an element of professionalism in a peculiarly dangerous form. If their friends have much money staked on the result of a game, the players no longer contend for honor alone. The fact that their friends' property is thus involved leads them to do a great many things, and leads their coaches to allow them to do a great many things, which violate the spirit of the game, if not the letter of its rules.

All this not only spoils athletics as a training-ground in morals, but creates a general looseness of public sentiment as to things which may be done and permitted for the sake of money-getting. The men who grow up in the midst of practices like these learn to tolerate not only gambling, which is bad enough, but corrupt manipulation of the market, which is even worse.

Our failure to stop the growth of an evil as bad as this shows that in some way we do not get to the root of the matter. It indicates that there are causes for the tolerance of this practice of betting on athletics which do not appear on the surface, and

that we must get back to these causes if we wish really to cope with the difficulty.

It is customary to treat this habit of betting as if it were nothing but a manifestation of the gambling spirit—the spirit which enjoys the excitement connected with risk of any kind, and which takes pecuniary risks on current events for the sake of such enjoyment. This accounts for a part of the practice, but not for the whole. If betting on sports had been nothing more than an indulgence of the propensity to gamble, it would probably have been restricted long ago. But it has another function, and a very important one. It can be used as a means of checking irresponsible talk. The propensity of some people to brag and bluster makes them at times a public nuisance. The men in our colleges, especially the younger and more callow ones, are no exception to this rule. Under these circumstances, the demand that the blusterer shall back his words by a wager of money becomes a means of protection to those about him against the unpleasant talk which is otherwise dinned into their ears.

In this respect the practice of betting has a function not unlike that which was exercised by the practice of dueling a century or two ago. In generations past the blusterer was compelled to make good his words by the wager of his life. We have become quieter in our temper at the beginning of the twentieth century, and only demand that he shall wager his money. But the principle is the same in the two cases.

This can be used, to some extent, as a theoretical justification for the practice of betting. It is, however, far more defensible as a theoretical view than as a practical argument, for in actual life betting fails to accomplish its object. In this respect also the parallel between betting and dueling holds good. The duel checked irresponsible language on the part of those who could not fight; but to those who were ready to take their lives in their hands it offered an indemnity instead of a restraint. In like manner, the public tolerance of betting allows those who have money to wager to give themselves free indulgence in boasting. In betting, as in dueling, the whole community suffers under the evils of the practice, without realizing much of the theoretically possible good.

How was dueling stopped? Only by the evolution of a code of public sentiment which made it a misdemeanor to insult one's fellows by word or deed, and removed the one ground upon which men of honor had reason to defend the duel. How shall indiscriminate betting be stopped? If our parallel holds good, by the same means. We have done away with habits of direct insult. Let us do away also with that indirect mode of insult which arises from the habit of glorification of one's self at the expense of the earth in general. We have learned to despise swagger when it is intended to give offense to an individual. Let us carry our ethics farther, and despise it altogether. Many of us already do this in theory; let us have our condemnation felt in practice. If we have once reached the point of making it a part of our social code that bluff and brag and loud talk of every kind are unworthy of gentlemen, the only present justification for betting will fall to the ground. The rest may be left to take care of itself.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Annexation.

THE making of American States is apt to be one of the recklessnesses of American politics, somewhat as the making of Vice-Presidents has often been. The deciding motive is too frequently one of passing politics,—a race of parties to achieve favor with a new constituency (the party of expectation being sometimes the party of disappointment),—rather than a calm weighing of the subject, with a view not merely to the natural wishes of the community desiring the connection, but to the interests of the entire Union, and to something like a proper balance of representation in the Senate of the United States.

The threats—for so current outgivings may be called—of bringing Cuba into the Union, and the prospects held out to Porto Rico of joining the Union in full statehood, lead to considerations not without alarm for the judicious. The American Union can stand a good deal of strain, but it cannot stand everything. Within our time two heavy strains have been incurred—first, in actual civil war; second, in the serious and menacing

controversy resulting in the seating of President Hayes. The first of these difficulties resulted from a difference, within the Union, of climates, customs, laws. In the second, the decision hung upon the vote of a community in some ways the most foreign in habit and ways of thought to the great mass of our population. Suppose the question of the Presidency should hinge upon the electorate of Cuba or of Porto Rico—what would be the chances of an amicable settlement, as in the day of Tilden and Hayes?

The time may come, with a great increase of population on the continent, and a great change in the conditions of the islands, when annexation may be both desired and desirable; but that time is not yet—nor yet in sight.

The Whole World in the Geography Class.

WITHIN four years what an increase there has been not only in the white man's burden, but in the white boy's burden—or, more particularly, in the burden of the American school-boy! Before 1898 the most casual and superficial knowledge of Cuba or Porto Rico was all that would have been exacted of him. In the text-books Hawaii was a mere matter of lepers and volcanoes; the Philippines were virtually ignored; Guam was not. One by one these outlying dependencies have been loaded upon the geographical curriculum, until the meager knowledge of a few years ago will no longer answer: the American boy must now have almost as thorough an acquaintance with the geography of these islands as with that of his own fatherland. The independence of Cuba (on the consummation of which some Americans are preening themselves, as though one should boast of having paid a promissory note) has made a knowledge of that country not less, but more desirable. And there is more to be reckoned. Peking we knew in our youth as the double-circled capital of a country in which, as the veracious woodcut showed, the population was chiefly engaged in carrying boxes of tea suspended from each end of a pole. The campaign for the relief of the legations made it necessary to give almost as much attention to the geography and characteristics of that region as to those of Arizona. The discovery of gold in Alaska has added a large new territory to the range of the school-boy. Before these lines are read the Danish West Indies may be ours, and a further extension of geographical knowledge will be demanded. Certainly the great disasters of May have already made Martinique and St. Vincent familiar to the overladen children of every progressive school. To-day the colors must be changed on the map of South Africa. To-morrow perhaps the Arctic frontier will be advanced considerably toward the pole. In short, geography has advanced in dignity to a place of first importance in the more-or-less-exact sciences. Cinderella has become a princess.

The result of all this expansion is that the whole reading world has become a class in geography. The British, by virtue of the multiplicity of their colonies, have always been from infancy close students of the map of the world. The more self-centered peoples, like France, Germany, and Italy, have until recently confined themselves within their own borders or those of their immediate neighbors, or to foreign "spheres of influence." Russia, not having yet waked up to the ideal of true greatness that lies in an educated people, is content to have her view of the world intrusted to a few diplomats, who are of necessity out of sympathy with current tendencies. For her, probably, is reserved the greatest political movement of the twentieth century. But it will not come until a fuller knowledge of the world's progress penetrates from without and touches her imagination. Meanwhile she is merely "marking time," as the soldiers say, while the other nations we have named are hurrying up, in more or less disorder, to join the ranks of England and America in the study of human progress.

It is not to be denied that this expansion of our knowledge of the world is a sequence of our victories in the Spanish War. Whether trade follows the flag, certainly knowledge does. What the geography is doing for the school-boy, the newspapers and magazines are doing for the adult. "Nature will be reported," says Emerson, and certainly never was this so true as to-day. A hundred agencies—mainly commerce, invention, travel, benevolence, and disaster—are conspiring to bring in touch all the nations of the world, and to demand the fullest knowledge of all by each. There are those who think that this absorbing interest in the actualities of material events is being cultivated at the expense of great creative art. But an epoch of large wealth has been usually the precursor of a period of great art. When this period comes, perhaps the result will be all the more significant and valuable that the peoples of the earth will have reached a sympathetic understanding through the widest knowledge.

But what of our own country? Have we extinguished our ignorance of it? Do the representative Northerners who visit Hampton and Tuskegee every year find that they have nothing to learn? Were not the Buffalo and Charleston Expositions revelations of our own country to ourselves? "The spoiled child," say the Japanese, "should be made to travel"; and surely if he is made to travel he is in less danger of becoming a spoiled child. It is better to learn one's geography from observation than from text-books, and he will be fortunate and wise who can and will give his children the opportunity to see much of their own country.

A New Use of Beauty.

UNDER the title of "A Rich Man Killed" attention was called, editorially, in THE CENTURY for August, to the deference paid to wealth by many ingenious authors of head-lines in the daily press. Since then an item of police news has appeared under the title, "Rich Man charged with Beating Wife." The curious observers of newspaper pecu-

liarities must be aware of a similar deference, on the part of journalistic experts, in the presence of alleged womanly charms. This deference manifests itself in several ways. One is the tendency to find, or to seem to find, these charms in all women, especially all young women, who come under the professional purview of the journalist. All "débutantes," social, dramatic, or musical, are described as attractive to the eye,—this is to be expected. It is also to be expected that a young woman making her début as a divorcée, in our fast society, should be put forth journalistically as exceptionally gifted with good looks. It would not be surprising if no matter how plain a young woman, fond of athletic adventure, should perform a notable piece of horsemanship, it were chronicled under the head of: "Pretty Polly Pushkins Busts a Bucking Bronco."

But the tone of gallantry is so pervasive that no young person of the gentle sex can come under the notice of the police, for any cause, without being quite sure to find herself described in some newspaper the next day as the possessor of physical charms perhaps hitherto undiscovered. The young female accused of crime will not only see herself declared beautiful, but the ascription of beauty may have documentary proof in the shape of a fetching portrait, showing her arrayed in the latest and most attractive fashion of dress and head-gear. Not long ago the readers of two of our "up-to-date" dailies were served with portrait-drawings of this nature. One would hardly believe, by the way, except on the authority of the newspapers themselves, that the portraits were actually of the same person; but it was interesting to note that the amount of yellowness of these particular newspapers was clearly indicated by the degree of beauty attributed to the fair culprit. The immediate offense of the beauty against the public peace consisted in her having "pushed in" or "scraped off" the face of her rival, whose own facial charms, for some reason, were left to the imagination of the reader. Any female shoplifter, under the age of fifty, is likely to be described in language which used to be reserved for the society columns. No type-writer who has come into contact with any sort of litigation has been known to be other than "pretty." And so it goes: "A Pretty Paterson Girl Caught Picking Pockets," "A Young Charmer of Irrawaddy Turns Out to be a Skilful Forger," "A Belle of Dubois Elopes with a Colored Coachman."

Along with this wholesale and unblushing attribution of beauty to all sorts and conditions of women, there is a growing habit of even the more respectable press to print pictures of young women, of various cities, on the evident and in this case well-sustained grounds of their personal attractions. Frequently, in such cases, the journalist is not content with letting the picture speak for itself, but the fact that the woman is truly beautiful is stated in so many words, in connection with her name: as, for instance, "Miss Belinda Blank of Blanktown, one of Mr. Blank's Four Pretty Daughters," "The Two Beautiful Miss Abercrombies of Stringville," "Miss Melissa Moggs, the Handsome Sister of the Hon. Blatherstone Moggs of Kronin County."

Along with this deference to beauty often occurs the look from below upward at society, as in some such title as this under a portrait photograph: "The Beautiful Miss Shillaby, a Prominent Member of the Exclusive Set of Stokesville."

The journalist criticized for professional enthusiasms of this kind will doubtless be able to tell strange tales of the ease of procuring such pictures—possibly of the difficulty of avoiding rather than of any difficulty in obtaining artistic material of this sort.

All of which proves that there are many traits in human nature which have been there a great while, and which may be startlingly apparent only when new conditions bring out these old traits in novel forms.

OPEN LETTERS

Jefferson Davis not a Keeper of Bloodhounds.

IN the recent entertaining article on "Bloodhounds in America," in THE CENTURY for June, reference was made to a statement that forty-seven bloodhounds were killed by the Union troops at the home of Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy, he having imported a pack for breeding purposes.

In relation to this Isaiah T. Montgomery, now Receiver of the Land Office in Mississippi and a resident of Jackson, formerly a trusted slave on the plantation of Mr. Davis's brother, which adjoined Mr. Jefferson Davis's place (the two places being virtually one), writes to the "Commercial Appeal" of Memphis, stating that, as a matter of fact, Mr. Davis "had no hounds of any kind on his plantation, and absolutely had no use for negro dogs, as none of his slaves were runaways."

Mrs. Jefferson Davis herself writes to us as follows:

Mr. Davis never owned a bloodhound, never bred one and had no possible use for one, as we never had a runaway negro, and should not have chased one with hounds or other means had such a painful accident happened to us. We never sold anything but cotton, and

had no use for stock for breeding purposes, except horses, hogs, sheep, and cows. Though horses were bred for the cultivation of our fields, even these were never sold. For fifteen years prior to 1861 Mr. Davis was seldom on his plantation, and except the mongrel dogs of the negroes there were no dogs on the place, nor on his brother's place adjoining ours.

THE EDITOR.

A Point Concerning the Charleston Exposition.

IF one should ask what were the most salient characteristics of the Charleston Exposition, I think the most truthful reply would be that it was an exposition to be hereafter recalled as unique in the history of American expositions, in that it had the smallest average attendance of visitors and the least financial deficit. The people of Charleston, numbering altogether only 65,000, and of this 65,000 only 25,000 whites, were apprehensive for some months after the opening of the Exposition, and especially from the fact that the great Pan-American of Buffalo, which immediately preceded their own show, had closed with a deficit of $3,000,000, that a financial crash, which might shake the city to its foundations, would follow their own enterprise. They put away this fear some time ago, when it was gradually learned that by economical management the entire Exposition had been built and paid for, the incidental running expenses arranged, and that at the worst there could not well be a deficit of over $100,000, and this to be borne by President Wagener, a public-spirited millionaire, who believed in the Exposition as a benefit to the city of Charleston, and proved his faith by the giving of his time, his labor, and his means to the enterprise. It is stated on good authority that the Exposition cost to build and equip less than $1,000,000, and that the principal buildings were all erected for the same sum that the Electric Tower at the Pan-American cost alone.[1]

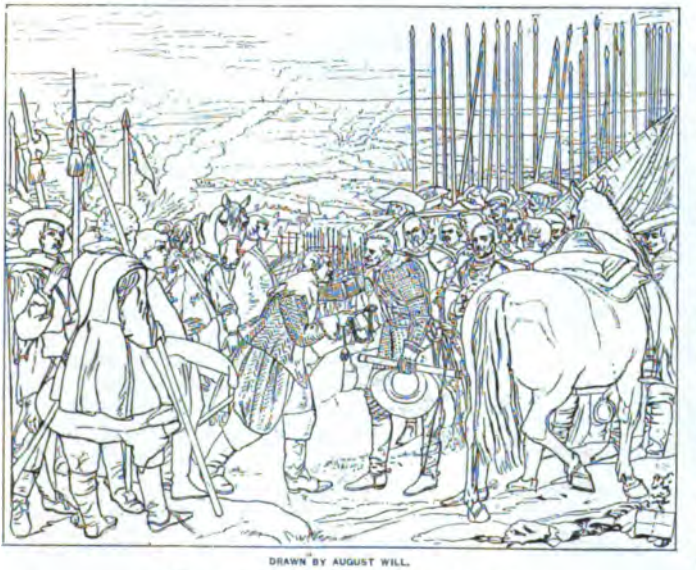
The Exposition brought to the surface in Charleston what remains of an early culture and civilization which has scarcely had its parallel in the United States, and which it was the delight of visitors of artistic and literary taste and cultivation to study and explore.

James B. Townsend.
[Director of Fine Arts.]

"The Lances" (or "The Surrender of Breda"), by Velasquez.

(SEE FRONTISPIECE.)

THIS picture, from which the detail of the principal characters is taken, was painted by Velasquez for King Philip IV in 1647, and was one of the latest—certainly the most important and best—of the works of the artist executed before his second visit to Italy, in 1648. It marks the culmination of his second period. The art of Velasquez is divided into three periods, the first ending in his thirtieth year, and marked by his great picture of "Los Borrachos," or "The Topers," to be engraved later; the second in his forty-eighth; and the third with his death, at the age of sixty-one, in 1660. The picture which marks the final period is his last and greatest, — "Las Meninas," — the finest canvas in the world, as indicating the high-water mark of realism. This will also be engraved.



DRAWN BY AUGUST WILL.

KEY OF "THE LANCES" BY VELASQUEZ.

"The Surrender of Breda" is also styled "The Lances," from the number of pikes which form a conspicuous figure in its composition, striping, as they do, the blue sky to the right of the picture. The subject represents an important event in the history of Spain which happened in 1625. It also gives us a living portrait of "the last great general Spain ever had," Ambrogio Spinola, who, by the way, was an Italian and an esteemed friend of the painter.

It is a large canvas, measuring approximately ten feet high by twelve feet wide, with figures of life-size. The Spaniards are on the right, headed by the victorious General Spinola, and the Hollanders form the opposite group, from which the vanquished leader, Prince Justin of Nassau, bends forward, advancing toward Spinola, and resigning the key of the fortress. This the latter generously

[1] The United States government has since met the deficiencies of the two expositions by appropriations of $500,000 for that of the Pan-American and $160,000 for that of Charleston.—EDITOR.

ignores, and prepares to embrace his fallen foe, and doubtless to praise him on his valorous defense, for "he held the fort with stubborn resistance." It is a trying and delicate moment, but the artist has depicted it with consummate skill, placing us into sympathy with the situation. How well he invests the whole figure of the Italian with the kindly and courteous air of the perfect gentleman! The Dutchman shows in his whole person the sense of defeat.

The whole is rich and powerful in color and low in tone. The Spanish general is clad in a coat of mail riveted with brass, and he wears buff boots. He holds in his right hand a field-glass and his hat, from which projects a white plume. From his shoulder hangs a wine-colored silk scarf, which flows in folds behind. The Dutch leader is loosely clad in a full habit of a warm-brown tone, which is ornamented with gold braidings that glint and sparkle softly in the relief of its folds, giving it pleasing variety. His thick boots are of a similar warm-brown tone, with flapping tops, and his limp costume presents a contrast to the trim elegance of his conqueror.

The scene is laid upon an eminence. Behind, and lower down, are soldiers marching, and off in the distance stretch the lowlands of Holland, with Breda and its smoking fortifications.

Timothy Cole.

IN LIGHTER VEIN



"I DOAN' WAN' NO MO' BUFDAYS FO' A WHOLE YEAH."

The Crowned.

THOUGH keen ambition spurs you on
To laurel-crowned endeavor;
Though you be king upon a throne,
Or queen of royal favor;
Although the listening world applauds
Your picture or your story;
Although you tread the classic boards
With histrionic glory;

Although the idol of the press,
The hero of the drama,—
Yet in the midst of life's success,
Its cheering panorama,
There comes a time, whate'er betide,
When every man and woman
Must lay aside their sceptered pride
And just be nice and human!

Margaret Ridgely Schott.

Lines to an Old Joke.

POETASTERS of Pompeii scrawled you on a kind of clay; and, coming thence, you might be dubbed a trifle tufa-fetched;

Yet, along with Amaryllis in dead verse of N. P. Willis, I behold your family likeness austindobsonesquely etched.

You 're the jape yclept by Chaucer "ye beste thynge that evre I sawe, sirre!" and on you doth hang a Canterbury tale;

Yet you 're prevalent in Asia ere that Pericles' Aspasia sets the wits of Athens by you in a gale.

Coming down to modern times now, within sound of Bow-bell chimes how frequently to flavor punch you have been used!



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY B. DAVIS

AT THE COUNTY FAIR: THE ENTRANCE.

Hath the savory jest of Homer lost no jot of its aroma? Should your mummy come to life . . . 't would be refused!

Fullerton L. Waldo.

Two-Old-Cat.

COME days in the summer weather—the radiant, kingly days,
When Nature and Youth together go sauntering sunny ways;
When the land is a-shimmer—'shimmer—wrapped in its robe of green,
And ranging the vaulted azure the hen-hawk high is seen;
There surges a subtle longing, a wistful, keen desire
Which the earth and sky and breezes, the birds and the bees, inspire—
A wish for the knickerbockers, the blouse, and the tattered hat
Forming the garb of freedom and the times of two-old-cat.

Off with the starch and customs that trammel the path of man!
Hail to the blissful era of freckles and hives and tan!
When the feet were ne'er too weary, and the sun ne'er shone too hot,
For chasing the flies and grounders on Robinson's pasture lot;
When the title of "butter-fingers" was full of shrill disdain,
And the urchin who caught a "liner" was quite puffed up and vain;
When 't was truly a proud distinction to "take 'em off the bat"—
Oh, glorious sprains and bruises received at two-old-cat!

I fancy I 'd like to linger again where the weeds are tall
And attempt to fool the runner with the cry: "Lost ball! Lo-o-st ba-a-all!"
Or stand where the slab, unstable, as the home base duly served,
And face with an awed sensation the boy who thought he "curved."
Do you reckon that "Peg" and "Stiffie," and the rest of that joyous crew,
Would be willing to doff *their* mantles and start with me anew?
Merchant and doctor and soldier, professor and diplomat—
I 'd rather be sixteenth fielder in playing at two-old-cat.

Hours on hours in the sunshine, drenched with the golden air,
Barefoot and brown and happy, with errant and tangled hair;
And then, in the tender twilight, to lie 'neath the maples still
And hear in the dusky woodland the call of the whippoorwill;
Asleep ere the day's red pennants their westward march have ceased,
Sure that a kindly morrow will rise from the fairy east.
Home and mother and father, castles and school—all that
Throngs in as a part and parcel of boyhood's two-old-cat.

Edwin L. Sabin.

The Elder Sothern's Tact.

MRS. FULLER'S entertaining article in the June number of THE CENTURY on "The Humor of the Elder Sothern" reminds me of an incident.

It was in the year 1863 or 1864. During the summer months Sothern, with John T. Raymond and several other well-known actors, occupied the local theater of a seaside summer resort, to which he and his company drew a houseful of people several nights in the week to hear and see them act—rehearse it really was in preparation for their next winter's New York season—the most important of Shakspere's plays.

The little building had, of course, a gallery, and in the gallery the "gods" became so obstreperous on occasions that it was with great difficulty the play could be proceeded with. The ringleader, a well-known rough of the town, was a man named Bill Hanrahan. One night a happy inspiration seized Sothern: having learned the name of this prominent member of the rowdy element, he addressed him, in the midst of the most unearthly noises, as follows: "Mr. Hanrahan, will you be good enough to take charge of the gallery and keep order for me, and I shall feel very grateful." The result was magical. "Bill" became at once an official of the theater, and as such cracked the heads of a few of his erstwhile fellow-rioters with such good effect that it was only a little time before the best of order prevailed.

One who was present.

Ragged Robin and Bouncing Bet.

BY the roadside, rain or shine,
You 'll find two jolly good friends of mine;
Sturdier comrades never were yet—
Ragged Robin and Bouncing Bet.

O Ragged Robin! your coat of blue
Lets the sun and the rain come through.
O Betsy, you tomboy! your frock by night
Will be in tatters of pink and white.

Gay little beggars, what do they care?
They love their life in the sun and air.
Sturdier rascals never were yet—
Ragged Robin and Bouncing Bet.

Alice Reid.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHESTER A. LAWRENCE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

FROM THE OIL-PAINTING BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY.

WITH EXAMPLES FROM THE EXHIBITION OF 1902 OF THE PHOTO-SECESSIONISTS.

I. THE ARTIST AND THE CAMERA: A DEBATE.

BY ALEXANDER BLACK.

"OH, I know that you scorn these things!" said the photographer as he opened the portfolio.

"Not at all, my boy," returned the painter, cheerily. "I like to look at photographs—even the bad ones, though I suppose I need not expect to see many bad ones here in the sanctuary of a connoisseur in photography."

"You will pardon me," observed the professor, addressing the photographer, "but why should you expect the painter here to scorn photographs? Is he not every day indebted to them?"

"That is what I should expect him to admit. But I 'm afraid, professor, that you are just aching to see us wrangle."

"As for that," interrupted the painter, "I have no objection to a wrangle, though I should fancy that most things have been said. Don't put me down for a photograph-hater. Art is under too many obligations to photography to watch it indifferently, much less to despise it."

"And yet," declared the photographer, "you have just said one of the things which to a photographer who is in photography for the love of it, for the best that can be had out of it, amounts to a declaration of war, for you have set art over against photography, as if photography were not an accepted medium of modern artistic expression. My friend, if you speak for art as from the Senate, at least permit me to do so as from the House."

"Hear! hear!" cried the professor.

The painter had picked up a study by Stieglitz. "I 'm afraid," he said, "that you have assumed too much from my well-intended protest. I speak as representing one of the arts, and you must forgive me for the candor of saying that I always have regarded photography as one of the sciences. Mind you, I don't go so far as the man who said he would like photography better if it were not for the pictures. I do like the pictures."

"A great concession!" commented the photographer.

"What riles me," continued the painter, "and you will know how impersonal I am, is the assumption that a man who makes pic-

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tures is an artist. You know the sort of men who are most likely to set up that claim. Of course I don't mean that you—"

"Excuse me," interposed the professor, "but before you gentlemen say another word you should agree upon terms. What is art? A man who creates a work of art is an artist. Define your terms. It seems to me, as a mere outsider, that if a picture is a work of art it cannot make any difference how it was produced. That is a question for the artist himself. Say, for the sake of brevity, that art is the expression of ideas. What then? A picture is a work of art in the proportion of its success in expressing ideas. The rating of an art is established commonly by an estimate of the relation between its medium of expression and the ideas expressed. If we place poetry highest among the arts, it is because it is all ideas—pure soul. All other arts are hampered by their agency of expression. Photography, to the extent in which it may be an art, expresses ideas through pictures. How far does it do this? How far *can* it do this?"

"No." The painter was shaking his head. "I can't altogether accept that excellent proposition you have been building. We may express ideas through a medium without making that medium an art."

"Unless," suggested the photographer, "you do this habitually and designedly, in which case it seems to me that any form of expression becomes an art."

"Are you sure," asked the painter, "that you are not confusing the expression of ideas with the transmission of ideas? A phonograph, transmitting spoken words, is not a work of art. It is a scientific implement. Are you sure that this confusion is not appearing in more than one phase of modern photography? See what some of them are doing,—and the trick is n't new, either,—putting their pictures out of focus to make them look like paintings! Could anything be more absurd? So much nightmare, neither art nor nature, a decoction that is no drinkable brew, but only spoiled water."

"And yet," said the photographer, "you painters have done much to encourage this sort of thing. When you look at a lot of photographs,—when you are placed on a jury at a photographic exhibition, for instance,—you pass over an accurately made negative in which good composition is supplemented by an intelligent application of the principles of photography, and pick out some slip, some failure, some fogged image, and rave over it as the most 'artistic' in the lot. Yet you would be the first to question the artistic value of accident."

"But it certainly is true," protested the professor, "that accident is an element of every art; there is no way in which we can eliminate it or should wish to eliminate it. Art should have nature's privilege of profiting by accident, unless you are going to reward art, as you punish crime, on the basis of its intent."

"It seems to me," mused the painter, "that we must find the intent; that if art is the thing the artist says, not the thing he merely transmits, accident counts against the product, if we know that it is an accident. Now, we quickly detect, or think that we quickly detect, these elements of accident in our own art without quickly suspecting them in another. If the painter admired one of your fogged plates he probably would admire it for its increased suggestiveness to him. If he knew that you had fogged it, or if he knew that you had resorted to any merely mechanical trick, his enjoyment of the product might diminish."

"Why?" demanded the photographer. "Since this would add an element of intent or meaning."

"Well," returned the painter, "I suppose because it always would remind him that you were begging the question."

"Yet you permit to yourselves a broad or a minute style."

"I know; yet the broad or the minute style of the painter is autographic throughout. It constantly discriminates, is always under his control. No style is so broad as to neglect concentration: at the critical moment it hits the mark definitely. The point of emphasis and the area of indefinite treatment thus give significance to each other. But your picture out of focus is all out of focus, there is no—"

"Hold on!" cried the photographer. "That simply is not so. Look at this head. The photographer has intentionally thrown everything into soft line but the eye. He even has used the swing-back to prevent the collar and tie, which are on the same plane, from being equally sharp. Thus the pose and composition are supplemented by focal emphasis. Nor does the autographic modification, as you call it, stop here. When he comes to the printing, the photographer chooses from a multitude of processes never dreamed of by Fox-Talbot or Daguerre—processes touching a great variety of colors and tones—the one which seems most fit to carry the theme; and in using this process



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOSEPH T. KEILEY, 1898. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

SIOUX INDIAN GIRL.

he again modifies the lights and shadows by hand-manipulation, tissue screens, tints on the back of the negative, direct or diffused sunlight, water-friction (as in carbon-printing), and in a score of other ways produces a final picture that is only less autographic than a painting or an etching."

"And I should like to ask in all candor," challenged the painter, throwing himself back in his chair, "do you call that hybrid a photograph?"

"For the want of a better name, yes."

"I must say," the professor observed, "that it always has seemed to me a little absurd to call such a product a photograph. I can't get away from the idea that a true photograph ceased to be art and began to be science as soon as the exposure began—that the art was expended before that moment."

"Mere bigotry!" the photographer exclaimed. "Why should the art stop there? The art of the tableau vivant plus the science of photography—as illustrated in the 'picture plays'—is but a single form. And I have n't said a word about the modifications of the mechanical image in the developing. Even the primitive processes of half a century ago did this, bringing out this part strongly, undeveloping the other, developing quickly for grayness, slowly for brilliancy, and so on. The range of possibilities in developing is extraordinary. A score of different developing-agents will give as many different qualities to the image, qualities transmitted to the print. There is not a single feature of the photographic process from selection and lighting to trimming and mounting the print that is not subject to control, to purely personal modification."

"Excepting the lens," muttered the painter.

"Not excepting the lens, my friend. Does not the photographer select the lens? There are a hundred sorts. Does he not control the lens both in its general and in its local definition in different parts of the plate? If these things were not so, if every phase were not capable of expressing the personality of the artist behind it, how should I or any other person familiar with the photography of the period be able to tell at a glance a picture by Eugene, or Käsebier, or Craig Annan, or White?"

"Now, don't scold me," laughed the painter, "but I must tell you that I have had a house-painter say to me that he could tell by the appearance of the surface which of his men had worked on a certain house-front. But that is downright mean of me, I know."

The photographer smiled grimly. "That is very painter-like," he said. "You remember that Emerson says somewhere that if you wish to be misinformed about a man, if you wish to learn what he is *not*, go to his cousin. Now, photography holds a sort of cousinly relation to painting. It is a poor relative, perhaps, but a relative, and it would be sheer optimism to expect a good word from the well-to-do cousin."

The painter had been staring for some time at a study which early in the talk he had placed in a conspicuous position on a near-by cabinet. "Don't think that I have either theories or ill feeling in the case. I am talking from evidence. Maybe I have n't seen all the evidence or the right kind, but I do know, and other folks will tell you the same thing, that a photographic portrait wears out. You soon get all there is in it, and then it is empty. Even a thing you liked at first becomes tiresome."

"But is this not true of many painted portraits also? Are you not placing all photographic portraits over against some painted portraits?"

The professor quite evidently had something to say. "We all observe," he remarked analytically, "two facts about faces in considering the possibility of transferring them or preserving a counterfeit by the agency of art. First, that, generally speaking, a portrait is not successful unless it expresses a composite of moods. In the execution of such an undertaking the painter has an immense advantage. Second, that there are, on the other hand, moods, perhaps rare,—according to the person,—that are in themselves composite, that express in a gleam, a flash, the personality of the person, that epitomize life. Every painter has wished to seize such a moment, which of course he cannot. This precious flash is possible to photography, if the flash happens at the right moment. There is not only the general chance against it, but the particular hazard that if the orbit of personal feeling and the orbit of photographic readiness happen to coincide anywhere, the formalities will freeze or frighten the coveted mood. But when the moment is seized, we have a precious, a unique thing. When the photographic portrait has continual revelations for us, like a masterful painted portrait, it is, I fancy, by this miracle."

"I suppose," said the photographer, "that this miracle, as you call it, happens oftenest



PHOTOGRAPH BY ROSE CLARK AND ELIZABETH FLINT WADE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

OUT OF THE PAST.



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK EUGENE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

PORTRAIT OF MR. ALFRED STIEGLITZ.

of children, who oftenest are
Hawthorne has a whimsical
mewhere, in 'The House of the
,' I think,[1] in which he ascribes
reotype a capacity for search-
ts of the face, things that a
not confess nor a painter dare
it seems rather droll to fancy
pe doing anything of the sort
k of the circumstances under
days, photographic portraits
they express anything, it is
rms plus—suffering."
pise them," the professor
f them are marvelous."
rsued the painter, "the pro-
ressed the situation exactly
he success a miracle, an ac-
roduct of this accident is
, but does this make it art?
t things in photography the
s?"
hink not," declared the pho-
u are wholly overlooking the
ed in the seizure of the fa-
You don't deny credit to
t perception which is the
though he express himself
or easily."
on is the grand, the basal
t your accidents in photog-
your intentional things, to
en untutored people some-
and even express beauty
, but we don't call the ex-
hild may say or do a won-
thing, but, as I have al-
intention a fundamental

t is a good theory," ad-
or, "but you will get into
en you come to estimate
genius. On the one hand,
estion that nature with
hind it is divine art. On
have the claim that the
ius is natural. We place
partnership with nature."
painter exclaimed; "you
I am insisting that only
intention. The thing I
there is a vast, a final

difference between the accidental personal expressions of a man and the accidental impersonal expressions of a machine. It seems to me,—with no disparagement of you, Mr. Photographer,—that if you stuck up a camera anywhere, and had it worked by clockwork long enough, you would occasionally, by some accidental combination of light, time, season, or incident, get as good a thing as a man could get by his added discernment. The beauty of these things being based on a natural reflection of nature, it is a question whether mere chance might not do more than personal interference."

"My answer to that," retorted the photographer, "without expressing opinion as to the length of time you might have to wink the machine, is that if you were mechanically to spatter different colors of paint on a series of canvases, you would undoubtedly, in time, get an effect quite as expressive as some of the things you are willing to call art. It seems to me that whether or not both of these things are true, the fact remains that effects can be wrought, that things can be *said*, intentionally in photography. The fact that nature does some wonderful plastic feats has n't hurt sculpture. In fact, no art is or can be hurt by the circumstance that nature is more than a successful rival in the creation of forms. I don't see that the photographic accidents hurt the photographic intentions, and I think that when you have studied the expressions of recent photography you will not fail to find signs that photography, a science *per se*, is a medium of artistic expression, and that when it is so used, and in the degree in which it is so used, it is an art. In other words, I can't see for the life of me why the fact that photography has been a science shall forever stand in the way of its admission as an art."

The painter picked up a portrait of Lord Tennyson. "Let me ask you: What is photography aiming at? What is it doing that Mrs. Cameron did n't do?"

"I take it that Mrs. Cameron, in an effort to add the element of art to photography, to add the element of comment to the primary reflection, was doing what all artists who use the camera will go on seeking to do.

say to Phœbe: "Most of my
iable; but the very sufficient
se the originals are so. There
n Heaven's broad and simple
it credit only for depicting the
y brings out the secret char-
o painter would ever venture
t it."

Lowell, in his "Fable for Critics," written when photography was very young, whimsically speaks of

"the knife of some critic assassin,
Who stabs to the heart with a caricature,
Not so bad as those daubs of the Sun, to be sure,
Yet done with a dagger-o'-type, whose vile portraits
Disperse all one's good and condense all one's poor traits."

is to say, she saw that she must not ıll if she was to tell most. If the essence umor is the thing not said, but which pletes the triangle of elements with the r and the receiver, art always assumes e element supplied by the observer. Even nitive forms of art placed demands upon imagination—very heavy demands, we ıetimes think! But in general it may be l that the higher the art the more is de- nded from him who shall apprehend it. en a photographer may understand that icture which says all says nothing. Mrs. neron set out to leave something to the gination. A work that does this—that es out and that leaves in just the right ıgs—cannot be exhausted in a moment, since some elements are being supplied ırselves, these elements are constantly ject to change, and we see new things he work from time to time, just as we them in any work of art."

But," protested the painter, "I have failed photographs, accidents, that ed just like these intentional effects of Cameron, and that were fully equipped the quality of giving our imaginations rtunity for absolute riot."

'his would be true of the elements of art; but there comes a point in pho- phy, as in other arts, where the obvious tion of the artist meets the imagina- of the spectator at the right moment n the right way. When the apposition fect we have art."

ou probably will think I am mean," ed the painter, "but I have a feeling, all you have said, and after all that to be true of photography, that makes er for me to believe that the photog- can be an artist than that photog- can be an art."

ıite reasonable!" cried the professor. en have felt that very thing."

other words," the painter went on, ıave done things that have made me you for an artist. The things you of are perhaps art, but I can't call hotography. Have you read Stillman s? 'Photography,' he says, 'is the e negative of art; and if to-morrow l succeed in reproducing all the tints re, it would only be the more antago- if that were possible, to the true qualities. The letter killeth, the iveth life, and though artistic crea- es not involve the creation of the naterial, no more does, so far as teaches, the creation of the world; the old material takes new forms, that is all. The idealist gets his materials from nature, but he recasts them in expression; the realist who is no artist repeats them as he gets them. This is the fundamental distinction in all design; the copyist is not an artist.'"

"Stillman is speaking of photography in the primary sense," replied the photographer. "When the photographer 'recasts them in expression,' he is doing an artistic work with his materials. Visible nature is not all of nature, and I don't see why, in the interest of expression, a man may not use as much or as little of nature as he chooses. Take the art of the stage. Is n't it accomplished by much realism? We cannot even say that the stage always is used to vocalize written art. The other night I heard Bronson Howard declare that the best thing he ever did in a dramatic way existed in a situation unaccompanied by words. Now, the art of that situation lay, first, in the idea, second, in the expression of it. The agency of expression was an absolutely natural, realistic appearance. If a man does the same thing in photography, why must he be condemned because the means of expression includes a literal reflection of nature?"

"You have n't made a better point than that," said the professor, judicially, "but you must let me say that we don't seem to be able to get much beyond this: An artist may express himself through photography, he may even create a product that includes the action of a lens which may be called a work of art; but the product does not prove that photography is an art, and that the man who is able to overcome, by interference with them, the mechanical obstacles to artistic expression—that is, to personal expression—in a picture, might not do a better thing without using the lens at all."

"Is n't that splitting a hair?" demanded the photographer. "First you admit the photography, and say that it is n't art. Then you admit the art, and say that it is n't photography. It all is because you can't get a preconception of photography as a mechanical process out of your heads. However, I am grateful to have made you admit the beauty, the art, in some of these things, even if you think it is art of questionable parentage, and even if you think it is not photography."

"You must permit me another word," insisted the painter. "I fancy painters and others who are not painters resent certain movements in photography, not for the reason

which appeared in the exclamation of the Frenchman, when Daguerre's invention was exploited: 'Painting is dead from this day!' but for the reason that these movements seem to be less interesting to the world than those things which photography has been producing as a science. I need not mention these things—we hear a great deal about them, about all that photography does as the handmaid of painting—I had almost said *art*, again!—as the handmaid of various sciences. Photography seems to desire too much glory."

"Well," summed up the photographer, "photography does n't seem at all likely to stop being these other things because it is trying also to be an art."

Somehow all three, the painter, the photographer, and the professor, found themselves looking at one of the last pictures in the portfolio. It was a portrait study of a grizzled old man. All remained silent for some moments, and there was admiration in the silence.

"When all is said," mused the painter, "it is a quarrel about a label, after all."

The professor nodded, and the photographer smiled. "I have always liked that about as well as anything he ever did," the photographer said.

II. MODERN PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY ALFRED STIEGLITZ,
Founder of the Society of Photo-Secessionists.

FOR some years there has been a distinct movement toward art in the photographic world. In England, the birthplace of pictorial photography, this movement took definite shape over nine years ago with the formation of the "Linked Ring," an international body composed of some of the most advanced pictorial photographic workers of the period, and organized mainly for the purpose of holding an annual exhibition devoted exclusively to the encouragement and artistic advancement of photography. This exhibition, which was fashioned on the lines of the most advanced art salons of France, was an immediate success, and has now been repeated annually for nine years, exercising a marked influence on the pictorial photographic world. These exhibitions mark the beginning of modern pictorial photography. Exhibitions similar to those instituted by the Linked Ring were held in all the largest art centers of Europe, and eventually also in this country. America, until recently not even a factor in pictorial photographic matters, has during the last few years played a leading part in shaping and advancing the pictorial movement, shattering many photographic idols, and revolutionizing photographic ideas as far as its art ambitions were concerned. It battled vigorously for the establishment of newer and higher standards, and is at present doing everything possible still further to free the art from the trammels of conventionality, and to encourage greater individuality.

In spite of all derision, prejudice, and opposition, the serious character of many of the exhibitions, and the distinct individual worth of many of the pictures shown, together with their artistic promise, eventually attracted the interested attention of some of the more liberal-minded artists and art critics. The organization of artists known as the Munich Secession, one of the most progressive, liberal, and influential art associations in the world, was the first officially to recognize the possibilities of pictorial photography, inviting to exhibit at one of its own exhibitions certain of the pictorial photographers of Austria, Great Britain, Germany, France, and America. Following in these footsteps, the Art Committee of the Glasgow International Arts and Industrial Exposition, in 1901, opened its arms to receive pictorial photography as a legitimate member of the family of the fine arts. In view of the importance of Glasgow as an art center, the welcome thus accorded was of special significance.

In the spring of the present year the painters and sculptors of the Vienna Secession likewise threw open their exhibition to photography, allowing photographs to be submitted to the jury of selection on the same terms as paintings, drawings, statuary, and other examples of individual artistic expression. Twelve pictorial photographs, representing the work of four Austrian photographers, were hung in this exhibition. They were not only well received by the public, but were favorably commented upon by many of those painters and art critics who had up to that time been among the bitterest opponents of recognition of the



PHOTOGRAPH BY GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

THE RED MAN.

possibilities of photography as a medium of serious and original artistic expression.

Simultaneously we find the jury of the Paris Salon (Champs de Mars)—probably the most popular of all the annual art exhibitions of the world, which up to this time had accorded no serious thought to the claims of the pictorial photographer—coming into line through its action of accepting for hanging ten photographs which had been submitted by a young American painter, Eduard J. Steichen of Milwaukee, together with examples of his painting and drawing. The arbitrary refusal of the management to hang *photographs* even after they had been adjudged by the jury as worthy of a place upon the walls of the celebrated art exhibition well illustrates the bias of those who allow their prejudices to influence their fairness of judgment in such matters. This



ED BY H. DAVIDSON.

to understand the general and sud-
nition of photography as a means
: expression, two things must be
iew: first, the essentially artistic
ıe modern photographer; second,
with which he endeavors to attain
e modern photographer, through
uction of a great number of im-

nethods, has it in his power
ld as he wills virtually every
king of his picture. He can
or eliminate; he can even
r or such combinations of
s of successive printings—
se resorted to in lithography
ce almost any effect that his
nd knowledge may dictate.
dy and practical application
ized the creative photographer
ssibilities of these processes,
nally were purely mechanical
tic in their application, and as
ratively simple in their use, and
them pliant tools in the hands of
for the carrying out of his ideas.
e modern methods at command,
virtually no limitations to the
ity that can be conveyed in the
phic print. These methods are ex-
subtle and personal in character.
reason each individual print has a
identity of its own that reflects the
d feeling of its maker at the time of
uction, and, in consequence, it rarely
s, in the case of the modern pictorial
raph, that two prints identically alike
oduced from the same negative. This
as special significance for the collector.
Brussels and Dresden art galleries were
g the first to realize the individual value
ctorial photographs as original artistic
tions, and have for some years been pur-
sing examples for their permanent art
ections. Large prices are frequently paid
choice prints, as much as three hundred
lars having been refused for a picture ex-
bited this year at the National Arts Club
New York, in the exhibition of the Photo-
ecessionists, probably the most radical and
xclusive body of photographers.

In the large world of photography, with its myriads of picture-makers, there are already many men and women, using the camera instead of the brush or pencil as a means of individual artistic expression, who have won an international reputation because of the pictorial merit of their work, every example of which is readily distinguishable by its personal style and characteristics.

In Austria three photographers, Heinrich Kühn, Hugo Henneberg, and Hans Watzek, have done Trojan work for the cause of pictorial photography. Their pictures are on a bold scale, and as a rule are executed in that medium popularly known as the "gum-bichromate," which allows greater latitude to the photographer than any other. With it it is possible to work in monochrome and color, as these artists have successfully demonstrated. In Germany, Theodore and Oscar Hofmeister, following in the footsteps of the Austrians, have produced many remarkable pictures, not a few of which, like those of the Austrians, have been purchased by art collectors and art galleries. France has few notable pictorial photographers, Robert Demachy being the most eminent both as producer and teacher. It was he who introduced the gum-bichromate process into pictorial photography, demonstrating through his own pictures the facility and range of this most pliant of art photographic mediums.

Great Britain, too, has her photographic celebrities, who have done their share in furthering the movement in pictorial photography by the individuality displayed in their work; the foremost are J. Craig Annan of Glasgow; A. Horsley Hinton, George Davison, Eustace Calland, and P. H. Emerson, of London.

Our own country, which has played so prominent a part in the advancement of art photography, and where the secession from the conventional ideas has been most extreme, boasts of a goodly number of active pictorialists, whose individual work, while not as large in area as most of the European, has, as a rule, more verve and is undoubtedly more subtle and delicate in both conception and treatment. Prominent among these are Eduard J. Steichen of Milwaukee; Gertrude Käsebier and Frank Eugene of New York; Clarence H. White of Ohio; Mrs. Eva Watson Schütze and W. B. Dyer of Chicago; F. Holland Day and Mary Devens of Boston; Rose Clark of Buffalo; and Joseph T. Keiley of Brooklyn, to whom the photographic world is indebted for the practical application of the glycerin manipulative platinum process, now so generally in use. Of these Steichen, Clark, Eugene, Käsebier, and Schütze are painters by profession.

It has been argued that the productions of the modern photographer are in the main not photography. While, strictly speaking, this may be true from the scientist's point of view, it is a matter with which the artist does not concern himself, his aim being to produce with the means at hand that which seems to him beautiful. If the results obtained fulfil this requirement, he is satisfied, and it is to him of small consequence by what name those interested may see fit to label them. The Photo-Secessionists call them pictorial photographs.



PHOTOGRAPH BY EDUARD J. STEICHEN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

PORTRAIT OF EDUARD J. STEICHEN.

ON THE LINKS.

BY GEORGE HIBBARD.

WITH PICTURES BY C. J. TAYLOR.

IT was a trying moment. In the clear sunlight the links lay trim and clipped before me. At varying intervals the little red flags dotted the course, while here and there the vermilion coats of the players shone brilliantly against the emerald grass. The scene was a pleasant and peaceful one, but I did not enjoy it. My heart sank, and my hands grew cold while my head grew hot, for Emily—only in the last few days had I dared to think of her as Emily—stood looking on.

My visit to the Harrisses had at first been delightful. If Emily at times appeared indifferent, at other times she was gracious, and I was not hopeless. Then suddenly the blow had fallen.

But, in order to be understood, I must explain the state of mind of the Harrisse family. I saw, a short time ago, a book, "The Manias of the Middle Ages." I am sure that no medieval persons were ever more thoroughly "possessed" than the members of this very modern household. They were all golf enthusiasts, or fairly golf mad. Harrisse *père* never thought of anything else, and Emily of but few other things. I had tried to appear interested, and they had been politely indulgent. Then the fateful moment came. One evening, on entering the drawing-room dressed for dinner, I saw that Mr. Harrisse held a letter in his hand. I could not help noticing a singularly beaming smile on his jolly old face, and with some astonishment I detected a new light of interest gleaming in Emily's eyes.

"My dear boy," he cried, hastening forward in his impetuous way, and grasping me by the hand, "why have you been so modest? To have one of the best golfers in the country here in the house, and not to know it! We can't forgive you."

In an instant I saw what had happened. Some person, knowing that I was staying in the house, had mistaken me, Launcelot Schaw, whose reputation as a minor poet, I will confess, extends beyond my own country, for my cousin "Sam" Schaw, whose collection of cups, won at everything from tennis to polo, is almost as great as my collection of first editions. The same thing had occurred before. I should have been equal to the occasion, but I was not. I saw Emily's admiring glances. These were something I had never hitherto encountered, and, in my delight, I yielded to temptation. Not actively. I did not assert anything; still, I did not deny anything. In a moment I wished earnestly that I had; but then it was too late. Almost at once I began to discover the difficulties and dangers into which I had plunged myself. Dinner was a torture. With an air of profound deference, I was asked questions by my host, and even by Emily, that I could not answer, and that, indeed, I could not in the least understand. It was delightful, but distressing. After-dinner was for me something like a session of the Inquisition. I do not know how I passed through it; but the worst was yet to come.

"There 's one thing you must do," whispered Emily's father, pushing his chair toward mine; "you must beat Stewart Elyot for us."

Beat Stewart Elyot! Beat a man who did nothing but talk golf, who did not attempt to make any concealment of his victories, and who was clearly my rival with Emily!

"I tell you," said her father, "ever since he has been staying at the Blakeleys' his boasting has been insufferable, and you must take him down a bit. You must do it for me."

What could I do? I was asked by Emily's father to "take down" my own rival, and do it for him. No human being could have had the strength of mind or character to own up then and there. Better go on and be found out, since I had already committed myself, gaining at least a few days in which something might happen.

But nothing had happened, and there I stood. A caddie was beside me with a bag, holding a number of knobbly sticks, which reminded me, with my disturbed imagination, of the bunch of instruments from which



"'HUSH!' EXCLAIMED MR. HARRISSE."

my dentist made selections before he said, "A little wider, please." Emily's father was there, intently absorbed; Emily's friend Miss Allyn was there, coldly critical; Emily herself was there, charming in her loose golf cloak, and looking maddeningly enigmatical. Stewart Elyot, my opponent, was there, and, to my surprise, visibly anxious. I knew what they expected me to do. I had seen many do it. With one of those sticks I was to knock that miserable little pebble of a ball some altogether absurd distance. What if I had only the night before written the lines beginning,

In ambient loveliness my goddess queen,

a poem I think not unworthy of Emily, and certainly one that will take its place among the sonnets of the early twentieth century!

"Watch the stance," I heard her father whisper.

The hour had come, if not the man. But I must act or stand confessed the impostor—the unwilling one, to be sure, but still the impostor—that I really was. I did not know what the "stance" was. I did not care. I seized a club.

"Hush!" exclaimed Mr. Harrisse as Miss Allyn giggled in the way that always annoyed me.

A solemn silence fell on the party. A silence seemed to fall on the universe. There was a certain haziness before my eyes. The ball was there, for I had seen the caddie put it on a little heap of sand. I grasped the club despairingly. I also shut my eyes firmly. I drew back the stick, and seemed to swing it through illimitable space. Suddenly I heard a dull click. I opened my eyes.

"Where is it?" I demanded wildly, scanning the heaven.

"There," said Emily.

Looking down, I beheld the glittering little thing peacefully reposing on the grass, and as the sun shone on its brilliant surface, it would seem, almost winking at me in derision.

"I 'll venture you don't 'top' it often like that," said her father, consolingly.

"Very strange," I stammered.

I glanced at Elyot. The anxious expression that I had noticed on his face lifted a little. He came forward, placed his ball, and with an airy swing sent it rolling—at most fifty feet. I felt perceptibly encouraged. If a great performer like Elyot did no

moment escape. I
sper as I advanced
I hit the ball this
miserable little ob-
good deal of ground
ll sending it, with a
e side of the hill.
d her father, criti-

hing wonderful, and
ted. However, I re-

"Look!" she exclaimed suddenly. "Mr. Elyot is going to play."

I glanced in the direction of my opponent and my rival. I watched him as he drew back his club, watched him with growing anxiety, and saw him miss his ball altogether. I could not understand it at all. Was he so "rattled" because Emily was there?

There was a queer light in Emily's eyes that I did not comprehend. Elyot tried



HUMMING SOUND; IT SEEMED WITHIN A FEW INCHES OF MY EAR."

alk was short to the
had fallen, and I
by my side. I could
k to her alone, and I
which gave me the

ame in the world that
opportunity—such a
this," I said tenderly.
l, "can you play and
ayers can."
wrong, but I braved

dinary circumstances;
alone—I can do it so

t did not seem dis-

again. This time he did not miss. It was my turn. Once, twice, thrice, then I hit the ball squarely, and away it spun. The mocking glance in Emily's eyes increased. I was decidedly troubled by it.

"You must see," I said with what I considered great presence of mind, "that there is an influence that makes accurate play for me difficult, and golf is a game requiring perfect poise."

"Have you a headache, or is it the day?" she asked in her direct way.

"It is you," I replied bluntly.

"Then I will remove the influence," she said haughtily, and joined the others.

I had made a fool of myself when I had thought to do so well. Viciously I hit the ball, and, to my amazement, it rose grace-

fully. It fell, rolling hardly six inches from where it struck the ground, and rested within a foot of the flag.

"Bravo!" cried her father. "A splendid approach!"

And I would have given worlds not to have made that shot exactly at the moment Emily left me, after I had said what I had. I thought I saw in her face an expression of displeasure, also of surprise. In the next I

At the next hole Elyot led off, or, as I heard them express it, he had the "honor." He did well. His ball rose with a sudden up slant and shot off into the air. Her father applauded; so did Emily. Again I missed altogether. Miss Allyn giggled. I liked her less than ever. Clenching my teeth, I hit wildly, and missed again. It was getting serious. They must see the truth.

"Curious game—golf—*very*," commented



"I FELT IT STRIKE THE SOD, AND BELIEVED THAT ALL WAS LOST."

"holed out"; no one could have helped it. I had won. I did not understand how it could have happened.

At the next tee I started first. I say "started," for that was all. I may have gone ten feet. I doubt it. This time Elyot missed altogether. I was puzzled. So was Emily's father.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," he exclaimed reproachfully, "you 're both woefully off your game."

It really hurt his kind old heart to see such golf. I don't wonder.

This time Emily walked with Elyot, and I plodded on, cursing my blundering stupidity. Before, my desperation had enabled me to make a good shot; now the result was quite the opposite. I swung over the ball, I hit behind the ball, I went on both sides of the ball. My score on the putting green was something awful—fourteen, I think. And Emily and her father were looking on. However, Elyot, although he won easily, was eleven. I was certainly perplexed.

her father. "There are days when *I* am almost as far off myself."

They would not find me out. There seemed some malevolent destiny in it, some diabolical play of Fate, to make me suffer to the uttermost for my deception.

At last I got away; not very far, in truth, but it was something. I glanced at Elyot. He did not seem to be having very much better luck. What was the matter with the fellow? Suddenly I found Emily again with me. She was distinctly smiling.

"Oh," she exclaimed, as I looked at her, "I am *so* amused!"

"It 's serious enough for me," I said gloomily, and I have no doubt that my looks proved the sincerity of my words. "But you misunderstood me," I hurried on, "about the influence. You inspire me. I can do better. I want you by my side—always."

I had never ventured to say so much, and I was terrified by my own boldness.

"There!" she cried as I again missed the ball, "is that my inspiration? You pay me

a poor compliment to play so badly. You must do better, or I will go."

What could I do? The ball was so painfully small, and the space about it where the club's head might go so absurdly great. I felt that I must concentrate. There were times when I had been mildly facetious about golf. I wished that I had not. I did not feel that way now.

"Stay, stay!" I besought wildly. But by some accident the next shot was a fairly good one, and as we talked I advanced little by little. At last I found myself on the green.

Elyot was a stroke or two "more," as they put it, but after going past the tin-lined orifice several times, and once or twice over it, I was even with him. At last, when in despair, I went in. He missed, and I won.

We had played two more holes. Suddenly I found Emily again by my side.

"I have concluded to forgive you," she said sweetly.

"For what?" I gasped.

"I don't know exactly, but for something."

"You are so good!" I murmured.

"Besides, I want you to beat."

"You do!" I exclaimed ecstatically.

"I like Mr. Elyot so much, but if he beats *you*," she said seriously, "he would be made so vain that it would not be good for him."

The more I considered this sentence the more I was puzzled as to whether I should be pleased with it or not. There was certainly one for me in this accented "you," but were n't there two for Elyot? Emily was often maddening.

"See!" she exclaimed, "Mr. Elyot has lost his ball!"

I expected she would go to look for it, as all were doing, but Emily was unexpected. She sat down on the grass near me. I sat down too. There was no reason why I should look for Elyot's ball; moreover, I had quite forgotten about him and it and almost everything else. With Emily's last glance all prudence fled.

"I have so few chances to speak to you," I murmured, "and I am going away."

"Not at once," she said quickly.

"In a day or two," I said, sighing hopelessly.

"I know."

There was something in her tone that encouraged me.

"Emily," I said tremulously.

As I spoke the name a perfect panic seized me. I was appalled at my own daring; it seemed as if something must happen, but nothing did. Emily remained motionless, with her head averted.

"You know I never want to go away from you—that I want to be always with you—that I only live in the hope of winning your love—that—"

"Fore!" cried Stewart Elyot, and I jumped perceptibly.

I heard a humming sound; it seemed within a few inches of my ear. The next moment they were all down on us, and her father announced that it was my play.

I was too dazed to understand as I staggered to my feet. I had spoken,—not in the poetic words in which I had fancied myself speaking, but still I had spoken,—and I was appalled by my temerity.

I appeared only to regain consciousness at the "quarry." I had seen it before, and viewed it merely as an ordinary excavation of some size, with water covering its rocky floor, and luxuriant vines trailing along its steep sides. Now it seemed endless in width, bottomless in depth. I was thankful Elyot had to go first. I was more thankful that his ball, when hit, rolled gently across the intervening grass, over the edge, and into the stagnant water below.

I stepped forward. As I did so, I passed Emily.

"He is two up," she whispered.

The fact that Emily had listened to me encouraged me. I felt that I could do anything. What I did was to drive the ball into the water with a sounding splash. I saw Emily clasp her hands. Elyot's second attempt was no better than the first, but no more was mine. Elyot's third was even worse. I had given up all hope as I stood again over a new ball. I was astonished, therefore, as I opened my eyes, to hear a burst of applause.

"Neatly placed!" said her father.

Emily's eyes sparkled, and I tried to look as if I were not surprised.

"I might be starting on," I said airily.

As I spoke, Elyot cast a glance at me that, for utter downright loathing, I never saw equaled. I moved away. As I did I heard the rattle of Elyot's fourth ball as it rolled down the stony bank.

I have had my rare moments, when the "Athenæum's" praise—but never mind that; when the third edition—but let that pass; still, I had never experienced such a period of perfect bliss as was mine when I stood on the opposite shore while Elyot sent ball after ball into that water. I had often derided my cousin Sam when he had described to me

the delight of feeling an opponent's arm slip over one's own in a neat parry in boxing, the pleasure of taking a stiff jump in the lead of the field, the joy of gaining a well-contested yard at foot-ball, or a long drive between the flags at polo; but at that moment I felt that I had been wrong. The bays of the poet are good, but there are more exhilarating conquests.

At the eleventh hole a long stretch of over four hundred yards lay before us. Both Elyot and I drove miserably and wildly, he to the left, I to the right. I expected Emily to go with him. She did not. She came with me. I could feel my heart beat. I did not care about the game, for I was with her. But her first words troubled me.

"You *must* win," she said decidedly.

"But my mind—my heart is so full of so much else," I replied gloomily.

"Of course," she replied as we strolled along. "I have been thinking of what you said just now—and of course you did n't mean it—"

"But I did," I interrupted quickly; "and you know it," I added impatiently.

She seemed a bit taken aback by my tone, and went on more meekly.

"Why, if you did, I must think it all over again—in a different way," she murmured.

"But don't you know?" I continued, emboldened by my success.

She looked at me for one short instant, as I thought, appealingly.

"I know that this is no time for me to speak," I continued desperately, "but there are so few times when I can."

"But if I—give you other times?"

What I felt was beyond utterance.

"You see, I did n't understand," she said slowly; "I did n't know what you thought—or," she concluded slowly, "what I did."

"And you do now?" I cried.

"Y-e-s," she answered.

I started with joy, and then it occurred to me that what she thought might easily be unfavorable to me. I was assuming too much. Instantly I was cast into the deepest gloom.

"But you must play *now*," she urged.

"How can I," I exclaimed, "with this awful suspense—if it is suspense," I concluded mournfully.

"Don't you know what I think?" she said again, glancing at me.

"No," I cried.

"But—but I can't tell you now," she continued, looking about.

"When, then?" I demanded.

"I had made up my mind to tell you—before you went," she continued.

"Then you knew what I was going to say!" I exclaimed joyfully and stupidly.

"How could I?" she replied, rather disconcerted, but haughtily. "Still," she went on, "if you will not let him beat you—"

"Yes," I said breathlessly.

"—I 'll tell you—" she paused, "twenty-four hours sooner."

"Won't you—without?" I begged.

"That 's my condition," she said, and quickly left me.

I looked, and found that, while I had been pounding the ball along, Elyot had already reached the green. I gathered myself together. One stroke hit the sod; the next, though, brought my ball beside his.

"What 's against me?" I demanded.

"Ten," said her father, reproachfully.

I was nine, but in a distant corner of the green. I putted.

"Dead!" he cried delightedly.

I did not understand, but I felt it were better so. Elyot was within six inches of the hole. His next shot would put him in it. With deliberate care he bent over, for he was afraid of hitting too hard. Miss Allyn again giggled, and this time I did not mind. His putter just stirred the ball. I went in. Elyot was again only one up.

Elyot won the twelfth hole. The thirteenth we halved. I saw that my state was desperate. Twenty-four hours—how could I?—twenty-four hours, when it lay with me to shorten the time!

"Two up and five to play," muttered her father.

Elyot, of course, had the honor, and marched proudly to the tee. After he had placed his ball, I saw him glance rather anxiously before him. The hazard in front was a peculiar one in this: the end of a narrow pond came half across the course, thus leaving any player a choice whether to drive over its hundred yards of water and its sandy shore, or go round the bend, where there was open land with smooth grass. I saw Elyot hesitate, then gently drive his ball off the tee in the safer direction. My blood boiled. In my heart I said it was a most unsportsmanlike thing to do. I had hoped that he would attempt the pool and go in. It was my turn. I felt that in boldness was my only hope. Anyway, I had noticed Mr. Harrisse's disapproving look as he had seen Elyot's action, and it was better to fail grandly, since fail I must. I made up my mind to try to drive directly across.

"Take the cleek, sir, take the cleek," my caddie whispered. I had feed him well before we started.

I took what the boy gave me, and hit. Again, as I opened my eyes, there was applause. I had gone over. I had gained a stroke, at least, on Elyot. All might not be lost. I was on the green.

"Your mashie," suggested my caddie.

I took the proffered club, and brought it down with all my strength. I felt it strike the sod, and believed that all was lost; but no: almost straight up the ball rose, and going higher and higher in the air, fell finally, beyond the hole, to be sure, but still within putting distance of it.



"'YOU 'RE STYMIE!' CRIED HER FATHER."

Passing Elyot angrily pounding his ball, I waited at the hole until he came up. Then I went in on the fourth stroke. It was a glorious moment.

I was excited, I will confess. Never, even when I wrote "Roland at Roncesvalles," had I felt so thoroughly stirred by the white heat of intense emotion. I had the honor. I understood what that meant now. The cleek had saved me before, so I took it again, although I saw Mr. Harrisse's astonishment. I clung to it as my only hope. I hit, and hit well; at least, the ball rose and then rolled. In the semi-unconsciousness of many mingled emotions I walked forward.

"Fore!" cried Elyot, and I dodged.

His ball, I saw with consternation, had gone farther than mine; but I might gain on the next stroke. I did. He missed his ball altogether. I swung the club once, and once more I hit. Elyot was away behind. I was almost on the green. Suddenly I heard a buzzing in the air, a whir, and something passed me. It was Elyot's ball; he was beside me.

"That 's something like," commented her father.

I was too dazed for utterance, for the strain was telling on me. As I putted, a dozen holes danced before me. It was not golf; it was roulette. But I went in. I expect Fortune to take it out of me some day for that outrageous piece of luck; but I went in.

The hole was mine. We were even.

Even! Even! It seemed incredible to me, when I considered with whom I was playing. But I had to play. Golf, it seemed to me, was a constant repetition, with infinite variation. In this case the variation was not great. I abandoned my cleek, and my drive was as bad as ever. But, again, so was Elyot's, and there was no advantage for either of us. As I walked forward, I felt, rather than saw, that Emily was beside me.

"Don't you *want* to know sooner?" she whispered.

"*Don't* I want to know!" I exclaimed almost angrily. "What would n't I give to know—the best!"

"Then play!" she commanded, and left me.

I groaned inwardly. I may have groaned outwardly, for my caddie looked at me curiously; but it was only for a moment. He was evidently accustomed to all possible expressions of human emotion on the links. But I felt perceptibly better. If it should be that she really—

"Fore!" cried Elyot, and again his ball whizzed past—hurrah! only to bury itself against the post of a fence far out of the course. I watched him with delight as he dug at it, beat at it, pounded at it. At length it rolled out. He had counted seven strokes. Made careless with delight, I hit jauntily, lodging under the very same fence. I had thought what a fool he was to get excited. As I look back at it, I must have become quite frantic. In a sort of automatic frenzy I used my club. At last I, too, was free, and together we played for the green. Why go into detail? We halved the hole.

Still even, and still my honor. I felt as if I were staggering up for the last round. But the end was near. I had made a brave struggle. As I looked back it seemed almost pathetic to me that all my efforts should at last go for nothing. I found myself pitying myself in anticipation.

"An exciting game," said her father, rubbing his hands, "although I must say, gentlemen, it might have been better played."

Again the honor was mine. The stream that we had crossed in coming out again lay before me. It was at a distance nicely calculated to catch all balls not well driven. I could not drive at all. I was safe so far, for I fell short of the hazard by fifty yards. I saw that Elyot was preparing to follow my example. His idea, evidently, was not to hit hard, but he did what he had not done before. He hit cleanly and truly, and the small force accurately applied was enough to land him squarely in the ditch, for it was little more.

"Hard luck, old fellow, for a fairly good stroke!" I cried.

He glowered thunderously at me and passed on. A stroke more took me to the edge, another over. He tried three strokes, paused, and wiped his brow; then tried two more. My heart bounded. I am sure my eyes lighted up. But he was across, and we were pounding in for the green. I got in a rut. I got in a thistle. When we reached the verge of the green we were even.

"You 're farther off," said Mr. Harrisse.

I obediently took the club my caddie gave me, and, stooping, played. Elyot's ball was within a foot of the hole, and our strokes were even. I saw I was lost, but I played. My ball stopped directly between Elyot's and the hole.

"You 're stymie!" cried her father. It sounded like a deadly insult, but I knew that he could not mean it.

Still, I did not know what this was, and for a moment I thought all was over. But it was all right.

Elyot had to play round me. Mr. Harrisse said something about lofting a stymie, but it was after Elyot had played. This stroke left him as far from the hole as he was before, but one more. He played again and missed—missed by half an inch, but missed. He had played too hard, and his ball was still farther off than mine. I could see his hand tremble. He played. Again he missed! At the next putt I went in. The hole was mine.

I was dazed, but I played. Playing had become a second nature to me, and I believe that I could have played in my sleep. Indeed, there was something of a somnambulistic character in my action. At least, it seemed almost as if I awoke when I heard Emily speaking.

"I am *so* glad!" she said.

"Why?" I asked stupidly.

"Why," she replied impatiently, "you 're dormy now, and he can't beat you."

She seemed to describe my condition, but I understood that she was speaking of the game.

"Why?" I gasped.

"Because you are one up, and there is only one hole to play."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, with a glance of intelligence. "But I have n't beat him yet—and I suppose I can't know."

"I—I," she murmured, "only said that you must not let him *beat you*."

"Oh!" I cried, this time rapturously. "And I may—you say he can't beat me. Then tell me. I have waited so long. Tell me. You are not unwilling to have me love you."

"What a way to ask me!" she said impatiently.

"How should I ask?" I demanded anxiously.

"So that I could answer you properly," she said gently. "You should say, 'Do you love me?'"

"Do you?" I cried.

"Yes," she whispered.

It was exasperating. I could not take her in my arms then and there out on the broad expanse of the sunny links. I had dreamed of quite another scene when I learned my fortune. But I did not care. I had her. She was mine at last for good and all. I wanted to say something intense, poetic.

"This is a beast of a game," was all that I managed to answer.

She smiled.

"Do you think so?"

"No, no," I exclaimed hurriedly; "I 'll always think of it with gratitude, with rapture. It has made me the happiest man in the world. But, thank Heaven! there 's only one more hole, and we can walk to the house."

"Yes," she said shyly; "and now beat."

"I can't," I replied hopelessly. "I only wonder that I have done so well."

"*Do* you?" she said, with the same curious smile I had noticed at first.

"Yes," I replied, "against such a great player as Elyot." I could afford to be generous now.

"Why," she said, "did n't you know?" Then she laughed outright. "He never had a club in his hand before to-day. I found it out, and I have been so amused. He was only boasting, and that is why I wanted him beaten."

I was astonished. And I had been pluming myself on coming off so well against a "crack." Suddenly my conscience smote me.

"Do you know," I said contritely, "I think perhaps I ought to tell you something. No more have I ever played."

"I was *sure* of it," she said calmly, "and I thought it was so fine and strong and brave and noble of you to go in and try to do it—when papa made the mistake about the letter—for my sake."

I had been thinking all the time that it was rather a mean and sneaking performance, but of course if she looked at it in that way! And it is curious how a woman will look at a thing when the man happens to be the right man.

"It has been an awful experience," I said boldly.

"Poor dear!" she whispered tenderly. "I am so sorry!"

Of course we told her father, when we told him the other news, that Emily had consented to marry me. He was so pleased with my having won the match that he did not seem to mind. Since then I have played the game with such diligence and enthusiasm that he is now entirely contented. Indeed, the day when I beat him four up and three to play, I could feel that he was perfectly satisfied with me as a son-in-law. I do not abuse golf any more. I won too much in my first game ever to do that. Moreover, I am quite as mad about it now as all the rest of the family.

ARTIST LIFE IN VENICE.

BY HARPER PENNINGTON.

WITH SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR.

THERE were five of us who started to go on foot, more or less, from Munich to Venice in the early autumn of 1880. To be sure, one of the party meant to turn back at Innsbruck, having decided to resume his studies at the Academy in Munich; so we were really only four and a fraction.

"Students" we called ourselves in a general way; "art students," if we wished to be very particular; "artists" or "painters," when we were unusually boastful and cheeky. The latter was felt to be much too grand a term, however, for any but acknowledged masters—those whom *we* acknowledged, be it understood. I remember we refused the title to Raffaello Sanzio.

We must have been a queer-looking party when we reached Verona. Each man carried a pack, and, quite unabashed, wore whatever best suited his convenience.

After seeing the sights of Verona, we resumed our journey. Squeezed into a stuffy compartment, smothered in dust, under a blistering sun, we bumped slowly along the rails toward the Adriatic. It was night when we reached Venice, and became aware of a



"THERE WERE FIVE OF US WHO STARTED TO GO ON FOOT, MORE OR LESS."

silence strange to us in cities—the total absence of the usual street-noises. I think nothing could have quite prepared me for our progress down the Grand Canal.

There was a full moon, and music somewhere at a distance. Later, as we slipped past the Mocenigo Palace, a song with cello obbligato (a favorite of mine in those days) came floating out to meet us, far sweeter and more touching than it had ever sounded before in any other place. You will laugh, most likely, when I tell you the name of the air, new at that time—"Consule Planco."

At last we swung round the final turn, flitting past Santa Maria della Salute and the Dogana, to come presently abreast of the Piazzetta, brilliantly illuminated, full of holiday-makers, and reëchoing with the blare of brazen trumpets and the clash of cymbals —all the wonders of Venice *en fête*.

The four found lodgings on the Riva degli Schiavoni—large, comfortable rooms, clean, well aired and lighted. A certain gentleman, the *avvocato* A——, who bore a strong likeness (carefully cultivated, we suspected) to poor King Humbert, rented the upper floors of his house to us. Dear old Menighina, the housekeeper, looked after our well-being. We were served delicious coffee, rolls, and butter on old republic silver; there was as much sweet, fresh linen as we could use; and yet the bills for all this luxury, in spite of their prodigious length (Menighina scrupulously jotting down every item), were so very small that we found it hard to believe the long columns of figures could foot up such ridiculous totals, especially in a currency so depreciated that one French louis brought us I don't remember how many more than twenty lire at the banker's.

It took us nearly a week to catch our breath after that first glorious night. None of us even pretended to sketch. We scarcely dared to go into the palaces or galleries for fear of being overwhelmed, satiated, with loveliness. Having learned the Italian words for "go ahead," "stop," "home," and the names of certain parts of Venice, I used to sneak off and lie for hours alone in a gondola, gliding through the little canals.

For several years I had been studying with the settled purpose of seeking at last the guidance of a certain master—Mr. Whistler. Fancy my joy on learning that he, too, was actually there in Venice! It seemed almost more good fortune than was possible.

Imagine what it meant to a young fellow just out of the École des Beaux-Arts to sit daily at the same small table with one whom he believed to be first among living painters: to hear his talk—the talk which is so celebrated now; to pick up the crumbs—often whole loaves—of knowledge, sometimes dropped half jestingly, in his witty criticisms.

After a while the four did buckle down to work, and shocking rubbish they produced, no doubt. For my own part, I began by discovering that my palette appeared to be set with varied shades of mud. At first no pigments seemed bright and gay enough for Venice. Cleansing fires have long since turned to smoke and ashes the hideous red-and-yellow daubs with which my canvases and panels were smeared.

It is impossible to describe how gently Mr. Whistler, poking a little kindly fun, taught us to see the stupidity of our garish efforts. Never once was there a word spoken by him which could offend the touchiest of touchy geniuses. With unending patience, by his own example chiefly, the great man led the small ones on from point to point until some of his own sweet reasonableness was grasped by his eager followers.

One evening, when we were sitting in front of Florian's, Mr. Whistler asked me what pictures in Venice I most liked, a question which brought out the shamefaced confession that I did *not* care for those held in highest esteem by painters. I mentioned honestly, though rather timidly, certain favorites—inferior pieces, it is to be feared.

"You do not include Tintoretto. Don't you like him?"

"No; I don't. It is all wrong, of course; but I cannot see what they find to admire so much in Tintoretto."

Mr. Whistler thought for a few moments before replying:

"Well, that 's all right. Some day it will come to you. You will understand by and by."

Six months later, after a season of diligent study in Florence, the prophecy came true. Tintoretto's pictures seemed absolutely to burst upon my sight like marvelous masterpieces which I had never seen before. I cannot explain this change of view. It happened just as I tell it.

After several enchanted weeks in Venice, a group of us went down to Florence with Frank Duveneck, who had promised to give us lessons. Very excellent lessons they were, too. It was to them, perhaps, that I owed a better appreciation of the "little dyer."



"A CERTAIN MASTER."

THERE is a little *trattoria* in the Via Guelfa where we ate, and drank the wine of our host's vineyard—good, sound Tuscan wine, with songs and laughter, but no headaches, in it.

We had in a piano, appropriating a back room of the little restaurant to it and to ourselves. One of the boys played well upon the violin,—poor fellow, his nimble fingers are long since dust!—and another "beat the box," i.e., accompanied upon the piano. We made a fake exhibition at Christmas, decorated our small dining-room fantastically, and let in the polite public, the American colony, and whoever was curious about us or our impromptu show. Little by little the whitewashed walls were covered by Duveneck himself with astonishingly clever caricatures of all the class and of the very few outsiders who were sometimes admitted to our board.

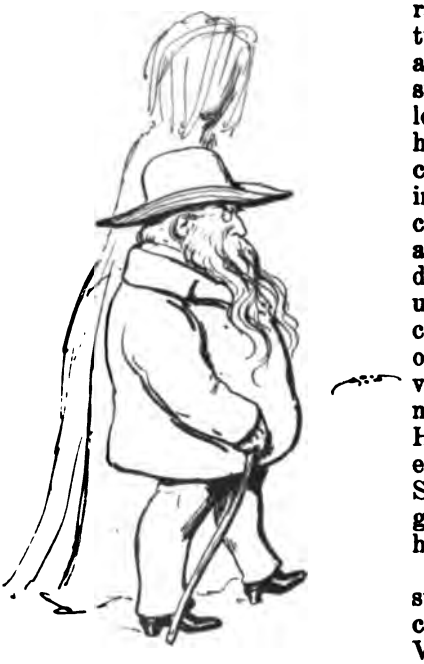
We lived pretty regularly, with hard work as long as there was light, a walk for fresh air and exercise, and the evenings spent as only students can spend them, happy with frugal fare and flagons, in the reek of olive-oil smoking in ancient little brazen lamps. It was a favored corner of bohemia, true bohemia, to which most of us have forever lost the road. The little room would be filled with ghosts for me if I went back to it; but I shall never go. They say it still exists as the "Monkey Box" of to-day.

Duveneck's class dissolved in the spring, the members scattering forever. Some of us wandered back to Venice with Duveneck, where we all set to work at once, painting and etching industriously. It is to these two summers—1880 and 1881—that the world owes some of its best etchings. Whistler's exquisite "Venice," and those fine plates by Duveneck over which there was such a contention in London, are among them.

As the season advanced and the weather became warm, hordes of tourists swarmed on the tepid canals and spread over the lagoons. The royalties dropped in for a few days, during which there were grand doings: serenades, illuminations, opera. And with summer came the real Venetian nobility and gentry, the owners of the old palaces, the crumbling façades of which grew gay with colored awnings, gondolas clustered about the painted posts, and gondoliers lolling in the sculptured doorways.

The Lido beach was daily crowded with bathers and spectators. Night was turned into day. Following the national custom, we

arose in the afternoon, breakfasted on coffee, fruit, and bread, and toward five o'clock went over to the Lido for a plunge in the sea, sketching afterward until the sun went down. At about 9 P.M. we dined in one of the restaurants about the Piazza, sipping iced coffee and nibbling candied fruit at the little tables outside until half-past ten or thereabout, when we went visiting. Ten o'clock was the hour for formal calls in summer. One dropped in on one's intimates toward midnight, and regained one's gondola somewhere near 2 A.M. We generally stopped in the Piazza for a few minutes to drink another cup of coffee on our way home to bathe, change our clothes, and prepare to paint from sunrise until eight o'clock,—high time for all respectable persons to be in bed,—when we turned in and slept the sleep of the young and happy until afternoon again brought breakfast and more work.



CARICATURE OF MEISSONIER AS SEEN IN THE PIAZZA, VENICE.

During the autumn foreigners filled the city, Cook's "personally conducted" in their thousands, as well as fashionable travelers who dipped into Venice on their way—or, rather, a good deal out of it—up from Switzerland, or down to Rome and Florence. Friends and acquaintances from home bumped into one unexpectedly on the Piazza, or popped familiar faces suddenly between the curtains of hotel gondolas. Of course we, considering ourselves old residents already, had learned to keep our gondolas covered with the *felze* (that black cloth hood) like real Venetians. One learns very soon to prefer the felze, although I once heard a lady exclaim that she felt as if she were driving to her own funeral in a hearse. However, that was on a stormy night, during her first ride in a gondola.

With shorter days, and Venice full of Americans and English, the visiting-hours became more normal. Five-o'clock tea at the Casa Alvisi was the event of nearly every afternoon. I am sure we all went there as often as we dared, and so did everybody else.

Lowell, Browning, William Story, Sargent, Richard Wagner, Henry James, Meissonier, and many more celebrities, were long in Venice that year. Whistler, alas! had gone up to London to battle with the Philistines.

Sir Henry Layard's palace, a veritable museum, was often hospitably open. I remember very well the night on which I found myself standing in amazed admiration before the little picture of a hook-nosed Turk, and realized that I was staring at Gentile Bellini's long-lost portrait of Mohammed II. Sir Henry came up as I was examining the portrait almost incredulously, and told me an interesting story of its discovery, by himself, under a rough daub which covered what is surely one of the most beautiful and valuable of historical documents. After that, if Sir Henry had produced a roc's egg, the original seal of Solomon, or the key to the gate of Eden, I should not have been much astonished.

Studio work was resumed as the weather became cool. What a place Venice is for models! Stand at your door and beckon, or, like characters in the "Arabian Nights," just tap on the shoulder of anybody you would like to paint, saying, "Follow me," and he follows as a matter of course. Men, women, and children, they all appear willing to sit, and seem to understand perfectly what is required of them—at least, this was true twenty years ago.

I soon acquired a working comprehension of the Venetian dialect, which I took care to conceal. Many an amusing conversation have I overheard—indeed, the words were spoken aloud before my face often enough, under the impression that I could not translate them.

Pretty girls abound. Most of them are called Gija, and the rest Marietta. A Marietta, accompanied by her friend Gija, was sitting to me one morning for the inevitable study of bead-stringers. She grew so restless after an hour's work that I became rather cross with her. Then Gija told me that Marietta had not eaten that day.

Full of remorse, I rushed out and bought

at the nearest shops whatever I found that was instantly edible, and bade the little girls fall to. They were both hungry, but they ate daintily enough, deliberately, temperately, without greed. Having satisfied themselves, they curtsied very prettily, and thanked me for treating them like *principesse*.

From these children and from others I learned, little by little, the hardships of the Venetian poor, their means and ways of living. They had meat twice a year; coffee, not good or strong, without sugar, with perhaps a slice of polenta, in the morning (too frequently the polenta is lacking); a little fried fish and more polenta at noon; another cup of coffee, or possibly a little sip of wine greatly diluted with water, at night; and always with no butter, no milk, and often no salt. And work, work, work, all day long, at stringing beads, when they are lucky, for which they are paid in centimes—so few of them that it is a wonder how the poor creatures manage to keep the souls in their bodies. Yet, somehow, they look plump and well, and often even happy.

As winter approached, the birds of passage wandered south, or went back to hibernate in the family nests, wherever they happened to be. Three of our original four dropped off. Two of them went away together northward, the third toward Naples, I believe, or Capri; yet I lingered, so strong upon me was the charm of Venice. I would go next week, next month—any time. There were still many pleasant persons loitering along the canals, and the five-o'clock teas grew more cozy and welcome. Mr. Browning, at the request of a charming lady, consented to give me some sittings for a portrait. I was in the seventh heaven of delight, though almost paralyzed by fear of failure.

Be sure the studio was freshly scrubbed and garnished when the dear old gentleman came trotting in. His cheery "Good morning, good morning! How are you?" made everything easy. The portrait was begun before there was time to realize any trepidation or embarrassment. Mr. Browning was so generous about sitting that I took plenty of time over the picture. We had many cheery mornings together in San Trovaso.

Obviously it would not be fair to publish stories told by the poet under that imaginary rose which hung over us. There were anecdotes of Mr. Ruskin and of many other personages interesting to young artists, but never a word about the very great in any land, so many of whom were proud of Mr. Browning's friendship. There were little jokes at the expense of autograph fiends, and—yes, of some Browning Societies, too.

In the autumn evenings we usually gathered together for dinner at the Hotel Britannia, going afterward wherever fancy called us—to the theater, to visit, or to saunter under the arcades of the Piazza. Often we sat listening to Mr. Browning as he talked so charmingly to an admiring circle gathered about him in the Casa Alvisi, that pleasantest of houses.

Mr. Browning could say the most gracious things so heartily that his compliments seemed perfectly well deserved and natural enough to the pleased recipient.

Two years after that autumn in Venice I went to see Mr. and Miss Browning in London. While we were chatting, a burning log fell from the andirons, and I took the tongs from Miss Browning, who had caught them up to mend the fire. Just as I was about to replace the fallen log, I said laughingly over my shoulder: "You know, sir, they say, 'One may not stir a man's fire until one has known him seven years.'"

"Ah, well," replied the poet, "you must let the intensity of my regard make up for the time which is lacking."



CARICATURE OF RICHARD WAGNER AS SEEN IN VENICE.

Late in the autumn the Minerva, a tiny theater off the Calle San Moïsè, was opened with a troupe of marionettes. My friends publicly twitted me with having fallen in love with the *prima ballerina assoluta* because I spent so many evenings gazing at her, often with tears in my eyes—genuine tears of laughter. Never was anything so astonishing as the serious attitude of the audience in that theater. Grown-up men and women

listened gravely to the love-making of *Ernesto* and *Erminia*, hissed the villain, and shouted with pleasure at the pranks of *Arlecchino* or *Faccanappa*.

The most tremendous tragedies, gorgeous pageants, side-splitting farces, and elaborate ballets, were all performed by rudely made puppets, to the entire satisfaction of everybody.

It was of no consequence that the actors jerked about the stage a couple of inches or more above the boards, that the wires and strings were always in plain view, and that the voices (such voices!) fell from the flies.

The finale was invariably a grand *pas de trois* executed by the prima and two inferior assistants, who were "discovered," as the curtain rose, standing in the air, with preposterously turned-out toes. The prima had jointed ankles. She was nightly received with thunders of applause. There were springs concealed in her legs which caused her feet to wiggle so absurdly that I usually laughed myself out of breath. The thing never palled upon me or grew stale; hence the accusation of my friends.



MARIONETTES AT THE MINERVA THEATER.
(PRIMA BALLERINA ASSOLUTA AND CORYPHÉES.)

By and by I made the acquaintance of the mere human beings who owned and ran the show. I was permitted to go behind the scenes whenever I felt so inclined, and soon had a touching acquaintance with all the actors.

The workings of a marionette theater have been described over and over again; but I do not think sufficient stress is laid on the fact that, in Italy at any rate, certain dollies always play certain parts. The villain, in different costumes and under different names, is ever the same marionette; so with hero, heroine, heavy father, and the rest. The people know them and become accustomed to seeing familiar wooden faces (generally most unprepossessing ones) under different wigs, and attach quite real personalities to them. Another curious thing is that the comic characters of the old Italian drama and their local variants are made much smaller than the serious personages of the plays.

As long as the sun shines warmly the abject poverty in Venice shows itself as merely picturesque raggedness. When biting winter winds and chilling rains soak and flutter the thin cotton skirts of old women waiting to be passed over the toll-bridges by benevolent persons to whom two centesimi are unimportant, squalor stalks out, ugly and heartbreaking. Hunger and cold wear furrows in the piteous faces; hollow coughs sound loud and frequent in the narrow alleys. Once it snowed that year, and these poor children of sunshine suffered more than we, wrapped in furs and well shod, could know. When the sun broke out, the church steps would be covered with scrawny crones, squatting over their *scaldini*, telling in shrill cracked voices of their rheumatics and other woes. Many and many a pathetic story came to my ears during the winter. The Casa Alvisi was a veritable refuge for the poor creatures starving with cold and hunger. The people called the good lady of the Alvisi "Baronessa Benefitrice." That is a title which I think any one might be very proud to bear, especially when it is fairly earned.

Wagner, who died in Venice a little later, and Meissonier were both short, stout men, and used to walk about accompanied by ladies taller than themselves. Those *petits grands hommes* looked rather alike when seen from behind at a little distance. We often stalked them around the Piazza. I am ashamed to say that I cannot remember how the ladies looked. Frau Cosima's face remains a blank behind her veil and in my sketch-book; so, too, does Mme. Meissonier's.

It used to be rather amusing to catch Meissonier at work in San Marco. He was

[1] The late Mrs. Arthur Bronson, whose articles on "Browning in Asolo" and "Browning in Venice" appeared in THE CENTURY for April, 1900, and February, 1902.

popularly supposed to have been painting for seven years a picture of the interior—on a panel four inches long by three inches wide. At any rate, he certainly worked for hours with a tiny box and brushes. He grew very cross when any one came within ten feet of him, hid his box, and growled audibly. We used thoughtlessly to tease him, just for fun. Some of the more audacious would sometimes pretend to be sketching him. At that he always fled, snarling.

Venetians are fond of singing, and even of whistling. They cannot be called musical, exactly, very few of their voices being at all tolerable; but they sing a great deal and extremely loud.

"Lohengrin" was performed at the Fenice that year, the very first Wagner opera ever sung in Italy, I believe. The really beautiful theater was lighted by day with wax candles. Every woman in the boxes looked a beauty—a hint to those who sit under the cruel, disfiguring glare of electricity in the Metropolitan Opera House.

All Venice was there, of course, and applauded sufficiently. The opera was not ill sung, though many of us had heard it a good deal better done elsewhere.

On the following morning silence fell upon the population. No singing or whistling smote upon the sensitive ears of foreigners. There was no performance on the second night, but in the morning of the third day one began to hear snatches of the bridal song,—"Túm—tum, tum-túm—túm—tum, tum-túm," — ending anyhow, nohow, in vagueness or a purely Italian flourish.

After the second performance, however, Venice had caught *that* air entire, with scraps of the swan-song and other odds and ends—no, not ends; beginnings. It was the ends that bothered them—there were none. One air ran into another in such exasperating fashion. How could anybody sing a song whose last note was only the commencement of something else?



MARIONETTES AT THE MINERVA THEATER.
(ERNESTO—PANTALONE—ERMINIA.)

Although they made satisfactory terminations of their own before the week was out, "Lohengrin" cannot be said to have sprung into popularity. The people soon returned to their old loves. "Santa Lucia," "Funiculi," and the rest were daily squalled and bellowed by whoever felt the need of melody, while "Lohengrin" remained a thing to hear and wonder at between the walls of the Fenice, but not to sing outside.

After a while another spring came creeping along from the south. There was a rather dismal carnival, followed by Lent, which, as the population fasted habitually, seemed to make little difference to anybody. People who had wintered in Rome or farther off came back again, and for a few weeks Venice became fashionable, almost "smart." The *merceria* woke up and sold bogus old silver, while dealers in imitation antiquities reaped their semiannual harvest from foreign letters of credit.

Ah! the pleasant times. The Festival of St. Mark; the memorial illumination of the cathedral; the Feast of the Redentore; the gaiety of the very funerals, with red-gowned attendants and crimson velvet palls. Sunshine dried the paupers' rags and warmed their bones; one was no more oppressed by the sight of suffering; winter was forgotten for a time by common consent.

I worked faithfully all through that spring and following summer. The studio was piled high with sketches and studies. But at last, one autumn day, I knew my time was up. Beppo was set to mixing a bucket of white lead with other things, while his master looked critically at the twenty-four months' work—more than a hundred canvases and panels. Beppo's mixture was ready before long. We selected two large brushes, and deliberately blotted out nearly everything I had painted during two whole years. "Burning the ships," I called it; but I sometimes regret the loss of that little navy, because of the pleasant days it might recall.

The five were utterly scattered. Two of them came for a little time to Venice, then went home to the United States. I packed my traps and boxes, locked the studio, said good-by to Menighina and the other friends, and went my way, promising to come back soon. That was eighteen years ago. I have not yet returned.

There were some sketch- and note-books, and a few little paintings—carried off, from time to time, tucked under the arms of sympathetic visitors—which escaped the general destruction of those last days in Venice. From the books, in which outrageous caricatures abound, I have dragged this wreckage—the salvage of burnt ships. Even the sketch-books are looted every now and then; a page is missing here and there. I wonder what becomes of them? Probably the studio charwoman takes them to light the fires.

AUTUMN MATINS.

BY CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE.

I WAKE this morning, and my heart is singing
In the full chorus of the great world's joy.
The fresh leaves thrill with joy, the dew is stringing
Joy-pearls along the grass, and birds upspringing
Fling song back, from their overplus of joy.

Outside, the last dead autumn leaves are falling,
Rain drips on city stones, and no birds sing;
But in my heart the joy of spring is calling:
Love's freedom laughs at place and time's enthralling;
Love-joy is in my heart, and makes it spring.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AMERICAN POETS.

BY WYATT EATON.

SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR.

WYATT EATON was born of New England parentage at Philipsburg, a village on Missisquoi Bay, a part of Lake Champlain, in Canada, May 6, 1849. At the age of eighteen he went to New York and began the study of art at the National Academy of Design, under Samuel Colman, Daniel Huntington, Leutze, and other Academicians, who criticized each in turns of two weeks, there being, in those days, no regular professors. At the same time he painted in the studio of Joseph Orion Eaton, in whom he found the rare combination of helpful instructor and kind, interested friend.

In 1872 he went to Europe, and after a few weeks in London, where he had the good fortune to meet James McNeill Whistler, from whom he received many valuable suggestions, he went on to Paris, and entered the atelier of Gérôme at the École des Beaux-Arts.

For the next four years his time was divided between Paris and Barbizon, in the forest of Fontainebleau. In Paris he became acquainted with Munkácsy, who gave him occasional criticisms, and was on intimate terms with Bastien-Lepage, Dagnan-Bouveret, and other young men whose names have since become familiar to us.

It was during this time that he had the rare privilege of much intercourse with Millet, being a constant and welcome visitor at the artist's home, and treated by Mme. Millet with the familiar affection almost of a son. The master, taking a liking to the young American, suggested that he

should bring him his work for criticism and advice. This was all the more remarkable as Millet was then in poor health, and was very reserved on all matters pertaining to art. But sometimes of an evening, over a game of dominoes, he would overcome this reticence and discuss art freely, both in its pictorial and its higher meaning, and these rare and happy occasions were always a delight in the memory of the pupil. [See his article about Millet in the THE CENTURY for May, 1889.]

It is not strange, then, that, with such an exceptional early training and influence, but little thought was given to his study at the school, the greater part of his time being spent out of doors making landscape studies, painting portraits and peasant subjects.

Some of the work done at this time naturally bears a striking resemblance to that of Millet, but, as it requires a strong hand to follow a great master, so will that hand eventually work out its own individuality.

At this period the "Reverie" and the "Harvesters at Rest" (now in the gallery at Smith College) were exhibited at the Salon, these being followed, a few years after, by a portrait of Mrs. Hawkins which was said to be one of the very finest canvases in the Salon of that year.

To those acquainted with the history of art in America the name of Wyatt Eaton must always be familiar, for after his return to New York, he, together with Augustus St. Gaudens, Walter Shirlaw, and others, founded, in 1877, the Society of American Artists, of which he was the first secretary, and later the president.

His first work in America included drawings from life of the poets Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Holmes, and Dr. Holland, for THE CENTURY. These were engraved by Timothy Cole, and were considered, at the time, a real innovation in magazine work. After these came portraits of Bishop Horatio Potter, Mr. Roswell Smith, President Garfield (after his death) for the Union League Club of New York, and of many of New York's most prominent citizens.

One of his most cherished desires was to become a painter of the nude. His works in this line are few, but they are marked by great purity and charm.

We have from his pen some valuable writings, among which are his "Notes on the Early Italian Masters."

His best work in portraiture was done in Canada, where he was called in 1892 to paint a portrait of Sir William Dawson, the well-known geologist, then principal of McGill College. This was received with such general approval that it was immediately followed by other important orders, and the rest of his life was spent chiefly in Canada.

Among the best known of his Canadian works are portraits of Sir William and Lady Van Horne, Sir Donald and Lady Smith, Mr. Angus, Lady Marjorie Gordon, only daughter, and the Hon. Archie Gordon, youngest son, of the Earl of Aberdeen.

Mr. Eaton died at Newport, Rhode Island, June 7, 1896, in his forty-eighth year.

CHARLOTTE EATON.

IN the winter of 1877–78 I was asked, by the editor of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, to make a portrait of William Cullen Bryant. At that time I thought of Bryant as the most painted man in America, and the order would have given me less pleasure had it not been accompanied by the suggestion that it might also be desired that I make portraits of other poets, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell.

Now, the person of Emerson had always been as mysterious to me as Bryant's had been well known, and since the beginning of my study of art it had been one of my most cherished desires to make a portrait of Emerson. For this reason principally I joyously hailed the opportunity to do another portrait of Bryant.

Bryant was then in his eighty-fifth year —in fact, the last year of his life. My most vivid recollection of him was the first time I saw him, when I called with Mr. G—— at his house on Sixteenth street, a few doors west of Fifth Avenue. It was on Sunday afternoon. Bryant came from the back parlor to the front, rather tall and gaunt, high-shouldered, his whole figure somewhat detached from his white, bushy head. The color of his face was fresh, owing perhaps to his having just finished dinner, or having had a nap; for the habitual color of his face was bleached. But I could not free myself from the memory of the ruddy color, and put too much in a painted portrait.

Bryant's manner was marked by great quietness. He willingly consented, if I remember rightly, to Mr. G——'s request for sittings for the portrait. I offered to work at the house, but he chose to come to my studio, which necessitated the climbing of four difficult flights of stairs. This did not seem to be an objection to him, and an appointment was made for Monday mornings.

In my studio Bryant's head came out with wonderful picturesqueness. I had never before had such a model. It would have been a delight to make oil-color studies of it, strong in effects of light and shade; but

this was not what Bryant had come for. I chose a view of the face which I thought was getting most directly at the man, though not his most characteristic appearance; but still, with the beautifully formed head and face, the long white hair mingling with the flowing white beard, there was no lack of the pictorial element. From a habit of making studies in crayon, from which I painted pictures, rather than painting direct from nature, I had acquired a greater facility in the use of the crayon than of the brush in portraiture. I therefore began my portrait with crayon on a heavy, rough-surfaced, warm-toned water-color paper. I was so much pleased with the suggestion given in the first sitting that I had the sketch photographed; and I continued to have the drawing photographed after each sitting, for something is always lost in working over the same picture. Besides, these photographs enabled me to work at my drawing without the sitter, for if I lost anything that I wanted in the drawing I could find it again in the photographs. I found that the tendency in my drawing was to keep as nearly as possible to the effect of my first day's work, striving always after a more perfect construction of the head and greater solidity, but with the simplicity of the first sketch.

I began at the same time a portrait in oil-colors, but upon this I worked only once from nature, and this was principally upon the beard and hair, and particularly about the mouth, where the brush proved more subtle than the crayon. I think that I had nine sittings on the drawing. I found Bryant's presence too overpowering to leave my mind free for work, and therefore I usually had a friend with me, to relieve me of conversation. Mr. G—— came frequently, and succeeded admirably in keeping Bryant in the mood I wished for my portrait. The sittings were at nine o'clock, and usually lasted until after eleven, as Bryant wished to be at his office in the "Evening Post" building, forty or fifty blocks away, at twelve o'clock. I found that he walked in all weather. He always arrived at my studio exactly on time. Once he disappointed me. I called on him the following Sunday, and found him inconsolable at having forgotten his appointment.

He told me that he took a couple of hours' exercise every morning, swinging chairs, dumb-bells, etc. He said he supposed that he no longer needed so much exercise, but having had the habit so long, it was difficult to discontinue it.

Bryant's manner was always very formal. He once began to talk to me of the trees of Canada, but found me very ignorant of names. Once, in an absent-minded way, he repeated some poetry—I think it was poetry—in a ponderous, sonorous voice, like the rumbling from a deep cave.

Bryant seemed very old to me—not eighty-four, but a hundred, or even two or three hundred. I felt myself as much a stranger to him at the end of the sittings as at the time of my first meeting him.

It was arranged that I should go on with the portraits of the other poets. I was not able, however, to free myself from other work until late in June of 1878, the summer following the winter of the Bryant portrait.

On the morning of my arrival I found Longfellow at his house in Cambridge, and presented my card of introduction from the associate editor, who, I think, had written Longfellow of the work I was desired to do. He also had a letter concerning me from his brother and my friend the Rev. Samuel Longfellow.

The poet readily consented to the sittings, and an appointment was made for the following morning. A corner of the library adjoining his study was chosen for the work, the light coming from the window looking out upon the grounds. The weather was very hot, and I was much hampered in the effect of my drawing by the light but stiff clothes which Longfellow wore. However, I succeeded at my first sitting in getting what I thought to be a characteristic, if not a poetic, pose. I was struck by the great intentness, almost a stare, with which he looked at one in pauses of the conversation. His eyes were so brilliant that he really seemed to be looking one through. It was this gaze that I tried to get in my portrait.

I was to have had a sitting the following morning, but found myself unfitted for work by a bad headache. I called upon the poet to excuse myself, and at the same time to have another opportunity to study his face when he was not actually sitting. I found him in his study writing letters. I spoke of my own negligence in writing to friends, saying that I could never decide what to write about. To this Longfellow said he thought that if one who had a letter to write would sit down, write the heading with date, etc., and begin, "My dear John," by that time there would be something to say, and the letter would run on without difficulty.

The next day I found myself still suffering

from the headache, or rather from the intense heat of Cambridge. I accordingly took the train for Concord and Emerson. I arrived at the wrong station, one far away from the town. No conveyance of any kind was to be had, and I therefore had to make up my mind to a walk in the hottest sun, across the most unsheltered and sandy of wastes. This, at least, is my recollection of the arrival at Concord.

The only hotel gave me but little comfort. In fact, I can remember nothing of the place except that it looked like all other hotels in New England, and that I could get nothing I could eat. Coming down for breakfast at eight o'clock in the morning, I would find everything cleared away and the dining-room locked.

However, I was enchanted with the sloping hills, the broad valleys, the sweet meadows, Walden Pond, and its road through the fragrant woods, the walk by the Old Manse down to the battle-ground at the river, the cattle on the banks, and the naked boys in swimming. Ah, the river, winding and twisting, encircling the town like a great serpent, the quietest, the most peaceful, the most shaded, the most inviting of rivers!

That afternoon found me on my way to Mr. F. B. Sanborn's, to whom I had a note of introduction. I was told that he lived up on the Main street. I was then in the shade, for which I was abundantly thankful. I passed house after house, all surrounded by thick-leaved trees, with a little fountain or lawn-sprinkler playing in each front yard. All the time I hoped that Mr. Sanborn's house might be like one of these, and that I might find some excuse to sit on the veranda for the rest of the afternoon. As I went up the street, I became interested in an old gentleman ahead of me. He was much bent by age, but still walked with a firm tread. He wore a silk hat and a somewhat antiquated black broadcloth suit, and had long, flowing white locks. His whole appearance was venerable, benevolent, and fatherly. Later I learned that it was Mr. Alcott, then over eighty years of age. I found Mr. Sanborn's place just as I had hoped, sprinkler and all. Mr. Sanborn was in town, and not expected until a late afternoon train, so I asked permission to wait, and sat down where drops from the fountain would occasionally blow over upon me, and read Charles Dudley Warner's account of killing a bear in the Adirondacks, until my headache passed and Mr. Sanborn arrived.

Mr. Sanborn entered heartily into the project of the portrait, but with misgivings as to my opportunities. He told me that Emerson had not taken on the usual picturesqueness of old age, and had been failing rapidly of late, and was much broken in appearance.

This did not discourage me, however. To me, at least, I was sure he would still be Emerson.

That evening Mr. Sanborn took me over to Emerson's house. We awaited the poet in the large drawing-room, which, in fact, was rather a sitting-room. It was not yet dark, and the lamps were not lighted. We came forward as he entered. It was, indeed, the real, the living Emerson. Where another man would hardly have been recognized in the dim light, with him everything was accented. His tall, slightly stooped figure, his long neck and sloping shoulders, his strong features and well-formed head, came out with prominence in the quiet light. But it was not this so much as it was his large but simple manner that impressed me. I felt myself in the presence of a truly great man.

The greeting was cordial. Emerson made some inquiries as to which college I belonged to, evidently thinking me one of the many college men who came to see him. But little time was lost in formalities. Turning to Mr. Sanborn, he said he had promised to read him something from his notes made during his visit to Washington in the early part of Lincoln's administration, and, if he would like, he would then read them. Mr. Sanborn was deeply in sympathy with Emerson and his work, and this was evidently a long-expected treat. Lights were brought in. Emerson readily found his note-book in his study adjoining,—a square book, a little smaller than letter-paper, with stiff paper covers,—and seating himself by a large lamp, was soon in the midst of the perplexing times at Washington. I found, in the course of the reading, that Emerson had been the guest of Charles Sumner, and it was evident from the lack of reserve in speech, in Emerson's presence, by Lincoln and all those intimately associated with him, that the character of the man was well appreciated.

With Lincoln, as well as with the members of the cabinet, he must have been at once upon terms of the closest intimacy, and must have been allowed to come and go at his pleasure. Never in the notes, however, did Emerson refer to his own relations with Lincoln or his conversation with him

or the other chiefs, but made himself always the listener.

The time of Emerson's visit to Washington was marked by the seizure of Mason and Slidell, vivid in the memories of my early childhood as the "*Trent* Affair." Every line that he read was brimming with interest. A circumstance which most impressed me was Lincoln's anxiety and nervousness as to the tone of the demand which they were awaiting for the surrender of the two men. Upon this, Lincoln seemed to feel, must rest the question of refusal or acceptance, war or peace.

It will be remembered that in some account of the last illness of the Prince Consort the Queen showed him the draft for the demand. The Prince declared that it would never do, and dictated a much more pacific paper. This, together with Lincoln's attitude, gives great significance to the Prince Consort's intervention.

I was seeing Emerson in his days of full vigor, and in a rare mood, for while reading of these scenes of earlier years, he again lived in that time, surrounded by old friends and men of the same great aims, whom he admired and revered.

I called upon Emerson again the next morning, this time accompanied by his son, Dr. Edward Emerson, whom I had met in London in our student days. Dr. Emerson explained my mission. To this his father paid little heed; the matter had no weight or interest for him. But when he saw that I, his son's friend, personally wished to make a portrait of him, his manner changed, and from the kindness of his heart, from his inability to be otherwise than courteous, he consented to give me sittings.

My engagements took me back to Longfellow after a preliminary sitting from Emerson, and, for reasons which I am now unable to recall, I immediately went on to Danvers. A walk of half a mile or a mile over country roads, with stone walls and apple-orchards, brought me to a highly cultivated estate, with well-kept lawns, and trees of many countries. "Oak Knoll" was the name of the place, owned by ladies, cousins of Whittier, with whom he lived, and who petted and cared for him, and humored him like a spoiled child.

They once told me of the difficulty they had to make him attend his seventieth-birthday dinner given by his friends in Boston. They said they had actually to dress him, to force him into the carriage, and finally to shove him into the train.

Whittier received me very kindly, but was reluctant in giving his consent for sittings. My idea of Whittier had been formed by an engraving from a daguerreotype in a volume of his poetry. In this the face was closely shaven—a face large and rugged, with a strong chin, and a large mouth kindly in expression. I now found him with a full beard, excepting the upper lip, making the mouth seem small, and giving him a general look of commonplaceness and lack of character.

He brought a recent photograph, which he showed me with much satisfaction. It was one of the regular, hard, smooth, retouched things, almost unrecognizable. "There," said Whittier; "why can't you do your portrait from this?" I was so much disappointed that I felt like accepting his lack of consent as a refusal, and going away. But I had other things to consider besides my own inclinations, so I insisted upon the sittings, and soon everything was arranged.

I never found in Whittier that ruggedness which I had imagined, but soon grew to like him very much, and the sittings became most enjoyable. After a day or two with him I went back to finish the portrait of Longfellow, who was soon to leave for his native place, Portland.

Longfellow was then over seventy, and had recently had a severe illness; but he seemed wonderfully youthful and active, his mind always alert, and his speech ready. His head, of course, gave the appearance of age, but his eyes were those of youth. His body seemed forty years younger than his head. never fatigued, always active. He would stand or walk about the table while eating his cold oatmeal and milk for luncheon. He took oatmeal and milk for breakfast,—for he said one does n't feel like eating much in the morning,—and oatmeal and milk again in the middle of the day, for a hearty luncheon destroys one's appetite for dinner. Never did I see him walk up the steps leading from the lawn to the veranda; it was always a skip. His conversation was full of bright remarks and apt quotations. An English earl had just visited Cambridge. Longfellow spoke of his interest in the fine arts, but I complained of the unfortunate art that Lord —— had patronized in America, to which Longfellow replied: "He perhaps is like a certain other celebrity who was said to have had a great deal of taste, but, unfortunately, it was all bad."

Is it strange that I could never think of Longfellow as an old man? It made his years

of life and experience seem unreal and a mystery to me. But still I always felt a certain reserve with him which I had not with the other poets. One morning, when at work, the weather being excessively hot, my shoulders were suffering with the thickness of a too heavy coat; but I felt that it would not do to ask permission to take it off. During the morning some one was announced. Longfellow asked to have him shown in. An extremely carefully dressed young man, with a well-intoned, lisping voice, entered. He immediately told our host of a five-act drama or tragedy which he had just written, and of his hopes and fears regarding its being put upon the stage. Then the conversation turned upon the weather, and the visitor said: "Do you know, Mr. Longfellow, what the business men do in their offices downtown? They take off their coats."

"Why, really!" replied Longfellow. "And sit in their *shirt-sleeves?* At least, they might have some kind of light jacket to put on, to have the appearance of a coat."

I felt that I had very happily escaped committing a grave fault in the eyes of Longfellow.

While working from Emerson I would take off my coat, having too much consideration for his preoccupation or conversation to interrupt by asking permission, and I am sure that he was always oblivious as to whether my coat was on or off.

My talks with Longfellow were generally during the rests from our work or before or after the sittings, when he would take me about the house, showing me objects of interest, works of art, etc., and talking freely about poetry, poets, and translations, always bringing in quotations, and sometimes in French and Italian. Everything was a subject of reminiscence of other times and other countries. A picture of Thomas Buchanan Read occasioned the remark that he was a much better painter than poet. I had always heard artists who had known Read say that he was a much better poet than painter.

The weather continued hot, and Longfellow hastened the time for getting away from Cambridge. The day of the last sitting was again hot, but Longfellow put on a heavy coat, from which I hoped to get better lines for the shoulders. That I might have a little more time, he also allowed me to continue work in the afternoon. During the day a violent storm broke over us, and it became too dark for work. Longfellow went to some other part of the house to close windows, but I went out on a veranda, where I was sheltered from the rain, but could enjoy the storm to the fullest. The whole place seemed to be enveloped in the flashes of lightning, and the thunder was terrific.

When the sky grew lighter I went back to the library, where I found Longfellow already in his chair. His manner was very quiet, and presently, in a deep, subdued voice, he said: "I believe I like nothing that is violent."

The finishing of my portrait was hurried, and I have often regretted that I did not follow Longfellow to Portland. My whole summer, rather than three weeks, should have been given to these portraits.

I went back to Danvers so tired and exhausted from the heat that I continued to sleep the whole of the next day, until six o'clock in the afternoon, when I went down for my first meal. The hotel at Danvers was hardly more comfortable than that at Concord. They never failed to have pies for breakfast.

I now had to hasten the completion of the portrait of Whittier, for he was suffering from the heat, and anxious to get away to the Isles of Shoals. I worked every day, and Whittier was a very good sitter, holding his position like a statue. But I was afraid of wearying him, and I think we spent more time out on the lawn than inside at our work. My friend Mr. Francis Lathrop, who was doing some landscapes having associations with Whittier, now joined us, and we were a merry party under the trees.

Whittier was a great novel-reader, it would seem, and much admiring the works of George Parsons Lathrop, was delighted when he found that the artist was the brother of the author.

Whittier was light-hearted and joyous at these times, and it was a charming experience, lounging through a hot summer's day, in the midst of the most beautiful verdure, with a sympathetic companion, a man of so great interest and so full of memories, who seemed to have no cares or preoccupations, desiring nothing but to sit with us in the shade on the grass, talking of writers and poets, and telling of the happenings of his life.

Among many other things I remember his having told us that he voted for Lincoln four times. At each of the two elections he voted as a citizen and as a Presidential elector. He told about a man from one of the Western States having made a pilgrimage to Amesbury to see him. Not finding him at the house, he went to the grocery-store,

where he was told that he might be found. Sure enough, there was Whittier seated upon a barrel, in the midst of a group of village people, telling stories. The man was so disgusted that he turned and went home without making himself known to the poet.

Whittier was much pleased that I had once attempted to make illustrations for his "Maud Muller," and that I had some acquaintance with his poetry. Of the "Maud Muller" he told me that he was once driving along a country road with his sister. They came upon a very pretty young girl making hay. They stopped, and he asked his sister to speak to her. While standing before them the girl raked a little hay over her bare feet.

Brightness reigned supreme at Oak Knoll. Whittier was one day making sport of his cousins' difficulties with their bonnets, to which one of them replied: "A man who has to go to Philadelphia to get his coat cut should not criticize women's bonnets."

Whittier's loyalty and generosity were shown by his concern at the fact that I was not also making a portrait of Oliver Wendell Holmes. He was strong in his praises of all of his contemporaries, but particularly of Holmes. "Why," he would say, "Holmes is, in many respects, the greatest of us all."

This recalls a fact that had nearly passed from my memory. Holmes once said to me: "There is power and strength in sweetness and tenderness, as well as in the more heroic forms of poetry, and in these qualities Longfellow is preëminent."

My work went on smoothly, only I had great difficulty in getting the forehead and head large enough. Every day I had to add a little, and it was not until the very last that I found I had obtained the proper dimensions.

Oak Knoll and its pleasant inhabitants will always remain with me a fond memory.

I was now at liberty to return to Concord to finish my portrait without interruption, for the portrait of Holmes I was to do at another time, and Lowell was abroad. But, alas! Emerson, too, made a limit of time, and for a graver reason than the others. He said to me: "You must get through with this work as quickly as possible, for I am very old; I have but a little longer to live, and so much to do." He explained that it was not new work he wished to do, but to arrange the work of his past years.

One day Mrs. Emerson gave a tea at which I imagine all the friends of Concord were present. It was to be followed by a conversazione. As the guests left the dining-room I went upon some errand to the study, where I had been at work during the day. There I found Emerson alone, deeply absorbed in his papers; for, as most of the people were standing in the dining-room, he had thought to get away unobserved, that he might accomplish a little work before joining the party for the evening.

When I was alone with Emerson he would address me so directly, or talk so interestingly, that work was quite impossible. Turning to me one morning, he said: "Who is your favorite poet?" He fortunately saved me from answering, for he went on to say: "Of course we must except Shakspere and Burns." Taking up Burns, he spoke of him as almost as great, and in some qualities as great, as Shakspere, and continued in this vein until I may say I was relieved by a friend coming in and joining in the conversation, while I went on with my work.

The subjects and men upon which Emerson had written years before were always new and fresh with him. He spoke to us one day of the poetry of George Herbert with as keen an interest as if he had but just come upon it.

It seemed strange to hear Carlyle spoken of in terms of comradeship. Emerson got up one day and pointed out Carlyle's works with the same interest with which a young author might show his first book. Emerson told me the number of years that they had corresponded: I believe it was forty. But he said that Carlyle had to have a young lady write for him then, so he had written his friend not to be to the trouble of writing him any more. It was in a different tone from that in which he spoke of his friends' books that he said to me one day: "I have always been a great writer. I have written all those books," indicating two shelves under one of his study windows closely packed with the square note-books to which I have already referred. This was said as a schoolmaster might have referred to the work of his leisure. "But now," he added sadly, "I write no more."

The only faculty I could see that Emerson had lost was the memory of names and words. His mind upon all other subjects seemed to be perfectly clear, and his freedom in expression would be interrupted only by the lack of a word. I think the consciousness of this failing made him diffident in speaking before a company. He took no part in the conversazione, but was always a most attentive listener.

Soon after Dr. Jones's arrival in Concord, the friends were invited to Mr. Sanborn's one morning. It was a maxim of Dr. Jones that the morning should be for work, the afternoon for chores, and the evening for social intercourse. Dr. Jones was to take up again the subject of Plato, which he had touched upon at a previous gathering.

At the close of his discourse he turned to Emerson, and asked if he would say a few words. Emerson, in very broken sentences, replied that he no longer had thoughts upon those subjects. To this Mrs. Emerson, who was seated by her husband, hastened to say: "You mean to say, my dear, that you no longer allow yourself to express your ideas upon these subjects in public," and Emerson answered: "Yes; that is what I meant to say."

Miss Emerson was constantly by her father, and was a great help to him in his conversation, almost always giving him the word or name he wished.

It was while I was at Concord that Dr. Jones made his first visit. He was introduced to Emerson at a conversazione at Emerson's house. Mr. Alcott opened the evening with a few words upon Plato and his philosophy, then called upon Dr. Jones. Dr. Jones stammered, and was unable to speak. Then Mr. Alcott asked him some direct question about Plato, to which he made an almost inaudible reply. Then Mr. Sanborn asked him a question, to which he replied a little more fully; and thus, by consideration and tact, the difficulties were overcome, and Dr. Jones got to speaking with some freedom.

It must have been evident to all present that Dr. Jones was a man of power. At the same time I could make but little out of his hesitating words. The next morning, however, Emerson, in speaking of him, said he did not know that there was a man in America who knew so much of Plato.

Mr. Sanborn was frequently with us while I was at work. He knew well the subjects that would keep Emerson interested. Mr. Alcott would also sometimes join us, and once he called with Dr. Jones.

Thoreau was always a favorite subject of conversation with Emerson. He would tell almost with pride of Thoreau's skill in woodcraft. One day Thoreau said to Emerson: "I have dropped my hatchet in the middle of Walden Pond." The next day he remarked: "Well, I have found my hatchet."

Here is another incident related by Emerson. A stranger who was visiting Concord was walking through the fields with Thoreau. They were talking of Indian relics. The visitor said he wished he might see something of the kind, whereupon Thoreau stooped and picked up a flint arrow-head, and handed it to him.

Dr. Jones asked what books Thoreau had written. Emerson replied, giving the number,—eleven, I believe,—and he and Mr. Alcott began to enumerate them. Now, the evening before I had spent with Dr. Emerson, who had read to me some passages from Thoreau's "Maine Woods." I listened as they went on, expecting to hear it named; but they came to the end of the list, being unable to recall the name of this book. So I came to their relief with "Maine Woods." Emerson turned to me almost radiant. "Ah," said he, "you know *all* of Thoreau's books."

I was at Concord on the Fourth of July. I went, in the evening, with Dr. and Mrs. Emerson to see the procession of illuminated boats upon the river. We had just arrived at the bridge when we heard an alarm of fire in the village. Dr. Emerson started back on a full run, while I returned with Mrs. Emerson. At their house we found the doctor working over some one who had been injured. I then went to the scene of the fire, and there, up in front, separated from the crowd, amid the falling timbers and dashing water, whom should I find but Emerson, his head craned forward, intent upon every movement of the workers. I linked my arm gently in his, and, out of courtesy, he gave up what to him was an advantageous position, but to me a very dangerous one.

During the whole of the time that I was at work with Emerson he never seemed to become aware of the fact that he was sitting. This was, in a way, satisfactory, but it made my work difficult. I could never get his attention called in the direction I wanted his face, for he would not turn toward the person with whom he was in conversation, but would generally lean forward, looking down, or throw himself back in his chair and look intently at the light. I made the great mistake of not also having had in progress a drawing in the latter position, which would have been nearly in profile, with the light full upon the face.

I felt, while with these men, that a great privilege had been given me, but I had not the experience which would have enabled me more fully to avail myself of it.

The arrangements for the portrait of Holmes were made by Dr. Holland through correspondence.

I arrived in Boston on Christmas night of this same year, and called upon the poet the next morning. His cordial manner removed at once all feeling of being a stranger, and his bright face, and more particularly his large, full, open gray-blue eyes, shining with tenderness and depth, were irresistible, and gave me a sense of delight.

We fixed upon the study as a workroom, with the windows looking out on the Charles River, for the house was on the new part of Beacon street. It was a most delightful room, and a great enjoyment to Holmes. At this season the ice, in great blocks, was floating up and down the river with the tide, and covered with sea-gulls. I returned the same afternoon and began work, which was continued every day, and sometimes both morning and afternoon, until New Year's. This time I needed no one to help me, no relief from the weight of conversation. My sitter did not need entertaining; he entertained me, and kept me in the mood for work, and his face never diminished in its brightness.

My week's experience with Holmes would lead me to say that the charm of his wit was that it came from a man of seriousness, and of his seriousness that it came from a man of wit.

It was an entertainment in itself, the pleasure and interest that Holmes would take in another's stories, and I never before knew how many I could tell. In fact, I believe it was an inspiration that lasted for that week, and never returned.

I was fresh from the Latin Quarter of Paris, and this revived the poet's memories of his own life there, upon which it was a pleasure for him to dwell. At times he would try his memory of French. A closet opening into the study was filled with all varieties of his boots, which recalled a remark of the elder Dumas upon his son: "Alexander will never amount to anything: he has nine pairs of boots, and keeps them all in a row"; and a later saying of the son: "My father is a baby which I had when very young."

Things like these would delight him, and he would try to put them back into French. "Mon père," he would say, "c'est un enfant que j'ai eu quand j'étais très jeune." I suggested "lorsque." "Ah, yes," he said, and repeated, "lorsque j'étais très jeune. That is better."

Our talks were of literature, the fine arts, anatomy in its external forms, people, places. In fact, I think there are few subjects we did not touch upon or discuss.

He had, I thought, some feeling for and appreciation of the fine arts, which I could not say of the other poets, not even of Longfellow. He brought out and showed me what he called an "etching" of an elephant by Rembrandt—but which, in fact, was a Braun photograph of a slight but masterful drawing with the point of the crayon. This would have appealed only to an instinct for the essentials in art.

The portrait of his great-grandmother, "Dorothy Q.," was hanging in the study. She was a person of great interest to him. I think he thought that he resembled her, at least in character, and her ninety years seemed to him only a fair allowance of time for one's life. He showed me the first models of his improved stereoscope, the one which finally came into general use. He seemed to have no regrets at not having patented his inventions, which would have brought him a fortune.

It was just at this time that his biography of his friend John Lothrop Motley came out. In it the author felt that he had particular difficulties to deal with between loyalty to the Republican party and to the President, General Grant, and justice to his friend.

He made his severest comments upon the action of Grant under the guise of pleasantry; but his view of Grant's part in recalling Motley from London was there all the same.

Dr. Holmes was anxious, even agitated, as to the way the book, particularly the parts referring to the relations of Grant and Motley, would be received, and he was much gratified with a paragraph which I brought him in regard to the matter from George W. Smalley's London letter to the "Tribune."

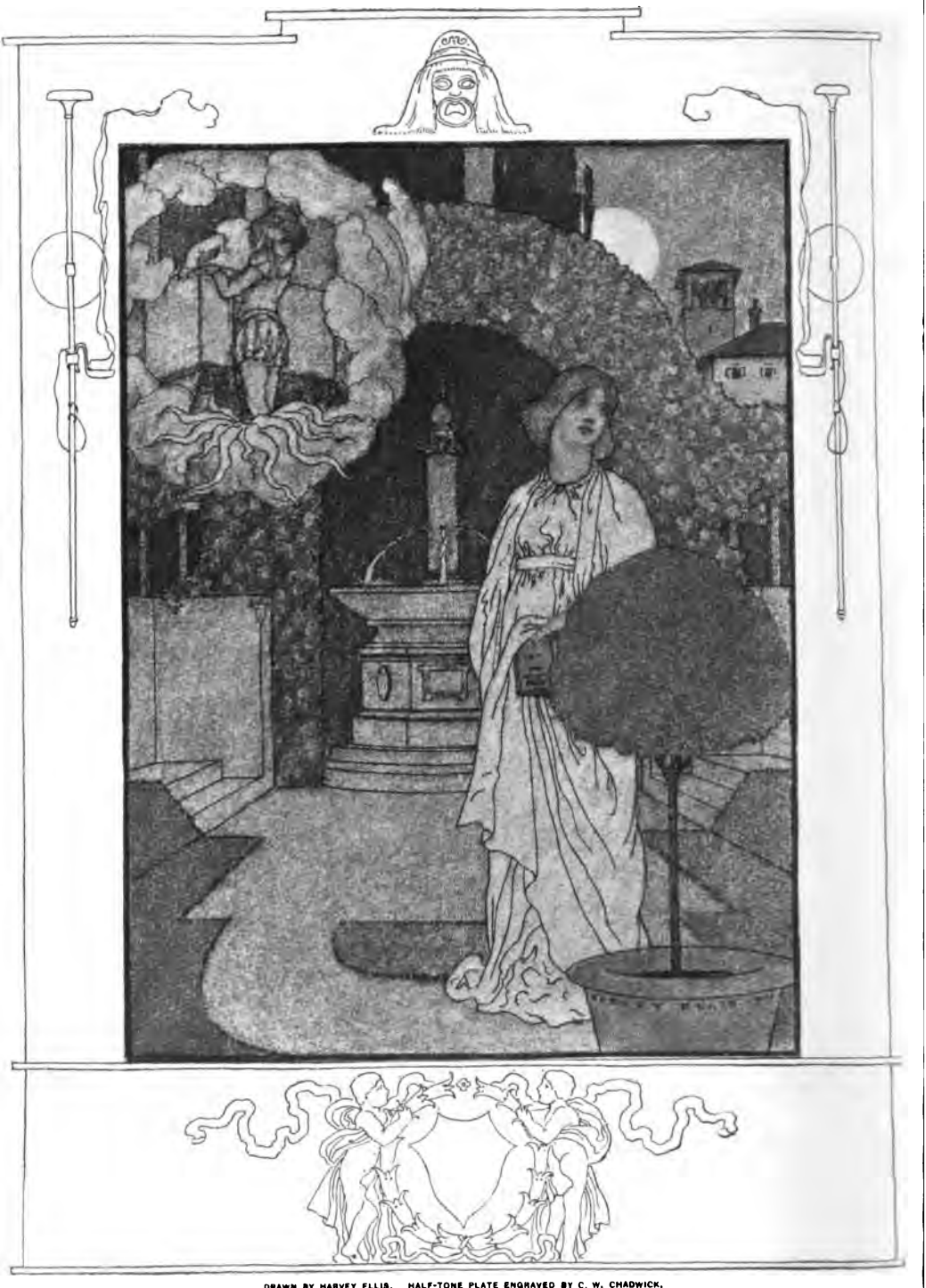
I had never asked any one for his autograph. I had a great desire, however, to have one of Holmes; but still I could not ask for it. But, on going away, he gave me a copy of his "Life of Motley," with a full inscription upon the fly-leaf, a photograph of the first model of his stereoscope, and a photograph of the portrait of Dorothy Q., and upon this another autograph. I was therefore rich in souvenirs as well as in memories.

In all the ground we covered in this week of diversified talk, Holmes never once repeated a story or remark; but it is still more exceptional to say that there was no sign of fatigue at my long sittings, neither had the interest begun to flag.



DRAWN BY WYATT EATON. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

WYATT EATON.



DRAWN BY HARVEY ELLIS. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.



"A VOICE IN THE SCENTED NIGHT."

(VILLANELLE AT VERONA.)

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

A VOICE in the scented night,
A step where the rose-trees blow,—
O Love, and O Love's delight!

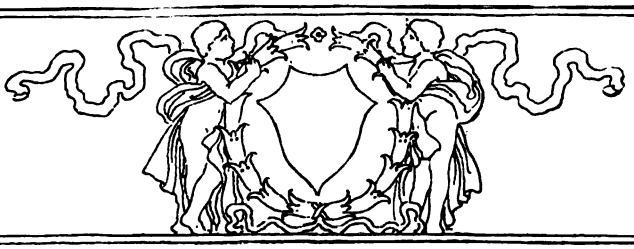
Cold star at the blue vault's height,
What is it that shakes you so?
A voice in the scented night.

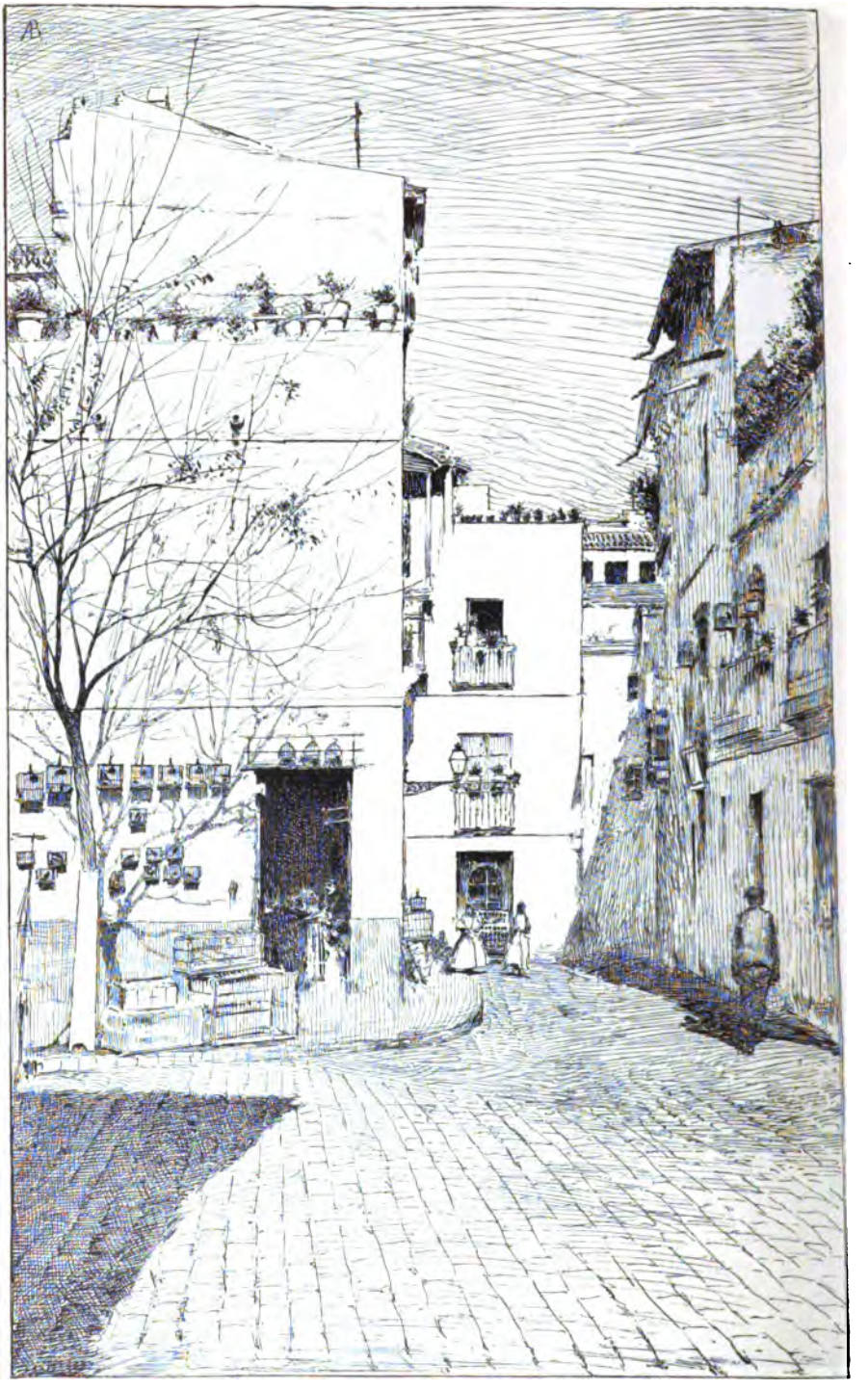
She comes in her beauty bright,
She comes in her young love's glow,—
O Love, and O Love's delight!

She bends from her casement white,
And she hears it, hushed and low,
A voice in the scented night.

And he climbs by that stairway slight,
Her passionate *Romeo:*
O Love, and O Love's delight!

And it stirs us still in spite
Of its "ever so long ago,"
That voice in the scented night:
O Love, and O Love's delight!





A BIRD-CAGE MAKER'S SHOP IN SEVILLE.



DUTCH CAGE, CHIP-CARVED.

THE QUEST FOR CAGES.

BY

ROGER RIORDAN,

WITH PICTURES BY ALFRED BRENNAN.



EAGLE-CAGE AT ZUÑI.

AT first, when birds were gods, the cage was a shrine. Such is, at this day, the eagle-cage at Zuñi, pictured and described by Mr. Dellenbaugh.[1] This "cage" is, rather, an artificial aery, constructed of two walls of adobe against the side of a house, with a cage-like grating of wooden bars in front. In the picture, the eagle roosts untrammeled on the top of his temple, a guardian priest standing near; for he is a sacred bird, every feather of him. The larger quill-feathers, as they are shed, are gathered up for ceremonial head-dresses and other emblems, and the small, downy feathers from the breast for the white "prayer-plumes" which, according to the poetic belief of the Zuñi, waft their petitions to the greater deities.

Birds appear to have been domesticated before any were caged. Savages, who do not make cages, frequently have pet birds that accompany the tribe on its wanderings. On Assyrian reliefs, where one may see lions and other dangerous beasts strongly caged, the tame birds are shown free in the branches. The bird-cage is, in fact, a warrant that the owner is of gentle disposition, a home-keeping man, a lover of birds, and, on that account, unwilling to part with them. He has usually felt it incumbent on him to supply some artistic adornment as a substitute for the infinite variety of nature of which the domesticated creature must be deprived. Much of our own love of ornament has no other root. It is this that brings "The Quest for Cages" within the scope of the collector's activity.

A new field, its history is unwritten. The

[1] In "The First Americans," by F. S. Dellenbaugh, "St. Nicholas," October, 1889.



BIRD-CAGE OF THE AZORES.

only comprehensive collection known to the writer is that from which the accompanying illustrations by Mr. Brennan have been drawn. It is the work of an American collector who has taken spoil from Holland, the Philippines, Canada, France, Japan, Russia, Spain—a little from everywhere.

As in all collecting, the chase at times gives as much pleasure as the game. It may take the enthusiast into old, old by-lanes at Avignon, where Madonna Laura may have passed on her way to mass the day Petrarch saw her bathe her feet in the river; or in Héloïse's footsteps, to those last recesses of the Quartier Latin, where, in some gloomy street of the Fishing Cat or of the Poor St. Julien, he may halt before a cobbler's stall, festooned within and without with the clumsiest of foot-gear, attracted by the song of birds in some green interior court; or by Spanish barber-shops, where the traditional brass basin gleams above the lintel and the placard of the bull-fighter decorates the door-jamb, while a ragged, one-eyed minstrel, squat on the door-step, vies with the caged chaffinch on the wall, and Gipsy Carmen dances for them both. Weird tales of bedeviled cages may send him to make the acquaintance of Neapolitan sibyls, worthy descendants of Canidia; and rotting warehouses, that beetle o'er their base into the canal, are explored for the cage of sinister aspect which may have housed, in times gone by, the disreputable raven of Hille Robbe of Haarlem.



OLD DUTCH BIRD-CAGE—DELFT BLUE AND WHITE.

Vast patience is needed, much diplomacy, and sometimes a little force; for the possessor of a curious cage generally regards it as the apple of his eye, and often will not part with it for love or money. He will let you have it copied; will himself copy it for you, if you wait till doomsday; but he cannot exist apart from the original. One would say he kept his soul in it, and not a bird. While sketching in the Azores, S—— had had the great fortune to break a leg: while it was a-mending, time was of as little account to him as to the cage-maker; and yet the latter wore him out. Here is a page from his diary:

August 5, 1901. Samples looked over.

August 9, 1901. Design selected; order given. Cage promised in a couple of weeks.

September 1, 1901. Man states he has not been able to find right kind of bamboo.

September 12, 1901. Found some of material: must wait until he visits other end of island to get small cane.

September 25, 1901. Has secured all material required—now waiting for the right season of the moon to steam the cane in the hot sulphur springs.

October 25, 1901. At the right season forgot to put cane in spring, but there is no hurry; the cage will be finished long before the rich C. Americano's leg will be strong enough for him to travel.

November 1, 1901. Corn festa—when no man can work.

November 18, 1901. Husking festa—when no man can work.

December 3, 1901. Church festa—no man or woman can work.

December 18, 1901. Getting ready for pig-killing festa—no man and no work.

December 25, 1901. Pig-killing festa—general joy—no work.

December 27, 1901. Bird-cage maker astonished that I wanted the cage in such a hurry: if I will only wait another week or two he will finish it.

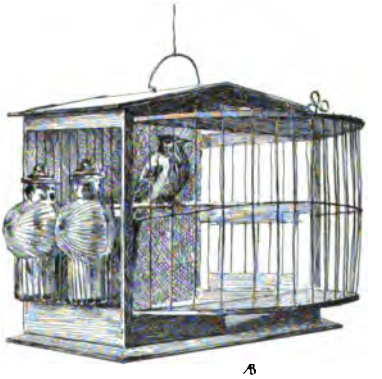
So I finally carried



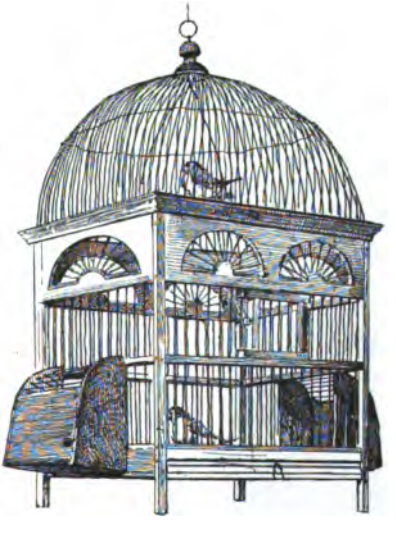
DUTCH BRASS CAGE—SHOWING CROWN AND BUNCH OF GRAPES.

his original cage, which he did not want to part with; and I hope it will please.

The tastes and manner of life of each country are plainly reflected in its cages. Quaintest of all are those of glazed pottery-ware made in Delft. Painted in cobalt under the glaze, they are worthy of being themselves painted into the backgrounds of Dutch interiors with casements opening on the sky, in which cavaliers flash their rapiers, or ladies knit long stockings, or alchemists eye strange liquids in crooked vessels of glass—all in the key of blue. A few of these—an authority says only half a dozen—were made as early as 1764. One, we are told, belongs to Mrs. Alma-Tadema, in London; another has belonged to a Dr. Mandel, in Paris; a third, which is here illustrated, is in the New York collection already mentioned. The landscape painted on the base, with its windmills, its quaint pleasure-houses among the kopjes, its ducks and boats and other aquatic features, is carried along all four sides, pleasantly interrupted by the conventional design upon the seed-drawer, and strongly framed in by a striking pattern in dark blue and white. The manufacture, it seems, was intermitted for a long time, but has been resumed in recent years. A modern example is in the Metropolitan Museum of New York.

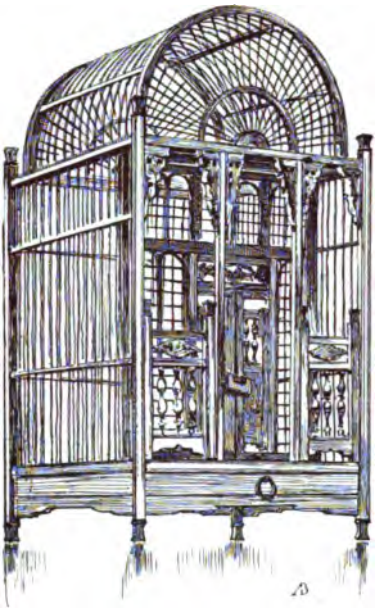


ENGLISH SKYLARK-CAGE.

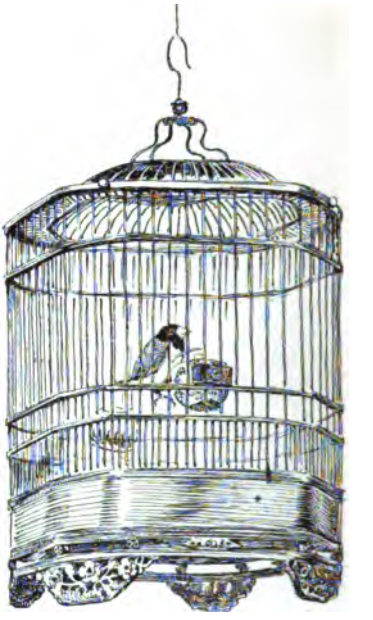


GERMAN CAGE.

Other Dutch cages, of hammered brass and of carved wood, show abundant ingenuity, taste, and boldness of invention. The chip-carving of the large wooden cage here shown has a character at once classic and barbaric, denoting influences from oversea and from across the Alps. Is there a symbolic intent in the arrow aiming at the sun, which bears the date 1714? Not unlikely; for the Dutch at that time were much given to allegories and emblems. The imperial crown and the bunch of grapes boldly hammered out of brass in our third example of Dutch cage-making may, also, have had a meaning to the original possessor, but, more likely, have no more significance than they would have on a vintner's sign. This is a



MODERN CHINESE BAMBOO CAGE.

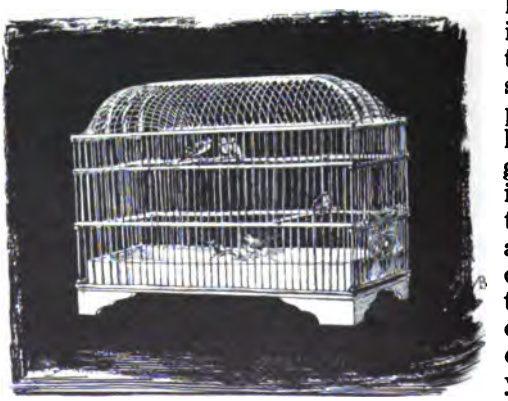


CHINESE CAGE WITH CARVED FEET.

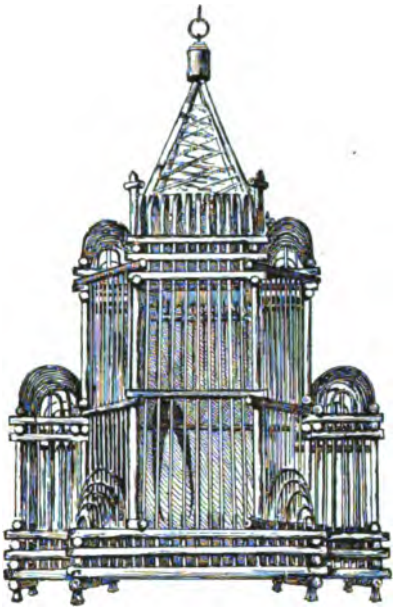
charming cage, exquisitely proportioned and simply but effectively decorated.

It is easy in many instances to trace the architectural antecedents of a people in its cage-work. In the islands north of the Channel, the blackbird's osier cage, hanging outside many a peasant's door, is a reminiscence, perhaps, of the wattled house of the ancient Celt. The magnificent bow-window of the English skylark-cage here shown recalls the house-fronts of an old English town, such as Bath or Chester; and the German cage of wood and wire affords, in its round arches and huge bins for food, some suggestion of the fair proportions of the German Romanesque and of the German stomach. Russians show considerable originality in cage-building. The bulbous domes of the Kremlin and the long balconies of the Russian villa are reproduced in certain examples. One of the Russian cages in the collection — Russian in character and style —was made by a Yiddish boy on the East Side of New York city. It has a roof of perforated tin with a curious cresting, many doors and windows to be illuminated, and a balcony to be filled, on gala days, with toy flower-pots. But Filipino cages defy architectural analogies, though they indicate the aspiring nature of that race in their lofty steeples and arcades fashioned of twigs and bamboos. The inhabitants of Java have a similar proclivity, but the habit which they have of attaching little tassels of gaudy colors to the projections of their towering cages may perhaps give the needed clue as to the original type; for may it not be the Buddhist pagoda, with the bells and glittering pendants hanging to its eaves?

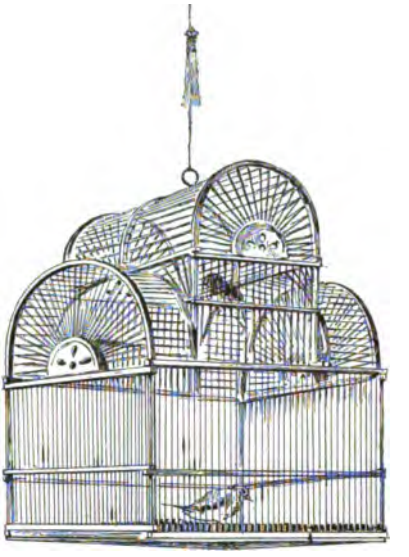
The ingenious yellow man shows in his cages his penchant for poetic suggestiveness and intricate and clever designs. See you not the hint of spring in the carved plum-branches on which the bullfinch's cage rests? The bird is provided with his emblematically painted porcelain cup to hobnob with his friend and patron in drinking a health to the flowering season and in singing its praises. Imagine the happy pair at their game of *bouts-rimés*, intoxicated with beauty and with poetry, and then turn to the cleverly stayed and trussed and buttressed and corbeled front of the larger cage you have before you, two main features of



A JAPANESE CAGE.



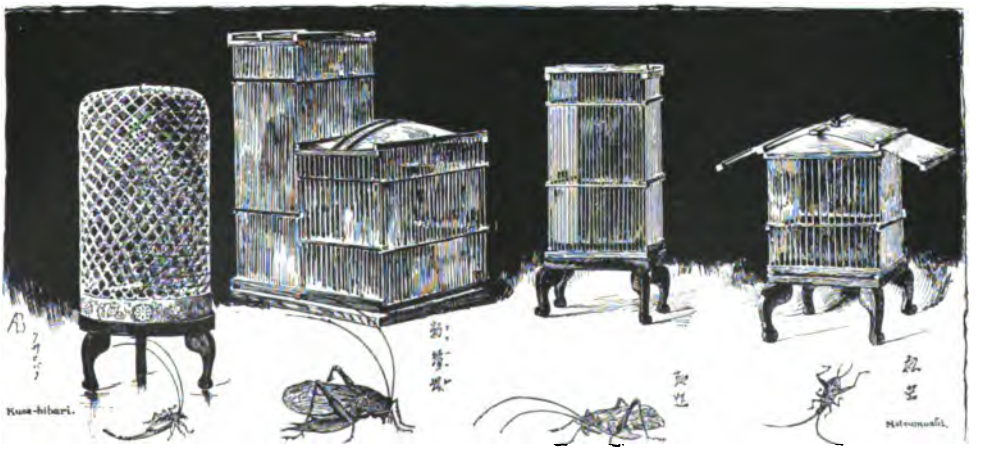
REED CAGE FROM THE PHILIPPINES.



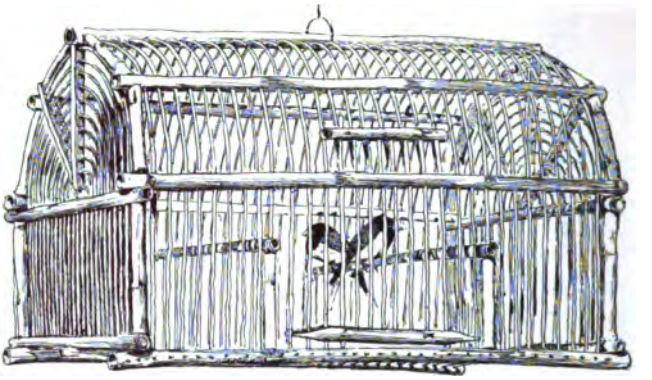
MODERN JAPANESE BAMBOO CAGE.

the Chinese character—the joy in nature, the joy in artistic ingenuity. And now note one of the many differences between the Chinese and the Japanese: the latter are a nation of purists. The severity of their native Shinto style, which will not have anything in the structure of its temples but unpainted wood, nor any symbol but a mirror and a rope of straw, shows in the Japanese cages of bamboo, unadorned save by the neatness and skill of all Japanese workmanship.

This is even more evident in the cages for insects than in those for birds. For, as the reader will readily admit, not birds only should profit by the art of the cage-maker. In Latin countries still, as in old Greece, the fighting crickets have their cages of woven rushes; and in Japan, the land of singing *mushi*, the manufacture of insect-cages is a more important industry than that of bird-cages is with us. Those miniature Japanese cages make no inconsiderable part of the collection which I have in view. Many kinds of insects are prized for their song by the people of the Dragon-fly Islands. Most famed is the *kirigirisu*, which has been part of the poet's stock in trade from the earliest times. His name is as



GROUP OF JAPANESE INSECT-CAGES OF BAMBOO, WITH NAMES OF INSECTS.



MEXICAN REED CAGE.

much a household word as is the cicada's in ancient Attica or the cricket's in modern England. He is the prophet of frost, and, if the poets are to be believed, of separation. The anxious lover addresses him, and gets no welcome response:



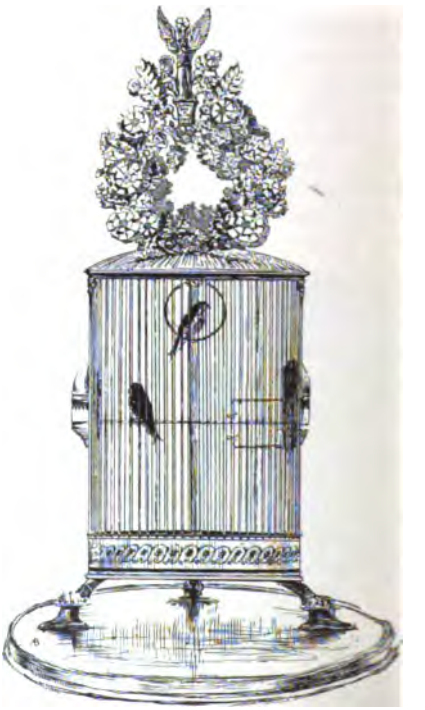
"PAPAGINO," IN THE "MAGIC FLUTE."

"Kirigirisu,
On my bed's edge
singing,
What prophesiest
thou?"
"Cold nights; cold,
lonely nights."

I do not know if his cage shows any particularity. Several of those illustrated are manifestly made for leaping insects—high "vaulters in the sunny grass" when out of doors. The handsome one shown above the insect *kusa-hibari* in the cut on page 859 is the type of numerous imitations in porcelain.

Note the irregular filling in of some of the open squares, suggesting the so-called "grains of rice" decoration in porcelain made by cutting away the paste and filling the openings with the transparent glaze. It is not unusual for one of the latter material to serve, at the same time, as an ink-well. The little house of the *matsu-mushi*, the pine-tree singer, has a characteristic Japanese roof made of a bent slip of bamboo; the *kutsuwa-mushi* has a tower attached to its abode in which to practise gymnastic exercises; and the *umaoi*, like the border chief of old, has the tower without the house. May we be permitted to suppose that he is always "on the jump"?[1]

To return to our bird-cages, a Mexican cage in bamboo is very like in style to that carried by *Papagino* on his back in the first act of "The Magic Flute." Here is a hint for the ingenious gentleman who would, at any cost, bring the land of Pharaoh into connection with the land of the Montezumas. May not *Papagino* and *Papagina* and the rest of that merry crew, under the holy



BIRD-CAGE OF SILVER AND SILVER-GILT, DESIGNED BY ALFRED BRENNAN.

[1] Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, who has added so much to our knowledge of things Japanese, has written pleasantly and learnedly of the mushi, their habits, their cages, and the traditions concerning them.

guidance of Sarastro, have voyaged from Egypt to Atlantis, and thence to Anahuac, bringing with them the magic flute, which became a Mexican clay whistle, and *Papagino's* tall bird-cage, which the Mexicans straightway adopted, seeing that it was just the thing to accommodate the long tail-feathers of their favorite quetzals? The Mexicans have, from time immemorial, used cage-like structures of cane in which to carry merchandise of all sorts across the mountains; but, obviously, no theorist need stick at that: the general may grow out of the particular as easily as the particular use detaches itself from the general.

Our Northern neighbors house their pets in a very different style of cage. From Quebec come cages modeled after the houses of the French habitants, copying their huge squat chimneys, their narrow and infrequent windows to keep out the cold, and their high-pitched roofs to throw off the weight of snow. One of these is a squirrel-cage, the squirrel's wheel mounted like that of a water-mill beside the house. Out-of-the-way villages in Canada sometimes have peculiar customs in regard to cages. Thus at Sillery, near Quebec, the cages that cover the cottage walls are traps, and tame birds within entice the wild ones into captivity. This is more humane than the simpler traps used in Europe, which hold no decoy, for the companionship of the latter must needs be reassuring to the bird still unaccustomed to restraint. Better yet, but not always available, is the plan of setting aside a good-sized room for the captives, strewn with both herbs and branches, and wired as to the windows, where, as in a "Parliament of Fowls," vireo may talk with cedar-bird, chickadee with bobolink, and "the pewit and the tomtit" may engage in sprightly conversation.

The great cosmopolitan town of New York, to which immigrants of all nationalities bring their household gods, is a happy hunting-ground for the cage-collector. From the big and handsome cages designed by the late Calvert Vaux and the late Jacob Wrey Mould as ornaments for Central Park to the pill-box-shaped carrying-cages brought by sailors from unknown shores, everything is to be found here. The ordinary carrying-cage, let me say in parenthesis, is precisely that which Daphnis hides from Chloe in Hamon's well-known picture, "Ma sœur n'y est pas." It is only by chance, in night rides along South street, that one happens upon odd characters carrying strange birds in



SPHERICAL CAGE, DESIGNED BY ALFRED BRENNAN.



OLD AMERICAN WIRE CAGE.

these little, flat, round cages. Where they come from is a mystery. I have spoken of a Yiddish cage made in New York; the Dhoukobortski colony on Long Island is said to own marvels of quaintness, and the cellars and attics of the great East Side hold many more treasures for the fearless explorer.

If the truth were known, it was doubtless from some corresponding London slum, from some grimy and fluffy offshoot of Bird Cage Lane, that was ravished the beauteous cage of wrought ivory which, tenanted by a wondrous bird of brightest plumage and of sweetest song, served as *surtout de table* at a charming *déjeûner* given by the most noted, if not the most notable, artist of our day, whose passion for all that is delicate and rare is celebrated throughout two continents. It may have been some poor Jewish artisan who produced this cage, mindful, perhaps, of the ivory pavilions that closed in the musicians of the kings of Israel.

And may it not be that, having for centuries played with the forms of human habitations, the cage-maker may yet evolve that new style for which our architects are looking? Fancy a great singer lodged in a palace of golden filigree and scented wood and enameled porcelain and woven bamboo, in a garden of roses and acacias atop of a big sky-scraper, lifted above the clouds of steam and smoke and dust and all terraneous noises, the two rivers and the western and the eastern sky for scenery—might it not



IRON BIRD-CAGE, FORMERLY IN CENTRAL PARK.



OLD AMERICAN CAGE.

be more inspiring than the grandest operatic stage? Such a fancy does not seem too extravagant in a room full of cages most of which recall, in a far-off, fantastic way, well-known architectural motives—in a room where, ranged on shelves or hooked to them, or pendent from the ceiling, are scores of cages that remind one vaguely of rococo balconies and Turkish lattices and Yoshiwara gratings.



AMERICAN DOME-SHAPE CAGE.

JOHN HENRY'S LOBSTER TRUST.

(CAPTAIN OBED MARCY SPEAKS.)

BY WALTER LEON SAWYER.

PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN.

BROKER, be ye? Copper and oil stocks, eh? Sure y' ain't what they call a "promoter"? Oh, so ye have done somethin' in that line? John Henry Peaslee, him 't keeps the store and the post-office, he 'll be pleased to meet ye. He 's the one that trusted our lobsters.

Well, yes, I can tell ye some of it. I can't put in the fine touches, like some others could: I ain't a swearin' man, not as a gineral thing. As for tellin' ye "all about lobsters, to begin with," no livin' man could do that. Our young-ones is born web-footed, and our old folks al'ays go out on the ebb-tide; but great grief! says I, we don't pretend to know all about lobsters, for all we 're brought up with 'em. You take an old gran'ther lobster, foot 'n' a half long, say, rockweed kind o' growin' out of his back, and nippers that could bite off the shank of an oar, and there 's more in his wicked old head than any man could study out in forty year. Brains? Course they got brains! I don't care a— As I was sayin', I don't care what the schoolteachers think. I 've handled lobsters. Why, it was mostly the lobsters themselves that busted up John Henry's trust!

Bein' 's you ain't acquainted with John Henry, mebbe I 'd ought to tell ye he 's a go-ahead feller, but notional; been a good deal more so sence he had three months' schoolin' at what they call a commercial college, up 't the city—though I don't blame the college for it, mind ye. He 's got kind of a friendly way, John Henry has, so 't anybody 'll talk to him; and a tonguey feller like himself—he 's got language, John Henry has—could feed him 'most anything, and get it swallered. Consequence was, goin'

around, as he al'ays does, with his eyes *and* ears open, he muddled up what he see and what he thought he see; and he learnt a heap of things, the only trouble bein' that a good many of 'em wa'n't so. He was free-handed with 'em, too. I 'll own up t' ye, as man to



CAPTAIN OBED MARCY.

man, I got mighty sick of havin' Portland notions hove into me. But I kind o' thought better of it all the night John Henry pupposed the trust.

That was a time when everybody was feelin' blue. We 'd had a hard season, y' understand. Lobsters was scurce, but the price had n't riz. Boarders had kind o' dropped off, for we 'd been havin' consid'able typhoid fever, and they blamed it on the wells. My part, I like water that has some taste to it; but you pass out a dipperful to one of these 'ere old women in breeches, and he 'd run a mile. Seemed as though John Henry was the only man in town 't was makin' any money, and he was n't gettin' none; he was chargin' it all up. And while a half a dozen of us was settin' around the store one night, sort o' mullin' over these things, in comes Abner Secard, lookin' uglier 'n sin.

"Hauled your pots, Ab?" says I, for the sake of makin' talk.

"Yes," says he.

"What 'd ye git?" says I.

"Well," says he, "I don't know how it come about,—I must 'a' struck into a reg'lar nest of old he-ones that had n't been stirred up for years,—but every lobster I got 'll average four pound."

Dave Bascom speaks up. "By the time them lobsters get to Boston," he says, "a man could n't buy one out of a market for less 'n a dollar. But you 'll have to sell 'em to the smackmen for eight cents apiece."

"I 'd jest been stewin' over that," says Ab. "I won't do it. I swan I won't! I 'll bile 'em out and eat 'em myself fust!"

All this time, y' understand, John Henry 'd stood at his desk, not lettin' on he heard anything; but when Ab spoke up so desprut he put down his pen and come over. Smilin' as a basket of chips John Henry was, and he had his language right on tap.

"I prediculate that lobsters is nourishin', Abner," he says. "It 's quite a chore to pick 'em out, but the flavor of a lobster's—ah—epidermix is succulent—succulent, the dubitable proposition, in my judgment, bein' whether it would n't be *too* succulent for a steady diet? Moreover," says he, "I apprehend that if you et all the lobsters yourself, and some philanthropist should bring an action on it, you might be condemned for restraint of trade, lobsters bein' essential to all civilized conglomerations such as this and Boston. Consequently *and* moreover," he says, "I should advise you to digress your lobsters into the regulated channels of commerce—at a satisfactory remuneration, or more."

"Huh?" says Ab.

"Why don't you all get better prices for your lobsters?" John Henry snaps out.

Nobody said anything. We waited to see what he was drivin' at.

"Our prosperity is based on lobsters and boarders," John Henry goes on, after a minute. "But boarders is—is a migratory race which ambitions to eat enough in one month here to last 'em at home the other eleven. At six dollars a week a boarder provides healthy and—and variegated employment for the women-folks, but the margin of profit on him or her, as the case may be, is—is tenuous. The lobster," says John Henry, "is the brightest jewel in our civic crown, so to speak. In the lobster we have just such a community of interest that is the—the substratum of them towerin' aggregations called trusts. I," says John Henry, "have been cogitatin' a lobster trust. By organizin' and combinin'," he says, "we can notify the despots of the industrial consensus that we

are a free and unterrified people, and," says he, "we can make the smackmen buy by weight instead of by count."

"Where do you come in?" says Dave Bascom. He ain't got any lobster-pots, Dave ain't—farms it for a livin'; and he 's mighty plain-spoken.

John Henry bristled up a little. "I come in," he says, "*if* I come in, as underwriter and organizer and financier and promoter, all of which is indispensable functions in capitalistic undertakin's. And I want you to remember," says he, "that a trust will consummate my—my primary hypothesis!"

"Huh?" says Ab Secard.

"That you could get five dollars a hundredweight for your lobsters, instead of sellin' 'em for eight cents apiece, as they run."

Well, looked reasonable to me that if we 'd hang together we could do jest that thing. This is about the only place betwixt Small P'int and Eastport where it 's reelly wuth while for the smacks to call, where they get anything like a load; and if we held on to our lobsters, the dealers in Boston and Portland would soon begin to miss 'em and need 'em. We could keep 'em easy enough by buildin' a few more cars—jest floatin' boxes, y' understand, with the seams left open so the salt water washes right through 'em; and all there is to feedin' 'em is to heave in a bucket of fish sometimes. Looks easy as rollin' off a log, don't it?

"I 'm in favor of tryin' it," says I.

"Thank you, cap'n," says John Henry. "We 'll be pavin' the way for future generations, you and me will. Is there other cooperators? All agreed? This," says John Henry, "will go down in history, by gracious! as the night when we shook off the yoke of lobsters at eight cents apiece and planted ourselves on the constitutional palladium of American citizens!

"Some well-meanin' but ignorant individuals is prejudiced against the name of 'trust,'" says John Henry, after we 'd talked things over awhile. "Therefore I puppose that we do not incorporate,—the same also requirin' funds, of which none of us has too many,—but that we form an association cognoscized as The Trusted Lobsters, that havin' a poetical sound and not too—too obnoxious of capittle. There bein' eight hundred lobster-pots, more or less, regularly set and hauled by this community, I puppose that the ownership and control of The Trusted Lobsters be vested in a thousand interests, or shares.

"I, bein' the promoter, and standin' ready to stand behind any reasonable expenses, will take two hundred interests. The cap'n sets sixty pots, by the same bein' entitled to sixty interests; Abner Secard, settin' eighty pots, bein' entitled to eighty interests; and so on. Furthermore," says John Henry, "I puppose myself for secretary and treasurer of The Trusted Lobsters, and Abner Secard for president, he havin'," says John Henry, "gifts in dealin' with the smackmen which in childhood's happy days I oft admired, me bein' deprived of 'em by ma puttin' pepper on my tongue."

Well, we done so. And inside of twenty-four hours we see all the lobstermen that wa'n't at the store that night, and they all come in. Unanimous as a cat and her kittens we was, and we sot out to begin right away, patchin' up our cars and buildin' new ones. Ab Secard and I was app'inted to do that, and we was tinkerin' at a job down at the edge of the beach when the fust smack showed up. Strictly speakin', 't wa'n't a smack; 't was the steamer *Mary Lizzie*, that comes down along the coast once a week, buyin' for a Boston concern. But, anyhow, she rounded to opposite us, and the cap'n sings out to Ab:

"Hello, you bald-headed old coot!" the cap'n says. "Got any lobsters for me, —— ye?"

"Plenty for you or any other —— —— thief, if you 're willin' to pay for 'em," says Ab.

"——!" says the cap'n. "How much?"

"Five dollars a hundredweight, —— —— —— ——!" says Ab.

"—— ——!" says the cap'n. "Is there pearls in them —— —— lobsters?"

"There 's goin' to be money in 'em for me, same 's there is for you, —— —— ye!" says Ab.

"—— —— ——!" says the cap'n, and give the engineer the bell to go ahead. But goin' ahead did n't help him any. He went clean around the harbor, and hollered at every man he see; but he could n't buy a lobster. And when he turned tail at last and drove out through the middle channel, he was so mad the water was fairly b'ilin' under him.

"So much for *so* much," says Ab. "He 'll put in up above, and telegraft to Boston. P'r'aps they 'll tell him to come back and buy, and p'r'aps they won't. The lobsters 'll keep, anyway."

Sure enough, the feller did come back next day, and took everything we had, at

our price. Kind o' got out the way, I did, when I see him comin', not wantin' to hear the talk him and Ab would make. There 's times when cuss-words is comfortin', and when you 're sellin' lobsters they 're necessary; but you take a man as old as me, that 's got a family, and I be— As I was sayin', he hain't no business to encourage 'em. Ab 's a widower, and he and his boy baches it over there in the shanty, and not havin' any woman to remind him, I don't s'pose he reelizes how he does talk. I recollect, when we was all younger 'n we are now, old Parson Kellogg come along one night we was all settin' out in front of Ab's fish-house and he was tellin' a story. The parson stood and listened a minute, and then all at once he yells out: "Fire! Fire! Fire!" Ab jumps up. "Where? Where?" says he. "In hell, for profane swearers," says Parson Kellogg. But that did n't have any effect on Ab, not any more than the wind a-blowin'. Great grief! says I, if he 'd married my woman—

But, as I started to tell ye, we sold that fust lot of lobsters for five dollars a hundredweight. Fourteen hundred and fifty pound they weighed out, and the cap'n of the *Mary Lizzie* handed over seventy-two dollars and a half. There was fourteen-fifty to come out of that for lumber and labor—Ab's and mine: and John Henry divided the other fifty-eight dollars, fair and square, that night.

Old Mis' Peaslee, John Henry's ma, was in the store when he handed it out. Seemed as though she took a mighty interest in the goin's on.



"OUR PROSPERITY IS BASED ON LOBSTERS AND BOARDERS."

"There bein' one thousand interests or shares to The Trusted Lobsters Association," says John Henry, "each share gets a dividend of five cents and four fifths of a cent out of this fifty-eight dollars. The cap'n, holdin' sixty interests for his sixty lobster-pots, is entitled to three dollars and forty-eight cents. Abner Secard, havin' eighty interests for his eighty lobster-pots, receives four dollars and sixty-four cents." And so he goes on with the rest of 'em, till at last he says: "And me holdin' two hundred interests, I take eleven dollars and sixty cents."

"Where's *your* lobster-pots, John Henry?" Ma Peaslee puts in.

"Why, I combined this combination," says John Henry to his ma. "I represent the power of capittle. My dividend is—is the wages of superintendence, me standin' ready

likewise to do the financierin', which," John Henry says, "is indisputable to all fiduciary corporations that have the faculty of—of salutary permanence."

Ma Peaslee looked us all over, and her mouth come open, and she begun to grin. Al'ays reminds me of a dogfish, Ma Peaslee does. "He, he, he!" she was laughin' as she went out the store.

John Henry colored up some, but that was all the notice he seemed to take. "I prognosticate we 've made a good beginnin'," says he. "But, meditatin' here in my emporium, it has come across me that maybe we have been too—too salubrious to the consumer. Whether we could n't charge him ten dollars a hundredweight instead of five dollars, precedently restrictin' production, which if we would n't sell more than five hundredweight at a time would impress the impression that lobsters are —are peterin' out, so to speak?"

"They be," says Ab Secard. "They 're scurce enough without anybody's say-so."

"I throw this out for reconsideration," John Henry says. "Other financiers assist their market by restrictin' production and advancin' prices consequentially. Lobsters come high in cold weather. If we could sequestrate a lobster famine, and hold a few tons of them—them amiable centipedes till about December, we 'd ought to be able to make some money."

"Better see if we can't ketch enough to pay our bills fust," growls Ab Secard.

John Henry smiles. "Thank you, Abner," he says; "I did n't mean to speak of it, not bein' a mean man or a graspin', but, by gracious! there have been occasions durin' these last few lustrums of time when the sight of a nickel would have been prodigious, as it were. If you was contemplatin' say three or four dollars on account,—not to forbid any neighbor from likewise infractin' his liability, —I will not deny, Abner, that I am competent to employ the money."

Well, Ab did n't look any too tickled about it, but he handed over three dollars out of his four dollars odd, and most of the rest of 'em stepped up to the dough-dish the same way. I did n't owe anything to John Henry, any more 'n I do to any other man. When I can't pay for grub, I live on clams. As my woman says, clams is wholesome, but debt is n't. Great grief! says I, if I was fixed like folks I know of, never an hour in the day when some feller with a bill ain't playin' a tune with his knuckles on the front door, I 'd go down and jump off the dock, I would so.



"MEDITATIN' HERE IN MY EMPORIUM."

But that 's nuther here nor there, as the old woman said when they asked her if the butter was a-comin'. Started to tell ye about the lobsters and the trust, did n't I? Ab and I talked 'em over a little as we was gettin' along towards home that night.

"I ain't in favor of advancin' prices jest yet," Ab says. "Lobsters is lobsters, but there 's other animals that 's good to eat, and we might easy run this thing into the ground. Another thing: if we get more money, so that John Henry's share of it

begins to kind of stick out, the combine is liable to get busted right there. You and me read the daily papers, and we understand that the man that backs a trust gets fust pickin's; but these other ignorant cusses don't reelize.

"'I 'm putty good at dividin' money myself,' says Jake Chandler, to-night, 'and I 'd do it for the sixty cents, and throw in the 'leven dollars.' I told him we was financierin' in reg'lar business fashion, and if John Henry done like some capitalists he 'd take a third instead of a fifth: but Jake could n't see it. 'Capittle!' says Jake; 'my lobster-pots and yourn and the rest of 'em are the capittle!' So he went off grouty."

Now, you 'd thought Ab had the root of the matter in him, would n't ye? And yet it was n't more 'n ten days before he was buckin' the trust himself! I was settin' in the store one afternoon, when in runs Looney Haskell, the young feller John Henry hires to do his deliverin'. Fitty and tongue-tied Looney is, and he stood there gogglin' his eyes and gruntin' till John Henry tells him, "Go out back there, Looney, and have your fit on them meal-bags." But then Looney got his breath and began to p'int over his shoulder down towards the shore. "Lobth! Ab—lobth!" Looney says.

"Something about Abner and lobsters," says John Henry to me. "Them bein' subjects of interest, lobsters preëminent, we 'll lock up and menander down there."

And we done so.

"What ye got, Ab?" I sings out.

"Twenty-seven pounder," Ab says. "Jest bull luck, too. Started to back into the pot, he did, and he was too big to get any more 'n his tail through the funnel. Then, I cal'late, he thrashed around consid'able, aimin' to either get in or get out; but, as luck would have it, he was tangled up so 't the funnel-cord held him."

"Where is he?" I says.

"Cost ye five cents apiece to look at him," says Ab.

Well, with that John Henry hauls out a dime, and Ab spits on it for luck and puts it in his pocket, and then he oncovers the box he has the lobster in. Twenty-seven inches the old pelter measured from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail, and when you counted in the claws he was forty-six inches long. You'll hear of bigger lobsters,—there's plenty of liars in this 'ere community to tell ye about 'em,—but you won't often see 'em.

"Twenty—seven—pound!" John Henry says. "On behalf of The Trusted Lobsters, I congratulate you, Abner, which at one fell swoop have added a dollar and thirty-five cents to its—its pecuinary collateral!"

But Ab speaks up quick and sharp: "Not much I ain't! Stands to reason it 's the common run of lobsters we agreed to sell. This lobster is one by himself. Fust place, he 's old and tough; I don't s'pose if you should bile him you 'd be able to chew him. Next place, he bein' a curiosity, I cal'late to take a trip along the coast with him, and charge folks to see him. That 's where the profit comes in ketchin' an animal like that."

Ab was kind of stirred up, seemed 's if, talkin' loud and cussin' lively; but John Henry kept smilin', and never stretched his lungs a mite.

"Mebbe you 're right, Abner," says John Henry. "I don't know much about shows myself, ma bein' a Second Advent in my younger years, and strict accordin' to, and lambastin' me fearful whenever I reverted to the circus, not to speak of nigger minstrels. Howsoever, I can see that there might be more money for The Trusted Lobsters in a moral and instructive exhibition at five or ten cents a head than there would be in disposin' of this—this natural phenomena for five cents a pound."

"The Trusted Lobsters ain't got nothin' to do with it, I tell ye!" yells Ab, fairly jumpin' up and down. "This is a show lobster, and I ain't called upon to sell any but eatin' lobsters. —— —— —— ——!" Ab says. "If you should ketch a lobster that was stripèd red, white, and blue, would you heave him in with the green ones? Would n't you cal'late he was your luck, and you had a right to use him?"

John Henry jest looks at him real mournful, and shakes his head.

"It ain't a question of how *I* might be seducted by selfishness, Abner," says John Henry. "Me bein' a young man which has yet to raise a family and engage in other—other expensive emoluments, I might be overlooked if I sometimes give way to temptation and drove a tenpenny nail through every cent that come to hand. But a man of your age, with few outlays to make, bein' moreover the president of The Trusted Lobsters, is relied upon to example us in—in pusillanimous liberality. I hope you 'll think better of it, Abner; I do, indeed!"

So John Henry and me we come away. And Ab he rigged up his lobster-box, and got him a sign painted, and went off up the coast. Done pretty well exhibitin' his lobster, I heard, till he fell in with a feller he

used to go shipmates with, that had jest had some brandy smuggled over from the provinces. As I got the story, Ab went to tamperin' with the brandy and neglected his lobster, and the lobster died on him. Did n't fairly reelize it, Ab did n't, bein' obfusticated as he was, and he kept right on exhibitin'. But after two, three days the lobster got a leetle too dead, and it wa'n't a pop'lar show. So Ab he hove him overboard and come home.

Now the rest of us had n't done nothin', but, the way Ab acted, you 'd thought we p'isoned his lobster. Funny, ain't it, how a man 'll make a fool of himself and then lay up a grudge against somebody else for it! We 'd been doin' well while Ab was away, and there was quite a sizable dividend comin' to him, but he steered clear of the whole caboodle of us. Don't know as he 'd even come up to the store our reg'lar meetin' night if John Henry had n't sent him a note and told him to. Ab's boy Silas seemed to gone to lobsterin' on his own hook, y' understand, and we wanted Ab to straighten that out and tell us jest where he stood.

Oh, no; we did n't light right onto him. Course not. Fust business was the treasurer's report.

"Durin' the absence of the president," says John Henry, "Cap'n Marcy and I have disposed of four lots of lobsters averagin' seven hundredweight each—Cap'n Marcy doin' most of the—the fugacious conversation, and me supervisin' the scales, which is apt to favor the man that is nearest 'em, be the same a smackman or otherwise. We sold one lot for five dollars a hundredweight, two lots for six dollars, and one lot for eight dollars a hundred. There was once a master mind of railroadin'," says John Henry, "that told his freight agents to 'charge all the traffic will bear,' and we have strictly followed that golden maxim, which points the way to—to peace and plenty for them which," says John Henry, "is at the right end of it.

"We estimate that there is now sojournin' in various and sundry cars about a ton of lobster. Cold weather is comin' on. Whether we had n't ought to pursue that aforesaid maxim to its—its penultimate, and begin to store up more lobsters against the evil day when they 'll be harder to ketch and more—more salubrious to eat? By accumulatin' lobsters now, and dishin' out only a few at a time to the smackmen, we might be able to get twelve or fifteen cents a pound before the winter is over, that bein' the time, as the poet says, when the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of such.

"Lastly," says John Henry, "I have to illume reluctantly to a complication in our midst produced by young Silas Secard. Durin' the absence of our president young Silas hauled his father's pots and duly contributed the outgivin's thereof to the assets of The Trusted Lobsters; but we learn that young Silas has likewise put out forty or fifty pots which he claims to be his own, and is cuttin' under, sellin' his catch to the smackmen on private terms, thereby abrogatin' the—the monetary standards which our labor and sweat has created. Has our respected president any remarks to offer?"

"I 've give Sile his freedom papers and I hain't got any control over him," Ab growls. "He 's become an independent producer, that 's all. Don't every trust run up against 'em?"

"Commercial institutions is truly thus exposed," says John Henry. "But The Trusted Lobsters bein' fraternal as well as aggrandizin', we 'd ought to be able to squelch the independent producer in the—in the bud, so to speak. As for our respected president losin' control of a boy eighteen years old, more or less, there is ways and means, rangin' from moral persuasion to a stick of cord-wood, which our forefathers relied on in the happy days of yore, if not sooner. The question is, admittin' that Silas could be crippled if necessary, whether our respected president is willin', as I said before, to abrogate the monetary standards which our labor and sweat has created?"

"I ain't seen you laborin' and sweatin' none," says Ab.

"Obnoxious personalities bein' out of order," John Henry tells him right off, "I leave my deeds and doin's to the judgment of posterity, which," says John Henry, "will not have its head muddled with Canuck brandy."

Settled Ab, that did. He did n't make any answer, yes or no; jest cussed a blue streak, and went out the door after it.

"I predicated this when he caught the big lobster," John Henry says to the rest of us. "Sech a—a cataclysm is liable to be onsettlin'. Notwithstandin', if Abner withdraws from this aggregation, and he and the boy sell their lobsters as fast as they get 'em, they 'll supply just about enough to keep the smackmen's mouths waterin', so to speak. We bein' all the time accumulatin' lobsters, when the smackmen want a—a tangible sufficiency, they 'll have to come to us and pay our price.

"True," says John Henry, "while we are

waitin' and accumulatin' we shall miss that occasional droppin' in of dividends which—which fructifies our pocket-books. But I do not puppose that, durin' this period of—of unfructifyin', any associate of The Trusted Lobsters shall miss his three meals, not," says John Henry, "as long as a salt fish or a pound of hard-bread remains in this emporium!"

Well, course we all hoorawed for John Henry; and bein' as his scheme was reasonable enough,—within bounds, mind ye,—we agreed to hang on to our lobsters. Ab pulled right out, y' understand; did n't come nigh us again. When he took his share of the plant it kind of cramped us, too, for a good many of the lobster-cars was his; but we did n't reelize what we was losin', not till later. Sure enough, I did tell John Henry we better build some more cars; but John Henry says, "Wherefore?" says he. "The human bein' does not thrive in solitude, which lighthouse-keepers and old maids bear witness; and wherefore lobsters? No," says John Henry; "let us assimilate 'em with the friends of their youth!" And we done so.

Happened about the time we started accumulatin' that the lobsters took a slant our way. Seemed as though for a week or two we had nothin' to do but lift 'em out of the pots and pile 'em into the cars. Must have had three ton, time the spurt was over. And Abner and his boy Sile, with more 'n a hundred pots between 'em, did pretty well, too, spite of Sile bein' laid up two, three days along in the middle of it. Him and Jake Chandler got their booeys tangled up, ye see, and Jake batted him over the head with a boat-hook. Ma Peaslee told Jake he 'd ought to smashed Abner instead.

"Because you need his cars, if you 're too lazy or stupid to make some new ones," says Ma Peaslee. "John Henry 's a fool, just like his father was before him. I don't know as he 's any bigger one than you older men that have crawled under his thumb, but *you* 'd ought to know somethin' about lobsterin', if he don't. Heavin' these lobsters in on top of each other like that! What you s'pose is goin' to happen, hey? If you 're bound you won't give 'em any room to circulate, why don't you plug 'em?"

I speaks up. "Dealers don't want 'em plugged," I says. (Pluggin', y' understand, is puttin' a piece of wood between their claws, so they can't bite.) "Men in the shops get careless about takin' out the plugs, they say, and b'ilin' chunks of pine in it don't improve the flavor of a kettleful of lobster."

"And so you 're trustin' the lobsters all around," says Ma Peaslee, with one of them dogfish grins of hers. "I s'pose John Henry will get his fifth anyhow, he bein' the capitalist. Oh, ho, ho, ho!" And she goes off laughin' fit to kill.

Jake looks after her. "Well," says he, "I guess old man Peaslee was a Bible Christian all right. If he had n't been, he 'd wrung her blasted neck. Bet you five cents she 's brought us bad luck, cap'n!"

And she did, sure 's you live. Lobsters stopped comin' to us. Ab and Sile kept gettin' some in their pots—but then, all of a sudden they did n't have no pots. Every last one was drifted away and gone one mornin' Ab and Sile rowed out to 'em. They found some of 'em, ten days or so afterwards, over on the back side of Ragged Island, sixteen miles out. Funny, was n't it? But there 's queer things happen to "independent producers" like Ab and Sile used to say they was. You read the papers, and see if it ain't so. Great grief! says I, if I was an independent producer, the fust thing I 'd buy would be a shot-gun, I be— But as I was goin' to tell ye, lobsters Ab and Sile *might* have got come into our pots; and, Ab and Sile not havin' any to sell, the smackmen was sort of drove to dicker with us.

High old time John Henry and me had with the cap'n of the *Mary Lizzie*, I bate ye! Wanted lobsters bad, the cap'n did,—people in Boston was fairly sufferin' for 'em, I cal'late,—but it galled him to pay our price. We charged him twelve dollars a hundredweight. We worked him up to ten dollars quite easy, and then after we 'd fit and wrangled and cussed an hour or two longer we split the difference and he agreed to take half a ton at eleven dollars a hundred. Eleven cents a pound, mind ye! That looked better than sellin' 'em for eight cents apiece the way we used to, did n't it?

"How many —— lobsters ye got stowed away in your —— cars, anyway, —— ——?" says the cap'n of the *Mary Lizzie*, after we 'd made the trade.

"Oh, four, five ton, mebbe," says I.

He stopped stock-still and run his eye along the shore. "And them all the cars you got?" says he.

"Yes," says I.

"—— ——!" says he. "And you imagine—" But he did n't ask me what 't was I imagined. Stood and looked at us a minute, the cap'n did, and then he got into my dory and we rowed off to the nearest car. Ab and Sile Secard was hangin' round in ear-shot. I see 'em grin at each other.



"SHE GOES OFF LAUGHIN' FIT TO KILL."

Well, John Henry jumped out spry as you please, and shoved the dip-net down into the car. Got it full in a minute, he did, and begun to stretch and strain to lift it out.

"Lobsters," says John Henry, "appears on this occasion to be relation to hens, which in my experience eats most freely of corn and gravel just before they are to be —to be peregrinated to the storekeeper. Does all our lobsters commensurate this scoopful, you s'pose?" He rested a minute. "If thereunto accordin'," he says, "we shall have to disabuse the scoop and rig a block and tackle with a horse at the end of it." And with that he give an almighty heave and fetched up a rock that must 'a' weighed a hundred and fifty pound.

"Was n't many live lobsters under that," says the cap'n of the *Mary Lizzie*.

There was n't, nuther. Had n't been a great slew of 'em in that partic'lar car, anyway, but most that was in it had their backs broke.

Did n't any of us say much. Jest swelled up a little, John Henry did, as we rowed along to the next car. He did n't seem to have any stomach for investigatin', so I put the scoop down. Wa'n't sca'cely anything there. I poked round with the handle of the scoop after I got tired fiddlin' with the net part. Two boards was gone off one side of the car. The lobsters, y' understand, had crawled out through the hole and moseyed off home.

"These," says John Henry, gettin' red in the face, "are not the irresputable doin's of nature, but the devilish works of man. Fieldstones never dispersin' themselves in lobster-cars, and inch planks not spontaneously removin' into the surroundin' hemisphere, I recognize here a villain, which," he says, "by good luck owes me a store-bill, and thereby lays himself open to the constable. We 'll try the next one, cap'n."

Well, it was the next one, and the others like it,—and they was all the same way,—that, as you might say, done the business for us. Nobody 'd been interferin' with them cars, but the lobsters had huddled together, as they will sometimes, and them at the bottom had suffocated. Considerin' the odds and ends I fished up, I jedged there 'd been some hot battles goin' on, too. Losin' a claw don't make a lobster onsalable, of course, only makes him weigh lighter; but dead lobsters ain't wuth anything, and full half of the live ones had been climbed over and jammed up so much that they was about ready to depart and go hence.

"I don't dast to buy none of 'em," says the cap'n of the *Mary Lizzie*. "I 'd have to dump most of 'em overboard 'fore I got to Boston. You 'd ought to cleared out your cars oftener, or used more cars, or plugged

your lobsters so the big fellers would n't 'a' druv the little ones into heapin' up in the corners. Got more lobsters 'n you really needed, you did. Looks to me as though if you 'd been willin' to let well enough alone you 'd made more money.

"Hi, Ab!" the cap'n of the *Mary Lizzie* sings out to Secard, that had been hangin' round watchin' us all the time, "you got any lobsters?"

"Sell ye a few live ones, if you want 'em," Ab hollers back. "I 'm savin' my dead ones to start a coöperative cannin' factory. Cal'late to charge 'leven cents a pound for 'em, and take one fifth of the profits besides to pay for the wind I 'm goin' to put in for capittle."

The cap'n of the *Mary Lizzie* laughed. "If you 'll set me ashore, cap'n," says he to me, "I 'll see if I can make a trade with the cuss. Accidents—sech as this—will happen," he says. Probably he see that me and John Henry looked kind of down in the mouth. "I 've been round with lobsters ever since I was knee-high to a grasshopper, and I would n't undertake to tell ye what they was ever goin' to do next—not till after they 'd done it. So long!" he says.

Well, I did n't make any talk with John Henry goin' back, for I see he wa'n't feelin' what you might call sociable. But he busted out, of himself, when we come to the store.

"Not to dispute our prognostications, cap'n," says John Henry, "The Trusted Lobsters was a—a architectural success, so to speak. It was constructed workmanlike and substantial. I should admired to show it to any man which dispenses with capittle, bein' therefore a good judge of—of aggregations.

"At the same time," says John Henry, "I am not one to deny that our principles is easier applied to machines. Moreover, we was hampered by the pernicious doin's of men. Unnecessary rocks and dispensable planks, not to speak of fiends in human form, has indisposed our most elaborate preparations.

"But do we blame ourselves, on the superstruction which we—we transmogrified? No, by gracious!" John Henry says. "We was not oblivious to any obnoxity, and if we had been dealin' with—with constituents which could be put under control, our pollutial edifice would have survived through wrack and ruin. It was the lobsters, cap'n!" says John Henry. "We was overthrown because our basis rested on a pestilential beast which was not susceptible to modern improvements, and which could not be trusted!"

A DREAM, OR WHAT?

BY JACOB A. RIIS.

EVERY old soldier who has learned what it is to be tired all through, without a chance to lie down, knows what "sleeping on one's feet" means; but if I was asleep when this thing, of which I am about to tell, happened, and dreamed it all, then assuredly it was the most vivid dream I have ever heard of, and nothing is impossible in that way. Yet, if it was not a dream, what was it?

There had been a run of very heavy work at police headquarters, where I was doing duty at night. A succession of big fires with heavy losses had absorbed my attention. I was a young reporter at the time, and fires were new to me and very interesting. Almost every night we had one, sometimes many, and when in the small hours of the morning I dropped into my seat in the horse-car that rumbled away on its journey of three quarters of an hour to my home in South Brooklyn, I was sometimes unable to sleep from very fatigue. I remember that I took to reading "The Last Days of Pompeii" on these wakeful trips, because it seemed to run along naturally, with its fires and quakes, in the groove in which I had been working.

I forget whether I had read or slept on this particular morning when I stepped off the car at Fifteenth street, but I know well that I was awake as I climbed the long slope toward Sixth Avenue. It had rained, and the sidewalk ruts were little muddy pools. It was never, in the driest weather, possible to tread the length of that block asleep; the pavement was too bad for that. I reached

Sixth Avenue without accident. On the other corner was a stretch of vacant lots across which I could just make out Dr. O'Brien's house in Fourteenth street, with its little tower showing behind the trees. Beyond the lots was my home. I took it all in with a glance as I crossed the avenue. As my eyes rested on the doctor's house I saw, with a shock, that it was on fire.

The tower was burning. Red tongues of fire reached out from the roof, and wrapped it in. They lighted up the little grove of trees, and climbed higher as I looked. I wondered that I heard no outcry. Evidently the people in the house did not know of their peril. They were asleep, perhaps being burned in their beds. Why was not the neighborhood stirring? If the fire had been seen and signaled, I should hear the big bell in the City Hall tower far down-town. I listened, and just then it was rung—6–2, the familiar signal; and I knew that the fire had been seen, and that help would be coming presently. The engine down on Fourth Avenue might even now be on the way. As if in response to the suggestion, the sound of its rushing wheels as it turned out of the engine-house was borne to me on the still morning air, with the sharp blows of the hoofs of the galloping horses on the pavement. I heard the engine turn into the macadamized road, and lost it then. But it would be here in a minute.

The thought recalled to my mind the fact that our bedroom overlooked the burning house. My wife was not well, and I was anxious that she should not be frightened. So I hurried toward the house to tell her that the firemen were on the way. As I did, a whiff of the morning breeze bore the heat of the fire into my face. I felt it there, and caught the smell of burning wood plainly. Then the buildings of my own block shut the fire out of sight, and I ran into my wife's room and told her not to be afraid: Dr. O'Brien's house was burning, but the engines were coming. It would be all right; I was going right over to help. With that I threw open the shutters to show her. There was no fire! The dim outline of the doctor's house was visible through the trees, but it was perfectly dark and quiet over there.

I went out and walked around the block twice before I would trust my senses. But it was so: there had been no fire. I took the trouble to find out next day at fire headquarters. No signal had been rung, no engine had turned out. I had neither heard, seen, smelled, nor felt the fire, for there was no fire. In spite of it all, I assert absolutely that I did see all these things, and further that I was wide awake. Perhaps I ought to add that I was a teetotaler at the time.

I am a little ashamed to confess that I kept an eye on the house with a tower for some time after, with an uneasy and undefined suspicion that it might be a "warning"; for I am not ordinarily superstitious. "Warnings" played a great part in my Danish childhood, and to that I attribute the slip. But it was n't even a warning, for nothing happened. But if there was no fire, and I did n't dream it, what, then, was it? Can anybody tell?

THE NATION-BUILDERS.

BY CLINTON DANGERFIELD.

THESE do not wear
Trappings of state, nor gird upon their side
Resistless steel, nor any symbol bear
To show they wrought a nation's life and pride.

These do not crave
Fame's voice, for their high task is far above
Her wavering tone, soon muffled by the grave:
These, in the royal consciousness of love,

Ask but to gaze
On their great work, and, seeing it is good,
Put graciously aside all meed of praise,
Content in God's best gift—pure motherhood.

Rolling Stones:

by Eliot Gregory



A GENTLE DIATRIBE AGAINST THE RESIDENCE OF AMERICANS IN EUROPE.

WITH PICTURES BY ARTHUR I. KELLER.

THE author of that amusing romance "Eve Victorieuse" makes one of the characters—an irate American husband to whom the members of his family have just proposed another trip to Europe—cry out in disgust: "Europe! I wish the place had never been discovered. It befools our women and destroys our firesides!"

This is perhaps going rather too far. Yet it must be confessed that since the eventful day when the first Americans slipped across the Atlantic to nibble at the European apple, a taste for that fruit has spread with disquieting rapidity among their descendants.

Not only has going abroad for a more or less prolonged stay become a part of every well-to-do family's program, but to cut away from all anchors and drift about Continental tideways seems now to be the aim and object of half our weaker vessels.

This cruising mania has brought with it such a refocusing of social lenses, and so complete an alteration in national ways, that some sides of our compatriots' existence, once they get free—with "a wet sheet and a flowing sail"—on the high seas of Europe, may not be without interest as a study.

Two amazing facts meet us at the outset of the task. In the first place, we discover, inconsistent as it may seem, that this penchant for wandering is confined to our women, being rarely, if ever, shared by the men of the family, who, as a rule, prefer their firesides, and never linger in foreign lands unless compelled. The result is that our men and women are to be met with on the other side in about the proportion of truffles to veal in a chicken (?) pâté. A Florentine pension where I dined a few months ago with two peripatetic spinsters of my family boasted forty-eight women (all Americans) and three men, which may be set down as about the usual ratio, and suggests also that distinctly American combination, sixteen to one.

A second discovery, but little less curious than the first, is that this infatuation for Europe gets mixed up in our ladies' heads with an inconsistent and illogical dislike, not to say contempt, for foreigners!—exception being made only for such titled gentry as one clique of our compatriots consider it a privilege to know. "Paris would be just perfect if it were n't for these horrid Frenchmen"—a remark one constantly hears in the Gallic capital—expresses the feeling of most of Columbia's daughters toward the Continent, that Compostella of too frequent pilgrimages and Charybdis of rudderless craft.

It does seem odd that, in spite of such evident drawbacks, people will still go on saying, "Life abroad is so full, so widening to the intellect!" and pointing out how, deprived of its influence, the stay-at-homes remain narrow in their views.

Doubts as to the truth of this fable long ago entered my mind. I now ask myself, in wonder, if the people who advocate foreign education for children and indefinite "roll-

ing" for parents know what they are talking about, or have ever taken the trouble to look the subject fairly in the face.

It is, of course, not my intention to suggest that visits to distant lands are not of benefit to intelligent people. When accomplished in the proper spirit, such journeys should be a delightful form of education. It may, however, be questioned just what portion of our compatriots who career about the Continent really profit by their displacement. Personally I have heard of but few cases where long absence from home was followed by good results, and, on the contrary, I know hundreds of Americans to whom exile has proved morally and intellectually disastrous. Among such one looks in vain for the "fullness," and is forced to acknowledge that when our friends are "widened" by Continental life, it is in rather queer ways.

The truth, if we only had the honesty to acknowledge it, is that the majority of modern barbarians (which is our position in Europe, much as we may dislike it) look on the Continent simply as an inexpensive Capua where ease and amusement may be had for a small outlay of either brains or cash. It might also be asserted, as opposed to the fullness and developing theory, that for every American who to-day expatriates himself for self-improvement, a hundred linger on the other side in a lazy evasion of cares and responsibilities.

When the phrase "Americans residing abroad" is uttered, several groups form themselves before the mental kodak. Easily first among them poses the unattached female; for it is on her that Europe most quickly works an undesirable change.

Just in proportion as we men dislike long meanderings away from home do our sisters, aunts, and grandmothers, the spinsters, widowed, and divorced of the family, delight and flourish in alien air. Flourish! The expression is not half strong enough: *s'épanouissent* is the only word worthy to paint the transformation taking place in the good souls, once they have emerged from the twilight of the "States" into the full sunshine of Paris or Rome. Those of my readers who know their Europe will understand the metempsychosis referred to, which in a decade evolves from a certain class of home worms the splendid, if a bit wrinkled, butterflies that flit about foreign capitals.

The metamorphosis generally comes about in this way. The last male member of a family expires (by a mysterious law of nature, the men generally die first in American families). The humdrum brownstone existence where a good lady has been revolving in a cycle of Friday-evening lectures and punctilious card living, is broken up. Thrown for the first time on her own resources, the survivor is persuaded by friends to "go abroad for a change." So, armed with a fat letter of credit, she starts on the beaten track across England, where she wanders for a time. But the Continent is awaiting its prey; her fate was settled in advance, it being only a question of time how long it will take an elderly American moth to flutter into that flame. Our women can no more resist the attraction of certain great foreign cities than a fly can avoid the jam-pot; and once in, all hope of getting them away unharmed must be abandoned.

Shortly after her arrival and adoption into the "American colony" a general air of rejuvenation begins to pervade the matron's person. Those who knew her at home are at first amused and then a little pained by the changes taking place in her. Sometimes the hair is attacked, slowly transmuting from its normal india-rubber to pure gold, unless the novice happen to prefer a new shade, much affected of late by her peers—that startling combination of vermilion and claret-color peculiar to the cheap furniture (cherry masquerading as mahogany) one sees on the sidewalks of Fourteenth street.

About this time the matron may go in for an elaborate system of banting, her figure taking on the knowing concaves and convexes that denote Parisian steel and whalebone as clearly as the X-ray reveals a hidden bullet, and her face becomes suspiciously smooth and rosy. Along with her shape and color, her ideas, as might be expected, undergo transformation. Dresden and the Isle of Wight, which were at first considered delightful, are voted slow. When not in "dear Rome," Monte Carlo and Homburg are her favorite resorts. While traveling, she secures rooms at the newest hotel, and becomes a conspicuous figure in the restaurants. The chatter of this butterfly, which in her chrysalis state turned on girls' friendly and church work, is now all about "followers" and "attention," the trouble it is to keep one's admirers at a proper distance, and the number of offers received. She gives you to understand before you 've been an hour in her company that she has refused earls and counts by the score, and has only to say the word to become a Russian princess.

It was my fate recently to make an excursion to Versailles with a coach-load of poly-

chromes of this sort, one of whom, in gray pre-European times, had been rather a friend of my mother's. An innocent reference, however, to old days and certain elderly friends was received by the lady with a look as blank as though I had spoken of the Silurian period or trotted out her shadiest family skeleton. Discouraged by my false start, and not knowing just what would interest the merry wives, I sat quiet in my place and listened to the talk going on about me.

During all that day's drive, through some of the fairest forests in France, and scenes vibrant with historic memories, the chatter on that coach rarely swerved from the modiste or the mantua-maker, the relative excellence of manicures or the comparative becomingness of veils. Coiffeurs were also eagerly discussed, and addresses exchanged. The question of whose "waves" kept in longest lasted the party from La Muette to St. Cloud.

At Viroflay, where the highroad enters the open country, my friends branched off into the evergreen pastures of foreign swelldom, a field in which they were all astonishingly at home, and where they gamboled gaily until our journey's end.

Every lady there apparently slept with an "Almanach de Gotha" under her pillow, and, not to mention the titles and connections of the nobility she visited in their châteaux, knew by heart both the English and French peerage, and all the rules of precedence for court and camp. The harmony of the party was at one moment very nearly marred by a difference of opinion as to where you should place an empress should one drop in casually to dinner, and the fine shade of precedence between an ambassadress and a duchess proved an embarrassing question. But the talkers all knew to a hair's-width where each of her compatriots who had married Englishmen was to walk at the coronation, the exact shape and weight of her coronet, and the length of her robe.

The complicated trees of reigning families, their intermarriages and family squabbles, were as type-written pages to my companions.

At times, however, my faith in the veracity of these ladies is shaken. When, for instance, do they see the titled folk with whom, to judge by their talk, they live on such terms of intimacy, and, stranger still, through what trap-doors do the importunate swains disappear when other friends are about? It is to be feared that just a little exaggeration exists here, for the majority of "residents" of my acquaintance do not converse with a foreigner of higher rank than a Bon Marché clerk once in five years, and they depend for escort on such elderly waifs from home as rheumatism and their livers have drawn into the neighborhood. It is true that each foreign capital boasts half a dozen or so American bachelors living singly or in pairs, but they are so like the old ladies that they do not count. Their chief reason for existing, it would seem, is to act as *pendant* to another class unknown in former years but now becoming painfully numerous on the Continent.

Vaporing about the rich sisters and the old bachelors floats a cloud of poorer and often well-born females, the outclassed and unhorsed of life's gymkhana, sad, faded reproductions of the prismatic originals, who live far up in dingy flats in an isolation never faced at home. What can Europe mean to them? Very little, it would seem. But they have tasted the morphine of the Continent, and can no more return to a healthy home diet than they can pay their bills.

When I see one of these spinsters sitting in the dark corner of some parvenu's opera-box or trailing after her latest benefactress across the Trouville sand or about the tables of Aix, I find myself sympathizing with the gentleman who wished that we Americans had never discovered Europe.

On reaching this line, one of those patriotic ladies of the American-woman-can-do-no-wrong school who occasionally mails me pages of crushing sarcasm will, I fear, be moved to wrath. "Well," I hear her exclaim, "so Europe is n't a good place for us! That 's a new fad. Why, I always thought people had to go over there to get polished up!"

Yes, dear madam, touring is an excellent way of getting one's rough corners smoothed off. The trouble is, some people find the process so fascinating that they linger too long in an unhealthy atmosphere, and end by absorbing a malaria it certainly contains for us Yankees.

One of the many reasons why residence in foreign scenes, either for study or amusement, works as a dissolvent on the American temperament, lulling the good to sleep and developing the bad, is because over there we are always "audience," never getting behind the curtain, taking part in the play, or knowing the playwrights. Like the theater, Europe is one of the pleasantest of educators, as well as an excellent place of amuse-

ment and relaxation; but orchestra chairs do not form a home circle, nor should a foyer be chosen as a permanent residence.

Have you ever noticed, while strolling through the corridors of large New York hotels, the rows of resplendent "outsiders" who sit watching from their solitude the groups of native New-Yorkers dining together, chatting from table to table—living, in short, their normal life? Well, next time you hear of a friend who has decided to reside abroad, remember those "corridor-dwellers," and drop a silent tear. They are arrayed in wedding-garments, and are quite ready to walk in and take a high seat, if any one asks them; in fact, it is the hope of some such invitation that attracts many to the place. They have the illusion of being in the swim, know most of the newspaper celebrities by sight, can locate certain boxes at the opera, and have a score of spicy anecdotes about the owners; but as the days go by, the "corridors" find themselves no nearer the heart of things than on their first arrival.

Rolling stones abroad are in much this situation. They will point you out well-known people in the Bois or Prado, and have even accomplished a bowing acquaintance with a liberal-minded swell or two of the kind who are manufactured, so to speak, for the use of foreigners; but, like some burlesque of lost souls, the "stones" are condemned to gyrate forever in the vestibules of Continental life.

As a rule, we are so easy-going that we accept this situation with resignation, if not with grace; but every now and then there comes an energetic compatriot who is determined to get inside or expire in the attempt.

The misguided one, always a woman, arrives armed to the teeth with letters of introduction, and starts out to conquer for herself a place in society. Poor, foolish body, no labyrinth is more complicated than the path she wants to tread. The road of the "climber" is difficult, even here in our standardless land, and far more difficult in England; but the scaling of Continental altitudes is well-nigh impossible to an alien.

Success of this kind in America is apt to turn on how much money the candidates will spend, and the tact they display in its disbursement. In England it mostly depends on whether the newcomers are thought "amusing" or not. In France and Italy it is simply a question of creed, and the titled portresses at Society's gate exact a curious entrance-fee.

A well-born Baltimorian just back from a season at Cannes was telling us her experience in foreign society the other evening. I quote her words.

"I was charmed at first," said the maid. "All the nice people were so cordial. Quite different, you know, from what I expected, for I imagined they would be stiff and formal. The girls of my own age were specially pleasant, asking me to drive, taking me to golf and home with them to luncheon. Before long, however, I noticed that the conversation was always being turned to the church. Then my new friends began sending me little pamphlets to read, and clever young priests began to call; but this was done so gracefully, and backed with such a lot of nice invitations, that it took me several weeks to understand the drift of it all, and that they were really bent on making a convert. As soon, however, as I had 'caught on,' and explained that, being contented with my own creed, I had n't the faintest idea of changing, the manner of my friends underwent a rapid transformation. To put it plainly, I was dropped by all the affable swells with a completeness difficult to surpass.

"This struck me as so funny I took the trouble to look into the matter, and discovered that convert-making is a mania among smart people abroad. There is, it appears, leaving aside all the benefits in the next world, a nicely graduated scale of decorations conferred by their church for workers who bring stray sheep into the fold, especially such animals as have fine coats of wool. These 'orders' are highly prized, and the swells stop at little to obtain one."

Another experience germane to our subject is that of two Boston ladies who hired a villa near Florence last spring. At first they were touched and surprised by the number of neighbors who called. Before they knew it, an agreeable little circle had formed about them; but no sooner was it known that the newcomers belonged to the true church than the circle melted away. Mention is made of this because the fair Baltimorian had learned only half her lesson, and did not discover, as other ambitious souls have done to their cost, that had her titled friends been successful in their proselyting, the result to her would have been exactly the same. Once landed, a fish is of no further interest to a sportsman, who drops his prize into the basket and marches off in pursuit of other game.

It is hardly fair, after all, when one comes to think of it, to blame foreigners simply

because they decline to accept us among them. Why, indeed, should they? One Parisian princess who was reproached for her reluctance to know Americans answered: "I don't object to your compatriots. On the contrary, I think many of them charming. What decided me not to be introduced to any more of them was because I found that as soon as I had met one set they all moved away and were replaced by others, and I had to begin all over again."

Although they do not properly belong to the genus "rolling stone," a word may be said here of those daughters of Uncle Sam who have married abroad with the idea of improving their position, and have learned too late that the chief difference between court life and ordinary existence lies in the obligation "to stand up when one wants to sit down, and sit up when one wants to go to bed"—exercises, by the way, sufficiently difficult to those brought up to the task.

I have the impression that, were these titled dames to confess the truth, they would acknowledge the game they are playing to be much less exciting than was expected, and, on the whole, hardly worth the cost; for a curious phenomenon attends this form of exile. One finds that the girls who married foreigners in order to get away from their compatriots are forced, for company, to condense into little sets by themselves, forming in all large cities a new species, neither flesh nor fowl. It is true the ladies bear foreign titles, live in stately mansions and châteaux, speak the language of the land more or less well, and affect the manners and morals of their new relatives; yet, in spite of all, they remain to the day of their death aliens in the land of their adoption, seeing little society but that of fellow-exiles and an occasional stray friend from home.

Even in England, among our own kin, the American ladies who have married Englishmen mostly live together in a little Anglo-American clique, and see but little more of inside British society than when they visited the island as girls. If this state of things exists in London and in Paris, where the natives are comparatively approachable, my readers may picture for themselves what the isolation must be of the married waifs in such exclusive cities as Vienna and Madrid.

The idea untraveled people get that their fortunate relatives across the sea are chumming with dukes and hobnobbing with royalty comes, to a great extent, from certain newspapers, which, when a rare American lunches with a grand-duke at the Cannes club-house or receives a princeling on his yacht at Kiel, trumpet the event in a blare of big type and faked photographs.

If it could only be impressed on such of our compatriots as contemplate wandering that few foreigners without an ax to grind ever frequent the society of strangers or welcome one to their fireside, much heart-burning and disappointment might be avoided. We, however, have such a free way of asking stray foreigners, with or without "characters," to walk in and sit down, that we find it a bit hard to be kept waiting in the street after knocking at European doors; yet, humiliating as the avowal must be, such is often the case.

Now, the result of all this on the wanderers is exactly what might be expected, and accounts to some extent for the depth of dullness one meets in the American colonies in Paris and elsewhere.

The oracle who enunciated the wise saying, "Want of company, welcome trumpery," must have known those awful colonies on the Continent, and seen how, from sheer inability to live alone, people are driven to filling their drawing- and dining-rooms with guests whom ten years before, at home, they would indignantly have refused to know.

What charm, one asks one's self in wonder, makes people remain for long years wandering firesideless from Cairo to Cornhill? It cannot be the climate, for our own is quite as good. Historical associations, we are assured, compensate many of those people for the absence of kith and kin. Experience, however, has taught me that the majority of them are as splendidly indifferent to history—and art, too, for the matter of that, unless as it is applied to the decoration of the human form—as they are to the Rosetta Stone.

The families that one finds residing in Italy, for instance, long since abandoned such foolishness as sight-seeing. That useless fatigue is left to the newcomers; the habitués I have met no more dream of visiting the Vatican galleries or of reading in the library of Lorenzo the Magnificent than they do of settling down seriously to study Italian.

One hears, especially in the less expensive little cities, some twaddle about culture; but you may take my word for it, in nine cases out of ten, the real attraction of the place lies in the fact that a victoria can be had for eighty dollars a month and a good cook for one tenth that sum.

It has, however, been suggested by some thinkers that Europe must subserve some

useful purpose in the scheme of creation. One good soul to whom I put this question had worked out a solution for herself sufficiently original to be transcribed here. "You see," she explained, "I 've a lot of poor relatives. If I went home they would expect me to do things for them; while I am over here they leave me alone."

Vacuous and dull as may be the life of the expatriated sister, it is cheerful when compared with the fate that awaits the male American who has "sold out" and taken to indefinite rambling. The plight of such gentlemen is indeed worthy of sympathy. To turn an average Wall street man, who has read little and thought less on any subject not connected with stocks, loose in Italy or Spain is to condemn him to the keenest suffering.

As no one has explained to the poor fellows that it is much less fun being a man in Europe than at home, his life is simply a burden and a weariness. Each day has twenty-four hours, and even the best-intentioned cannot sleep more than a third of that time. It takes only twenty minutes to read the European "Herald," including the hotel arrivals and advertisements. After that a blank stretches before him that must be filled. In Paris there is the resource of calling on one's banker, and sampling, under his guidance, the mixed drinks of the Rue Scribe. This, however, is but a transient joy. Every now and then a man more energetic than his fellows begins by having a fling at the galleries and museums; but he experiences little beyond a vague wonder and disappointment as he stands alone—madam being much too busy "trying on" to accompany him—before the dark canvases and discolored marbles which he is told are masterpieces. It is all very bewildering, for in his heart he prefers the nice clean statuary and gay furniture displayed in the shop-windows of the boulevards; so that experiment is soon given up. Next he has a try at the theaters; but here again disappointment awaits the exile, whose school-boy French fails him entirely before the rapidity of dialogue. After a week or two this attempt is also abandoned, and our friend will, in all probability, go to the grave firm in his belief that neither Réjane nor Granier is "in it" with May Irwin, and that there is a lot of rot talked about the old masters.

Occasionally one of this sort, if he is wealthy, gets enticed by enterprising agents into collecting bric-à-brac and furniture. As a knowledge of such matters is, however, rarely cultivated at the same time with "margins," he gets badly cheated, and finds it safer to follow other millionaire examples, and buy collections in the lump, a far more satisfactory process, as it calls for no knowledge of the subject and yet gives the collector much newspaper notoriety.

These gentlemen and their wives form a group distinct from the socially ambitious and the inhabitants of the sixteen-to-one pensions, but their life is no less curious than that of the others. Howells describes somewhere the unlike existence led by the inmates of New England boarding-houses—shadowy beings who descend from their overheated rooms at meal-times, and then disappear upstairs again for the rest of the day. Ascetic as this life is, the existence a rich business man and his spouse lead abroad is even more isolated, and would shame a well-to-do hermit of Mount Athos. Wherever one goes, couples of this kind are to be met, drifting in a golden solitude from the Riviera to the Rhine and back again with the changing seasons, having rarely an acquaintance to break the monotony of the long days, or a fellow-sufferer to shake by the hand.

One of these hermits, in a burst of confidence, told me that his first thought on waking was, "What in thunder am I going to do till dinner-time? You see," he added, "all our life we planned to live abroad as soon as I could afford it, so now we are here we are ashamed to go home, as all our friends would laugh at us. Besides, for some reason or other, my wife likes it."

The movements of such fossils about the Continent are, I find, guided chiefly by the hope of meeting others like them, to see one of whom they will cheerfully travel for days. When they meet, the waifs give each other sumptuous dinners and lunches, at which the ladies air the jewels that most of the years hang concealed in chamois bags about their portly persons.

In my innocent youth I used to grow indignant when I heard of a wife abandoning her spouse to the tender mercies of a caretaker in a half-closed house while she spent three quarters of the family income abroad. I know better now. Instead of pitying the object of such "absent treatment," I feel inclined to pat the lucky fellow on the back; for I have measured the depths of boredom to which an innocent male can be brought whose wife insists on taking him abroad with her.

To be quite serious for a moment, so convinced does a knowledge of Europe make

me of the unhealthiness of foreign food for American stomachs that at times I am tempted to go a step further and deny even the benefits of foreign study for American boys and girls, an opinion based on some small experience of the world-famous Latin Quarter and other centers of study abroad.

Curiously enough, several of the leading French papers have recently opened a campaign against that antique institution the "Prix de Rome," and agree in questioning the utility of a custom which, under the veil of a reward, snatches the most promising young painter, sculptor, and musician of the day away from the atmosphere which developed his talent, and exiles the youth during the best four years of his life in a foreign land among a people whose language he rarely masters and whose ways are not his ways. Surely much of this might be said of the yearly tribute of youths and maidens paid by our land to the Continental Minotaur.

"THIS really is going too far!" (It 's the "lady friend" who is speaking.) "Does nothing we do or say please the tiresome 'Idler'? Who asked him, anyway, to sit up and prose about people's faults, and drag all our favorite little sins into the light, and point at them? Not I, for one! He 's just a mass of prejudice, and *inconsistent*, too, for the matter of that, like all men; for I am told that he slips off to Europe whenever he gets a chance, just like one of the 'weaker vessels'!"

Just a moment, my dear, if you don't mind. You are perfectly right and logical, as ladies always are. It is to be feared, however, you never heard the story of the clergyman who, on being told that his congregation was complaining of his not living up to his fine precepts, preached them the next Sunday a terrible sermon, in which he reviewed all their faults, and then ended with this verse of his own composition:

My gentle friends, I fear the fact is
That few among us are complete;
But I will preach, and you shall practise,
And so, between us, both ends meet.



THE MAPLE-TREE.

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE.

WHERE the low wind of autumn grieves,
A light shines from the maple-leaves,
Whose gold and crimson tints must be
The soul of sunset in a tree.



"WHEN MOTHER WAS A GIRL."

(FROM DAUGHTER MARY'S SIDE.)

BY CATHARINE YOUNG GLEN.

WITH DRAWINGS BY HUGH THOMSON.



"THE GOWNS WERE BEAUTIFUL TO SEE."

"WHEN mother was a girl" the belles
Were fairer than to-day,
The beaux were better men and more
Accomplished every way;
Aye, manners were more elegant,
And hearts more honest, too—
'T was quite another world from ours,
The one that mother knew!

"When mother was a girl" the gowns
Were beautiful to see;
The silks and satins common, then,
In every family;
The frills and bows and furbelows
Beyond a parallel;
The style—before the nation lost
The art of dressing well!

"When mother was a girl" they had
Such dainty things to eat;
The pies, the puddings that have gone,
And, with them, the receipt;
The shelves and larders, goodyful,
The cellars hung with game!
For half the dishes they enjoyed
We 'll soon forget the name!



IF WE COULD HAVE THE FROLICS NOW,
THE GAMES, THE SONGS — BUT, THEN,
THOSE WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS, THE LIKE
WILL NEVER COME AGAIN!"



"'WHEN MOTHER WAS A GIRL' THE BELLES WERE FAIRER THAN TO-DAY."

"When mother was a girl" the hearth
Gave out a brighter glow.
The tales they told, the pranks they played
Were not the ones *we* know!
If we could have the frolics now,
The games, the songs—but, then,
Those were the good old days, the like
Will never come again!

Our Mary sat, our Mary sighed,
And, thoughtful, shook her head.
"If all fair maids are gone," she mused,
"And all good men are dead;
If songs are sung and frolics done,
And everything that 's sweet;
And if there 's nothing left to wear
And nothing much to eat"—
She pondered till her curly pate
Was in a woeful whirl—
"What shall my children hear *we* had—
'When mother was a girl'?"



"OUR MARY SIGHED."

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE.

BY MARY ADAMS.

PART SEVEN.

December the first.

THERE have been no more telephonic mysteries; the call-bell hangs mute all night. I think Eliot has been ordered to sleep with his door open. Only the banshee parts her lips, and there are times when she wails from bedtime till breakfast; usually this happens with a west wind. The doctor is absorbed, and the horizontal lines of anxiety in his forehead are heavily carved. I cannot make out what he is thinking, for I am never told unless he chooses to have me know, while yet, oddly enough, I do not feel at all hurt if he does not tell. It was, in fact, three days after the last midnight summons before I knew that he had succeeded in tracing the first telephone call to its source. The company, it seems, had put every agency at his disposal, and had hunted down this last message. Twelve hundred miles between it and me! It had started from one of the uttermost stations where the blue bell hangs; beyond which there is no practicable conversation between the West and the East. I asked the name of the place.

"This last message came," replied the doctor, "from a pay-station in a drug-store. The name was Pooltiss—a queer one, was n't it? The number was 207—3."

He did not look at me as he dwelt on these unnecessary details.

"And the town?"

"Omaha."

"He may be dying!" I cried.

Robert shook his head.

"Sick? In trouble? In need? Wandering from place to place—homeless! He has gone farther West, has n't he?"

The doctor did not answer.

"Or he may be—thoughtless. He used so often to say: 'Oh, I did n't mean anything.' He may not mean anything by this. Or it may not be he at all."

"Any of these things is possible."

"He ought to come home to his wife!" I said below my breath. I have never spoken so before, not even to Robert. But there is something, as I told him once, in the roused pride of a tender woman with which a man must reckon, first or last. Mine battles with my tenderness and plays victor with me now, at this bewildered time—of all times, that when I should have expected myself to melt with love and longing. I feel but little longing for my husband, and how much love I will not, must not, dare not, ask myself. The strongest tie between the married is the love of the wife; I am convinced that more marriages are saved from destruction by this than by any other fact in life. If my love for Dana is perishing—whose fault is that? How has he flung from him the treasure that he had? I who gave him my uttermost. I who made a subject of my sovereign soul before his lightest whim, I who bent my will before his, as if one melted a steel blade in a mighty fire and folded it back upon itself, laying it white and gleaming at his feet,—I, Wilderness Girl made Wife, Pride beaten into Love,—how, God forgive him, has he treated me? . . .

"He ought to come home to his wife!" I repeated aloud. It was as if I were willing the whole world should know what I said. Then I heard my old friend speaking; his voice seemed to come from a great distance.

"Be patient, Marna. Be gentle. Believe the best. Wait a little. There may be reasons—"

He turned away from me, halted, came back, and looked at me with wretched, noble eyes.

"Love him as long as you can," he said gently. "Try for a while longer. It is worth . . . trying . . . suffering . . . to save a married love."

Before I could answer he had shut the door and gone. I went up and took hold of the knob, and I am not ashamed to write what I did. I went up and bent my face and

put my cheek to the door, where his hand had touched it.

"You are the best man I ever knew," I thought.

Later.

I CANNOT sleep. I have been thinking of the evening when Robert asked me to marry him. It was the first winter that Dana was reading to Father. They were in the library, and Robert and I were in the drawing-room; and I had on a rose-pink dress with white chiffon, and the slippers matched, and Robert liked the dress.

To him I said: "I am fond of you, Robert, but I do not love you. I could never love you so as to marry you. I do not want to be anybody's wife." In my own mind I said: "You are too short. And you are very plain. And you are very old—as much as thirty."

December the second.

ELIOT does not come any more; I don't know why. He has been suddenly taken away and put on duty elsewhere. The doctor suggested another nurse—I think his name was Peterkin; but I objected to Peterkin.

"Then," he observed, "you will lock the front door?"

I shook my head. Now why, I wonder, *did* I shake my head? Why, when I feel so about Dana, why, when Dana has treated me so, why do I *not* bolt the door?

I cannot perplex the doctor worse than I puzzle myself. He has sent our old James over to stay nights here till Eliot is at liberty again. James is quite shocked at sleeping in the library. He never did such a thing in the governor's house. But he calls me Miss Marna, and there 's some comfort in that. I wonder what has become of Eliot?

There have been no more telephone calls, which is convenient, for I am sure the last trumpet would have its hands full if it tried to wake up James. He used to sleep in the coach-house, with four horses trampling beneath.

So I listen for the telephone. I do not sleep much.

December the tenth.

THE telephone continues dumb. I do not believe those calls were from anybody in particular at all; some operator's blunder, most likely, as I told the doctor. The doctor made no answer.

In fact, nothing has happened, and everything has happened, for Robert has gone away on a vacation. He has had no vacation since he started the hospital; all summer he stood by his post, when other men were off. I suppose he does need it. I should not have believed that I would miss the doctor so.

It is not a frequented part of the river.

December the thirteenth.

MARION has a cold, and we have had to send for Dr. Packard. I don't think he understands the child in the least. I wish Robert would come back. I am lost in a hieroglyph. I thought I knew what solitude was; now I perceive that I never had the key to the cipher. I am so lonely that I am frightened. If there were a spot in the world where I could go and hurl myself into space, I think I should do it. I used to have fancies about letting myself out of a window in easterly storms when I was a girl and comfortable. Now that I am a wife and wretched, a window seems a small outlet. I want something vast and daring—a desperate leap into a fathomless fate. What could be worse than to go on tamely where and as I am? Who will teach me how to escape myself? What philosophy is there for a woman whose whole being has been turned back upon itself, a mighty current dammed, and toppling—forbidden in the essence of her nature? What shall be done for an undervalued tenderness? What can friendship offer to a deserted wife?

The doctor does not write to me. I suppose, in fact, he is under no obligation to do so.

December the fourteenth.

I HAVE had a note from the doctor. It was mailed on the cars somewhere,—I could not make out where,—and it was so hurriedly written that he forgot to date it. He writes most kindly, most thoughtfully. He begs me to be quiet and brave, not to give up either hope or anything else. He is sorry to have to leave me just at this trying time; he will not be gone a day longer than is really necessary,—he reminds me with a touching gentleness that he really needed the vacation, for he is pretty tired,—and he will write me when he can. If I have any more telephone messages, I am to repeat them to him, in care of the Central Exchange both in New York and in Chicago, as his movements are a little uncertain, and he would not wish to be beyond my reach in any emergency. And I am not to feel that he has forgotten my difficulties for an hour,

but that he is doing the best he can for all concerned. He signs the letter:

"Faithfully your friend, and Dana's,
"ROBERT HAZELTON."

Oh, God bless him, God bless him! And I don't care if that *is* "equal to a kiss." Of such is the tenderness that the whole wide world might see and be the better for. The grateful affection of an unhappy woman, indebted above measure to a good, unselfish man, is not a thing to feel ashamed of or to hide.

December the fifteenth.

THIS evening the telephone called again. It was quite early, hardly nine o'clock, and James had not come in. Mercibel had been over, but did not stay; it was her evening off duty, and she was on her way to see her children; they live with their grandmother. If I had to board Marion with relatives, and work for my living and hers, I wonder should I be more, or less, unhappy?

"Sorrow has her elect," Mercibel says. The relativity of trouble is a mystery of which I am just beginning to be aware. The doctor has a paralyzed patient who says her ideal of human happiness is to be able to walk across the room and get her own tooth-brush. (He is curing the patient.)

My telephone call was from the doctor. It seemed to be a long-distance call, but I could hear his voice quite readily and perfectly—his dear voice. Oh, I will be honest with my own soul! It *is* a dear voice to me; there is not a cadence of its quietness and strength which does not hold just so much self-forgetting, me-remembering melody. There are certain tones at which my spirits rise like leaves in a strong wind, and seek the skies—my poor, disordered, disheartened spirits—as if they were birds. There are certain others before which every nerve in my soul and body calms and rests. The voice is the man, and Robert's has stood between me and despair (I believe I have said this before, at some time; whether I have or not, I think it all the time)—his voice has stood between me and despair so long that I cannot help loving it. Why need I?

He did not say very much by the telephone; only to ask if I kept well, and Marion, and if I had heard any news that I wished him to know.

"Do not feel that you are forgotten," he said; "I shall not be beyond reach of helping you in any emergency."

"Have courage," he added. "Be hopeful. Better things than you fear may be possible. I am telephoning you to-night to say this. Keep well. Be quiet. Be strong. Be brave."

His resonant voice reverberates in my ears yet, like a rich Belgian bell. As he shut the wire off, he said comfortably:

"Expect me home in three or four days." He forgot to tell me where he was telephoning from.

December the sixteenth.

TO-DAY the doctor called again from he knows where. There is a snow-storm, and the wires are pneumonic and roar wildly. I could scarcely make out what he was trying to say, and we had to give the message up. If I understood at all correctly, Robert said a singular thing:

"*Pray for one you love.*"

No man ever asked me to pray for anything before; I suppose it never occurred to any person that I could be a praying woman.

Poor little "sumptuous pagan"! how should she be? The gods die with the joys, I think; Christianity must be the religion of patience, of denial; and I am not patient.

Pray for one I love? . . . Suppose I tried?

Later.

I HAVE tried. I do not know how. I think I shall educate my daughter in what George Sand calls "la science de Dieu"; for she shall not come to eight-and-twenty years with an uncultivated spiritual nature—not so ignorant a person as I.

An hour later.

PRAY for one I love? . . . Then for whom shall I pray? Pagan beauty stole my heart and toyed with it, and cast it petulantly down. Patient duty gathered the bruised thing, and cherished it, and guarded it gently, from itself and from its guardian. How should a woman pray? Prayer, I think, must be as honest as love, or joy, or anguish; it is one of the elemental emotions: it cannot confuse anything or beguile God.

Sudden expressions of my husband's face start out upon the paper where I write, like pictures which my pen traces against its will. Words that he has spoken—scenes that I would perish to forget leap upon me. All the anguish of this deserted year surges pounding through my arteries; I can understand how people die of heartbreak in one great, significant moment of self-revelation.

Cruelty flung me into the hands of kindness; neglect left me to devotion; coldness hurled me at the feet of tenderness, a dis-

regarded, undervalued woman; selfishness tossed me—where? Into what? Upon the truest heart, against the noblest nature, that I ever knew.

Suppose I knelt and tried to pray—I could only repeat the Morning Lesson or some of the Collects. Perhaps if I wrote a prayer it would be the most genuine thing possible—to me. I found in Father's Greek Testament yesterday this, copied in his own hand, and called "The Prayer of Fénelon":

Lord, take my heart, for I cannot give it to Thee. And when Thou hast it, keep it, for I would not take it from Thee. And save me in spite of myself, for Christ's sake. Amen.

December the seventeenth.

THOU great God! Invisible! Almighty! I am not a religious woman, and I do not know how to express myself, but I will not soil my soul by one uncandid word. Be Thou to me the utter Truth. Then shall my heart utter it, and give Thee back Thyself.

I am a woman unhappy and perplexed. I have not even the excuse of a great temptation to justify what I feel—only a subtle one, like a mist that blurs my vision.

Thou God! I do not care so much—for any other thing—except to do what is right. Teach me where rightness is! I am willing to count its price, to pay its cost. I am willing to be very lonely, lonelier than I need to be, if I can be sure of doing right. I am willing to give up the only comfort I have, if I ought to do that. . . . Hear my first prayer, O God!—Dana, Dana, *Dana!* Wherever in this wide world my poor husband is—I pray for him! If he is sick, or sinful, if he is in any trouble, if he has forgotten me, though he should come back and be cruel to me—I pray for him, for *him!*

December the eighteenth.

THE doctor has got home. I think he arrived at dusk, but it was late before he came over, nearly ten o'clock. He looked fatigued beyond description, and yet he had a radiance. All the room seemed to shine when he entered it. I had that old feeling that he stood in a stream of light, and it was as if I crossed the current when I moved to take his outstretched hand. There was a solemn elation in his eyes.

"You have had a good rest!" I cried, "a happy journey!"

"A happy journey, yes." Smiling, he studied me as if my too candid face were a Chaldean seal. For the first time in my life I felt uncomfortable before my old friend, and I took refuge in the best of all civilized disguises—elaborate frankness.

"I missed you, Doctor, ridiculously. I think you ought either never to go away, or else to stay all the time. I have yet to learn to do without you, Robert."

"All that will take care of itself," said Robert, gently. "There are first that shall be last. And I am glad that you missed me, too. It harmed nobody, and it touches me."

If Robert's face had frosted, or assumed any of the masculine defenses which a commonplace man throws out between himself and a woman whom he is capable of misinterpreting, I think, dear as he is to me, I could have spurned him. But his comfortable, matter-of-fact words restored the poise of my own nature; the vertigo steadied instantly. By a divination he put me delicately at my ease, like the gentleman he is.

We talked awhile quietly. The radiance that I spoke of remained translucent on his face. He said he would come in to-morrow, and ran up and kissed Marion in her crib, and played with Job a little, and then he went away. What was that curious thing he said? There are first that shall be last? Robert is usually so direct; he is never given to conversational sorceries.

December the nineteenth.

THE doctor came in this noon. He asked if I could spare James, who is needed in the coach-house, and suggested the objectionable Peterkin as a substitute. I demurred.

"I saw Eliot about the grounds this morning. If he is at liberty now, why can't I have Eliot—if you insist on anybody?"

"Eliot is on night duty," replied the doctor. "I thought perhaps Peterkin—but never mind. Keep James, if you prefer, by all means."

Now, penitent, I protested. For Peterkin I now entreated. Peterkin, only Peterkin, could protect my imperiled household or assuage my troubled spirit. But the doctor smiled and shook his head. He did not ask me to abjure my folly and bolt my doors. He has ceased to fret me on this topic. One of the remarkable things about Robert is that he conforms to a weakness as generously as he admires a strong point. He accepts a woman just as she is, and if she does a foolish thing, he takes it as a matter of course, like a symptom. If he had the chance he might cure it, but he never exasperates her by resenting it. I know, when he loved me long ago, before I was married,

I used to feel that he loved me for my very faults.

It would be difficult to say how much happier and safer I feel now that the doctor has come back. I have been listening lately at night for the telephone—it is impossible to say why. But it has not called again. I dusted all Dana's music to-day.

December the twentieth; noon.

THERE was a savage storm last night—sleet and snow fighting. James dug my paths before he went to the hospital, and came back after a while, plowing his way over with Father's little old snow-plow and the doctor's white horse. There is quite a clear path all around the tree-house. It makes me feel less shut in and cut off. Mercibel, at the office window, waved her nurse's apron and blew a kiss to me. The doctor will hardly come over, I think. I understand there are some pretty sick patients. There seems to be some agitation at the hospital. The countenance of my father's house has a tense expression, as if it concealed drama—as it does, as it must. All the tragedy of all that disabled and disordered life crowds crushing upon the superintendent. How seldom this occurs to me! I am engrossed in my own drama. I think I must be yet very young.

The telephone wires are furred with sleet and sag heavily, but still hold their thin lips between myself and the world; between myself and the watchful, patient, unrewarded kindness which has never failed me anywhere.

December the twenty-first.

AN extraordinary thing has happened.

The storm has been a wild caprice, lulling and rousing without any visible reason; but by mid-afternoon the snow ceased sullenly. There was no sun, but a vicious wind, and a stinging powder filled the air. James came over and cleared out all my paths again, and brought the doctor's remembrances, and was I quite comfortable? or did I need anything that he could do? The doctor did not telephone. Mercibel did once or twice, but I thought her absent-minded, for some reason.

After dinner, between half-past seven and eight o'clock, the ghost of the Wilderness Girl got me, for I have stayed indoors too long. I put myself into rubber boots and waterproof, pulled the hood over my head, and ran out. A young moon wandered somewhere in a waste of clouds, but it seemed to me only to make everything darker; all the shadows of the shrubbery crouched like creatures about to spring, and the tree-house stood in such a jungle of blackness that I was afraid of it. I tramped about for a while, running up and down the paths, and crunching the snow, as children do. But I did not stay long; I could not have told why, but I was definitely afraid. I came back and into the house, threw off my waterproof, but, I don't know for what reason, did not remove my rubber boots. I stood in the hall, by the register, warming my feet. As I did this, I thought the handle of the front door turned.

"It is the doctor," I said. But it was not the doctor, and the door did not open. I started to call Job, but he was in the kitchen with Luella. At this moment the banshee up in my room began to wail, and made such a noise that I called up to Ellen to stifle her with a handkerchief. Ellen, having obeyed me, came to the balusters over my head, and said that Marion would not go to sleep without Dombey, and should she give in to such as that? I answered: "Oh, she may have Dombey; I 'll get him and toss him up to you"; and I went into the library for the doll. The shades were not drawn—Dana never liked to have them. When I stooped to pick up Dombey, I saw upon the window-sill the fingers of a man's hand.

I stood quite still, with Dombey in my arms, and looked at the window. The hand slid, finger by finger, and slipped away. It reminded me of the hand I saw in my dream of the Uruguay dungeon, and it was a left hand, too; but it had no ring. I threw on my waterproof, unlatched the front door, and opened it wide.

"At last," I thought, "we have the burglar." It did not occur to me to be afraid. Such a sense of wrong overtook me, the rage of the home against its violator, that I cared for nothing but to defy the fellow. I understand now, perfectly, how small women, timid ones, have sprung upon tramps and thieves, and choked them and held them till the neighbors came. By this time Job had begun to growl from the kitchen, and Luella had let him out. I ran down the steps and out into the snow, and Job met me at the corner of the house. The dog moved stealthily; he did not bark.

"Whoever you are," I cried, "make your errand known, or leave my house!"

There was no person to be seen. I pushed on toward the tree-house. There, cringing, blotted into the jungle of shadows, I perceived, or I thought I did, the figure of a man. It was a pitiable figure, poor and outcast.

"Who are you," I said more gently, "and what do you want?"

There was no reply, and I stood, uncertain what to do. The thin young moon at this moment dived into a sea of clouds, and when she emerged the man had gone. I called to Job, but he was nowhere to be seen. I came back into the house and shut the door. From long habit, even then I did not bolt it. I sat down by the register, shivering and drying my wet skirts. It did not occur to me to telephone the doctor what had happened, or, if it did, I thought I would spare him. He has care enough, and I knew James would be over soon. It was by then perhaps half-past eight o'clock. Ellen came down and asked me what had happened.

"Nothing," I said. "Go back to Marion."

"I won't do, without the boy doll," argued Ellen, studying me furtively. I now perceived that the old servant was distinctly scared, and also that I still held Dombey affectionately clasped to my heart. I gave her the doll, and she went up-stairs reluctantly. When she had gone, I slid to the front door and opened it, and looked out and about. No person was to be seen. There was now moon enough to show the tree-house clearly; it was quite empty. I shut the door and came back, and sat down by the hall register again. I had forgotten about Job.

I was sitting there when the door opened in earnest, swiftly though softly, and the doctor entered. To my last hour I shall not be able to forget the expression of his face.

"You have had a fright!" he began. "Tell me all about it—quickly."

I now saw Eliot behind the doctor, and James, and Peterkin—a good match between them all for a gang of housebreakers.

"How in the world did you know?" I parried foolishly.

Robert interrupted me with real impatience. I thought, for the instant, he would have liked to shake me—but not hard.

"Speak, can't you?" he cried. "There is no time to lose. Did he annoy you? Did you see the man?"

I collected myself, and told him all there was to tell. It was little enough, and seemed to disappoint him. The two nurses had by this time vanished, directed, I thought, by a single upward motion of the superintendent's heavy eyelids.

"What do you say you said," demanded the doctor, "when you first opened the door?"

"I said: '*Whoever you are, make your errand known, or leave my house.*'"

The doctor turned the high collar of his fur-lined coat, half concealing his averted face.

"Go up to bed," he said. "Peterkin will sleep here to-night; I have need of James. If you are disturbed again, call me *instantly*, Marna. Do you understand?"

"Don't be cross to me, Doctor," I quavered childishly. "I will do whatever you say."

He went, and Peterkin came. I am too excited to sleep, and so I write. Job has but just come in. He is wet through, and shivers violently. He must have been out a long time.

December the twenty-second.

OUR tramp has not done us the honor again, and nothing whatever has happened. In fact, life is more than commonly dull, for I took cold that night in the snow, and am cherishing a sore throat in unexampled obscurity, the doctor having gone away. So, I surmise, has Eliot. So, I think, has Peterkin. James appears every night as before, only now very early, by six o'clock. Mercibel comes over and stays through the day—I suppose because I have a sore throat; at all events, those seem to be her orders. She answers the telephone, which rings occasionally. Now and then she seems to have messages from the doctor, who inquires for me, with his remembrances. He does not ask me to come to the telephone. Mercibel says he says I am to be very careful of this throat, and not to strain my voice. I am trying to finish Marion's Christmas presents—chiefly am I dressing a new wife for Dombey. I have got her a doll's house from her father, for I could not have her think he had forgotten to send her anything. I am very lonely. I can't see why the doctor should have to go away so soon again. Mercibel says it is a professional errand and he could not help it. I miss him cruelly—I am quite demoralized by missing him; I may as well own to this as to experience it.

What will become of me if Robert is so necessary to me as this?

A woman may be made very unhappy, I find, for the sake of a man whom she does not love—whom she must not love. Friendship takes hold of women more seriously than of men, I think. Is it a disorder to which we are temperamentally more subject?

December the twenty-third.

THE doctor has come home again. He called at once, very early this morning, to see about my throat. I was startled at his ap-

pearance; he must have had a hard trip. But yet he has happy eyes. As I watched them I felt that mine might safely say anything, for it was as if he did not exactly see me. He talked more than usual. He spoke of Dana, of his absence and silence, and of what I had endured.

"You have behaved like a queen at her execution," he said. He talked about my husband for quite a while. My thoughts were of him, but his were of Dana. But I was so glad he had come back that nothing troubled me. Job sat on my lap and listened with a portentous solemnity to our conversation. There are times when that dog seems like a brownie. Job has been restless and unhappy these last few days; he sleeps on the foot of my bed, and starts frequently, and has bad dreams and little Yorkshire nightmares out of which I have to wake him up and reassure him.

December the twenty-fourth; afternoon. MARION hit the Parthenon frieze behind the library sofa a hard whack with Banny Doodle, and the paper broke away; the paste had dried, and the frieze has hung loosely for a long time. I went up to fix it, and I saw the Landseer dogs that I had forgotten about—David and Dora.

Then I remembered when I first put them on the bruise in the calcimine, and how Dana made fun of me, and how he helped me to put the frieze up. I thought how he teased Job by patting David and Dora, and how Job snarled with jealousy and sprang at the picture, and how Dana laughed out—nobody ever had such a laugh as Dana. How happy was I! How dear was he! And we did love each other—God knows.

"Pity Mommer!" cooed Marion, behind me.

"Go and get Job," I commanded wildly, for I could not have the child behold my overthrow.

Something beat about me like a whirlwind rising from—the woman's God knows where. . . . I have tried to forget, I have tried to forget!—not to suffer, not to feel, to divert my soul, to supplant Almighty Love by something else; and I thought I had succeeded, but I had climbed a ladder which rested in the air—and now, in a moment, it toppled with me. And David and Dora had brought it down . . . that little thing, that little foolish dear home thing, that Dana and I had done, and laughed about, together.

"Why don't you do as I bid you?" I demanded, crossly enough, of Marion. "Why don't you go for Job?"

My daughter put up a grieved lip.

"Job came his own self. And I fink I will go make a call on Ellen." Holding her little head haughtily, my baby scornfully left me. Ashamed, I turned to follow her, and hurried a little, and so stumbled over something in the hall—and it was Dana's old blue velveteen coat. Job was curled up on it, fixed and watchful. How he had found it, why he had brought it, only Job can say. It was plain that he had meant to bring the coat to me, and, laboriously dragging it, had wavered in his purpose at the foot of the stairs. Perhaps a glimpse of David and Dora had arrested his inner motive; one never can tell: a highly organized dog is very complex.

Commending Job and comforting Marion, I took the coat and came up with it into Dana's room, and locked the doors; and I thought I would hang the coat up first—but, oh, the touch of it, the touch of it! . . .

At first I only laid my cheek upon it, for I dared no more. But remembrance has her Judgment Day, when the books are opened. And the illuminated text of married love, which I have sealed with seven seals, stared at me from silver and from crimson pages—and there was no more power in me to close the book.

I caught my husband's coat to my heart, and clasped it, and kissed it, and then I kissed it again—oh, and again, till the tears stopped the kisses; and when the sobs came I felt that something finer than reason was saved in me. I threw myself on Dana's bed and sunk my face in the coat, and stroked it.

I thought of everything that I had tried to forget, and I forgot everything that I had been remembering. I got down from the bed and knelt, with my face in the coat, and lifted my hands, and thought I would try to pray again; but all I could say was:

"*Dana!*"

For we did love each other—and I am his wife. All the awful power of the marriage tie closed about me,—its relentlessness, its preciousness,—not to be escaped. The dear joys got out of their graves and looked up at me. I thought of all that faith and sacredness, and of the honor in which we cherish it. I thought how I had barred these things from my heart, because it was broken and so it could not hold them.

Who said: "It is worth trying . . . suffering . . . to save a married love"? That must have been Robert. I got up from my knees

and walked to and fro across my husband's room. I went to the window and drew his curtains and looked out at his stars. And, by the holy name of the happiest hour that we had ever known, I charged myself with a vow, for Dana's sake.

As soon as I was something composed, I sent for the doctor so urgently that he came at once. Marion had gone to bed, and the library was littered with her Christmas things. I was tying up Dombey's second wife in silver paper with a crimson ribbon.

"Let me help you," said Robert, directly. He took the doll, and tied the package neatly; in fact, he saw that my fingers trembled so I could not do it.

Abruptly I began:

"Doctor, I am going to find my husband. I shall take the child and start."

"Where are you going?"

"I do not know."

"When?"

"At once—to-morrow, I think."

"Why?"

"He may need me—who knows?"

"I," said Robert, gravely.

"*You?*"

I pushed the second wife into the doll's house, anyhow, and she slid out into the doctor's lap. He picked her up and put her carefully somewhere before he spoke again:

"Tired of trusting me, Marna?"

Then I said: "I must act for myself. I have borne all I can. If he is alive, I will find him. If he is dead—"

"Would you be willing," interrupted Robert, gently, "to wait a little—perhaps two or three days? I can advise you better if you give me a little time. I have some pretty sick patients just now," he added wearily, "and such a step would be very important. You would need advice."

"I should need *you*, I grant you!" I cried out cruelly. "I can't even love my own husband without your help—I have come to that."

"*Marna!*" pleaded Robert, in a voice that wrung my heart.

I took one look at his face, and then something in me gave way suddenly, and I slid to the hassock on the floor below me, and—what might I have done? I cannot tell. I do not know. Put my head upon his knee, like the child that I sometimes seem to myself to have been to him, and so sobbed out the "Forgive me, Robert!" which came surging to my lips? I do not know. I cannot tell. Instantly he had lifted me to my feet.

"You are tired out," he said. "Go up to bed at once. Sleep if you can. Don't try to talk to me; I understand. Child, I understand you better than you do yourself. I know . . . I know how you love your husband; better than any man of us—is—apt to be loved."

"I will see you to-morrow," he added in his usual manner. "We will talk everything over. Trust me till then."

"I will trust you till I am dead, and after," I answered him. We shook hands as if nothing had happened. At the door, he turned and regarded me mournfully and something solemnly, I thought—as if the man were looking his last upon some dear and sacred privilege.

"If I can keep—trustworthy—" he said; and so he shut the door.

Later.

I HAPPENED on this, to-day, that Stevenson said of himself: "I came about like a well-handled ship. There stood at the wheel that unknown steersman whom we call God."

January the fifteenth.

UNTIL this I have had no moments. Now, while my patient is sleeping naturally, my heart draws its first breath. It will rest me more to write than to sleep.

I see that my record broke asunder abruptly on Christmas eve, and with the doctor's call.

I slept that night, by God's good grace, though no one could have been more surprised at this fact than myself. I dreamed that Marion and I started out together on Christmas day to find her father, and that we went to Uruguay, and crossed the swamp with the log and the snake, and Dana was in the dungeon with the crosses, and he put up his left hand with the wedding-ring upon it, and so I knew him; and I tore away the bars, for they were old and rusty, and set him free. And he said—I was dreaming what he said when Marion waked me by slapping me with Dombey's second wife.

The day went wildly to me. It was not a pleasant day, but snowed a little and blew more. The wind was savage, and the sky frowned. The doctor did not come over, though Mercibel did. Now and then I got away from Marion's Christmas litter, and went up-stairs and put things into bags, at random. I think my idea was to start as soon as the doctor came—to what place, to what end, I knew no more than the child. My head whirled. I kept repeating:

"I will find my husband."

In the afternoon I telephoned the doctor impatiently, but he was not in. As it grew to be dusk, everything looked different to me, and I felt suddenly weakened in soul and body, like a person spent by a delirium, and I thought:

"I can never find him without Robert. I must wait for Robert."

But Robert did not come over. Marion and I had our supper, and Luella went out; but Ellen stayed, and James came over; Peterkin did not, so I was alone with my father's old servants.

It still snowed fitfully, not steadily nor much. There was some sleet, and it rapped on the windows like little knuckles. The banshee did not cry, and, except for the sleet, there was not any sound. Marion had gone to bed, but Job was playing with his rubber chicken. The chicken had a gamboge head, and Job had cut its throat already. I sat dully watching Job and the chicken. He dropped the chicken while I did this, and went to the door. I said:

"Oh, you don't want to go out again so soon, Job; it 's snowing." But the dog insisted. I let him out, and came back and sat down again. I picked up Dombey's second wife, and Dombey, and Banny Doodle, and put them all in the doll's house, arranging them childishly, as if I had been a little girl myself.

"We are all dolls," I thought, "and fate plays with us." I added Job's chicken to the collection, stupidly.

I went out into the hall and stood by the register, and called up to Ellen to see if Marion were happy; but Ellen had shut the nursery door, for the night was cold, and so she did not hear me. I was quite alone when Job scratched on the front door to be let in.

I opened the door immediately, but the dog did not come in. He ran off again into the snow, and I shut the door again. Presently I heard him scratching at the door once more, and this time he whined impatiently. Once more I opened the door, and spoke to him rather sharply:

"Don't keep me waiting here! Come in, if you are coming at all!"

But Job ran down the steps and off. I thought of our tramp, but I felt no fear of any kind, unless that some one should steal Job, and I did not shut the door. I stood still in the hall, and called the dog more gently:

"Come right in, dear. Don't stay out in the storm any longer!"

As I spoke, the dog leaped up the steps, shouting wildly; ran to me and looked back; sprang to my arms, kissed me, and ran back. Without hesitation I followed Job, and stepped out into the light, fresh snow.

At the foot of the steps a man leaned against the piazza pillar, heavily. He did not start when he saw me, and Job was in his arms. The man regarded me steadily.

"In God's name," I cried out upon him, "*who are you?*"

"Well," he said, "Job knows, if you don't."

I did not answer, for I did not dare. I felt that the wrong word would pull the whirling world crashing on my head. I went up to the man, and held out my hand, and led him up the steps, and the light smote his face, and it was my husband's face.

"I did n't know," he said timidly, "whether you 'd want me back or not."

Without a word, I led him into the house, and shut the door behind him. I don't know why I did it, but I slid the key and put it in my pocket. He stood still, like a child or a sick person, just where I left him. The snow dripped from his beard. I took off his hat, and then, in the full gas-light, I saw his face . . . the havoc on it: shame, disease, despair, and desolation—oh, desolation worse, by all the agonies, than mine!

"I was a darn fool to leave you, Marna," he said, just as I had heard him say it in my dream. "I can't stand it any longer. I thought I 'd come in—awhile—even if you did n't want to keep me.

"What? You don't say very much, I notice. Well, I don't blame you, Marna.

"Don't try, Marna—if it comes so hard as that. Don't stand on ceremony. I 'd rather you did n't make such an effort to—be glad to see a fellow. It does n't matter very much. I can—go away again."

He turned his shattered face and tottered toward the door. I slid between him and it, and stretched out my hands.

"I 'm pretty—wet," he said uncertainly.

I went straight up to him and clasped him to my heart, and his shaking arms closed fast about me.

When I lifted my face, the doctor was there, and my father's old servants. Dana did not speak to any of them; he looked about passively.

"Get off his wet things," said the doctor, and James came up to help us. It did not occur to me till afterward to wonder how Robert got into the house, for I had the front-door key in my pocket. Nothing occurred to me. Dana had come home.

We led him into the library and up to the fire, and the doctor rolled up the Morris chair for him. I now saw for the first time that my husband was a very sick man. He had a singular expression. His eyes looked as if they had been varnished. He looked around the room, noticed the Christmas clutter, the doll's house and the dolls, and the Parthenon frieze which he had helped me to paste over David and Dora.

"It all looks so—natural," he said pitifully. All this while he kept hold of my hand. Job came up quietly, and got into his lap. We were standing just so—the doctor on the other side of him, and Ellen and James behind—when Marion melted into the room. Her little bare feet had made no sound upon the padded stairs, and she startled us all. Job jumped down from Dana's lap, and went and brought his chicken to his master. No one spoke. Her father turned his head slowly, and by the time that he saw the little girl she was quite near him. For an instant I think she was frightened; she backed off, wide-eyed and wondering, but advanced again, and leaned up, in her little white nightgown, against his knee.

"Why, she remembers me!" he whispered. His face worked; he hid it on the child's soft head and wept aloud.

"Pity Popper!" said Marion, distinctly. She put up both her hands and stroked his hollow cheeks.

WE got him up-stairs as soon as we could, the doctor and I—into his own room and his own bed. Ellen had warmed the sheets, and everything was ready, as if he had been expected, or as if he had never been away. I managed to get in and light his candle and fix all his little things as he used to like them. He looked at everything pathetically, but he did not speak. He had grown strangely very weak, I thought, and panted for his breath. His forehead went a sudden deadly color which terrified me, and I ran and sat on the bed beside him, and took him in my arms. His sunken face fell upon my breast.

"You 're a dear old girl!" he said.

"I think," said the doctor, unexpectedly, "you had better leave him to us for a while."

And suddenly I saw that Eliot was in the room. But I did not move.

"Go down-stairs, Mrs. Herwin," commanded Dr. Hazelton, peremptorily.

Wondering and pondering, I obeyed.

When they called me back, Dana was asleep. It was a dense sleep, and he did not rouse as I sat down on the edge of the bed beside him. His gleaming pallor was replaced by a stagnant, crimson color that I liked no better.

"Has he a fever?" I whispered.

"No."

"Are n't you going to tell me what ails him?"

"Certainly I am."

"What is it, Doctor?"

"*Morphine.*"

He drew up Dana's sleeve and showed me his poor marred arm. Dana did not stir as the doctor gently replaced the sleeve.

(Conclusion in the November number.)

AFTER A YEAR.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

IS it a year or yesterday
Since we were last together, love,
Since from my side you turned away
To seek some alien star above,
Too far for ken of mortal clay—
Is it a year or yesterday?

Is it a year or yesterday
Since I was called upon to bear
A grief no balm can e'er allay,
A woe that none may see or share?
Since you have vanished, say, oh, say,
Is it a year or yesterday?

Is it a year or yesterday
Since laughter died upon my lips,
And I became too sad to pray,
For all my stars went in eclipse,
And hope's aurora paled to gray—
Is it a year or yesterday?

Is it a year or yesterday?
"A year!" cries Loneliness, "a year!"
But Pain with pallid lips cries, "Nay!
Too fierce the pang, too fresh the tear,
Too present seems the soul's dismay."
Is it a year or yesterday?

BUILDING NEW YORK'S SUBWAY.

BY ARTHUR RUHL.

WITH PICTURES BY FERNAND LUNGREN AND C. A. VANDERHOOF.

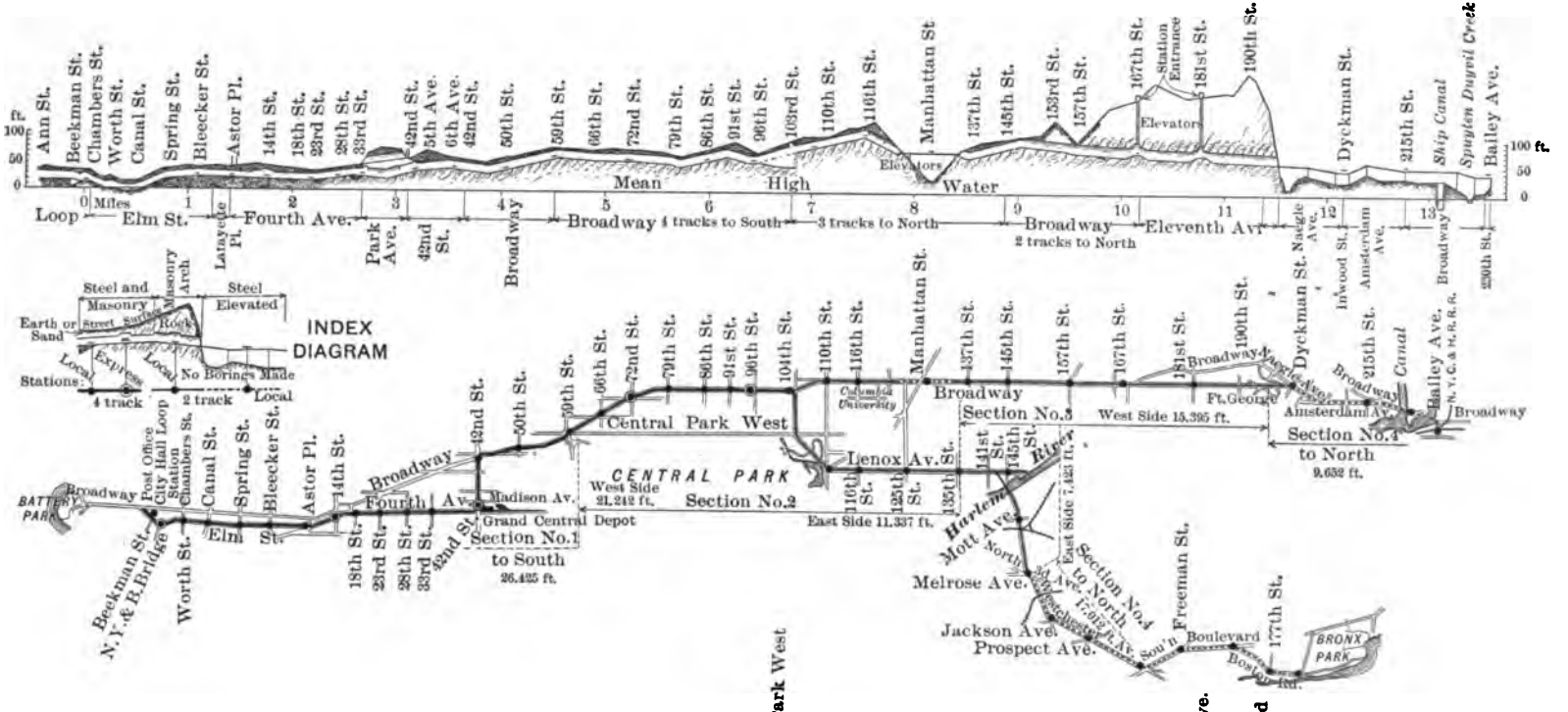
DAYLIGHT was half a mile or more behind. In front a narrow arched passage, so low that the jagged roof just grazed one's head, followed a thin vista of hazy electric lamps farther into the solid rock. The heavy air was chilled with the breath of the under earth, and every now and then from under the tramway ties, or out of the indefinite darkness, came the *drip-drip-drip* and gurgle of water.

A thudding murmur in the distance suddenly grew more insistent and distinct. The shapes of men, of a swinging crane, of a tram-car mule, appeared under the flare of torches. The reverberations, locked between the narrow walls of rock, swelled into the deafening pounding of a steam-drill. Then a glimmer of daylight revealed the mouth of the shaft, and a moment later, clambering up into the open, I found myself in the lazy warmth of a summer afternoon and blinking at the velvet verdure of Central Park.

Now, the designers of that great underground railroad which is to bring Harlem within fourteen minutes of the City Hall and to extend for more than twenty-one miles just beneath the upper cuticle of New York city proper and the borough of the Bronx—not to speak of the extensions which are yet to be built to Brooklyn—would very earnestly explain at this point that tunneling, in the strict interpretation of the word, forms so small a part in the construction of the road that one may rightly speak of it only as a covered way. The motive for this distinction of terms is that those who know all about the new subway do not want those who know nothing about it to get creepy notions of dampness and "cellar air" and such lugubrious things, when some of the most characteristic features of New York's underground road, as compared, for example, with London's "Tuppenny Tube," are its nearness to the surface, its dryness, its airiness, and its light.

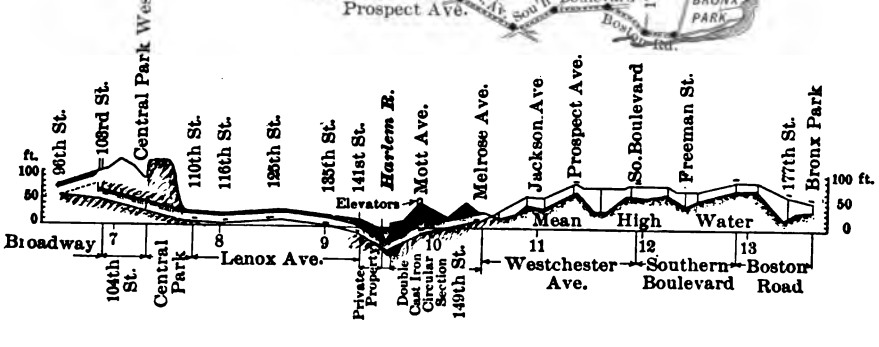
I have chosen to begin a visit to the subway in the branch that leads away from One Hundred and Fourth street and the Boulevard, and actually does tunnel under Central Park, to point out a bit more easily than could be done in some other places the contrast between the upper and the under cuticle of Manhattan, and the ignorance which the average uninquiring citizen of this town is likely to be in of all the hidden toil and turmoil that is constantly going on to provide for his comfort.

He is accustomed to take most things for granted and to neglect to accord wonder to the material achievements of his town, except to enlighten the mind of an occasional country relative. This is an attitude which he would find more difficult to maintain if he understood the personal, almost human quality which these big things possess for many of those who know them only as among the facial characteristics of the great city they have never seen, or if he felt the personal quality which they equally possess for many of those who live beside them. In the imagination of the average untraveled son of the prairies who has never seen the skyline of Manhattan, it is much to be doubted if the Brooklyn Bridge or the elevated railroad is not quite as vital and human as, let us say, the Few Hundred or the Hon. Richard Croker. Many a prose vignette of Manhattan would have done just as well for Boston or Philadelphia had it not been for the presence of the "L" trains and their squealing brakes, while one's fancy can scarcely conjure up a printed picture of wintry New York which did not have its trail of steam from an L locomotive swirling about the heads of Christmas shoppers. And here is this great new hole-in-the-ground, stuffed with one knows not how many potential reactions on the life and the look of the town, and yet every day we ride over miles and miles of it with scarcely more than a languid musing as to the likelihood of dynamite explosions, or a peevish interest in magic devices by which contractors manage safely to support the pavement on which we ride, the L structure, or with sheaves of underground pipes.



PLAN AND PROFILE
OF
RAPID TRANSIT SUBWAY

NOTE: Vertical scale of profile about 27 times greater than horizontal.

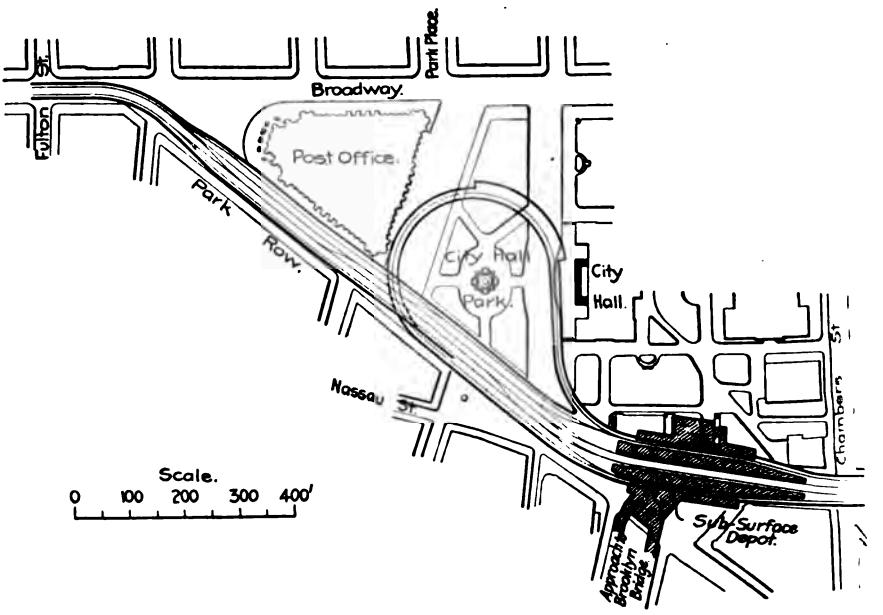


This Rapid Transit Subway, to give it its official name, is an underground railway running along the backbone of the narrow island of Manhattan, and, as now being built, extending on into the borough of the Bronx. From its southern terminus to the branch at One Hundred and Fourth street it will consist of four tracks, the outer two of which will be used for local trains, the inner two for expresses. From One Hundred and Fourth street, which is seven miles from the southern terminus, the main line with three tracks, of which the middle one will be used for express-trains, continues northward seven miles more to Kingsbridge, while a branch line of two tracks will swing off to the right, pass under the Harlem River at Bronx Avenue and One Hundred and Forty-fifth street, and thence on to Bronx Park and the Zoo, also a distance of seven miles. The local trains will be run at an average speed of fourteen miles an hour, stopping at stations one quarter of a mile apart, just about as the present elevated trains are operated; while the express-trains will have stations only about every mile and a half and be capable of attaining a speed of at least thirty miles an hour.

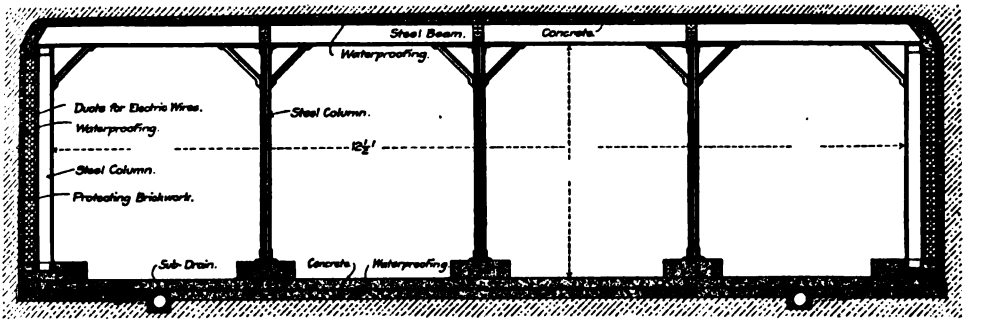
It is now fourteen years since the first bill providing for this underground railroad was sent to the New York legislature. In this time, so amazingly have the needs of the Greater City expanded that even with the Brooklyn extension, which was added to the original plan, the new subway, far from solving the problem, is only the first of many other similar systems which must be built in order even tolerably to dispose of the abnormal passenger traffic which at certain hours and at certain points on the narrow island reaches an excess of congestion to be met with in no other city in the world.

The great subway begins down by the City Hall, and it was into the plaza in front of that beautiful old building that the Hon. Robert A. Van Wyck, mayor of the city, inserted the official pickax in March, 1900, and thereby began the work of excavation. The bronze tablet which was immediately placed over the spot used to be surrounded morning and night by patriotic citizens who gazed down at it as though they were looking at Niagara, until it was presently removed to a contractor's shed, where it spent last summer waiting for the City Hall station to be done. The plaza itself has endured equal vicissitudes, now looking like a mining-camp, now roofed smoothly over, as when Prince Henry came and the escorting cavalry clattered gaily over the planking.

Although the City Hall station is intended to be rather the show station of the line, with its symphonic curves of roof and platforms and track,—"not a straight line in it," as one admirer has observed,—the main terminus and down-town station is a stone's throw away, over by the old Hall



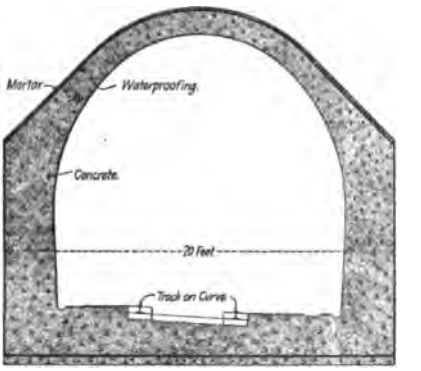
PLAN OF LOOP AT CITY HALL PARK. (ADAPTED FROM A DRAWING PUBLISHED BY THE "ENGINEERING NEWS"



TYPICAL STEEL STRUCTURE.

Records and in front of the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge. Both local and express trains will run to and from this station, and down its stairways late in the afternoon and early in the evening will pour part of the thousands who block the Third and Sixth Avenue L trains and the surface lines on their way up-town and to Harlem and the Bronx. Eventually the four-track route will extend straight on down to South Ferry and the end of the island, and thence by tunnel to Brooklyn, but at present the southern terminus is the City Hall. Curving out to the right from the four-track line, under the mayor's office in the City Hall, under the Post Office and some of the buildings of Newspaper Row, and thence back to the up-town track, is a single-track loop which is one of the most interesting engineering devices of the subway. This loop is designed to receive the down-town trains as fast as they come in from the north, and to bring them around to the up-town tracks without the delay of switching. When the line is completed through to South Ferry, a train may be run off the main track and around the loop, or it may be continued straight on, and as the loop is made to pass beneath the down-town track as it curves around, a grade-crossing is avoided and one of the more important tasks of constructive engineering which the subway presented is solved.

Morning and night the hordes of clerks and stenographers and business men who fill the offices of down-town New York have poured across Newspaper Row and City Hall Park with scarcely a glance at the labor progressing underfoot that is going to bring them so many minutes nearer their work in the morning, and at night so many minutes nearer their play. I recall one day, however, when several hundred of them, with equal enthusiasm, gave up almost all of the precious noon hour to tell the subway men just what to do and how. A team of white horses had been drawing a load of green bananas across the chute which had hemmed in the car-tracks along Park Row. A wheel slued, the fence gave way, and a second or two later one of the big white horses was lying on his side across a gas-pipe over the subway ditch, like a sack of oats flung over a rail fence. With rare equanimity of temper and only an occasional kick the animal allowed his legs to be tied together and the canvas



CROSS-SECTION THROUGH THE LOOP.

sling to be put about his belly, and presently, after three or four men had worked for an hour, and some hundreds had shrieked advice, a derrick which happened to be near was brought into requisition, and, with everybody cheering, the animal was hoisted up bodily and set on his feet on the pavement. Horses have fallen clear to the bottom of the subway ditch and have been hoisted out unhurt; others have not been so lucky. People have fallen in many times, and burglars have jumped in and escaped their pursuers. A rather suggestive comment on the liveliness of existence in New York's streets during the building of the subway was the remark of one of the workmen who officiated at this episode that in every section-shed such a sling or else one of the mats used to hold

down flying rock in blasting was kept in readiness for just such emergencies.

From the City Hall up to Thirty-fourth street, where real tunneling began, the excavation has all been done from the surface, and any citizen who took the trouble during the last summer to step from his car and peer over the subway fence along this part of the route could grasp the salient features of the subway construction.

On account of the abnormal pressure of traffic at certain places in certain hours, a maximum of speed and a maximum of facility in operation were the first essentials. For this reason anything like London's Tuppenny Tube, with its slow-moving elevators carrying passengers far below the street-level, was out of the question. The road was therefore planned to run just beneath the surface of the streets, and as the stations are now built, it is decidedly nearer from the sidewalk to the subway platforms than to the platforms of the elevated road. If the disturbance of street traffic and pipe-lines which this scheme involved meant a maximum of inconvenience in construction, it also meant a maximum of convenience and cheapness in operation when the work was completed.

Another marked characteristic of the Rapid Transit Subway, as distinguished from most other underground railroads, is that the principles of the modern sky-scraper are applied in its construction, the roof and sides being supported by steel frames composed of transverse steel beams and light steel columns. With a cement floor and the sides and roof made waterproof and even dampproof, and then lined with cement, the interior of the tube when completed will, as a matter of fact, look like solid whitewashed stone, but, as in the case of the sheathing of the sky-scraper, this will be only a shell. The elimination of grade-crossings and the insertion of "islands" between the tracks at the various express stations, so that by the means of raised passages passengers may transfer from local to express trains, and vice versa, at will, are other noticeable features of the design. It is by such a scheme that the engineers hope to attain a maximum of speed and carrying capacity. Neither the plan nor the carrying of it out in steel and blasted rock could be spectacular. It is rather a task requiring vast patience and the ability to simplify a mass of intricate details.

The work of steam-drills and traveling dumping-cars and the methods of supporting myriads of undermined pipes, all of which has been visible for a couple of years to every one who rode up-town from the Brooklyn Bridge in a Fourth Avenue car, have been about what most people have noticed in the construction of these lower and more prosaic parts of the subway. Few know that in order to cross Canal street, which at the subway grade is below the tide-level, a sewer which drained a greater part of the lower East Side into the North River had to be carried clear across the island in the opposite direction and into the East River. Quite as few ever heard of Aaron Burr's water-pipes, which were unearthed as the excavations proceeded up Elm street near Reade. These pipes, which were laid in 1799, to supply "the city of New York with pure and wholesome water," were merely logs with a longitudinal hole bored through the center of each and hollowed at one end and sharpened at the other, so that they could be fitted one into the other, just as glass tumblers may be piled. The story goes that the wily Burr inserted a "joker" in the act providing for his water company, by which he was able to break the monopoly then held by the Bank of New York and the New York branch of the United States Bank, and found a bank for himself and his friends. The bank thus organized is one of the well-known city banks to-day, and Burr's water-pipes, as dry as bones these many years, were tight and seemingly as good as new when they were uncovered. The unearthing of "Cat Alley" recalled, to those who remembered, the time when the sidewalk rendezvous of actors, called "the Rialto," was along Houston street, a day no less interesting than Aaron Burr's, if less classic.

Though solid rock is found at Union Square, where it is worked from the surface, real tunneling, through darkness and solid rock, begins farther up-town, at Thirty-fourth street. The short section of eight blocks from Thirty-fourth street under Park Avenue to the Grand Central Station has not shared that happiness which comes to tunnels as well as nations that have no history. It will remain long in the minds of the generation who saw it built as the "hoodoo" part of the tunnel. So persistently did a perverse fate follow the footsteps of the contractor who had this section in charge, even to his death from a fall of stone, that the happenings in these short blocks passed from tragedy almost to the point of burlesque, and I recall a paragraph printed in one of the papers in which a woman who happened to be present during a trolley-car smash-up in the depths of Harlem, one evening, was made to say, as she



DRAWN BY FERRAND LUNDGREN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

AT THE FOOT OF THE SHAFT, ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTH STREET.

pulled the conductor by the arm: "I am a stranger in this dreadful city. Tell me, Mr. Conductor—oh, *do* tell me—are we now on Park Avenue?"

Of the explosion of blasting-powder at Forty-first street by which eight were killed and hundreds endangered, about the only thing that can be said is that it might easily have been vastly more horrible. The carrying away of the subway roof, however, and the consequent fall of the fronts of several of the brownstone houses on the avenue just above Thirty-seventh street, was an episode which, were it not for one's sympathy for the ill-starred contractor, might well conduce to the gaiety of nations. The tunnel here burrows under the existing subway used by the Fourth Avenue surface-cars, and its floor is about sixty feet below the sur-



DRAWN BY FERNAND LUNGREN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY GEORGE M. LEWIS.

HOW THE WATER-PIPES ARE SUSPENDED

The water-pipes in service under heavy pressure are temporarily suspended from beams at the street-level. After the subway is completed, masonry piers will be built on its roof to support them.

face. It had been carried about half-way between Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth streets, at what was thought to be a safe distance from the stoop-line of the row of houses above. But the rock, apparently as solid as Gibraltar, lay in slanting strata, and one day, almost without warning, a huge

section of one of these slanting strata simply slid diagonally from the easterly roof as a card slips out of a loosely shuffled pack. Every workman on the section was rushed to the spot in the hope that the damage could be repaired before it became apparent on the surface; but before the break could be properly shored, the areaways and front steps of the houses came tumbling down into the chasm. Parts of the front walls soon followed, and the crowd of idlers and nurse-maids and delivery-boys who gathered a few minutes after the first cave-in enjoyed the delectable experience of gazing into the very heart of each house, just as you look at an interior on the stage.

One gentleman was in his bath-tub at the time. His valet burst into the room. "Quick! quick! You must get out of here, sir!" cried that worthy. "There 's been an earthquake, sir, and the house is falling in!" "Indeed!" observed the gentleman with interest, and he finished his bath. He dressed himself, and loading his film camera and lighting a brier-wood pipe, he sallied forth, and when his wife's mother arrived on the scene from a distant part of town, whence she had driven at breakneck speed to save her child, she found her son-in-law standing on the brink of the chasm in front of his door-step, pointing down into it a film camera, the shutter of which he was working with the liveliest enthusiasm and delight. This teaches us that a bucolic equanimity may be preserved even on a metropolitan street beneath which a tunnel is building, and that nerves may be suppressed even in New York and in a somewhat neurotic age.

When the walls ceased to crumble away and the people had moved out of that block, —some of them, it was said at the time, demurely demanding both that the contractor buy their houses outright and that he pay their rent in new ones, — pipes were sunk from

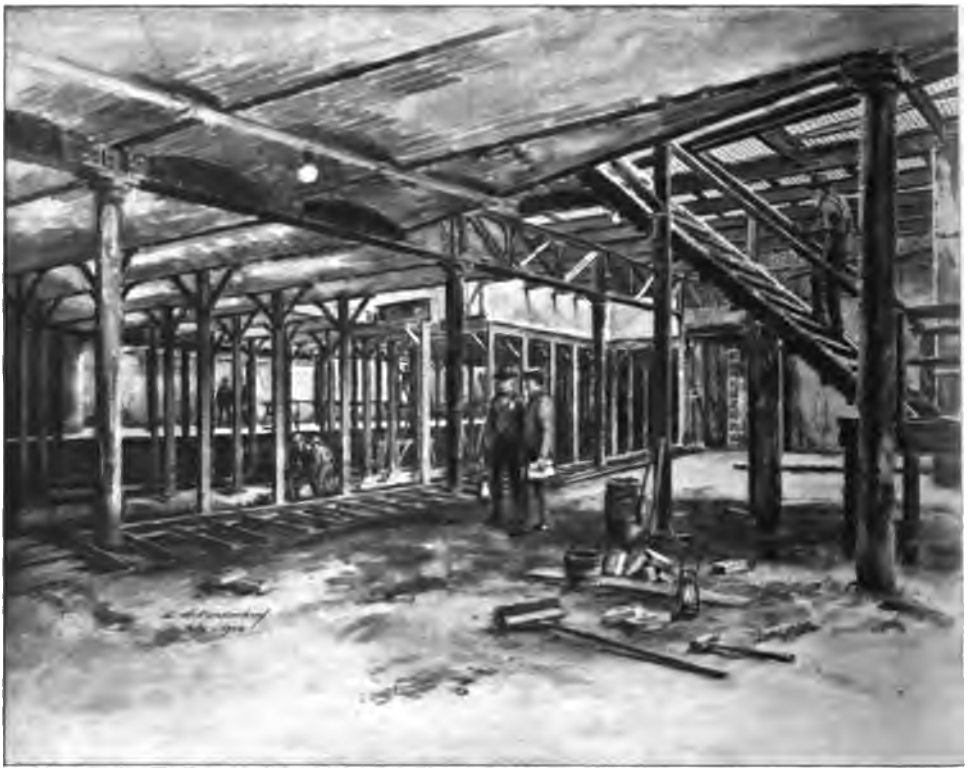


DRAWN BY FERNAND LUNGREN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

NIGHT-WORK IN FORTY-SECOND STREET NEAR FIFTH AVENUE.

This view shows the narrow trench under the sidewalk excavated through twenty feet of earth to rock and lined with heavy timber; steam-drilling and blasting of the rock bottom, and tunneling laterally under the surface tracks. The materials are handled by cableway over the open trench.

the surface, and watery cement was pumped down them to harden until the fallen rock was virtually restored. But fire and falling ruins were yet to descend on that unhappy section, and so timid was its contractor forced to become that when you visited it during the last summer, and saw the workmen pegging away under the acetylene lamps in the "waist" of the tunnel heading, you were likely to be reminded not so much of the strenuosities of engineering as of an operation in dental surgery.



DRAWN BY C. A. VANDERHOOF.

STATION AT COLUMBUS CIRCLE, IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

The steel work is here shown in place, and the concrete roof, floor, and walls are finished. The walls are not yet faced with glazed tiles, and the station-work is unfinished.

From the Grand Central Station, where, of course, one of the main subway stations will be built, the road proceeds again by surface excavation west on Forty-second street to Broadway, and thence northward to One Hundred and Fourth street, where comes the parting of the ways. No one who has seen the subway pass beneath Forty-second street, the monument at the Circle, the elevated structure at Sixty-sixth street, and the surface car-tracks to the northward toward the Boulevard, needs to be told of the complex difficulties which have been met and solved along almost every yard of this part of the underground road. The first of the subway stations to be finished was that under the Circle, at the southwest corner of Central Park. At the time these lines were written it was the only one completed, and from it visitors to the subway gathered their impressions of that lightness and general cheerfulness which it was one of the main desires of the engineers to provide in planning the work. Not only light, but sunlight, pours into the place from the ground-glass sidewalk overhead, and with its walls lined in enameled brick and tiles, and the white cement tube of its subway stretching north and south ablaze with electric lights, this station illustrates how successfully this desire has been achieved. As it is not an express station, there are only the two long and spacious platforms next to the outside, or local, tracks, and the express-trains will whisk by on the two inner tracks without a stop. When I visited the station they were experimenting with enameled bricks and tiles of various colors to see which were

that section, "of a cheap-lunch restaurant." The imagination staggers at the thought of higher praise than this. To those who New York by its residents of Italian birth. The subway passes directly under this column, and the difficulties and delicacies of



DRAWN BY FERNAND LUNGREN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

DESCENDING THE SHAFT TO THE TUNNEL-LEVEL.

Showing the platform of the steam-elevator used to raise excavated rock, and miners waiting in the tunnel to ascend for dinner.

are not familiar with the "unsurpassed coffee" refectories of the metropolis, it may be as well to explain that in these resorts survives for a modern age an oppressive cleanliness and a riot of onyx, glittering tiles, and enameled brick, which one is wont to associate with the baths of Pompeii and ancient Rome.

the task of shoring up this monument while the excavation was going on were not lightened by the fact that the foundation of the column rested partly on rock and partly on sand. "His head is just one hundred feet above yours," said the foreman, as we stood on the tunnel floor.

The embarrassments which such land-

marks as these have suffered in preserving their dignity during the exigencies of subway construction were plain to any one who saw the statue of Samuel S. Cox, "the letter-carriers' friend," in Astor Place, or who crossed Union Square, where the Father of to dip beneath Central Park, emerge at One Hundred and Tenth street and Lenox Avenue, and proceed thence to the Bronx. The problem that met the contractors in this part of the work was to pass under Central Park without disturbing a tree or a blade



DRAWN BY FERNAND LUNGREN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

IN THE TUNNEL UNDER FORT GEORGE.

Miners at work in the heading; muckers wheeling spoil to cars on tracks in finished excavation. Temporary timbering to support dangerous roof until concrete arch can be built.

his Country spent the summer pointing majestically to a tool-shanty and a pile of steel columns, while the rear legs of his horse were standing on the brink of a forty-foot chasm.

From the dividing-line at One Hundred and Fourth street a two-track branch, tunneling some sixty feet below the surface through solid rock, swings off to the right, of grass on the surface, and the way in which they have succeeded is suggested by the opening paragraphs of this article. Tunnels were started at each end and worked inward, and when the last wall was broken down, the plumb-lines of the two headings showed only a quarter of an inch divergence. The conservative citizen who ventured into this section during the summer was lowered



DRAWN BY FERNAND LUNGREN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

EXPLORING THE BOTTOM OF THE EAST RIVER WITH SOUNDINGS FOR THE BROOKLYN TUNNEL.

The working platform built on a cluster of piles in deep, swift water was many times swept away. A large steel pipe was sunk by a powerful water-jet through mud and clay to rock, and the diamond drill was lowered inside it, and the hole extended many feet into the rock, bringing up solid cylindrical cores.

in a bucket into the sixty-foot pit at One Hundred and Fourth street, and the donkey-engine man had a way of letting this bucket drop like a plummet to within a few feet of the tunnel floor in a manner calculated to accelerate the pulses of the rider. From the bottom of this until one emerged, half a mile or more away, just outside the greenery of the Park, one was stumbling through nothing more or less than a narrow mine. But when this is completed, and the walls are arched smooth with concrete and are painted white, the subway passenger of the future, returning to his Harlem home of an evening, will probably never remember that sixty feet of solid rock are between him and daylight, unless he chances to look up from his paper as his train swings round the curve at One Hundred and Fourth street.

The main line, which, from One Hundred and Fourth street, consists of three tracks, proceeds by surface excavation to One Hundred and Twenty-second street, where a viaduct leads it for half a mile across the sudden depression of Manhattan valley, to plunge underground again at One Hundred and Thirty-third street. The contract as first let for this part of the subway called for a two-track road, but after the excavations had been partly made in some places, the concrete bed and steel superstructure had been built, and all was ready for the roof, it was decided to have a three-track road. The resulting labor and vexatious complications were almost as great as though the work had never been started. One of the contractors moved the walls of his tunnel back bodily. Another moved the walls and some two hundred feet of steel superstructure weighing over two thousand tons. Between One Hundred and Fourteenth and One Hundred and Twenty-first streets the



DRAWN BY FERNAND LUNGREN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT HELD UP DURING EXCAVATIONS.

The foundations of the monument are supported on temporary steel girders and wooden posts while undermined for subway excavation under the monument and over sloping rock surface. The concrete floor of subway is shown finished and ready to receive the steel columns which will support its roof and the overhanging monument. The steel buckets containing excavated rock are hoisted by steam-derricks and dumped into wagons.

deepest surface excavation had to be made. There is an average depth of about forty feet down to the tunnel grade there. The material removed was solid rock lying in slanting strata, and overhead was a trolley-car line, the time-schedule of which could not be interfered with. Such are a few of the things that had to be reckoned with and overcome in a part of the subway which the ordinary down-town New-Yorker knows nothing about.

It is a strange land north of Manhattan valley and west of Washington Heights—quite another country from the Harlem over the hill. Trinity Cemetery, smothered in verdure, rises on each side of the street beneath which the subway is laid, and the superstructure is set up where, only a few years ago, before the cut was made through the cemetery grounds, lay the graves of the dead. Here, too, was the fighting of Washington Heights, and the bronze memorial tablet marking the spot where breastworks were thrown up is not more than thirty feet from the tunnel walls. Everywhere are trees, —elms and soft maples,—arching in some

places over the street, as they do over the main street of many an inland town. The coming of rapid transit will doubtless change all this, but if you should visit it now of a foggy afternoon when all out of sight is shrouded in mystery, it will give you a most extraordinary sensation of being in Manhattan and yet out of it—of being in dreamland or abroad.

The tunnel which dives into the solid rock at One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street is the longest on the line. At an average depth of one hundred feet below the surface it burrows through blackness for a distance of two miles with an unbroken roof, except at One Hundred and Sixty-ninth and One Hundred and Eighty-first streets, where elevators will carry passengers to and from the tracks. Except for the Hoosac Tunnel, there is no single tunnel so long in America. When I went down into the shaft at One Hundred and Sixty-ninth street it was difficult to fancy it looking as it will look, like the white and marbled station beneath the Circle, nearly six miles away. At the surface was a landing-stage from which every now and then emerged cars of broken rock. You stepped on the elevator platform, and down, down you went into the darkness and dampness of the pit, until, one hundred feet below, you struck bottom in a big cave with a few electric lamps glimmering against the walls and an air-pump forcing fresh air into the heavy atmosphere with slow, spasmodic coughs.

Along the tramway leading into the heading ambled the self-centered subterranean mule. When I ventured to make friendly overtures, he promptly swung about and decamped with all the adroitness which he would have used had he been nibbling thistles in the middle of a sunny meadow, and later, when the driver, in hitching him to the tram-car, gave the somewhat untechnical command, "Get in line, there!" he hopped to his place between the rails with just as much cheerfulness as though the command referred to a company drill and he had half a dozen team-mules to keep him from being lonesome.

It was in the tunnel just below One Hundred and Sixty-ninth street that another of those accidents occurred which is the price of every great achievement of engineering construction. Here again a slanting stratum became loosened, and slipping down, killed five of the men who were working beneath. I asked one of the workmen from just what part of the heading the rock had fallen. "That chunk of work," said he, cheerfully, pointing straight at the roof above us, "fell out just over where you 're standing now."

From the end of the long tunnel to Fort George on the western line, and from the tunnel beneath the waters of the Harlem to Bronx Park on the eastern branch, the Rapid Transit road, as a railway, is scarcely enough advanced at this writing to require detailed description. These extreme northern sections are to be elevated structures, and passing as they do through what is now a comparatively sparsely settled part of the Greater City and not subject to the embarrassments of excavation through rock or beneath crowded streets, they can be, when once fairly started, rapidly pushed to completion. As yet little more than the foundations for the elevated pillars are laid. Already, however, the engines and generators, which will supply electric power for the vast traffic of the whole underground system, are being constructed, hundreds of cars similar to those used on the existing elevated, but heavier and of superior running qualities, have been ordered, and the general manager of the road is planning the automatic-signal system and arranging his time-schedules.

There are almost numberless details in this huge piece of work which cannot be touched on here. If you tell your friend Robinson that such-and-such a number of cigars are manufactured every year, he will forthwith begin to calculate how near they would reach to the planet Mars if they were placed end to end. You yourself, on the other hand, may be concerned more over the fact that, with a supply so great, the price is not cheaper, or that you do not get more of them. The opportunities for the Robinson point of view are quite unlimited in making a mental circuit from the City Hall to Fort George and the Bronx. The essential things for most of us to know, however, are what is going on to-day beneath our feet, and what, when the work is done, will be the result. Of the first of these we have here had a few glimpses. The other, the builders say, the town will know by next Christmas, almost a year ahead of contract time. A still more interesting question, perhaps,—that of the effect of this sudden increase in the ease and rapidity of transportation on the country at the city's edge, and of the other paths of rapid travel which are destined to honeycomb the underworld of our narrow Babylon,—the morrow, our all too precipitate to-morrow, will answer.

DIFFICULT ENGINEERING IN THE SUBWAY.

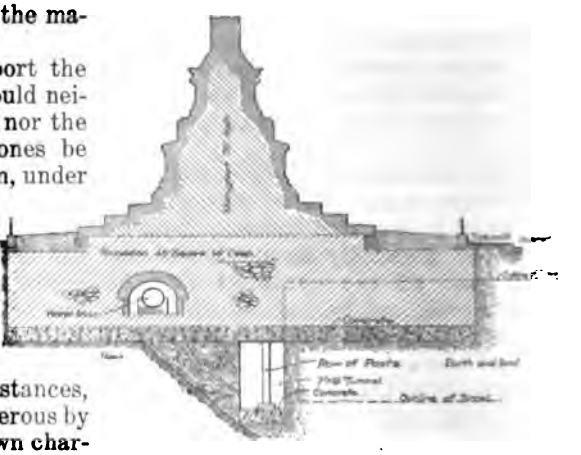
BY FRANK W. SKINNER, C.E.,
Author of "Triumphs of American Bridge-Building," in the June CENTURY, and Associate Editor of the "Engineering Record."

UNDER THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT.

NEAR where the subway swings around the southwest corner of Central Park it passes through and under the foundations of the Columbus monument. The slender stone shaft, surmounted by its heroic statue, is seated on a molded pedestal with extended base, which altogether rises seventy-five feet above the street and weighs nearly a million and a half pounds. It has a masonry foundation forty-five feet square and fourteen feet deep, which was built partly on rock, but mostly on earth. Its east corner overhangs the subway nearly forty feet, and the position of the latter is so near the surface of the ground that its walls and roof cut a wide and deep section out of the masonry.

This made it necessary to support the monument so that its tall shaft should neither lean nor settle a hair's-breadth, nor the thin, accurately fitted pedestal stones be cracked, or their polished joints open, under the great strains developed when the masonry was cut out to a mere shell and the support removed from under a third of its base and almost up to the center, reducing its stability to a slender margin. This would have been a delicate and hazardous task under any circumstances, but was made more difficult and dangerous by the unknown conditions and the known character of the soil.

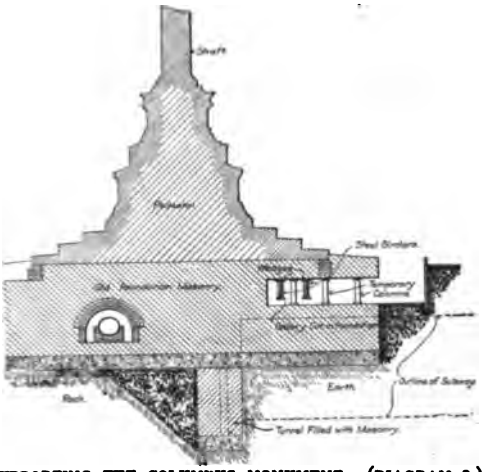
It was uncertain whether the interior of the foundation masonry was sound and strong enough to resist the great strains which might be safely imposed on the best stonework, and great potential peril lay in the fact that only one corner of the foundation, that diagonally opposite to the subway, stood on the rock, the rest being built on earth and sand. The surface of the rock slopes down very steeply toward the subway and below it, so that when the excavation was made there and the equilibrium of the compressed earth was destroyed, the unbalanced pressures, especially in wet weather, might well cause the earth to slide out from under the foundation and produce a serious disaster. Safety alone was not sufficient: there could not be tolerated even a slight or harmless disturbance of the monument. The lofty shaft is like a sensitive needle, quick to quiver and diverge with an almost imperceptible displacement at the base, and to magnify many times the smallest unequal settlement, so as to deflect its graceful lines from the perfect vertical and emphasize even a trivial deviation to the appearance of an offensive blemish. These exacting conditions called for the work to be executed with an excess



SUPPORTING THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT. (DIAGRAM)

of solidity, and at the same time the commercial requirements demanded rapidity, simplicity, and economy.

It was determined first to extend the foundations under the center of the monument to a greater depth, so that they would reach below the subway excavation and beyond the base of the shaft, and thus carry most of the load directly and prevent any danger of slipping down the sloping rock surface. Afterward the wide corner of the



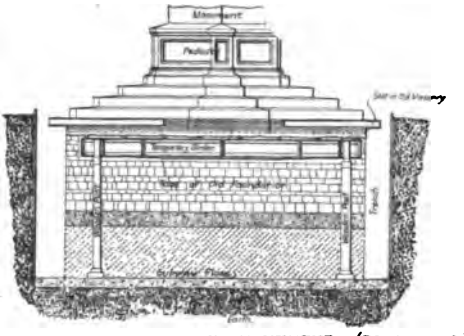
SUPPORTING THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT. (DIAGRAM 2.)

foundation was to be first supported, then undercut and undermined, so as to allow the excavation to be made under, through, and alongside, and the subway to be built and eventually carry the overhanging part of the old foundation.

First, shafts fifty feet apart were sunk about twenty-five feet deep on the north and south sides of the old foundation, and their bottoms were connected by a small tunnel which was roofed by the base of the old foundation and had its floor well below the bottom of the subway, and its east wall where the west wall of the subway was to be built. A solid bed of concrete was laid on the floor of the tunnel, and vertical timber posts were set on it and wedged up against the under side of the foundation to support it. The tunnel was then filled solid with stone masonry, beginning at the middle, working out to both ends, and permanently inclosing the timber posts. This virtually made a massive stone beam supporting the foundation from side to side and seated below the level which would be disturbed by the subway construction.

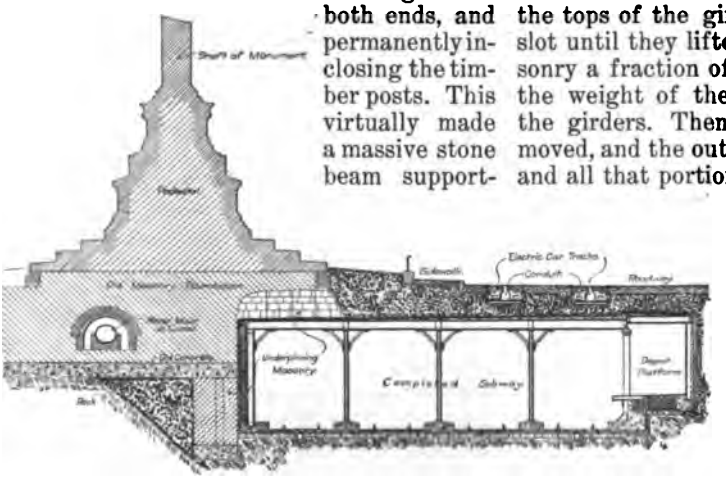
A trench ten feet deep was dug around the east side of the monument, exposing the upper part of the foundation where it extended over the line of the subway. From this trench a gallery, or slot, six feet high was cut about twenty-five feet horizontally into the face of the foundation masonry, and as it advanced, vertical timber posts were set on its floor and wedged up to support its roof. When the slot extended about thirty feet through the corner of the foundation, two solid steel girders, like beams in a railroad-bridge, were set in it between the rows of posts.

A pit was dug close to the foundation at each end of the slot, and the bottom was



SUPPORTING THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT. (DIAGRAM 3.)

covered with concrete, which afterward formed part of the subway floor. On this concrete were set braced wooden posts to carry the ends of the girders, which were thus lifted clear of the floor of the slot. Pairs of steel wedges were driven between the tops of the girders and the roof of the slot until they lifted the whole mass of masonry a fraction of an inch and transferred the weight of the overhanging portion to the girders. Then the roof posts were removed, and the outer edge of the foundation and all that portion below the slot were cut away, the excavation completed, and the subway built in it, under the overhanging foundation and around the posts which supported the girders.



SUPPORTING THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT. (DIAGRAM 4.)

Under the edge of the overhanging foundation, outside of the girders, a wall was built on the concrete roof of the sub-

way which is very strong, with steel beams and columns. A course of cut stone was laid in the upper part of the wall, and on it many pairs of steel wedges supported a loose course of cut stone carefully fitted in under the overhanging masonry of the foundation. The wedges were driven up, and developed an enormous pressure, which lifted the monument again, transferred part of its weight to the new wall, and released the girders. They were removed, and the spaces they had occupied were filled in solid with masonry, built and wedged up from the center outward in the same manner as the wall. Liquid cement was forced into the interstices between the wedges, and solidifying as hard as flint, perfected the support of all the overhanging foundation on top of the finished subway.

In doing this work one portion had to be completed before another could be begun, and as but few men could work at once, and the operations were conducted with great care and accuracy, it took about six weeks to complete it in a manner which was highly creditable to the able engineers who designed and approved it and the experienced contractors who skilfully executed an undertaking unlike any previously recorded.

RELOCATING A LONG, THIN, HIGH WALL.

AN ordinary derrick will handle compact loads of three, five, or even ten tons; a hundred-ton load is about the limit of the capacity of the heaviest steel-ordnance cars drawn by powerful locomotives, or of the largest hydraulic jacks, which will lift it a few inches so slowly that the motion is scarcely perceptible. A building weighing five hundred tons may be carefully braced and lifted up or moved laterally with rollers on smooth level tracks by the help of scores of powerful jacks. It would require immense power to push along even a fifty-ton boulder resting on the ground, and be yet more difficult to move a long, thin, high wall several feet transversely without cracking, tipping, or twisting it.

Generally, when such a wall is to be relocated, it is taken down and rebuilt; but such was not the case on the subway above One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street, where, at the entrance to a tunnel section, walls nearly two hundred feet long retain the bank on each side of the cut. After the structure was completed it was decided to widen it eleven feet to receive a third track, and although it was at first intended to tear down the masonry and build new, it was finally decided to move it bodily, and this was successfully accomplished at a saving of several thousand dollars.

The walls are of concrete and brick, thirteen feet high at one end, three feet thick on top, and weigh about four hundred thousand pounds each. The earth was dug away behind them for a width of six feet, and to a depth a little below their foundations. In the bottom of each trench a concrete floor was laid just below the level of the foot of the wall. Small holes were tunneled under the wall a few feet apart, and in them were laid transverse timbers reaching to the floor of the trench and having both ends supported on cross-sills. Narrow, thin, greased steel track-plates were inserted under the walls, on top of the timbers, and extended across the trench floors. Small steel bearing-plates were set on the track-plates under the front and rear edges of the walls, and pairs of oak wedges, driven between the cross-timbers and their sills, lifted the whole wall on the steel plates.

Horizontal five-ton jack-screws were set close together against the face of the wall at the base for its whole length, and being simultaneously operated, the wall in a few hours was moved back five and a half feet on to the floor in the trench. The projecting ends of the track-plates were cut off, and the spaces between the plates under the wall were filled with liquid cement. The work on each wall was done by twenty men in ten days, and the walls were not distorted the sixteenth of an inch.

MOVING A TUNNEL.

THE north ends of these walls join the tunnel section of the subway, which was a solid, rectangular concrete tube about twenty-eight feet wide, seventeen feet high, three hundred feet long, and weighed about six million pounds. It was built in an open trench, which had not yet been refilled with earth above the tunnel roof. It had a framework of steel columns and roof-beams five feet apart, which were bedded in the concrete, and, like the approach, had been built for two tracks. When it was determined to provide for a third track, it was decided to widen the old structure by moving its walls out both ways five and a half feet from the center, and building in between them new strips of roof and floor to complete a larger tube on the same center line.

A trench seven feet wide was dug down

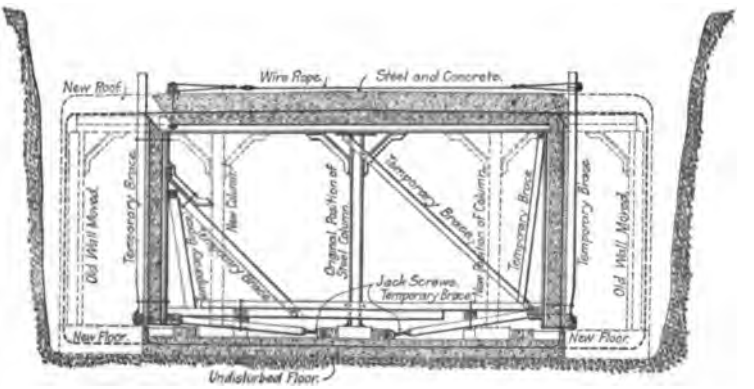
very little strength except to resist exterior pressure, it was thoroughly braced with timbers and wire ropes, inside and outside, to stiffen and bind it together to resist the temporary stresses and distortion of moving. Horizontal cuts were made from end to end of the tunnel through the bottom of the east wall and the top of the west wall, and the beams and columns were disconnected there so as to divide the structure into two nearly equal parts, one comprising the roof, east wall, and center columns, the other the west wall and floor.

The west ends of the roof-beams were lifted a few inches with jack-screws, tipping the roof and east wall about the foot of the east wall as a pivot, and raising the center columns enough to place steel track-plates under their bases. Then the east ends of the roof-beams were similarly lifted, rocking the roof back again around the feet of the center columns as pivots, and lifting the east wall and columns high enough to insert under them track-plates which extended across the concrete floor in the bottom of the east outside trench.

Fifty five-ton jack-screws were set against the ends of the horizontal cross-timbers in the bottom of the tunnel, bearing on the east wall and center columns, and twenty-five men, turning the alternate screws quarter revolutions simultaneously on signal, gradually pushed the roof, east wall, and center columns five and a half feet east in two days, although the speed was half an inch a minute when they were actually moving. In order to keep the motion regular, a piano wire was stretched from end to end of

A slot was cut from end to end of the west wall, separating it from the floor, stiffening-timbers were clamped to it, and horizontal cross-timbers were braced to the foot of it in such a manner as to project halfway across the tunnel, forming an extended base wide enough to give it great stability. Jack-screws under its braces lifted the wall enough to allow the insertion of track-plates under it and the base timbers; then it was pushed away from the undisturbed floor five and a half feet west on to the new floor in the trench by jack-screws set against horizontal braces from the inner face of the wall at its foot. Additional columns and roof-beams were set in the gap between the old parts of the tunnel, the extended roof and floor surfaces were closed up with concrete, the earth filled in on top of the roof up to the street surface, the braces removed, and the work successfully completed. The east wall and roof, as moved, weighed about three million pounds, and the west wall alone about seven hundred thousand pounds.

The work was done by forty men, at an estimated saving of six thousand dollars over the expense of tearing out the roof and walls, and is probably the first instance of moving a tunnel. The method was planned by the contractors, who executed it at their own risk, with the approval of the engineers. They were not tunnel-builders, but many years' experience in the erection of great bridges, roofs, and tall steel buildings had qualified them safely to undertake difficult and unusual heavy work requiring skill, ingenuity, and experienced judgment, and the safe handling of enormous forces and masses.



MOVING THE SUBWAY TUNNEL STRUCTURE.

ART IN PUBLIC WORKS.

AQUEDUCTS—WATER-TOWERS—POWER-HOUSES—RESERVOIRS—BRIDGES.

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER.

PICTURES BY JULES GUÉRIN.

IT is true that in connection with our public water-supplies there lingers a deal of obtrusive ugliness which calls for betterment, but the welcome fact remains that under public ownership this service has developed the first eminent examples of civic art in the country. In our oldest cities they date back to the very beginnings of water-supply undertakings in the first half of the last century, and their development along lines of art has continued down to the present day.

Probably the main reason for this is to be found in the fact that enduring construction has been absolutely essential in such work. Hence the most lasting of structural mediums, solid masonry, has been employed. The most enduring has likewise been the most economical, and the tendency to artistic expression was reinforced by the circumstance that engineering considerations constantly required the employment of one of the most beautiful of structural forms—the arch. Hence the aid of architecture was almost involuntarily invoked by the engineer. Consequently in our waterworks we have some of the first examples of genuine architecture in the United States. In proof, we have only to look to such superb monuments as the famous High Bridge, which carries the Croton Aqueduct across the Harlem in New York; the constructions for a similar purpose in connection with the Boston waterworks across the Charles River; the imposing Cabin John Bridge of the Washington waterworks, with a greater span than any other stone arch in the world; the picturesque grouping of the Philadelphia waterworks buildings by the riverside in Fairmount Park, with their suggestion of classic temples; the noble old Beacon Hill reservoir, one of the best pieces of architecture in Boston, demolished to give place to the unworthy State House extension; and the less impressive old New York reservoir in Bryant Park, its demolition, likewise after an outlived usefulness, giving less cause for regret by reason of the great Public Library now rising upon the site. Chicago and other lake cities also present some notable monumental construction in connection with their waterworks, those of Detroit, in particular, offering an example of costly memorial architecture as the gift of a wealthy citizen.

The water-towers, or "stand-pipes," so commonly connected with waterworks, suggest exceptional opportunities for monumental effects in public-service architecture. Their location, usually either on some prominent eminence or on the shore of a river or lake, has the advantage of commanding sightliness, while their function demands proportions that make them genuinely tower-like in aspect. In the cities on the Great Lakes there are some stately water-towers. The first structure of the kind that was built in Boston, the old Roxbury stand-pipe, though of brick painted white, is of graceful minaret design, and from many points of view its gleaming shaft is a picturesque feature in the landscape.

Unhappily, the iron age has its most uncompromising boiler-shop manifestation in connection with these structures. In many populous sections they have thus become one of the most obtrusive disfigurements of the landscape, instead of the adornments that they might easily be made. Structurally these stand-pipes are enormously elongated steam-boilers. As ordinarily erected, they have the effect of gigantic lead-pencils thrust into the ground, looming black against the sky, and cutting hideous gashes in the scenery. One of the most discreditable examples of the sort occurs in the very wealthy Massachusetts shore town of Swampscott, where a private corporation, instead of the municipality, supplies the water. Indifferent to all esthetic considerations, the company defaces one of the fairest landscapes on the coast with the huge cylinder that it maintains in the neighborhood of a beautiful public beach.

Were the lead-pencil analogy continued in

relation to these stand-pipes by placing uppermost a semblance of the sharpened end, instead of the blunt end, the effect in the general scene would be greatly enhanced. In other words, the addition of a conical roof, at no great extra cost, would thereby transform the upright cylinder into a sightly tower. This facile improvement has been realized in various instances. A very conspicuous example of it exists in the Massachusetts town of Reading, where the stand-pipe, seen from a distance at the end of the lake, makes an accent of picturesque strength in the landscape. To be sure, the absence of anything like architecture is betrayed on coming nearer at hand. But the offensiveness passes with a treatment that illustrates how easily it is possible, at times, by little more than a mere touch, to convert ugliness into beauty. The general effect of the construction, from a distance at least, is thus made a pleasing one.

When these stand-pipes are incased in masonry they acquire a truly monumental character. An object of indispensable utility may thus become a noble landmark, as impressive in its way as the tower of a great cathedral. With particular appropriateness, therefore, may a water-tower be made a public memorial. Should a municipality have occasion to erect a stately monument, or should some wealthy citizen or native of the place desire to perpetuate the memory either of himself or of some one held dear, scarcely anything more fitting or impressive could be selected. A simple shaft of good proportions could not fail to be imposing, and its decoration might be as elaborate as the means provided would allow. Were the site suitable to the purpose, such a tower might be made a feature of a town or city hall, or other public building. Merely as an ornament, the tower of a building has little excuse for being; the money spent upon it might to far better advantage be devoted to other purposes. But when it meets a great public use, its grandeur is enhanced by association with a purpose other than ostentation. Such water-towers may also please the public eye with the outlook they command, thus serving a recreative function.

Other structures of public utility, such as the power-house for a municipal lighting-plant, or the pumping-station for the water-works, may likewise be given monumental character. A tall chimney is commonly a necessary feature of an industrial edifice, and in these buildings it is possible to treat the chimney in a way that would entirely relieve it of any commonplace or factory-like suggestion. A notable instance of this kind is to be seen in one of the service-buildings for the metropolitan bathing-establishment of the Greater Boston park system at Revere Beach. The building was designed for laundry and other purposes, and the high chimney was incorporated with a campanile-like tower that makes a delightful element in a stately group of civic architecture on the water-front.

The reservoir is a waterworks feature that esthetically has been more neglected than the aqueduct. Yet it preëminently demands such consideration, repaying most richly any pains that may be taken. In constructing a water-supply reservoir on a large scale, and often on a small scale as well, it is customary either to impound the waters of a river, or dam up some valley and turn a river into it. The course followed is that taken by nature when, by glacial action or otherwise, she molds the topography of a region to make a lake. The lake that man makes is likewise formed along natural lines; its contours, as the water-level meets the varying slopes to fashion the shores, are precisely the same as when nature models them. There are hundreds of ponds made by man that cannot be told from nature's handicraft except at the dam. Indeed, the streams of New England often owe the greater part of their natural charm to the action of man in modifying their flow with frequent intervals of slack water, giving keener pleasure to the eye and creating opportunities for aquatic pleasuring that otherwise would seldom exist.

When it comes to the construction of public water-supplies, engineering traditions have been responsible for ignoring this natural factor, and even doing violence to its proffered friendliness, by making the shores of these storage and distributing basins as artificial in appearance as possible—stripping the banks of their mantle of trees and shrubs and giving additional nakedness of effect to the shore-line by walling or riprapping the margins. Fairly revolutionary, therefore, was the course of the Metropolitan Water Board for Greater Boston, in its planning of the magnificent new water-supply, when it was decided to take the best possible advantage of landscape opportunities in constructing its great storage basins, its distributing reservoirs, and in its other operations. The board was guided by the enlightened view that, with trifling additional cost, these works might be made to perform a twofold service, contributing

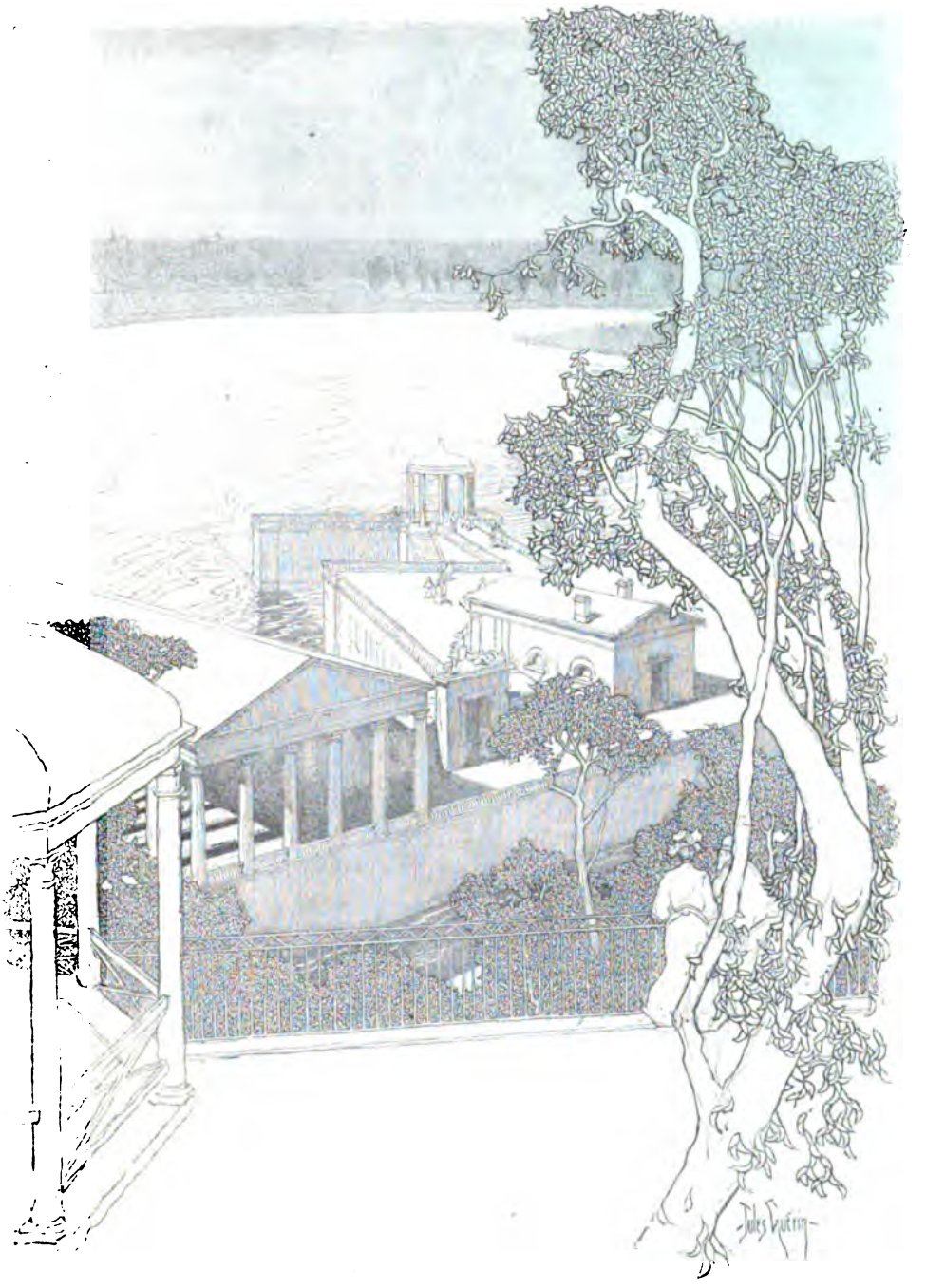
greatly to the pleasure of the public by very largely meeting the same purposes for which public parks are specially created. When it was decided to convert historic Spot Pond, in the heart of the great metropolitan park reservation of Middlesex Fells, into a distributing reservoir, the water board sought to avoid all possible harm to the essential beauty of that public domain, the three thousand acres of which had been devoted to recreative uses only a few years before.

The motive for stripping the margins of water-supply reservoirs proceeded from the desire to avert injury to the quality of the water by the dead leaves that might fall into it. But Mr. Frederic Law Olmsted, Jr., under whose direction the landscape problem at Spot Pond was dealt with, pointed out that, since the rainfall so universally ran over the leaves covering the ground on its way to the woodland brooks that contributed on all sides to a water-supply, virtually no effect whatever would be produced by the comparatively few leaves that fell into a reservoir from the trees and bushes on its banks. Therefore the landscape treatment was made thoroughly natural. The necessities of the case required a radical transformation of the pond. The result, however, was an enhanced charm, making a vast improvement over the former appearance of the celebrated piece of water, beautiful as it had been. The excavated material was disposed in gentle undulations that simulated the modeling of the countryside by natural processes; new islands, already tree-clothed, were created where topographical contours suggested them at the lifted level of the water; the woods were left at the margins of the pond; new plantations were made; new prospects were revealed; new vistas were opened up. In short, one of the most beautiful lakes in New England was the result of the change, adding enormously to the value of the water-scenery as a distinctive feature of the public reservation. The recreative resources of a great metropolitan population were thereby increased in a way that gives perennial joy to many thousands. According to usual precedents, a commonplace basin would have been made, but the cost of the work would have been very nearly the same, and a precious public possession would have been irretrievably mutilated. This work offers one of the finest examples of how, in a public enterprise, the taking of a little thought as to the possibilities of other services beyond the immediate purpose of an undertaking may prove invaluable in contributing to the common weal. Had such a course been pursued in the treatment of the large distributing reservoir in New York's Central Park, that piece of water would have become one of the foremost features of that pleasure-ground, and virtually an integral portion of it, instead of substantially diminishing the area of the park by the amount represented in the water-surface.

The same authorities, in the construction of a high-service reservoir in Middlesex Fells, pursued a like policy. Instead of building the customary formal earthwork affair,—a rectangular basin with sloping sides like a fortification,—a swamp among the ledges of the rock hills at the highest point in the region was selected for the site. The muck and other material was entirely excavated and was disposed in natural slopes over the concrete cores of the dams built at the outlets of the irregular basin thus formed. With these slopes covered with vegetation and the basin filled with water, a lovely hilltop lakelet was created, bearing no trace of artifice, and looking as if it had always been there, one of the most attractive features of the public wilderness.

An example of the contrary kind is that of the treatment of Fresh Pond in Cambridge. Originally a beautiful sheet of water, when it was converted into a distributing reservoir for the local water-supply system all landscape considerations were ignored. Therefore, although the recreative value of the place was recognized in the building of a pleasure-drive around the pond, the work was done so unintelligently that the original charm was obliterated. Finally the municipal authorities perceived the desirability of a public park at this point. Therefore the work of undoing the mischief, originally perpetrated with the best intentions, was entered upon; at a large expense the creation of a new landscape attractiveness for the spot has been taken in hand, for various radical reconstructions were made necessary by the ugly artificiality of the unintelligent engineering work. Had these considerations prevailed in the first place, the charm of the original landscape might have been preserved and enhanced at little or no extra expense in connection with the engineering operations; indeed, probably at a cost materially less than that of the work that at first was carried out to meet recreative purposes while ignoring the value of well-studied design.

In water-supply problems there are prob-



DRAWN BY JULES GUÉRIN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

THE PHILADELPHIA WATERWORKS, ON THE SCHUYLKILL.

This group of buildings at the pumping-station of the Fairmount waterworks, though characterized by the somewhat bare classicism of such architecture in this country in the middle of the nineteenth century, makes an uncommonly beautiful general effect, and illustrates the possibilities of monumental architecture in similar connections.

ably many instances—particularly in connection with distributing reservoirs—where a confessedly artificial style of treatment is unavoidable. In such cases, instead of naturalistic landscape methods the example of formal gardening should be looked to. Indeed, the very desirable qualities of formal gardening as a civic feature might, under

certain circumstances, best be realized with great economy in connection with the water-works. The geometrical basis of angular contours, set curves, etc., together with embankments, walls, and the like, would be supplied ready at hand by the engineering requirements of the case. It would remain only to give these elements artistic shape, modifying the scheme with suitable terracing, and providing the decorative gardening features desirable for the case in hand. For work of this kind prototypes might be sought in the Persian garden, with its quiet pools, or in the enchanting basins of the maharajas of India, established for water-supply or irrigation purposes and made features of beauty in connection with their palace grounds. It should be easily possible to make a splendid monumental feature of what ordinarily might be a bare, fort-like hilltop reservoir, providing hanging gardens on the terraced slopes, handsome balustrades, and majestic stairways, and, for architectural accents, pavilions overlooking the basin of mirror-like water and commanding wide prospects over the spreading landscape, pergolas, colonnades, sculptured groups, etc., all as elaborate as might be, or the whole made pleasingly simple merely with appropriate groupings of trees, flowers, and shrubbery. It is conceivable that along lines of formal



DRAWN BY JULES GUÉRIN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

THE METROPOLITAN BATHING-ESTABLISHMENT AT REVERE BEACH, GREATER BOSTON.

In this fine group of civic architecture a unique feature characterizes the building which is devoted both to a steam-laundry and to police headquarters. In connection with the great laundry for washing the bathing-suits, a high chimney was needed. This was combined with the tower of the building, making a fine structural feature.



DRAWN BY JULES GUÉRIN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

SPOT POND, IN MIDDLESEX FELLS, GREATER BOSTON.

An example of a great distributing-reservoir for water-supply, developed to resemble a natural lake of ideal beauty. When this historic piece of water was radically reconstructed for the metropolitan water system, particular care was taken to harmonize engineering requirements with the landscape character of the great public park reservation in which it lies.

gardening the filtration beds of a water-supply, or even those of a sewerage plant, might be given their own peculiar charm as things of beauty as well as of utility.

The bridge is a feature that so plainly invites beauty in design that something like deliberate intention to perpetrate ugliness seems to be implied when the invitation is not heeded. A bridge is so easily made attractive, its site is so prominent,—uniting water prospects with salient aspects of the landscape,—that few things architectural better reward any pains that may be taken, and few things are more capable of inflicting ugliness upon a community when the opportunities are disregarded. Yet the bridge is one of the most universally neglected and misused objects in the landscape of the United States. With masonry construction it is virtually impossible to make a bridge ugly. This is due to the arch, the lines of which, almost invariably, are essentially beautiful. Therefore, in the older portions of the country, like New England and the Middle States, there are not a few stone bridges which, however rough or rude their construction, form beautiful elements in the landscape. These are to be found wherever —before the iron age set in and "bridge-works" came into being—circumstances were such as to demand construction of an enduring character.

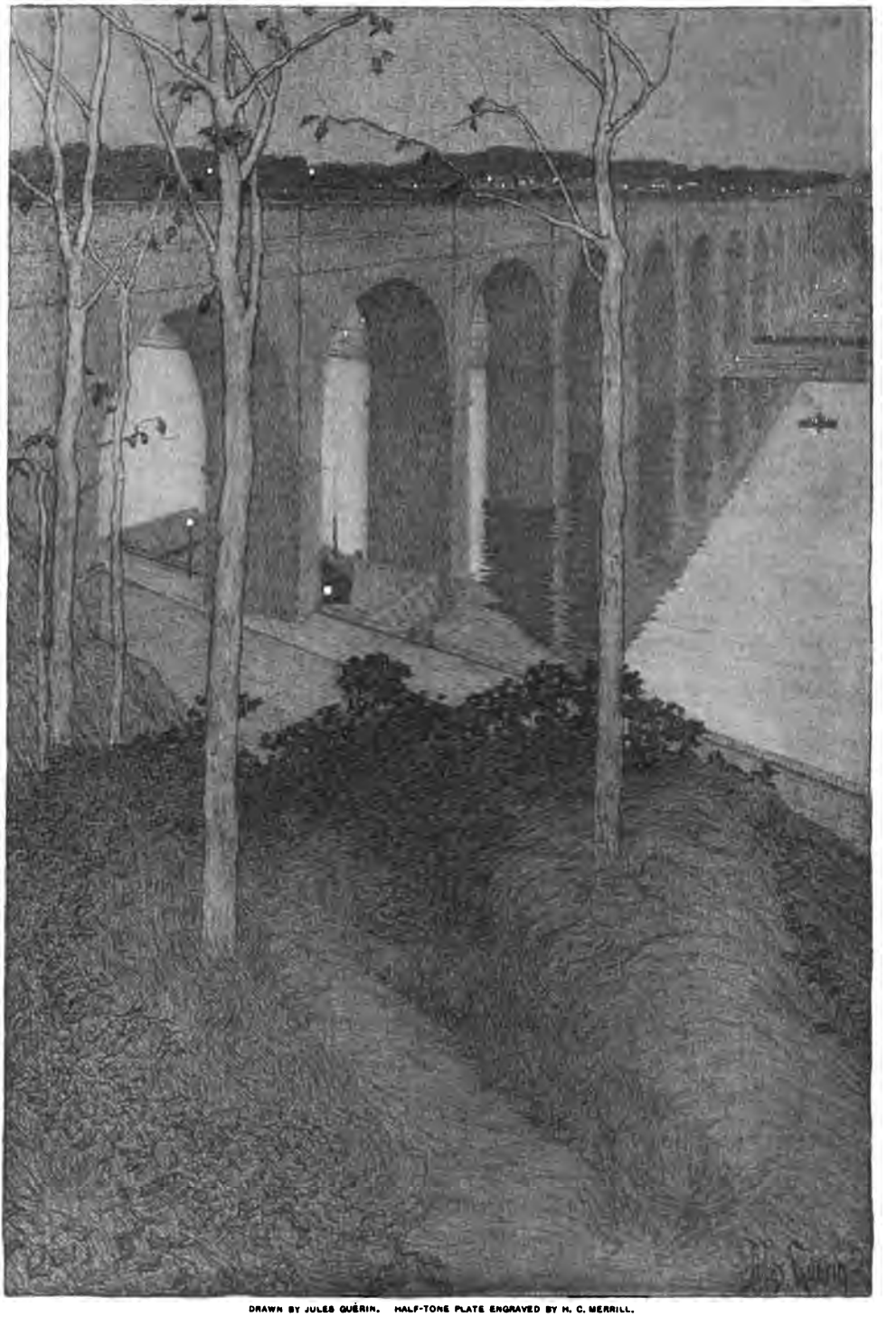
The cheapness of timber, however, made the wooden bridge the most prevalent form. Although these wooden constructions may often achieve a certain crude picturesque-



DRAWN BY JULES GUÉRIN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

THE EADS BRIDGE, ST. LOUIS.

The great bridge across the Mississippi River, as a combination of masonry and metal construction,— its broad arches of steel springing from colossal piers of stone,— is the foremost example in the United States of how inherent beauty of design may characterize an engineering work. It unites, in a "double-deck" structure, the purposes of a railway and a common highway bridge.



DRAWN BY JULES GUÉRIN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

HIGH BRIDGE, NEW YORK CITY.

This bridge, which carries the Croton Aqueduct across the Harlem River, was finished in 1848 and is still the noblest civic monument of its class in the United States. Its high arches spring from fourteen massive piers. Besides carrying the aqueduct at the level of the steep banks, it serves as a footway connection between the two shores.

ness apart from any suggestion of real beauty, they are usually baldly unattractive, and always suggest the provisional.

The pile bridges so common in many places, where they carry highways and railways across the salt water of estuaries and bays along the coast, are unmitigatedly repellent. Their appearance has well been likened to that of gigantic centipeds crawling over the water. Yet the Japanese show us that a bridge of wood can be graceful, if not substantial-looking. In the elevated pine-timber regions of central Mexico a very attractive and picturesque form of wooden bridge construction has also been evolved from local conditions.

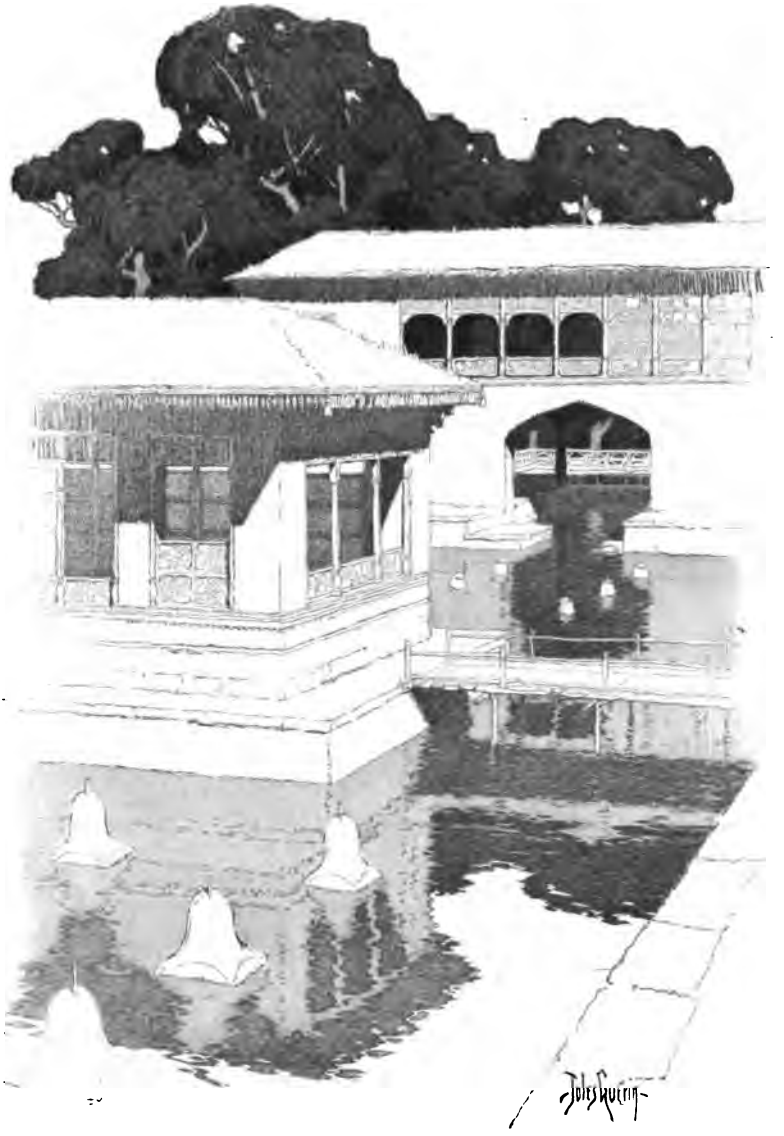
When bridges of iron and steel came in, an era of nightmare horror began that is responsible for the defacement of more beautiful landscapes in this country than can be laid to the account of almost any other one factor, except the advertising bill-board. It really seems as if our civil engineers must start out with the theory that those forms of metallic construction which are most offensive to the eye must necessarily be best adapted to conditions of strength and endurance. If this were the case, it would be contrary to experience with all other materials. That it is not the case is indicated by the many examples to be found in continental Europe. Almost everywhere in that part of the world metallic construction in bridge-work is marked by pleasing and graceful design. This is conspicuously true in Paris, for instance. The main fault lies with the lack of artistic training in the education of civil engineers in this country. A thorough course in design should be required in the engineering departments of all our great technical schools. The grand arches of steel construction between massive piers of stone in New York's noble Washington Bridge across the Harlem testify that good engineering in metal can be combined with good architecture.

Happily, our great railway companies are coming to the conclusion that stone bridges are far more enduring and trustworthy, and hence far cheaper in the end, than bridges of steel, as is virtually shown in the recent construction of what is said to be the longest stone bridge in the world—that across the Susquehanna River near Harrisburg. One of the oldest railway bridges in the country is the great stone structure in Massachusetts known as the Canton viaduct. With its tall, narrow arches, it is a beautiful and imposing feature in the landscape.

Stone is, of course, an expensive material to work with, but recent experience indicates that in bridge construction concrete offers a very economical, strong, and enduring substitute. Another form of masonry construction, combining lightness and strength, is the modern adaptation of the old Spanish methods of making arches and vaulting with layers of thin tiling—a form that should be as economical in bridge construction as in the interior work for which it is much employed, for example, in the Boston Public Library. With a general introduction of such methods, we may see a great advance in substantial bridge-building, comparable with the progress made in other lines of structural work.

We have only to look at the bridges of Paris, of London, of Berlin, to see that good bridges are the rule rather than the exception in European cities, and that eminent beauty and monumental character, as illustrated by some of the newest structures, are compatible with the latest achievements of engineering in metallic construction. On the other hand, when we look at our American cities, we shall see good bridges a rare exception. New York, for example, has but one good bridge of note, in the strict acceptance of the term—the Washington Bridge over the Harlem. The High Bridge, close by, is part of an aqueduct.

Chicago, whose river gives it a superabundance of bridges, outside of its parks has not a single one worthy of the name. Boston is another city of bridges, but most of these are inexpressibly mean affairs. In the parks, to be sure, Boston has many bridges of striking beauty, representing a remarkable variety in design. One—the Longwood Avenue Bridge, spanning the idyllic stream of the Riverway with a noble great arch—is for ordinary traffic rather than for park purposes. Some of the most deplorable of Boston's bridges cross the great channel which the railway tracks cut through the heart of the city. Of these, the Dartmouth Street Bridge in particular, hard by Copley Square and the Public Library and against the rich façade of the Back Bay railway station, is so aggressively offensive, with its steel truss-work of an excruciatingly distorted shape, that any expense would be justifiable to secure its replacement with something unobtrusively worthy of the site. But the tide in Boston appears at last to have turned toward the construction of good bridges. A handsome new bridge for combined parkway and ordinary traffic across the Neponset is one token of this tendency, but



DRAWN BY JULES GUÉRIN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

A SUMMER PALACE IN CASHMERE, INDIA.

A good example of the numerous summer palaces in Cashmere built by Shah Jehan for his wives. An example of monumental architecture in connection with a formally treated reservoir.

the most significant instance is that of the great new bridge to Cambridge under construction across the Charles River. Particular pains have been taken to give a monumental character to this bridge, which has received, prospectively, the name of the most beautiful in the United States.

The only other great bridge of monumental impressiveness in the country is the famous Eads Bridge at St. Louis, with its lofty height and its graceful arches of structural steel between massive piers of stone, a work that shares with the Washington Bridge in New York the honor of giving evidence on a great scale of how modern engineering principles are fundamentally compatible with genuine beauty in metallic construction. The charming Memorial Bridge in the beautiful old Connecticut town of Milford shows how finely the commemorative idea may be associated with such a structure. Monumental significance is vastly more fitting in a connection of this kind than with a useless "triumphal arch." The latter is a vainglorious type that can be made effective only with a vast expenditure, but in the bridge we have the arch employed in constant service to the community.



DRAWN BY BRUCE HORSFALL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

BADGERS AND THEIR HOLE.

CHAPTERS FROM THE BIOGRAPHY OF A PRAIRIE GIRL

BY ELEANOR GATES.

WITH SKETCHES BY BRUCE HORSFALL.

III. MY DAKOTA BADGER.

IT was the little girl who discovered that the badgers were encroaching upon the big wheat-field that stretched westward across the Dakota prairie, from the farm-house to the sandy bank of the Vermillion. In bringing the cattle home from the meadows one night, along the cow-path that bordered the northern end of the grain, she allowed several to stray aside into the field, which was now faintly green with its new sprouting; and as she headed them out, riding her pony at full gallop, she saw a fine shorthorn suddenly pitch forward with a bellow and fall. She checked her horse and waited for the animal to rise again. But it could not—it had snapped a fore ankle in a freshly dug badger-hole.

The shorthorn was a favorite, and, as befitted her good blood, carried across her dewlap the string of silver sleigh-bells that in winter-time tinkled before the pung. So the news of her injury was received with sorrow at the farm-house, and when, later in the evening, the little girl's big brothers went down to the field to put the heifer out of her misery, they vowed that the last feeble jingle of her bells should be the death-knell of the badgers.

They found that the burrowing host, driven out of their former homes either by an unlooked-for seepage or the advent of a stronger animal, had been attracted to the field because the harrow had so recently broken and softened the fallow, and they had dug so rapidly since the planting of a few weeks before that the north end, perforated every three or four feet, would be utterly useless, that year at least, for either the harvester or the plow. Each family had dug two tunnels that slanted toward each other and met at the nest; and since the tunnels of one family often crossed those of another, the ground was treacherously unstable. The outlying, unplowed land also bore, mile upon mile, marks of the ravages of an army of

badgers; but the north end of the wheat-field was the concentration camp.

The badgers had thrived in their new home, for on one side was a grassy rise where the eggs and young of the plover and prairie-chicken could be found, and on the other a gully led down to the sloughs, that yielded succulent roots and crawling things. The little girl's big brothers saw that the animals were so abundant that shot, traps, or poison would not avail: only a thorough drowning-out would rid the grain-land of the pest.

The attack was planned for the following day. It would be timely, since four feet beneath the surface were the newly born, half-blind litters that could be wiped out by a flood. Some of the old badgers would undoubtedly escape the deluge and get past the dogs, but they would be driven away to hunt other ground for their tunneling.

The next afternoon, when the farm-wagon, creaking under its load of water-barrels and attended by the dogs, was driven down to the badger-holes in the field, the little girl went along. Drowning-outs were exciting affairs, for the badgers always gave the pack a fine tussle before they were despatched; and she was allowed to attend them if she would promise to remain on the high seat of the wagon, out of harm's way.

When the team had been brought to a standstill on the cow-path, she watched the preparations for the drowning from her perch. Two holes were found that slanted toward each other. One big brother stationed himself at the hole nearer the wagon, armed with two or three buckets of water; and another guarded the farther hole, similarly armed. The pack divided itself, half remaining at each outlet, and barked itself hoarse with anticipation.

At last all was in readiness, and, at a word, the water was poured—bucketful after bucketful—down the tunnels. Then a big brother sprang to the horses' heads to prevent their running when the fight began, another jumped into the wagon to refill the pails and hand them down, and the dogs, leaping excitedly, closed about the holes. The little girl watched breathlessly and clung fast to the seat.

For a moment there was no sign of anything. Then suddenly from the nearer hole bounded a female, the refuse of her nest clinging to her dripping hair. Whirling and biting furiously on all sides, she growled in fear and rage as she defied the pack. There was a quick, fierce fight that was carried a rod before it ended; then, amid a din of yelping, the badger met a speedy death.

The little girl climbed down from the wagon and ran to the hole out of which the badger had come. From her seat she had spied a small gray bit of fur in the debris lying about it, and guessed what it was. She reached the hole none too soon, for the dogs, having been drawn off their prey, were coming back, whining and limping and licking their chops. She caught up the little, half-drowned thing and climbed hastily into the wagon again, as the pack, scenting it, pursued her and leaped against the wheels.

The baby badger came very near to going the way of superfluous kittens when the little girl's big brothers saw what she had, and was saved only through her pleading. She begged to keep and tame him, and promised to thwart any desire of his to burrow indiscriminately about the house and garden. So she was finally permitted to take him home, snugly wound up in her apron, and revive him with warm milk.

THE first time that he had seen the world he had viewed it from a subterranean standpoint, his birthplace being a round, soft, warm pocket far below the level of the growing wheat. True, his horizon had been somewhat limited, since the pocket was of small dimensions. Nevertheless, it was wide to him, and he spent several days in surveying the top and sides of his home with his weak little blinking eyes before he ventured to crawl about. Then it was necessary for his mother to lift him from his cozy bed in the midst of his brothers and sisters and give him a sharp pinch on the neck with her teeth to make him start.



BADGY.

It was when they were having their regular romp with their mother that the first indication of trouble had come. His father, who had been sitting at the mouth of the tunnel gossiping with a neighboring fox, had rushed down wildly to the little family and had fairly fallen over them in an effort to escape by the second tunnel beyond. The fierce barking of

the dogs was heard. Then the great flood of water had swept down upon them from both tunnels, lifting them all in a struggling, suffocating mass to the top of the pocket.

His mother, the instinct of self-preservation overcoming her parental love, had started madly for a tunnel, and, in swimming against the floating ruins of her nest, had pushed him before her up the opening and into the full light of day. There, blinded by the sunlight and exhausted, he had lost consciousness and had lain unnoticed, partly hidden beneath the feathers and grass that had made his bed until the little girl had seen him.

He rewarded her for his first meal by turning on his back with his legs in the air and grunting contentedly. He was of a grizzled gray color, soft, fat, clumsy, short of limb and thick of tail, and displayed, in spite of his few weeks, a remarkably fine set of claws on his fore feet. These he alternately thrust out and drew in, as she petted him, and curled up his long black-and-white nose. The little girl thought him the nicest pet she had ever had, and soon fell a willing slave to his wheedling grunts.

He was christened "Badgy," and spent the first month of his new life in a warmly padded soap-box in the farm-house kitchen.



GRUNTING CONTENTEDLY.

But by the end of that time he had outgrown the box, and, the weather being warmer, was given the empty potato-bin in the cellar. When he was big enough to run about, he spent his days out of doors. Early in the morning he was called from the bin by the little girl, who opened the cellar doors and watched him come awkwardly up the steps, ambitiously advancing two at a time and usually falling back one. After his breakfast of meat, bread, and milk, he enjoyed a frolic, which consisted of a long run in a circle about the little girl, while he grunted for joy and lack of breath. When he was completely worn out with play, he rolled over on his back and had a sleep in the sun.

Badgy learned to love the little girl; and it was found, after he had lived in the potato-bin for a while, that she was the only person he would follow or meet amicably; all others were saluted with a snarl and a lifting of the grizzled hair. So the household came to look upon him in the light of a worthy supplanter of the Indian dogs as a protector for her. He accompanied her everywhere over the prairie, keeping close to her bare feet and grunting good-naturedly at every sway-



BREAKFAST.

ing step. If they met a stranger, he sprang before her, his hair on end, his teeth showing, his claws working back and forth angrily. When a Sioux came near, he went into a perfect fit of rage, and not an Indian ever dared lay hands upon him.

It was this hatred for redskins that one night saved the herd from a stampede. Badgy had been playing about the sitting-room with the little girl and trying his sharp claws on the new rag carpet, when he suddenly began to rush madly here and there, snapping his teeth furiously. A big brother grasped the musket that stood behind the door, thinking that he had gone mad. But the little girl knew the signs, and, shielding him, begged the brothers to go out and look for the Indians that she felt certain were near. Sure enough, beyond the tall cottonwoods that formed the wind-break to the north of the house were the figures of a dozen mounted men silhouetted against the sky. They were moving cautiously in the direction of the wire cattle-pen; but as a big brother challenged them with a halloo and followed it with a musket-shot, they wheeled and dashed away, their ponies apparently riderless, which proved to the little girl's big brothers that the marauders were from the reservation to the west.



HIS MORNING NAP.

The summer was at its full and the wheat-fields of the Vermillion River valley were all but ready for the harvester before Badgy began to feel a yearning for his own kind and the freedom of the open prairie. Then he often deserted his little mistress when they were walking about in the afternoon, or sneaked away after his morning nap in the sun. The first time he disappeared she mourned disconsolately for him all day. But late in the afternoon, as she sat looking across the grain, waiting for him hopelessly, she forgot her loss in watching a most curious thing happening in the wheat. Away out in the broad, quiet field there was a small, agitated spot, as if a tiny whirlwind were tossing the heads about. The commotion was coming nearer and nearer every moment. Now it was a quarter of a mile away—now it was only a few rods—now it was almost on the edge. The little girl scrambled to her feet, half inclined to run, when out of the tall stalks rolled Badgy, growling at every step and wagging his tired head from side to side!

Often after that he did not come home until late at night, when she would hear him snarling and scratching at the cellar doors and creep out to let him in. Her big brothers at last warned her that there would come a day when Badgy would go never to return. So she fitted a collar to his neck and led him when she went out, and kept



HE GREW NOTICEABLY THIN.

him tied while he slept. This restriction wore upon him, and he grew noticeably thin.

One morning, after having been carefully locked in the cellar the night before, he did not respond to the little girl's call from the doors. She went down to the bin, half fearing to find him dead. He was not there. She ran about the cellar looking for him. He was nowhere to be found. She returned to the bin to search there again. As she looked in, she caught sight of a great heap of dirt in one corner. She jumped over the side and ran to it, divining at once what it meant. Sure enough, beyond the heap was a hole, freshly dug, that led upward and out!

The little girl sat back on the heap of dirt and pathetically viewed the hole. It was not that he would not come back: she knew that he would. But he had made her break her promise that there was to be no burrowing.



RESTING.

She resolved to say nothing about the hole, however, and, after closing it completely with a stone, started off on the prairie in search of him, his chain in her hand.

When she came back late she found him in the bin and gave him a good scolding. He answered it with angry grunts, and she locked him up supperless. But it was probably no hardship, for he was an adept in foraging for frogs and water-snakes.

He was in his place next morning and came scrambling to the cellar doors when she opened them. But the following morning he did not answer her call, and she discovered, on going into the bin, that there was a second big heap of dirt near the first. She plugged the hole, resolving, as before, to keep his misdeeds a secret.

For six weeks this alternate digging and plugging went on. Sometimes Badgy burrowed himself out in one night, sometimes he would not succeed in reaching the top by the time the little girl called him. And since he emerged under cover of the vacant coal-shed and kitchen that were built against the house as a lean-to, his depredations were not discovered by any others of the family. Once, indeed, he was nearly caught, for he came out directly in front of the kitchen door. But judicious trampling by the little girl soon reduced the soft pile of dirt he had left at the opening to hard ground again.

One day the little girl's mother found that a spool of thread dropped on the north side of the room rolled to the south side. She pointed out the phenomenon to the little girl's big brothers. They declared that the south foundation must be giving away. An investigation from the outside led them into the shed, where they found the ground perforated with countless holes. Then they went into the cellar to examine further. There the phenomenon was explained and

the culprit brought to light. Badgy had undermined the house!

The little girl waited in the garden for him that night and answered his grunt of friendly recognition by cuffing him soundly on the ear. Then, relenting, she took him in her arms and wept over him. Inside, she knew, they were plotting to kill him. They had declared that he should not live another day. And, as she sobbed, her mind was searching out a plan to save him. Where *could* she hide him?



She sat with him held close in her lap for a while, watching his enemies within. Then she started on a long detour with the new haystack as her destination. He kept close to her heels, snarling wearily. A few days before she had made a cave in the stack, which stood between the barn and the chicken-house. The cave was on the side nearest the coop, and she decided to conceal him in it and fasten him there by his chain. When she had found a stake-pin and a large stone, she led him in and drove the pin its full length to make sure that he should not get away. Then she went back to the house to secure his pardon from the family council gathered about the supper-table.



She found it a hard task. Her big brothers urged Badgy's total uselessness as well as his growing love to burrow, forgetting how bravely he had always stood between his mistress and any real or fancied danger. The little girl cried bitterly as she begged for his life, and vainly offered the entire contents of her tin bank, now carefully hoarded for two years, to help repair the damage he had done. She was finally put to bed in an uncontrollable fit of grief.

The memory of her tear-stained face, when she was gone, melted her brothers' wrath. They even laughed over Badgy's disastrous industry; and at last, relenting, they decided that he should live, provided he could be kept out of further mischief.

The little girl heard the good news early in the morning and was overjoyed. She declared that Badgy should be good for the rest of his days, and she spent the afternoon fixing up the new quarters in the cave.

For the first few nights Badgy was chained in order to wean him from the old to the new home, his chain being made so short that he could not dig far into the ground under the stack. This wore upon him, so that he grew cross, thinner than ever before, and generally disheveled. The little girl saw that another week of such confinement would all but kill him, while if he were shut up in the cave unchained he would undermine the stack. She feared, however, to give him his entire freedom, so she set to work to puzzle out a scheme that would solve the problem.

At last she hit upon an idea that seemed practicable: she would tie up his fore feet so that he could not dig! Then he could go unchained in the cave, with only the door of it—the top of a big dry-goods box—to restrict his movements. Aided by her mother's scissors, some twine, and a piece of grain-sacking, she put the idea into execution.

Badgy did not like the innovation at all. He squirmed about so when the little girl was tying up his feet that she made slow progress. And when she was done, he tried vainly to pull off his new stockings with his sharp teeth, grunting his disapproval at every tug. He worked himself into a perfect fury as he bit and tore, and finally rolled clumsily to the back of the cave, where he lay growling angrily.



Pleased with her success, the little girl left him. But she had failed to reckon with Badgy's nature, and her plan was doomed to failure.

It was now early autumn,—the time when nature tells the badgers that they must provide themselves with a winter retreat,—and Badgy could no more have kept from burrowing than he could have resisted eating a frog. So when the dark came on, he went to work, close to the door of the cave, burrowing with might and main, his long nose loosening the dirt for his fore feet to remove. He worked so fast that it was only a few minutes before his claws came through his stockings. Then he redoubled his efforts, and dug on and on and on.

Early in the morning, after having burrowed down for a time, then along a level,



IN REPOSE (FOUR SKETCHES).

and finally on an upward slant, as instinct directed him to do, he came through the crust of the earth. He climbed out of his burrow and sat upon his haunches at its mouth to rest a moment. As he did so, he heard a sound above him and looked up to



GRUNTING HIS DISAPPROVAL.

see what had caused it. Over his head were several perches on which sat a number of sleepy fowls. He was in the chicken-house!

He grunted in surprise, and at the sound one of the chickens uttered a long, low, warning note that awakened the others. As they moved on their perches, Badgy eyed them, twisting his head from side to side. The loose dirt clinging to his snout and breast fell off with his heavy breathing, and his stockings hung ragged and soiled about his front legs.

Suddenly there was another and a louder cry of danger from a chicken, following a slight noise near the door of the coop. Badgy looked that way to see what was coming, and through a hole in the sod wall made out the evil face of a mink, peering in. It came closer, and there were more cries from the chickens overhead, for they had recognized the approach of their mortal enemy. In a moment his long, shining body had come through the hole, and he had paused, crouching, to reconnoiter before making a spring.

Badgy watched him, his nose curling angrily, his claws working back and forth. Then as the mink crept stealthily forward, measuring the distance to a pullet, Badgy ambled toward him, snarling furiously, his teeth snapping and his eyes glowing red with hatred.

The fight was a fierce one, and the cries of the two animals as they twisted and bit aroused the whole barn-yard. The chickens set up a bedlam of noise, flying about from perch to perch and knocking one another off in their fright. But Badgy and the mink fought on, writhing in each other's hold, the mink striving to get a death-grip on Badgy's throat, while he tried as hard to rend the mink's body with his teeth and claws.

Suddenly in the midst of the struggle the door of the coop was thrown open and a man's figure appeared. The animals ceased fighting instantly, and the mink, letting go his hold, disappeared down the hole Badgy had dug. But Badgy only stared at the newcomer, and grunted a cross greeting as the light of a lantern was flashed upon him, sitting there crumpled and bloody.

Next morning, when the little girl went out to the haystack, she could not find Badgy. Instead, as she pulled aside the door that closed the entrance to the cave, a strange animal shot out and away before she could catch a glimpse of it. This puzzled her. When she went into the cave she found a great heap of dirt that troubled her still more. She saw that in spite of his stockings Badgy had dug himself out. She hunted for the hole that she knew would tell her where he had come through to the surface again, but she could not find it.



NOT ASLEEP.

She began to run here and there calling him. There was no answering grunt. She thought of the potato-bin, and flew to the cellar to see if he had not returned to his old home, but he was not there.

That night he did not return, nor the next day, nor the next. He had disappeared as completely as if the earth in which he had loved to dig had swallowed him up.



BURROWING WITH MIGHT AND MAIN.

Whenever she spoke of him in the house among the family, there was an exchange of glances between her mother and the oldest brother. But she never saw it—and it was just as well that she did not.

(Conclusion of these extracts from the Biography.)

DOWIE, ANALYZED AND CLASSIFIED.

BY JAMES M. BUCKLEY, LL.D.

WITH DRAWINGS BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK, MADE AT ZION CITY.

JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE is of current interest as a forceful personality, an ecclesiastic, an autocrat, a financier, and an anti-medicine faith-healer. While his followers adore him, the public is divided in opinion whether he is a calculating hypocrite or only a "smart" self-deceived adventurer.

THE PERSONAGE.

His personal appearance is striking; at the head of an army or as a celebrated surgeon, his figure, though of medium stature, would be imposing. His voice is clear and strong; his eye penetrating; his countenance, naturally stern, frequently lights up with smiles. His bearing in private is that of a gentleman; his official aspect that of a man born to command and incapable of following. His speech is forcible and occasionally ornate; his wit, according to his mood, is refined or coarse, his oratory impressive or grotesque. To his canny shrewdness as a Scotchman he adds the warmth of southern Italy, and the fountain of his tears overflows readily. In him physical endurance and mental activity are equal and extraordinary. As I saw during a two hours' conversation with him, occurring without previous appointment, all his mental faculties are under his control.

THE ECCLESIASTIC.

He is the founder and "General Overseer" of "The Christian Catholic Church in Zion." Prior to this he was an Independent minister in Australia. The basis of his theology is practically the ordinary doctrines of Christianity as taught by Scotch Presbyterians, with less emphasis on high Calvinism and more upon a personal Deity and a personal devil as factors in mundane affairs, including human beings, than in this age is commonly heard in Christian pulpits. By some he is spoken of as Elijah II; by others as Elijah III. Those who number him as the third count John the Baptist as the second, but he speaks of himself as Elijah the Restorer. Those who ridiculed him as claiming that the soul of Elijah is identical with his own did so without warrant, for he denies transmigration of souls, knows himself to be John Alexander Dowie, and is as proud of his ancestral tree as any member of the Society of the Cincinnati.

Dowie's solemn official declaration, in "Leaves of Healing," that he is Elijah the Restorer is as follows:

> The Messenger of the Covenant, Jesus tells us, was John the Baptist.
>
> John the Baptist, Jesus said, was Elijah.
>
> God said through the Prophet Malachi: "Behold, I will send you Elijah the Prophet before the Great and Terrible Day of the Lord Come." Elijah indeed cometh, said Jesus, and Restoreth All Things.
>
> These facts, therefore, logically require assent to the following:
>
> First. John the Baptist was the Messenger of the Covenant, and Elijah the Prophet.
>
> Second. Malachi and Jesus say that the Messenger of the Covenant and Elijah must come again.
>
> Third. If we are the Messenger of the Covenant, we must also be Elijah the Restorer.
>
> The Messenger of the Covenant and Elijah the Restorer, and That Prophet, of whom Moses spake, are all one and the same person.
>
> The Declaration that we are that person is either what those peculiar theologians . . . the Chicago Press declare it to be, a Great Blasphemy, or it is a Tremendous Fact of the utmost importance to the whole world.
>
> We have not assumed it.
>
> It has been imposed upon us by God himself.
>
> Had we been deceived in this matter then God would have deceived us. That is an impossibility.

He asserts that the exalted function he assumes was revealed to the more devout among his followers previous to his full recognition of it, though he confesses with complacency that inward intimations of his designation to great responsibility had already been received by him.

AUTOCRAT AND FINANCIER.

His autocratic spirit, a native endowment, is sublimated and intensified by his ecclesiastical assumptions; for those who admit

his claim to be the Restorer by divine appointment cannot deny him the right "to turn and overturn," condemn or commend, appoint or remove. His manner toward his followers, though such as would be intolerable to others, is suited to his headship and agreeable with their admissions; and none other could be, for his presence awes his people. The elaborate ceremonials when subjects approach their sovereign are artistic expressions of what Dowie's followers manifest in simpler forms.

His natural ability for finance was sharpened by business experience in Australia, and has been further developed by ten years of making both ends meet under strong pressure and against public and private opposition. He knows how to select and utilize bankers, lawyers, real-estate experts, bodyguards, and clerks, and has unusual skill in organizing.

It is obvious that his characteristics would have brought him into prominence anywhere; but his success in securing his special following results chiefly from his anti-medicine faith-healing theories and works. To the effectiveness of these his oratorical powers and, above all, his dominating spirit contribute much.

DOWIE "THE HEALER."

ANTI-MEDICINE faith-healing theories and healers had been in this country for many years before Dowie arrived. Among them had been at work William E. Boardman, a minister and author (founder of Bethshan —the Nursery of Faith—in London); Mrs. Mix, Connecticut's noted faith-healer; and A. B. Simpson, founder of various homes, "alliances," and an independent church. These all agreed in the non-use of medicinal means for the healing of disease. They all made—and those who survive make—as large claims of success as does Dowie, and their followers, convinced by various recoveries, accepted whatever doctrines were preached by those who "healed" them. Whatever their ostentation, none of these claim to be "healers"; they give God the credit and value themselves as teachers having unusual access to God in prayer. These admissions, however, do not prevent their votaries from conferring upon the agents such honor and submission as should be rendered only to the Divine Principal.

The reason such men get a hearing is rooted in the prevalent ignorance of human nature —especially of the latent powers in every constitution which remain almost to the very threshold of death, and the influence of mental and emotional states in stirring up those powers to eject or counterwork causes of diseased action, and to repair damage already done. What seems to them mysterious and even miraculous is regarded by those who have made a scientific study of human nature as liable to occur at any time.

EXPLANATION OF RECOVERIES.

THAT mental influences, even outside the realm of religion, have often been followed by recovery will be disputed by none. The charming away of warts, the removal of blood-diseases such as scurvy, the curing of scrofula—"the king's evil"—by the king's touch in hundreds of thousands of cases, and that whether the sovereign was legitimate or not, are as well authenticated as any facts in history. Such recoveries result in part from the direct influence of mental and emotional states, and in part from their stimulus to the latent vital force in the patient's constitution.

Nothing is better established than that mental concentration on a part of the body, with or without belief, can produce an effect favorable or unfavorable to health. That concentration *with faith* can operate efficiently in acute diseases, often instantaneously in nervous or functional diseases, or upon any condition capable of modification by direct action through the nervous or circulatory system, has long been an accepted tenet of medical science. These influences work wonders in diseases of morbid accumulation, such as dropsy and tumors. Rheumatism, sciatica, gout, neuralgia, certain forms of contracted joints, may, under the operation of the mind, suddenly change so as to admit of exercise, which exercise, added to the influence of the mental state, by its power over the circulation will work a permanent cure.

Many diseases are self-limited, and sufferers from them often recover with or without treatment of any kind. Well-directed suggestion greatly intensifies nature's efforts to reëstablish healthy conditions, and the presence and bearing of the healer and the "testimony" of others are powerful aids to all other favorable agencies. They are also effective in counteracting untoward influences.

Neither Dowie nor any other of these dispensers with natural means accomplishes more in the healing of the sick than pagans, spiritualists, or Mormons.

According to the New Testament,—the authority on which faith-healers rely,—Christ and his apostles made no distinction in diseases, nor between medical and surgical cases, "the maimed being made whole"; and they raised the dead. But these faith-healers cannot resuscitate the dead; neither can they give sight to those born blind, or hearing to those born deaf, nor restore a limb, an eye, or even a tooth; nor do they dare to promise help to surgical cases of gravity or intricacy.

Of diseases in which they seem most frequently to succeed many cases occur which they cannot in the least degree relieve. Often the "cured" patient relapses and the devotee dies from what he had testified that he had been cured of by God in answer to the prayers of Dowie and his own, supported by a faith that threw away dependence on medicine. Confirmation of these statements I published in THE CENTURY several years ago, and hundreds of instances have since come to my knowledge.[1]

Facts prove that in the practice of the best and even of average conscientious physicians recoveries in proportion to the number of patients and diseases are far greater than among these claimants to special divine aid who refuse to use means. The work of the great hospitals, that receive many almost *in articulo mortis*, gives an immense proportion of recoveries, and they discharge many after operating upon them, or treating them for a few days or weeks, better than they have been for years; the record of deaths, with their causes, is kept; each post-mortem sheds light to guide in similar cases.

SPECIMEN FAILURES.

THE numerous failures of Dowie do not discourage his votaries. One of my friends, a lady of culture and great intellectuality, known throughout this country and loved wherever known, was afflicted with cancer unmistakable and incurable, and having tried medicine and surgery, went to Dowie's institution in Chicago. I attended a service in his church, which was decorated with crutches and surgical appliances left by those who imagined themselves cured. The night was tempestuous, and Dowie had sent a substitute. The building, ordinarily crowded, contained but two hundred persons; but I saw among those who had come from Dowie's institution this lady. How wistfully she followed the remarks of the preacher, how intent and prayerful she seemed! I knew that nothing short of a miracle equivalent to a resurrection from the dead could save her. While buoyed with hope, she seemed to herself to be better: but the malignant disease steadily progressed; she returned to her home and in a few weeks died. Yet just before that event she wrote to a friend: "I do believe that if I had remained a few weeks longer with Brother Dowie I should have been cured."

In the home maintained by Dowie I attended a meeting for healing where consumptives and sufferers from other wasting diseases were brought in almost with the damp of death upon the brow. The services were nearly as lifeless as were those who hoped to gain life from them. Several of these died within a few days. I conversed with one who had twice, in as many years, been under Dowie's superintendence without improvement. Yet she maintained her faith in that "great man of God." Her daughter said to me, "Mother clings to this belief, but we know too sadly that she is near her end."

Even the recent tragic death of Dr. Dowie's daughter does not lessen the ardor of his people. His power of assertion, his devotional manner when not in raging controversy, his seeming success in various remarkable cases, his apparent financial prosperity, hold them; and his readiness to explain his daughter's death by a misapplied passage of Scripture and the implication that it resulted from disobedience to him have strengthened rather than weakened his grasp.

DOWIE'S CHARACTER AND EVOLUTION.

HIS consuming ambition, insatiable love of power, intense self-consciousness, grasp on money and property, vigorous suppression of individuality, commercialism, luxurious way of living, and wholesale entrance of his Zion into real-estate speculation and manufacturing contrast strangely with John the Baptist and with Elijah the great prophet. Reason must first be paralyzed, faith drugged, and this done, it would still seem too large and abnormal a conception for open-mouthed credulity to believe that the Christ of the New Testament should choose the evolver and center of such a flamboyant mixture of flesh and spirit to be the Restorer and his special forerunner. If Dowie believes it, he is in the moonlit borderland of insanity where large movements of limited

[1] See Dr. Buckley's volume, "Christian Science, Faith-healing, and Kindred Phenomena."—EDITOR.



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SALE-DAY AT ZION CITY LAND OFFICE.

Arrival of prairie-schooners from the West and of crowds to attend the sale of lots.

duration have sometimes originated. If he believes it not, he is but another impostor.

The probable genesis of the Dowie of to-day is this: Beginning his public career with the sincerity and simplicity of the ordinary Christian, he passed into fanaticism, made claims which he believed, but, confronted with failures, he sophisticated his conscience and reason to explain them. Lured by ambition, self-confidence, and love of power into great enterprises which made large sums of money necessary to him, he was obliged to manipulate men, and his shrewdness became cunning. Intoxicated by increasing prosperity, he has come, without divine authority, to believe himself God's special messenger. In that character he judges, denounces, condemns all who do not accept him, and rules his followers with a rod of iron.

HYPOTHETICAL FORECAST OF HIS FUTURE.

WHAT will be the future of Dowie, his Zion and its enterprises?

None can foresee the end or the achievements of a vigorous and healthy crank or of an astute and plausible impostor, especially in religion.

Dowie has created a constituency which bows at his behest. The large majority of his devotees are ignorant, of the very class of which the bulk of the supporters of every fanaticism in religion and politics consists. Of the remainder many are only half educated and half trained, with large imagination, eccentric mental operations, love of being regarded odd and out of conceit with existing churches. These are the class which are liable to support fanaticism in pseudo-science and extreme variations of theory, and when not caught by a phase of dogmatic religion, they run after the last fad in occultism. Many of both classes are drawn by the fervor of Dowie's meetings and the spiritual power evinced by his sincere devotees; for, outside of his eccentric doctrines, he preaches sound morality and Christian principles. The drawing power, however, is his promise of healing, and though he loses the confidence of some who see how grossly exaggerated are his claims and how many of the recoveries are transient and how large the number of his failures, others who remain in health will adhere to him still. Belief in a superstition ever lulls the critical faculty to sleep. Dowie's recent



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A NEGRO CONVERT.

performances, however, have opened the eyes of many of this sort.

Of, by, and for his adherents he is building a city, of which he will be supreme dictator, and in which, for an indefinite period, will remain an atmosphere favorable to his attempts to heal. Should he die soon, his enterprises will languish and his society decline. If his life be long, a crash of some kind may reasonably be expected before he dies. Should his "lace industry" fail, his real-estate speculations and banking operations become involved, and his business credit be destroyed; should he become conspicuously invalided; should an unmanageable contagious disease invade his city; or should he lose his reason, his enterprises will collapse, the number of recoveries will diminish, and the pompous name of John Alexander Dowie will be added to the long list of spiritual megalomaniacs. Should he live long and prosper to the last, it will be upon the proceeds of his commercial speculations, wherewith he can surround himself with retainers, while the spiritual part of his Zion will languish. At present it consists for the most part of well-meaning people who are by no means to be spoken of with contempt, though they may be regarded with pity—a sentiment due to every honest fanatic.

RATIONAL FAITH VERSUS SUPERSTITION.

IT is not, when *in extremis*, the praying to God by men who believe in him, to heal themselves or their friends, which stamps them as fanatics.

For the mind can influence the body toward health or disease, and God has constant access to every mind. Hence by increasing the invalid's hope or diverting him from pernicious attention to his symptoms, and by insensibly affecting the train of ideas in the minds of physician and surrounding friends or foes, the ever-present God may, without contravening any visible ordinary method of cause and effect, promote recovery. Nor can any prove that God never does interfere directly, though beyond human ken, between natural cause and effect.

But it is the fact that faith-healers of this type claim that to obtain healing from God they must refuse the use of the natural means which he has provided, which shows them to be superstitious, and imprints upon their foreheads the name FANATIC.

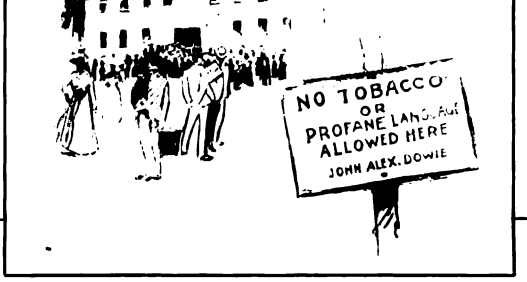


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THE HALT AND THE BLIND: WAITING FOR DOWIE.



A REPORTER.



SHILOH TABERNACLE, ZION CITY.



A TYPE.

JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE: THE PROPHET AND HIS PROFITS.

A STUDY, AT FIRST HAND, OF "A MODERN ELIJAH."

BY JOHN SWAIN.

WITH DRAWINGS BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK, MADE AT ZION CITY.

THE American people has always shown a remarkable willingness to listen to the voice of the Lord, spoken through the lips of whatsoever prophet; and tested by the outward evidences of prosperity, the Reverend John Alexander Dowie, Messenger of the Covenant and Spirit of Elijah the Restorer, appears as a very Goliath among his kind. For Mr. Dowie, who is prophet of prophets for the nonce, has succeeded in a decade of self-exploitation in Chicago in lifting himself from obscurity and comparative poverty, through seasons of prosecution and persecution, noisy riots, and impressive ceremonials, to the absolute leadership of a church numbering, he claims, a hundred thousand souls, and to the lime-lighted prominence of the multimillionaire. Mr. Dowie, in fact, does business on a modern method: he is an organizer, a combiner, a man of deft touch, who picks up a doubtful prophetical enterprise, puts it square on its feet, places himself at the head of it, and appropriates as his fee the greater part of the profits accruing from the enterprise. The power of Mesmer, the doctrine of the faith-healing Newton, the imagination of the born real-estate speculator, and the financial daring of the trained promoter, all are combined by Dowie into a figure which, with a persuasiveness which is all his own, he convinces his followers is that of a Hebrew prophet brought down to date. Exercising all these united faculties, he has convinced the ailing that they are well; he has bought with their money an enormous tract of land; he has induced them to buy it back from him with more money; and he has gone there to live with them, and rule over them, in a city that, in his rôle of prophet, he declares is the New Jerusalem, the center of the new kingdom of God on earth, for which he, as Elijah, is to prepare them, but which to the practical men of the Northwestern Railway and the national postal service is only the boom town of Zion City, Illinois.

Divested of his mantle and other accessories, Dowie is, in fact, a Scotchman, a former minister of the Congregational Church, a faith-healer, and the General Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion (John A. Dowie, owner and proprietor). Possessing all the usual characteristics of the first three of these, and being the only example we have yet had of the fourth, he is susceptible of ready analysis and examination. He has a long head for business, a canniness that passes belief, and a bump of acquisitiveness that recalls at once the fate of Mark Twain's three Glasgow Jews, who could not get car fare to escape from Scotland. He has implicit, unquestioning faith in God, a tendency to believe that too large a share of this world's

good things cannot come his own way, and another tendency toward finding the hand of God in all that pleases him and the unconquerable force of the Adversary in all that does not. He has a piety that is not cant, and a sincere goodness (when he is uncrossed) that wins the love of all who become intimate with him. As a faith-healer he has a power which, with the present slight understanding of such phenomena, approaches the marvelous, and which, by virtue of hypnotism, telepathy, or some subtle suggestion, actually does relieve great numbers from pain. As head of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion (it is as General Overseer that he is almost always referred to by his followers), he possesses the most autocratic power it is possible to wield in this republic, having absolute spiritual and temporal sway over all who believe in him. In his city of Zion, which is the capital of the world to the "Dowieites," he is supreme. Wherever an adult male Dowieite is, there is a vote to be cast as Dowie directs. Wherever a dollar is in the pocket of a Dowieite, there is ten cents that belongs by right to Dowie, and ninety cents more that he can have if he really needs it, as he often does. Wherever the cross and crown of Zion are found, there no alcoholic beverage or tobacco is used, no pork or oysters or drug is consumed, no card game played, no profanity is heard; for these things Dowie, as General Overseer, has tabooed. Moreover, he is plain John A. Dowie, citizen of Illinois, a very human man, and one well worth studying and knowing.

Dowie was born in Edinburgh fifty-five years ago, and lived there, an ordinary Scotch boy, until he was thirteen years old. Then his parents removed to Adelaide, South Australia, and took him with them. He was not a remarkable young man. He studied hard under his father's direction, and acquired the straight-lined religion of his Scotch parents. Adelaide was very provincial in those days, but it was booming. Dowie went to work in a store as clerk,—"mercantile pursuits," he now says he followed,—and supported himself as other young men do for seven years. All that time he was studying and laying the foundation for an education. When he was twenty years of age he was wise enough and rich enough to go back to Edinburgh and study for the ministry. Theologically, he clung to the strict letter of the Scriptures, and saw in himself and his fellow-creatures a personal and watchful Deity who struggled over them with an awful creature called the devil, to the end that some were saved to endless life with their Maker, while others helplessly fell into the terrible clutches of Satan. He devoured Newman, and fairly committed to memory the writings of other leaders of the day. He went through the theological halls, and from them, in 1872, he went back to Australia ready for his ordination, which took place at Alma that year. He was at once called to the Manly Congregational Church at Sydney, and began to make himself known.

Naturally a strong speaker, a man of earnestness and power, and with a tremendous list of authorities always ready for citation for everything he knew, he did not fail of success. It was only a short time before he was placed in charge of the denominational Collegiate Church at Newtown, near Sydney. Dowie loves to tell of that time. He tells, with that unction with which the egotistical and the consciously clerical love to relate stories favorable to their own self-esteem, how when Archbishop Vaughan—"brother of the cardinal, you know"—came to take the assistant leadership of the church in Australia, under Archbishop Polding, and on his arrival made a bitter attack on the Home Rule party, which was then dominant, no one was considered strong enough to furnish the reply but Dowie. He was therefore asked to do so, and accordingly preached a sermon which, he says, so confounded Vaughan that that worthy prelate withdrew his own address from the book-stalls, where it was on sale, and never mentioned it again. In fact, so successful was Dowie, he tells me, that Sir Henry Parkes offered him the Ministry of Public Education for New South Wales. "And there was no condition attached to the offer, either," says Dowie, "except, of course, that I should get a seat in the legislature, which he was able to guarantee as a certainty for a certain constituency. But I never for a minute considered the acceptance of the seat or the portfolio."

By this time Dowie had begun to find in the literal observance of the Scriptures several departures from the courses sanctioned by custom for human living. One of these was the practice among clergymen of collecting salaries for preaching the Word of God. With success in his own pulpit assured him, and apparently with every prospect for early advancement, Dowie resigned charge of the Collegiate Church in 1878, and announced his intention to devote himself to evangelical work. Since then he has never accepted pay for preaching, but has de-



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DOWIE AS "ELIJAH THE RESTORER."

pended for his support entirely on free-will offerings. Moving from Sydney to Melbourne, Dowie built a tabernacle for his own use, and became a "popular" preacher—popular in the sense that he preached to the people at large, not that he chose topics of momentary popularity. He studied his Bible even more closely to find in it the passages which seemed to direct the work of the Evangelists. There was one in the sixteenth chapter of St. Mark that specially impressed him:

Afterward he appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat, and upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them which had seen him after he was risen. And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.



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HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

That became the central thing in Dowie's religion. In the beginning it was the first part of the word of Jesus that he thundered forth from the pulpit of his tabernacle: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

That was old doctrine, and Dowie, with the power of the zealot, put it into living words. "If the first is true," said he, "so is the rest. 'These signs shall follow them that believe; . . . they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.'" Dowie believed. He laid hands on the sick, and the sick recovered.

At first it was only in a small way; but when he found that he could successfully cure his wife of headache, or, as he prefers to put it, that God cured her upon Dowie's laying on of hands and praying for her, he was ready to try whatever case was brought him.

When he believes a thing, Dowie proclaims it loudly, without hesitation. So he promulgated his new doctrine. He collected into his library all the works against medicine that he could find, and studied them for material with which to attack the doctors. He sought far and wide for instances of apparent faith-curing that he could cite. He got into communication with other believers in divine healing, and at last he founded the Divine-Healing Association. He took into it men and women twice as old as he both in years and in the cult; but he made himself president, absorbed their ideas and their experience, and became the head and front of a live movement both in Australia and in New Zealand.

That was where he became a leader. The desire for leadership is born in him. He can no more follow than a fish can walk. Put Dowie under the leadership of no matter how vigorous and enthusiastic a worker in the divine-healing field, and he would at once see endless flaws in the arguments which he himself now advances, and would chafe and worry until he broke away entirely and placed himself at the head of a new branch.

Dowie was now expanding. He was still a young man, but he had grown in a few years from a biblical student to a minister; from a denominational minister in a small town to a popular preacher in a great city; from that to the leadership of a cult, with authority all through the island continent and its vicinity. He determined to visit England, where he already had many correspondents, and to build up, from London as a center, a following through all the English colonies. He might have done so had he not, in his journey thither, come across America, and found the people of this country eager recipients of every form of "new thought."

He organized the International Divine-Healing Association, absorbed his smaller concern into it, and appointed himself president. He proposed his trip to London as a missionary venture for the new concern, collected revenue to pay his way, and took as

well what he had saved in Melbourne (where the Lord had provided bountifully), and came to San Francisco. He worked up and down the Pacific coast for a while, drifted eastward, and in 1890 arrived in Chicago and set up his tent at Western Springs, a suburb of the city. For two or three years he traveled extensively, organizing centers of the Divine-Healing Association, and arranging for a flow of funds from them to the Chicago office.

That was another display of shrewdness. Had Dowie come directly to Chicago, set himself up as a prophet, and begun to speak, he would have been classed at once with the host of similar speakers who line State street on a Sunday night. He would have preached there till his means were exhausted, perhaps would have founded a small sect, and remained its obscure director. But he went out first to get his campaign fund. He had long ago established among his people in Australia that invaluable adjunct of such a business as his, the tithing habit. He found sufficient authority for this in Scripture, and he was able to persuade his new converts that as regards obedience this law of God was as important for salvation as any other. These tithes at first amounted only to small sums; but Dowie worked industriously, and they increased until he was able to build from them a small wooden tabernacle in Woodlawn, Chicago, near the World's Fair gate.

All this while Dowie's power over his people had been growing greater, and so had his self-confidence. He was coming to stand between them and the Word of God; he was becoming what he is to-day, a theocrat. He had this very distinctly in mind in 1893, when he opened the doors of his "little wooden hut," as it was called, and summoned the people of all nations to hear him expound the law. He preached day and night, seven days a week; and when he was not preaching he was laying hands on the ailing. Thousands came to hear him; hundreds of thousands must have crowded into the "little wooden hut" during the months of the World's Fair. Sometimes more than a thousand persons came in a week to have his hands laid on them to cure disease, and by hundreds of these his praises were sounded not only in Chicago, but all through the country. His success was not limited to cases of hypochondria. With a faith equal to that displayed at the shrine of Ste. Anne, pilgrims came on crutches and went away whole. Paralytics were borne in on litters, and literally "took up their beds and walked." If Dowie, coming as an unassuming man, had performed such cures and had gone away, Chicago would have remembered him reverently. But Dowie was not unassuming.



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ZION CITY WORKMEN AT PRAYER.

On the contrary, he seized upon every one of these cures as a direct testimonial from God, and advertised it as such. Back of his pulpit he built decorations of crutches and braces "snatched from the devil," and with these he worked on the minds of the easily led, and especially on those of the visitors from Oriental countries.

It was at this time that Dowie, to borrow a slang phrase, "made himself solid" with the Chinese and other Asiatics. Missionaries can preach salvation to these people till

their throats give out, and tell over and over again the stories of Bible miracles, without producing a fraction of the effect on the Oriental mind brought about by Dowie with the apparent cure of a single paralytic and the display of a hundred crutches. That is magic to them that even their own great



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A YOUNG ENTHUSIAST IN THE CHOIR.

men cannot excel, and the power that works it is to be propitiated.

While working on these people in this way, Dowie discovered another great truth of the simple-minded. He learned that, like the boys who painted Tom Sawyer's fence, the heathen appreciates what he has to pay for. The missionaries had a free salvation, which they urged as a gift. Dowie assured the heathen that only on the regular payment of tithes could they even hope to share in the blessings bestowed by the power that worked this wonderful magic. The down-trodden, tax-ridden heathen chose cheerfully to pay up and be saved. The close of the year 1893 found believers in Dowie scattered through the world, and tithes flowing in generously even from Cathay.

Since then his progress has been very rapid. The year 1895 found him the target for city ordinances and prosecution. It developed what the faithful, familiar with every day in the recent life of their leader, love to refer to as "the year of persecution." In that time he was arrested on no fewer than one hundred occasions for violating ordinances regarding care of the sick. He was taken from his bed, from the dinner-table, from the pulpit; but always when he arrived at the station-house he found means of getting bail, so that he was never locked up. When fines were assessed against him, he took appeals, and before the year was over he had spent twenty thousand dollars in lawyers' fees and court costs. But he defeated the ordinances and won his cases, and the advertising was worth the money.

All this while Dowie had been working under the apparent authority of the International Divine-Healing Association. Now, however, he sought a new organization more readily capable of central control, and which would hold his people easily together. He formed the Christian Catholic Church in Zion, and appointed himself General Overseer, a position which carries with it not only spiritual direction of the church, but absolute control of its resources as well. The numerous branches of the old association, now numbering hundreds and found in every State, were promptly changed into Zion churches, and their leaders became elders under appointment by Dowie.

Marvelously Zion grew. St. Paul's Church, a big structure, was secured for a tabernacle and was quickly outgrown. Central Music Hall was used for a time, and then the Chicago Auditorium was turned into a Sunday meeting-house. Rain or shine, he is able to call into that hall five thousand persons every Sunday. With his knowledge of the working of the ministerial mind, Dowie had been able to persuade many clergymen of the correctness of his interpretation of the Bible, and he numbered many of these among his prominent followers. Their familiarity with church organization now came into account in forming the many departments needed to carry on the work of Zion. A missionary corps called the "Seventies" was among the first formed, a mysterious band that goes two by two from house to house through whatever city they are assigned to, carrying the "literature" of Zion, and pleading for Dowie. A college for Zion preachers was started, which is flourishing. A school for Zion children and a training-school for "maternity deaconesses" followed. Charitable institutions on a large scale were established—a "Home of Hope for Erring Women," and various others. Selfish

in his greed of power though Dowie may be, he devotes to these charities much time and thought and large sums of money.

Dowie had already established a publishing-house. He now made it a branch of the church, and began to issue several periodicals. At present most of his followers get their news of the world entirely through the publications of the church. He established branch publishing-houses in London and Australia. He turned his attention to the more strictly financial side of the church, and organized the Zion Bank, John Alexander Dowie, owner and proprietor. The Zion Bank is the typical Zion business institution. It is in reality a private bank owned and controlled by the prophet—so much so that when the State legislature recently appointed a committee to investigate it, Dowie was able to hold the committee at bay, and to force its recall under threat of a damage suit if it went ahead. Yet the Zion Bank has stockholders. Its capital is subscribed by an unincorporated association. Its stock is nothing more nor less than Dowie's personal note guaranteeing interest. Stockholders have no vote and no right in the bank, and have no security except Dowie's honor. There is no limit on the stock, and Dowie, when he needs money, can and does sell shares as long as he can find purchasers, without being compelled to consult the association. The faithful are urged to bank with Zion.

But Dowie's progress, even in this time of prosperity, was not devoid of trouble and painful incidents. His appearance in public was the signal for rioting and disorder. He went down to Hammond, Indiana, for a lecture, and was mobbed in the streets. He advertised to deliver a lecture on "Doctors, Devils, and Drugs" to the medical students of Chicago, and did so, though three thousand of the students were there, with ill-smelling chemicals, dead cats, stones, and loud voices. Dowie got away under police escort, and two platoons were required to clear the way to his carriage. In Mansfield, Ohio, his elders were mobbed weekly, so that Dowie nicknamed the town "Devilsfield." For protection Dowie organized the Zion guards, a corps of sturdy yeomen, to go wherever he went. But the trouble was so continuous, and the Chicago authorities showed so great a disposition to bring him before the grand jury on a charge of malpractice whenever his patients died, as they unfortunately did at times, that he began to see reason for getting out of Chicago. He called the faithful to his aid, organized the Zion Land and Investment Association on the lines of the bank, and collected enough money on his notes to enable him to purchase six thousand acres of the finest land in Illinois, on the shore of Lake Michigan, forty-two miles



DRAWN BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK.
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSELER.

DR. SPEICHER, OVERSEER FOR CHICAGO.

north of Chicago. There he lives to-day, in the midst of his people. His land cost him more than a million and a quarter of dollars. He purposes to dispose of it on long-term leases for about fifteen millions. He already has five thousand followers there, and more are coming every day.

Dowie the organizer came to the front again in the founding of the new city of Zion, and this time in a way that has won the admiration of many thousands who had hardly given Dowie the faith-healer a serious thought. In the first place, his success in getting possession of so large and compact a tract of land where he did was considered remarkable by real-estate men. But Dowie had it all under option before any one knew who was after it. Then, knowing that to found a city an industry was needed, he determined to start there an enterprise which could hardly fail to be successful, which might be capable of indefinite extension, and which should be unique in the country, thus stamping its product everywhere as "Zion-made." He found the enterprise he needed in Nottingham, England: it was a lace-factory.

There is a curious story about that lace-

factory. It was owned by Samuel Stevenson, an intensely religious man. Stevenson believed in faith-cure, and held meetings at his own home to practise it, but without much success. He heard of Dowie, and wrote him a long letter, with a casual mention of lace-making. Dowie replied with an equally long letter—some eighteen hundred words—and a similarly brief mention of lace-making. In a short time Stevenson, the professional lace-maker and amateur faith-healer, had sold his plant to Dowie, the amateur lace-maker and professional faith-healer. A lawsuit grew out of the sale, in which each claimed that the other was trying to beat him, and each found a public willing to believe his contention. Dowie had called in from the faithful $440,000 with which to purchase and establish the lace-factory; Stevenson asked $50,000 for his plant, and then sued for additional payments. He settled out of court for $175,000, and went home to England rich beyond his wildest dreams, while his brothers stayed to show Dowie how to make lace. Dowie had brought over many other lace-makers to work for him. He got them in to establish a new industry, and, having them in, he locked the gate behind them. There is a sixty per cent. tariff on such lace as he makes, and there are no competitors this side of that wall. There is no wonder that Dowie's followers look with admiration and with hope at the acres of brick buildings that now house the lace-works, or that they are ready to turn over their savings to him to use in founding similar enterprises. Dowie plans to extend the lace-works by adding spinning and weaving mills and founding a large textile industry. He will have in Zion a fine laboring population, sober and industrious, and composed largely of stockholders in his industries.

Up to the time of founding his city Dowie had held over his people merely such authority as he was able to claim as head of their church and interpreter of the gospel. His chief power over them was the love they bore him. This, which I have not made plain hitherto, has been an important factor in all of Dowie's progress. Though in the pulpit he is a man of intemperate language and given to violent outbursts of anger, out of his robes he becomes one of the most lovable men it has ever been my good fortune to meet. Gracious without condescension, loving a joke, yet always treating his caller seriously, he draws under the influence of his personality nearly every one with whom he comes into direct relations. Such a love for the central figure in a church organization is strong enough to hold it together, especially when backed up by the knowledge that to anger Dowie is to be thrust out of Zion.

A city, however, cannot be so controlled. Dowie, in founding it, needed some stronger power to sway his people. This he found in the mantle of prophethood. He wrapped himself in it before opening his great land sale. He announced from his pulpit in the Chicago Auditorium that he was the Messenger of the Covenant, the Spirit of Elijah the Restorer. Acceptance of this as truth was made a requisite of membership in the Church of Zion, and the Zionite who had acknowledged that Dowie was the personal representative of the Deity had, therefore, no ground left on which to refuse to obey him in any contingency. Dowie's people did not object to accepting this declaration. Instead, they gloried in it. Many of them had long urged it upon their leader.

It was in Melbourne, where he had many admirers, that he got the idea that he was the prophet foretold by Malachi. One day, after preaching an unusually strong sermon in which he had harped upon the idea that the kingdom of God would be restored upon earth and that all must prepare for it, an enthusiast said to him:

"Why, you must be Elijah the Restorer."

"Tut, tut, man!" said Mr. Dowie. "Never breathe such an idea to me again."

But he did not dismiss it so easily from his own mind. He did not then believe that he was Elijah, but he thought about being Elijah, and mentally stiffened himself up, and took on added dignity and authority in his tone and bearing, as if trying to live up to the part. Much of his success has been due to daring, and I think much of the daring has been due to the possession of this idea. At any rate, the notion stuck in his mind. After he had become prominent in Chicago, the Australian visited that city and again suggested it to him. Dowie talked it over with some of his elders, and they were delighted to think that this man whom they reverenced and loved might be something greater than even they had suspected. So, before he opened his city, he announced that he had had a conviction that it was true, and that God had sent him upon earth to prepare for the second coming of Christ. He was not Elijah reincarnate,—he carefully avoided that suggestion,—but he claimed to speak in "the spirit of Elijah," which to his people meant the same

thing. Forthwith, having become a prophet, he prophesied that the new city in which he was about to sell them lots would become the capital of the world, the starting-point of the restoration, the city from which God would personally direct the affairs of his kingdom when he should take charge. This event was even said to be a matter of very few years, perhaps not more than twenty-five.

This is Dowie to-day—a small, bald-headed, pleasant-faced gentleman, stout, well fed, and possessed of a pair of keen eyes that pierce through whomsoever looks into them. Having started his enterprises, he works for them with his whole mind, and often, so he tells me, spends twenty hours of the twenty-four at his work. He has thirty-eight departments in his church, and supervises them so closely that not even in the lace-works is an item of more than five dollars allowed to pass without his personal audit. He speaks many times each week to his people in a temporary tabernacle which seats six thousand people, and which is usually crowded. He leads meetings at all hours. And regularly he collects the ailing together, and lays hands on them and "restores" them. There are already two large hotels full of people who have gone to Zion to be near the healer.

This sanatorium business has always been an important factor in Dowie's progress. He began in 1893, when he opened a "Divine Healing Home," which was in reality nothing more than a boarding-house in which there was much praying. Every morning he gathered the inmates, and preached and prayed with them and laid hands on them; and every week Mrs. Dowie collected the board money. There was no extra charge for the prayers; for, like some other faith-healers who have gone before him, Dowie maintains the rule of never charging for his services as mediator between the ailing and the Source of Health. He insists that not he, but God, accomplishes the cure. But his recompense flows in from those whose gratitude leads them to send checks and cash to the man who directed them to this "true way." These checks are sometimes very large, but in no case does Dowie allow them to be presented to him as fees or as his due. They must always come as free offerings of gratitude and good will.

With all his persuasiveness, with all his power of organization, Dowie could never have attained his present position had he not accomplished much in this line of healing. Cures certainly have followed his minis-trations, as, in susceptible cases, they always have followed and always will follow the conviction on the part of the ailing that the ailment has passed away. Gladly convinced that such healing is the will of God, the patients come to him with their minds made up for just this impression. The reaction that follows his command to "be whole" is quick, and certain of quick result. We do not yet entirely understand this control of the body by the mind: until we do, such men as Dowie will be able to persuade many that there is a supernatural element in it.

There is, for example, the case of the daughter of Mr. Charles J. Barnard, manager of Zion Bank and financial head, under Dowie, of all the Zion institutions. The story was told to me by Mr. Barnard, who is an educated gentleman of quiet and refined manner, a consistent Christian, and was formerly a member of the Presbyterian church of Oak Park, Illinois. He had for twenty years been employed by a national bank of Chicago, and was its head clerk.

"Six years ago," said he, "my daughter was twelve years old. She was a sweet child, and my wife and I were devoted to her. She became afflicted with curvature of the spine. It progressed, in spite of physicians, until her head was drawn far back and she was in constant agony. We called in many doctors and surgeons, among the latter consulting the most eminent in the country, and were told by all that there was no hope for her. If she lived, she would be a cripple for life.

"Any father or mother can easily understand our grief when we were told that. We determined to move heaven and earth to have her cured. We investigated every means of healing that we could learn of—Christian science, osteopathy, and everything else. At last we heard of some one who had been cured by Dr. Dowie. We determined to listen to him. We did so, and after long study of the Bible became convinced that he was right and that God was willing to heal all who believed in Jesus. We believed; so did our daughter. We went to Dr. Dowie, and he laid hands on her and prayed. Instantly her pain departed from her, and to this day it has not returned. Her back became straight, and she is to-day a healthy, happy, and entirely well young woman, and the joy of our hearts. Understanding that, is it any wonder to you that we follow Dr. Dowie with undying love, and obey his wishes even before they are uttered, if we can guess them?"

Deacon Peckham, cashier of the bank,

had a similar experience in his family. Mrs. Peckham was excruciatingly ill in their Indiana home, where her husband was bank cashier and deacon in the Baptist church. Her ailment was diagnosed as an ovarian tumor, and many physicians treated her for it without success. As in the Barnard case, Dowie was tried as a last resort. The Peck-



DRAWN BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY G. M. LEWIS.

AN ENGLISH LACE-WORKER.

hams went to Chicago, and listened to Dowie at a public meeting. They went to a cure meeting, and saw what appeared to be marvels worked before them, and Mrs. Peckham was convinced that she could be cured in the same way. She was removed to the Zion Home, and there Dr. Dowie prayed over her and laid hands on her.

"You will hardly credit it," says her husband, "and I would not if I had not seen it, but the swelling of the tumor was so reduced that night that I could put my two fists in the slack of her waistband. A hollow appeared where the swelling had been. The tumor was dissolved, and my wife was permanently cured."

Peckham went back to Indiana, and, remaining in the church by Dowie's advice, spread the doctrine of divine healing among its members. He built up a colony of them, all remaining under the shelter of the church until a new pastor came who told them they must give it up or get out. They chose the latter alternative and withdrew, forming a branch church of Zion, and contributing their tithes regularly to Dowie.

In both of these typical cases it will be seen that the common elements of cure by suggestion were present.

If Dowie's cures have made him, why have not his failures unmade him?—for Dowie has failed in many instances. If God will cure, why does he not always do so when the ailing believe? It is true that most of those who come to Dowie have "suffered much of many physicians and have been nothing benefited" (a favorite quotation of Dowie's). Cases of consumption, tumor, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, whether rightly or wrongly diagnosed as such, are brought to him as a last resort. If he cures such cases, the marvel is for all to see; if he fails, it is only to be expected. For those willing to believe that is a ready excuse; but for the less credulous Dowie has still a reason. It is not true that God is all-powerful. If he were, there would be no evil in the world. Disease is evil, and so is death. These things are the work of a real, live, active devil, who is fighting God at every turn. When a person has not absolute and unquestioning faith in God, the devil gets control of him. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." And if one does not believe with one's whole mind and without trace of hesitation, he is apt to go the devil's way.

This is not to be construed as meaning that the unbelieving spends the next life with the devil. That question is to be considered entirely aside from the problem of dying. There was, for instance, the case of Mrs. H. Worthington Judd, one of Dowie's most noteworthy failures. Mrs. Judd was a conscientious Christian worker, a woman with the respect and admiration of all who knew her. She had brought her husband into the church, getting him first to hear Dowie, and then letting the power of the latter win him away from the Masonic order, and from an overfondness for drink and other bad ways. Mrs. Judd was expecting confinement. She sat on the grass and caught cold. Taken with sudden pains, she sent for a maternity deaconess and later for Dr. Dowie. Prayers were offered for her, but her agony increased, and at last she died. Dowie and others were held by the coroner's jury as responsible for her death, and the grand jury made an investigation. Surgeons testified that there had been no confinement, but that a hemorrhage of the brain had caused death. The case was one impossible of cure to modern surgery and medicine. Under a doctor's care Mrs. Judd must have died. They could only

have prevented her suffering by the use of drugs. So the jury released Dowie.

But if impossible to doctors, why so to God? That was a question the ever-ready newspapers asked of Dowie. And his answer was ready. The cure of Mrs. Judd, ardent Christian worker, was impossible to God because she helped the devil by lack of faith. It was an easy explanation to make, and the faithful accepted it. I have not yet encountered any man capable of successfully contradicting it. "If one has not sufficient faith, God cannot cure him. Mrs. Judd had not, and she died," says Dowie. "How do you know she had not?" one asks. "Because she died." Unable to believe that Mr. Judd would hold such an opinion, I applied to him.

"Yes, it is true," he said sadly. "Only the day before she told me she feared she would not live long. She did not fully believe that God would cure her. She had not faith. The devil was too strong. Death, you know, is his, and Revelation says it is the last thing Christ will conquer."

In many other cases Dowie has failed to keep members of his flock alive. In some instances the law has stepped in and demanded an investigation, but always Dowie has been proved blameless. There was a Mrs. Flanders who died in childbirth, but Dowie showed that the blood-poisoning set in after his elders had been driven away by her husband. A woman from South Chicago, who was badly burned, "did not wish to live," and starved herself to death in Zion Home. But the greatest misfortune of all was the recent death of Dowie's own daughter Esther, aged twenty-one.

Miss Esther Dowie was a student at the University of Chicago, and was her father's favorite. In May of this year she arose early one morning to prepare for a breakfast at which, as the representative of her father, she was to welcome the young Booth-Clibborn, coming to make a report upon the Dowies, which, if favorable, would induce his parents to leave the Salvation Army for Zion. The event was an important one, and Miss Dowie, a comely young woman, prepared with care. She lighted an alcohol-lamp and was curling her hair, when the wind blew her nightdress into the flame, and before help could come she was badly burned from head to foot. She lingered in agony all day. Dowie and his elders prayed by her bedside, and at last Dr. Speicher, a licensed physician who has embraced Dowieism, was allowed to apply vaseline and bandages. It was found that Miss Dowie had inhaled flame, and that night she died. Yet before she died she begged her father's forgiveness for sinning, and sent word to his people to obey him carefully, lest death come to them also. For one of Dowie's strictest commandments is against the use of alcohol in any form, and he had repeatedly forbidden her to use it in the lamp. In that moment Dowie was supreme. His people in all lands sent messages of condolence and of renewed love to



DRAWN BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

DOWIE USING THE PRAYING-MACHINE.

him, and reverently accepted Esther's message. And Dowie, with tears streaming from his eyes, and with a heart almost broken, stood beside her body and prayed, not that God would help him to persuade his people that there was a rational excuse for failure to cure the young woman, but that he would forgive Esther, who had sinned against him. The death caused great grief in Zion; but the failure to cure caused not a ripple of questioning, though in Chicago it was thought it would destroy Dowie's power.

Another frequently used excuse for inability to cure is the patient's failure to tithe. Every Dowieite must contribute to the church a tenth of his increase, and this tenth is rigorously looked after. The whole amount is something enormous; yet no account of it is rendered by Dowie except to say to his people that it is all spent in the service of the church, and that for his personal living he depends upon the free-will

offerings of his people aside from tithes. It is well to add that all his enterprises are part of the church, so that whatever he puts the money into, all comes under that head. But the tithes are paid willingly by his people, and indeed one does not wonder at that so much when one understands some of the factors that combine to make the tithing habit a pleasant one.

In the first place, Dowie cuts off the tobacco and liquor bills, among the heaviest that the American people pay. He forbids card-playing and theater-going, and encourages outdoor games and cheap recreations. He directs his people strictly according to the scriptural ritual for clean living. He cuts off all doctors' and drug bills, including the patent-medicine bills, which eat into the incomes of thousands of people. He convinces the ailing that they are well, and sends them cheerfully about their tasks. By a combination of all these things the Dowieites find themselves experiencing a spiritual and physical regeneration that other less militant churches would do well to study. Prosperity naturally comes to such an eager, clean, industrious people. Added to that, Zion works for Zion, so that the efforts of each increase the prosperity of all. Dowie is easily able to persuade his followers that out of all this well-being they should give him, in custody for the Lord, at least a tenth. If they are not convinced, he thrusts them out of the church, Zion's support is withdrawn, and the bad debtor is eager to get back by paying up in full.

Zion believes that Dowie is a prophet; Chicago believes that he is a "fake." I believe him to be sincere; yet I must admit that he uses all the methods of the charlatan. He possesses a clock stamping-machine. When he receives a request for prayer for the sick, he puts it in this machine, and stamps it, for example, "Prayed May 10, 3 P.M. John A. Dowie." If the patient gets better about that time, he has a record to show what did it. When he receives a request from a man, say, in Boston to pray for a sick wife, he calls up the husband, or, better yet, the wife, on the long-distance telephone, and prays before the receiver, in order that the effect of his words may be felt. In his spare moments he preaches and prays into a phonograph, reproduces the records by a new invention he has recently secured, and advertises that his followers in far-off Australia may now hear his voice conducting services, at so much a service to defray the cost of making the record and forwarding it. He controls a well-known photographer, and has had a lens made large enough for life-size portraits, and has such a picture of himself. In addition, he has a photograph of himself for every time he turns about, and puts one on every periodical or pamphlet that he sends out. He has a robed choir of several hundreds to draw attention to his tabernacle, invests everything he does with impressive ceremonials, drives behind fine horses, lives in style, and can be seen only on special appointment. He advertises as a testimonial a letter from a woman in Indiana who sent him a dollar she earned by scrubbing floors, though she was in sore need herself. He is already planning for his monument a reproduction of the temple of Solomon.

THE UNLEAFED BEECH.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

IF any say that Beauty parts from thee
When frost and wind thy summer honors steal,
Stand forth, O beech, that such an one may see
Beauty as great thy leafage did conceal!

Lo, thou, the West Wind's lithe antagonist,
Art quick to strife, but when his force is spent,
As in a garment meshed of autumn mist
Thy branches sleep in silver-gray content.

By all the crowning summers thou hast shed,
By all thy well-fought winters, dauntless tree,
Drop benisons upon thy lover's head,
And share thy strength, thy grace, thy hope, with me!



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"THE UNLEAFED BEECH." (STOWE, VERMONT.)

DRAWN BY C. M. TABER.



ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF FROM A PAINTING BY GILBERT STUART, IN POSSESSION OF MRS. THOMAS McKEAN, PHILADELPHIA.

CHEVALIER D'YRUJO.

(THE CENTURY'S SERIES OF GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF MEN.)

A SPANISH OPPONENT OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE.

CHEVALIER D'YRUJO.

BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

IN THE CENTURY for June, 1898, I gave, as the third of Stuart's Portraits of Women, that of Sally McKean, Marchioness Yrujo, and said: "Stuart painted two portraits of the Marchioness d'Yrujo and two of her distinguished husband; but whether the pictures are different, or one merely a replica of the other, I am unable to say, one of each being in Spain, and one of each in the possession of Mr. Thomas McKean of Philadelphia, a great-grandnephew of the marchioness." Subsequently I learned that Stuart had painted three portraits of each of them, and recently, through the courtesy of the Duke of Sotomayor, who owns two of them, in Madrid, where his sister also possesses two, I have received photographs of these paintings which show that each is a different and original portrait, those of the marchioness appearing to be even finer paintings than the one reproduced, while I should give the preference to the American portrait of the marquis, reproduced in this number, and which is one of Stuart's most exquisite works.

Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, an excellent authority, once said of this portrait: "A more attractive youthful head was never put on canvas, and no painter who ever lived could have shown more spirit in the pose or more vitality in the audacious glance of the eye; while the daring expedient of relieving the head and the brown velvet coat against a background of cloud-flecked blue sky has resulted in a singular freshness and charm of color." The portrait is actually buoyant and exuberant with life, characteristics not lost in Mr. Wolf's admirable engraving.

Señor Don Carlos Martinez d'Yrujo y Tacon was born at Cartagena, Spain, December 4, 1763. He was educated at the University of Salamanca, entered the diplomatic service, and arrived in Philadelphia, the seat of government, June, 1796, as his Catholic Majesty's envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the United States. At the inauguration of John Adams, the following March, a contemporary described the minister as "of middle size, of round person, florid complexion, and hair powdered like a snowball; dark, striped silk coat lined with satin, white waistcoat, black silk breeches, white silk stockings, shoes and buckles. He had by his side an elegant-hilted small sword, and his chapeau, tipped with white feathers, under his arm." William Cobbett, under his pseudonym of Peter Porcupine, libeled the minister, calling him, whom he nicknamed Don Yarico, "a fop, half don and half sans culotte"; for which the Spaniard sued him, but on the trial before Chief Justice McKean, the Chevalier's father-in-law, Cobbett was acquitted.

In 1803 he was ennobled, being created Marquis en Casa Yrujo. He is thus described by Henry Adams: "Proud as a typical Spaniard should be, and mingling an infusion of vanity with his pride, irascible, headstrong; indiscreet as was possible for a diplomatist, and afraid of no prince or president; young, able, quick, and aggressive; devoted to his king and country; a flighty and dangerous friend, but a most troublesome enemy; always in difficulties, but, in spite of fantastic outbursts, always respectable." The marquis protested strongly against the Louisiana purchase, on the novel ground that we had bought stolen goods of which Spain was the rightful owner. He subsequently made strong opposition to the purchase of Florida, which culminated in an open quarrel, and the recall of the marquis was requested by this government. He left Washington, but a few months later returned, when he was requested by the Secretary of State to withdraw. To which he replied: "I intend remaining in the city four miles square in which the government resides as long as it may suit the interests of the king my master or my own personal convenience." The marquis remained in this country, by way of bravado, for nearly a year, when he was sent to Rio Janeiro, as envoy to Brazil. Later he was minister at Paris, and then became First Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He died of apoplexy, in Madrid, January 17, 1824. He had three children, born in America. The representative of the family is his grandson, the present Duke of Sotomayor.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

BUST OF THE CARDIFF GIANT.

THE CARDIFF GIANT.

THE TRUE STORY OF A REMARKABLE DECEPTION.

BY THE HON. ANDREW D. WHITE.

IN the autumn of 1869 the peaceful valley of Onondaga, in central New York, was in commotion from one end to the other. Strange reports echoed from farm to farm. It was noised abroad that a great stone statue or petrified giant had been dug up near the little hamlet of Cardiff, almost at the southern extremity of the valley; and soon, despite the fact that the crops were not yet gathered and the elections not yet over, men, women, and children were hurrying from Syracuse and from the farm-houses along the valley to the scene of the great discovery.

I had been absent in a distant State for some weeks, but on my return to Syracuse, meeting one of the most substantial citizens, a highly respected deacon in the Presbyterian Church, formerly a county judge, I asked him, in a jocose way, about the new object of interest, fully expecting that he would join me in a laugh over it; but, to my surprise, he became at once very solemn. He said: "I assure you that this is no laughing matter; it is a very serious thing indeed. There is no question that an amazing discovery has been made. I advise you to go down and see what you think of it."

Next morning my brother and I, in a light buggy drawn by a fast trotter, were speeding through the valley to the scene of the discovery. As we went we saw more and more, on every side, evidences of enormous popular interest. The roads were crowded with buggies, carriages, and even omnibuses from the city, and with lumber-wagons from the farms. In about two hours we arrived at the Newell place, and found a gathering which at first sight seemed like a county fair. In the midst was a tent, and a crowd was pressing for admission. Entering, we saw a large pit or grave, and at the bottom of it, perhaps five feet below the surface, an enormous figure, apparently of Onondaga gray limestone. It was a stout giant, with massive features, the whole body nude, the

limbs contracted as if in agony. It had a color as if it had lain long in the earth, and over its surface were minute punctures like pores. A special appearance of great age was given it by deep grooves and channels in its under side, apparently worn by the water which was flowing in streams through the earth and along the rock on which the figure rested. Lying in its grave, with the subdued light from the roof of the tent falling upon it, and with the limbs contorted as if in a death-struggle, it produced a most weird effect. An air of great solemnity pervaded the place. Visitors hardly spoke above a whisper.

Coming out, I asked some questions, and was told that the farmer who lived hard by had discovered the figure when digging a well. Being asked my opinion, my answer was that the whole matter was undoubtedly a hoax: that there was no reason why the farmer should dig a well on the spot where the figure was found; that it was convenient neither to the house nor to the barn; that there was already a good spring and a stream of water running conveniently to both; that as to the figure itself, it certainly could not have been carved by any prehistoric race, since no part of it showed the characteristics of any such early work; that, rude as it was, it betrayed the qualities of a modern performance of a low order.

Nor could it be a fossilized human being; in this all scientific observers of any note agreed. There was ample evidence, to one who had seen much sculpture, that it was carved, and that the man who carved it, though by no means possessed of genius or talent, had seen casts, engravings, or photographs of noted sculptures. The figure in size, in massiveness, in the drawing up of the limbs, and in its roughened surface, vaguely reminded one of Michelangelo's "Night" and "Morning." Of course the difference between this crude figure and those great Medicean statues was infinite; and yet it seemed to me that the man who had carved this figure must have received a hint from those.

It was also clear that the figure was not intended to be considered an idol or a monumental statue. There was no pedestal of any sort on which it could stand, and the disposition of the limbs and their contortions were not such as any sculptor would dream of in a figure to be set up for worship or admiration. That it was intended to be taken as a fossilized giant was indicated by the fact that it was made as nearly like a human being as the limited powers of the stone-carver permitted, and that it was covered with minute imitations of pores.

That it was a petrified human being of colossal size soon became a very generally accepted opinion, in spite of all scientific reasons to the contrary, and it became known as the "Cardiff Giant."

One thing seemed to argue strongly in favor of its antiquity, and I felt bound to confess, to those who asked my opinion, that it puzzled me. This was the fact that the surface water flowing beneath it in its grave seemed to have deeply grooved and channeled it on the under side. Now, the Onondaga gray limestone is hard and substantial, and on that very account is used in the locks upon canals. For the running of surface water to wear such channels in it would require centuries.

Against the opinion that the figure was a hoax various arguments were used. It was insisted, first, that the farmer had not the ability to devise such a fraud; second, that he had not the means to execute it; third, that his family had lived there steadily for many years, and were ready to declare, under oath, that they had never seen the figure, and had known nothing of it, until it was accidentally discovered; fourth, that the neighbors had never seen or heard of it; fifth, that it was preposterous to suppose that such an enormous mass of stone could have been brought and buried in the place without some one finding it out; sixth, that the deep grooves and channels worn in it by the surface water proved its vast antiquity.

To these considerations others were soon added. Especially interesting was it to observe the evolution of myth and legend. Within a week after the discovery full-blown statements appeared to the effect that the neighboring Indians had abundant traditions of giants who formerly roamed over the hills of Onondaga; and finally the circumstantial story was evolved that an Onondaga squaw had declared, "in an impressive manner," that the statue was "undoubtedly the petrified body of a gigantic Indian prophet who flourished many centuries ago and foretold the coming of the pale-faces, and who, just before his own death, said to those about him that their descendants would see him again."[1] To this were added the reflections of many good people who found in it all an edifying confirmation of the biblical text, "There were giants in those days." There was, indeed, an undercurrent of skepticism among

[1] See "The Cardiff Giant Humbug," p. 13 (Fort Dodge, Iowa, 1870).

the harder heads in the valley, but the prevailing opinion in the region at large was more and more in favor of the idea that the object was a fossilized human being, a giant of "those days." Such was the rush to see the figure that the admission receipts were very large; it was even stated that they amounted to five per cent. upon three millions of dollars. And soon came active men from the neighboring region who proposed to purchase the figure and exhibit it throughout the country.

The leading spirit in this "syndicate" deserves mention. He was a horse-dealer in a large way, and a banker in a small way, from a village in the next county; a man keen and shrewd, but merciful and kindly, who had fought his way up from abject poverty, and whose fundamental principle, as he asserted it, was: "Do unto others as they would like to do unto you, and *do it fust.*" [1]

A joint-stock concern was formed, with a considerable capital, and an eminent showman, "Colonel" Wood, was employed to exploit the wonder.

A week after my first visit I again went to the place by invitation. In the crowd on that day were many men of light and leading from neighboring towns, among them some who made pretensions to scientific knowledge. The figure lying in its grave deeply impressed all, and as a party of us came away a most estimable doctor of divinity, pastor of one of the largest churches in Syracuse, said very impressively: "Is it not strange that any human being, after seeing this wonderfully preserved figure, can deny the evidence of his senses, and refuse to believe, what is so evidently the fact, that we have here a fossilized human being, perhaps one of the giants mentioned in Scripture?"

Another visitor, a bright-looking lady, was heard to declare: "Nothing in the world can ever make me believe that he was not once a living being. Why, you can see the veins in his legs!" [2]

Another prominent clergyman declared with *ex cathedra* emphasis: "This is not a thing contrived of man, but is the face of one who lived on the earth, the very image and child of God"; [3] and a writer to one of the most important daily papers of the region dwelt on the "majestic simplicity and grandeur of the figure," and added: "It is not unsafe to affirm that ninety-nine out of every hundred persons who have seen this wonder have become immediately and instantly impressed with the idea that they were in the presence of an object not made by mortal hands. No piece of sculpture ever produced the awe inspired by this blackened form. . . . I venture to affirm that no living sculptor can be produced who will say that the figure was conceived and executed by any human being." [4]

The current of belief ran more and more strongly, and soon embraced a large number of really thoughtful people. A week or two after my first visit there came from Albany a deputation of regents of the State University, including especially Dr. Woolworth, the secretary, a man of large educational experience, and no less a personage in the scientific world than Dr. James Hall, the State geologist, perhaps the most eminent American paleontologist of that period.

On their arrival at Syracuse I met them, and discussed with them the subject which so interested us all, urging them to be cautious, and reminding them that a mistake might prove very injurious to the reputation of the regents and to the proper standing of scientific men and methods in the State; that if the matter should turn out to be a fraud, and such eminent authorities should be found to have committed themselves to it, there would be a guffaw from one end of the country to the other at the expense of the men intrusted by the State with its scientific and educational interests. Next day they went to Cardiff. They came, they saw, and they narrowly escaped being conquered. Luckily they did not give their sanction to the idea that the statue was a petrifaction; but Professor Hall was induced to say: "To all appearance the statue lay upon the gravel when the decomposition of the fine silt or soil began, upon the surface of which the forests have grown for succeeding generations. Altogether it is the most remarkable object brought to light in this country, and, although not dating back to the stone age, is, nevertheless, deserving of the attention of archæologists." [5]

At no period of my life have I ever been more discouraged regarding the possibility

[1] For a picture both amusing and pathetic of the doings of this man, and also of life in these central New York villages, see "David Harum," a novel by E. N. Westcott (New York, 1898).

[2] See letter of the Hon. Galusha Parsons, Fort Dodge pamphlet.

[3] See Mr. Stockbridge's article in the "Popular Science Monthly," June, 1878.

[4] See "The American Goliath," p. 16 (Syracuse, 1869).

[5] See his letter of October 23, 1869, in the Syracuse papers.

of making right reason prevail among men. As a refrain to every argument there seemed to run jeering and sneering through my brain Schiller's famous line:

Mit der Dummheit kämpfen Götter selbst vergebens.

(Against stupidity the gods are powerless.)

There seemed no possibility even of *suspending* the judgment of the great majority who saw the statue. As a rule, they insisted on believing it a "petrified giant," and those who did not dwelt on its perfections as an ancient statue. They saw in it a whole catalogue of fine quality, and one writer went into such extreme ecstasies that he suddenly realized the fact, and ended by saying: "But this is rather too high-flown, so I had better conclude." As a matter of fact, the work was wretchedly defective in proportion and features. In every characteristic of sculpture it showed itself simply the work of an inferior stone-carver.

Dr. Boynton, a local lecturer on scientific subjects, gave it the highest praise as a work of art, and attributed it to early Jesuit missionaries who had come into that region about two hundred years before. Another gentleman, who united the character of a deservedly beloved pastor with that of an inspiring popular lecturer on various scientific topics, developed this Boynton theory. He attributed the statue to "a trained sculptor . . . who had noble original powers; for none but such could have formed and wrought out the conception of that stately head, with its calm smile so full of mingled sweetness and strength." This writer then ventured the query: "Was it not, as Dr. Boynton suggests, some one from that French colony, . . . some one with a righteous soul sighing over the lost civilization of Europe, weary of swamp and forest and fort, who, finding this block by the side of the stream, solaced the weary days of exile with pouring out his thought upon the stone?"[1] Although the most eminent sculptor in the State had utterly refused to pronounce the figure anything beyond a poor piece of carving, these strains of admiration and adoration continued.

There was evidently a "joy in believing" in the marvel, and this was increased by the peculiarly American superstition that the correctness of a belief is decided by the number of people who can be induced to adopt it—that truth is a matter of majorities. The current of credulity seemed irresistible.

Shortly afterward the statue was raised from its grave, taken to Syracuse and to various other cities, including the city of New York, and in each place exhibited as a show.

As already stated, there was but one thing in the figure, as I had seen it, which puzzled me, and that was the grooving of the under side, apparently by currents of water, which, as the statue appeared to be of our Onondaga gray limestone, would require very many years. But one day one of the cool-headed skeptics of the valley, an old schoolmate of mine, came to me, and, with an air of great solemnity, took from his pocket an object which he carefully unrolled from its wrappings, and said: "There is a piece of the giant. Careful guard has been kept from the first in order to prevent people touching it, but I have managed to get a piece of it, and here it is." I took it in my hand, and the matter was made clear in an instant. The stone was not our hard Onondaga gray limestone, but soft, easily marked with the finger-nail, and, on testing it with an acid, I found it not hard carbonate of lime, but a friable sulphate of lime, a sort of gypsum, which must have been brought from some other part of the country.

A healthful skepticism now asserted its rights. Professor O. C. Marsh of Yale appeared upon the scene. Fortunately, he was not only one of the most eminent of living paleontologists, but, unlike most who had given an opinion, he really knew something of sculpture, for he was familiar with the best galleries of the Old World. He examined the statue, and said: "It is of very recent origin, and a most decided humbug. . . . Very short exposure of the statue would suffice to obliterate all trace of tool-marks, and also to roughen the polished surfaces; but these are still quite perfect, and hence the giant must have been very recently buried. . . . I am surprised that any scientific observers should not have at once detected the unmistakable evidence against its antiquity."[2]

Various suspicious circumstances presently became known. It was found that Farmer Newell had just remitted to a man named Hull, at some place in the West, several thousand dollars, the result of admission fees to the booth containing the figure, and that nothing had come in return. Thinking men in the neighborhood reasoned that as Newell had never been in condition to owe any human being such an amount of

[1] See the Syracuse daily papers as above. [2] See Professor Marsh's letter in the "Syracuse Daily Journal," November 30, 1869.

money, and had received nothing in return for it, his correspondent had not unlikely something to do with the statue. These suspicions were soon confirmed. The neighboring farmers, who in their quiet way kept their eyes open, noted a tall, lank person who frequently visited the place, and who seemed to exercise a complete control over Farmer Newell. Soon it was learned that this stranger was the man Hull,—Newell's brother-in-law,—the same to whom the latter had made the large remittance of admission money. One day two or three farmers from a distance, visiting the place for the first time, and seeing Hull, said: "Why, that is the man who brought the big box down the valley." On being asked what they meant, they said that, being one evening in a tavern on the valley turnpike, some miles above Cardiff, they had noticed under the tavern-shed a wagon bearing an enormous box, and when they met Hull in the bar-room and asked about it, he said that it was some tobacco-cutting machinery which he was bringing to Syracuse. Other farmers, who had seen the box and talked with Hull at different places on the road between Binghamton and Cardiff, made similar statements. It was then ascertained that no such box had passed the toll-gates between Cardiff and Syracuse, and proofs of the swindle began to mature.

But skepticism was not well received. Vested interests had accrued; a considerable number of people, most of them very good people, had taken stock in the new enterprise, and anything which discredited it was unwelcome to them.

It was not at all that they wished to countenance an imposture, but it had become so entwined with their beliefs and their interests that at last they came to abhor any skepticism regarding it. A pamphlet was now issued in behalf of the wonder—"The American Goliath." On its title-page it claimed to give "The History of the Discovery, and the Opinions of Scientific Men Thereon." The tone of the book was moderate, but its tendency was evident. Only letters and newspaper articles exciting curiosity or favoring the genuineness of the statue were admitted; adverse testimony, like that of Professor Marsh, was carefully excluded.

Before long the matter entered upon a comical phase. The great Barnum attempted to purchase the "giant"; but in vain. He then had a copy made so nearly resembling the original that no one, save possibly an expert, could distinguish between them. This new statue was also exhibited as the Cardiff Giant, and thenceforward the credit of the discovery declined.

The catastrophe now approached rapidly, and soon affidavits from men of high character in Iowa and Illinois established the fact that the figure was made at Fort Dodge, in Iowa, of a great block of gypsum there found; that this block was transported by land to the nearest railway-station, Boone, about forty-five miles distant; that on the way the wagon conveying it broke down, and that, as no other could be found strong enough to bear the whole weight, a portion of the block was cut off; that, thus diminished, it was taken to Chicago, where a German stone-carver gave it final shape; that, as it had been shortened, he was obliged to draw up the lower limbs, thus giving it a strikingly contracted and agonized appearance; that the under side of the figure was grooved and channeled, that it should appear to be wasted by age; that it was then dotted or pitted over with minute pores by means of a leaden mallet faced with steel needles; that it was stained with some preparation which gave it an appearance of great age; that it was then shipped to a place near Binghamton, New York, and finally brought to Cardiff, and there buried. It further came out that Hull, in order to secure his brother-in-law, Farmer Newell, as his confederate in burying the statue, had sworn him to secrecy, and in order that the family might testify that they had never heard or seen anything of the statue until it had been unearthed, he had sent them away on a little excursion covering the time when it was brought and buried. All these facts were established by affidavits from men of high character in Iowa and Illinois, by the sworn testimony of various Onondaga farmers and men of business, and finally by the admissions, and even boasts, of Hull himself.

Against this tide of truth the good people who had pinned their faith to the statue, those who had vested interests in it, and those who had rashly given solemn opinions in favor of it, struggled, for a time, desperately. A writer in the Syracuse "Journal" expressed a sort of regretful wonder and shame that "the public are asked to overthrow the sworn testimony of sustained witnesses, corroborated by the highest scientific authority," the only sworn witnesses being Farmer Newell, whose testimony was not at all conclusive, and the "highest scientific authority" being an eminent local den-

tist, who, early in his life, had given popular chemical lectures, and who had now invested money in the enterprise.

The same writer referred also with awe to "the men of sense, property, and character who own the giant and receive whatever revenue arises from its exhibition"; and the argument culminated in the oracular declaration that "the operations of water as testified and interpreted by science cannot create falsehood."[1]

But all this pathetic eloquence was in vain. Hull, the inventor of the fraud, having realized more money from it than he had expected, and being sharp enough to see that its day was done, was evidently bursting with the desire to avert scorn from himself by bringing the laugh upon others, and especially upon the clergymen whom, as we shall see hereafter, he so greatly disliked. He now acknowledged that the whole matter was a swindle, and gave details of the way in which he came to embark in it. He avowed that the idea was suggested to him by a discussion with a revivalist in Iowa; that, being himself a skeptic in religious matters, he had flung at his antagonist "those remarkable stories in the Bible about giants"; that, observing how readily the revivalist and those with him took up the cudgels for the giants, it then and there occurred to him that, since so many people found pleasure in believing such things, he would have a statue carved out of a stone which he had found in Iowa, and pass it off on them as a petrified giant. In a later conversation he said that one thing which decided him was that the stone had in it dark-colored bluish streaks which resembled in appearance the veins of the human body. The evolution of the whole swindle thus became clear, simple, and natural.

Up to the time of this fraud Hull's remarkable cunning and trickiness had never availed him much. He had made various petty inventions, but had realized very little from them. He had then made some combinations against the internal revenue laws in the manufacture and sale of tobacco, and these had only brought him into trouble with the courts. But now, when the boundless resources of human credulity were suddenly revealed to him by the revivalist, he determined to exploit them. This evolution of his ideas strikingly resembles that through which the mind of a similarly worthless, shiftless, tricky creature in western New York, Joseph Smith, must have passed forty years before, when he dug up the "golden plates" of the Book of Mormon, and found plenty of excellent people who rejoiced in believing that the Rev. Mr. Spalding's biblical novel was a new revelation from the Almighty.

The whole matter was thus fully laid open, and it might have been reasonably expected that thenceforward no human being would insist that the stone figure was anything but a swindle.

Not so. In the divinity school of Yale College, about the middle of the century, was a solemn, quiet, semi-jocose, semi-melancholy resident graduate, Alexander McWhorter. He had embarked in various matters which had not turned out very well. Hot water, ecclesiastical and social, seemed his favorite element. He was believed generally to secure most of his sleep during the day and to do most of his work during the night. A favorite object of his study was Hebrew. Various strange things had appeared from his pen, and, most curious of all, a little book entitled "Yahveh Christ," in which he had endeavored to demonstrate that the doctrine of the Trinity was to be found entangled in the consonants out of which former scholars made the word "Jehovah," and more recent scholars "Yahveh"; that this word, in fact, proved the doctrine of the Trinity.[2]

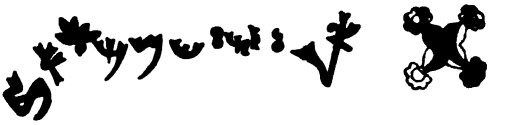
He now brought his intellect to bear upon the Cardiff Giant, and soon produced an amazing theory, developing it at length in a careful article. This theory was, simply, that the figure discovered at Cardiff was a Phenician idol; and Mr. McWhorter published, as the climax to all his proofs, the facsimile and translation of an inscription which he had discovered upon the figure — an inscription which he thought could leave no doubt in the mind of any person open to conviction.

That the whole thing was a swindle, confessed by all who took part in it, with full details as to its origin and development, seemed to him not worthy of the slightest mention. Regardless of all the facts in the case, he showed a pathetic devotion to his theory, and allowed his imagination the fullest play. He found, first of all, an inspiration of thirteen letters, "introduced by a large cross or star, the Assyrian index of the Deity."

[1] See letter of "X" in the "Syracuse Daily Journal," given in the Fort Dodge pamphlet, pp. 15, 16.

[2] See "Yahveh Christ, or the Memorial Name," by A. McWhorter, and see "Tammuz and the Mound-builders," in the "Galaxy," July, 1872, by the same author.

Before the last word of the inscription he found carved "a flower" which he regarded "as consecrated to the particular deity Tammuz, and at both ends of the inscription a serpent monogram and symbol of Baal."



SERPENT MONOGRAM AND SYMBOL OF BAAL.

This inscription he assumed as an evident fact, though no other human being had ever been able to see it. Even Professor White, M.D., of the Yale Medical School, with the best intentions in the world, was unable to find it. Dr. White was certainly not inclined to superficiality or skepticism. With "achromatic glasses, which magnified forty-five diameters," he examined the "pinholes" which covered the figure, and declared "the beautiful finish of every pore, or pinhole, appeared to me strongly opposed to the idea that the statue was of modern workmanship." He also thought he saw the markings which Mr. McWhorter conjectured might be an inscription, and said in a letter: "Though I saw no recent tool-marks, I saw evidences of design in the form and arrangement of the markings which suggested the idea of an inscription." And finally, having made these concessions, he ends his long letter with the very guarded statement that, "though not fully *decided*, I *incline* to the opinion that the Onondaga statue is of ancient origin."

But this mild statement did not daunt Mr. McWhorter. Having calmly pronounced Dr. White "in error," he proceeded with sublime disregard of every other human being. He found that the statue "belongs to the winged or 'cherubim' type"; that "down the left side of the figure are seen the outlines of folded wings, even the separate feathers being clearly distinguishable"; that the left side of the head is inexpressibly noble and majestic," and "conforms remarkably to the type of the head of the mound-builders"; that "the left arm terminates in what appears to be a huge extended lion's paw"; that "the dual idea expressed in the head is carried out in the figure"; that "in the wonderfully artistic mouth of the divine side we find a suggestion of that of the Greek Apollo." Mr. McWhorter also found other things that no other human being was ever able to discern, and among them "a crescent-shaped wound upon the left side," "traces of ancient coloring" in all parts of the statue, and evidences that the minute pores were made by "borers." He lays great stress on an "ancient medal" found in Onondaga, which he thinks belongs "to the era of the mound-builders," and on which he finds a "circle inclosing an equilateral cross, both cross and circle, like the wheel of Ezekiel, being full of small circles, or eyes." As a matter of fact, this "ancient medal" was an English penny, which a street-urchin of Syracuse said that he found near the statue, and the "equilateral cross" was simply the well-known cross of St. George. Mr. McWhorter thinks the circle inclosing the cross denotes the "world soul," and in a dissertation of about twenty pages he discourses upon "Baal," "Tammuz," "King Hiram of Tyre," "The Ships of Tarshish," the "Eluli," and "Atlas," with plentiful arguments drawn from a multitude of authorities, among them Sanchuniathon, Ezekiel, Plato, Dr. Döllinger, Isaiah, Melanchthon, Lenormant, Humboldt, Sir John Lubbock, and Don Domingo Juarros, finally satisfying himself that the statue was "brought over by the foreign colony of Phenicians," possibly several hundred years before Christ.[1]

With the modesty of a true scholar he says: "Whether the final battle of Onondaga . . . occurred before or after this event we cannot tell." But, resuming confidence, he says: "We only know that at some distant period the great statue, brought in a 'ship of Tarshish' across the sea of Atl, was lightly covered with twigs and flowers, and these with gravel." The deliberations of the Pickwick Club over "Bill Stubs, his Mark" pale before this, and Dickens, in his most expansive moods, never conceived anything more funny than the long, solemn discussion between the erratic Hebrew scholar and the eminent medical professor at New Haven over the "pores" of the statue, which one of them thought the work of minute animals, which the other thought elaborate Phenician workmanship, which both thought exquisite, and which the maker of the statue had already confessed that he had made by striking the statue with a mallet faced with needles.

Mr. McWhorter's new theory made no great stir in the United States, though some, doubtless, found comfort in it; but it found one very eminent convert across the ocean, and in a place where he might least have expected him. Some ten years after the

[1] See the "Galaxy" article mentioned above.

event above sketched, while residing at Berlin as minister of the United States, I one day received, from an American student at the university at Halle, a letter stating that he had been requested, by no less a personage than the eminent Dr. Schlottmann, instructor of Hebrew in the theological school of that university, the successor of Gesenius in that branch of instruction, to write me for information regarding the Phenician statue described by Alexander McWhorter.

In reply I detailed to him the main points in the history of the case as it has been given in this paper, adding, as against the Phenician theory, that nothing in the nature of Phenician remains had ever been found within the borders of the United States, and that if they had been found, this remote valley, three hundred miles from the sea, barred from the coast by mountain-ranges, forests, and savage tribes, could never have been the place chosen by Phenician navigators for such a deposit; that the figure itself was clearly not a work of early art, but a crude development by an uncultured stone-cutter out of his remembrance of things in modern sculpture; and that the inscription was purely the creation of Mr. McWhorter's imagination.

In his acknowledgment my correspondent said that I had left no doubt in his mind as to the fact that the giant was a swindle, but that he had communicated my letter to the eminent Dr. Schlottmann, that the latter had avowed that I had not convinced him, and that he still believed the Cardiff figure to be a Phenician statue bearing a most important inscription.

One man emerged from this chapter in the history of human folly supremely happy. This was Hull, the inventor of the giant. He had at last made some money, had gained a reputation for "smartness," and, what probably pleased him most of all, had revenged himself upon the reverend gentleman at Ackley, Iowa, who had worsted him in the argument as to the giants mentioned in Scripture.

So elate was he that he shortly set about devising another "petrified man" which should defy the world. It was of clay, baked in a furnace, contained human bones, and was provided with "a tail and legs of the ape type." This he caused to be buried and discovered in Colorado. This time he claimed to have the aid of one of his former foes, the great Barnum, and all went well until his old enemy, Professor Marsh of Yale, appeared. He blasted the whole enterprise by a few minutes of scientific observation and common-sense discourse.

Others tried to imitate Hull, and in 1876 one William Ruddock of Thornton, St. Clair County, Michigan, manufactured a small effigy in cement, and in due time brought about the discovery of it. But though several gentlemen used it to strengthen their arguments as to the literal, prosaic correctness of Genesis, it proved a failure. Finally, in 1889, twenty years after the Cardiff Giant was devised, a "petrified man" was found near Bathurst in Australia, brought to Sydney, and exhibited. The result was, in some measure, the same as in the case of the American fraud. Excellent people found comfort in believing, and sundry pseudo-scientific men of a cheap sort thought it best to pander to this sentiment; but a well-trained geologist pointed out the absurdity of the popular theory, and finally the police finished the matter by securing evidences of fraud.[1]

To close these annals, I may add that recently the inventor of the Cardiff giant, Hull, being, at the age of seventy-six years, apparently in his last illness, and anxious for the fame which comes from successful achievement, has again given to the press a full account of his part in the original fraud, confirming what he had previously stated, showing how he planned it, executed it, and realized a goodly sum from it; how Barnum wished to purchase it from him; and how, above all, he had his joke at the expense of those who, though they had managed to overcome him in argument, had finally been rendered ridiculous in the sight of the whole country.[2]

[1] For the Ruddock "discovery" see Dr. G. A. Stockwell in the "Popular Science Monthly" for June, 1878. For the Australian fraud see the London "Times" of August 2, 1889. [2] For Hull's "Final Statement" see the "Ithaca Daily Journal" of January 4, 1898.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE.

SOCIETY is fast becoming richer than was foreshadowed in the most audacious dreams of the past. Measured by the standards of to-day, Crœsus was a person of very moderate fortune; and the revenues of kings are of small account compared with the incomes of the leading capitalists of the twentieth century. There are those who think that the recent production of wealth is abnormal and who are predicting a return to the old scale of values in the near future. There are, however, no signs of any reduction of energy, any decline of force, any exhaustion either of the genius which creates wealth or of the material out of which wealth is developed. There are, on the contrary, many things which indicate that society is in the early stages of a wealth-producing period the like of which has not only not occurred before, but has never been anticipated by the most sanguine men of affairs. Great changes will undoubtedly be made in the methods of distribution of wealth, but there will be no diminution in its production. Historic processes are now bearing the slow fruitage of time in the opening up of the entire globe, the drawing together of races in free competition in the field of the world, the discovery of the magical power of co-operation and combination and their application to commerce and trade on a great scale, and, above all, the application of science to business in all departments, from the uses of chemistry in manufacturing to the uses of electricity in swift communication and conveyance of goods.

It is probable that the severest test to which society is to be subjected lies before it in the opulence of the near future, and there is good ground for the forebodings of those who fear that in the greatness of their material fortunes the spiritual fortunes of men will suffer permanent eclipse. The great races have been great by virtue not of possessions, but of ideas, convictions, and character; and in this respect it is not dogmatic to affirm that history will repeat itself.

The problem of the near future will be to keep the spirit in command of the body, the mind superior to the hand, the idea supreme above the material which gives it concrete expression. That problem will not be solved by any form of asceticism, by the preaching of poverty, by repression of the full and free play of human energy. Safety lies not in the mutilation of man as God made him, but in persuading him to accept a true scale of values, a real appraisement of his possessions. A complicated problem is never solved by going backward; it is solved by going forward. Society will not be saved by making it poor, but by making it strong. So long as the genius of man has such subtle powers of insight, discovery, and adaptation, and so long as the earth on which he lives supplies him so abundantly with force, material, and method, it is as idle to ask him to limit production as to invite him to commit suicide; he works, and he will work with an increasing skill, by the law of his nature, and he will grow rich by the law of the world in which he works. The only real question, therefore, is, What shall he do with his wealth?

This question is probably more fundamental than any political or economical question now in discussion, and Mr. Carnegie's answer to it has made him one of the foremost men of his time. It is significant that the emphasis of interest in Mr. Carnegie's case has shifted from his wealth to the uses he is making of it; from the material with which he works to the idea which he is expressing through it. He represents a new order of men in the world, and the instinctive feeling that a man's fortune is his private affair and that it betrays a lack of delicacy to speak of it has given place to a recognition of the public aspects of great fortunes when, by organization, they constitute the basis of a new group of forces in society. The great modern capitalist is not and cannot be a private person; he is, by virtue of his power and his responsibilities, as much and as legitimately a public man as the Czar of Russia, the Prime Minister of England, or the President of the United States. He is no longer simply an employer of labor: he is

also the controller and manager of the vast accumulations which numberless private persons have intrusted to him. His property is the security of countless small investments; his integrity and capacity are elements in the well-being of the community.

When great capitalists began to appear there was a great deal of idle and, in many cases, of vulgar curiosity about their habits of life, their amusements and occupations. That kind of curiosity will always exist, and is now the chief stock in trade of cheap newspapers which denounce the rich in leaded editorials and surrender page after page to minute and impertinent accounts of the dress, food, amusements, and dissipation of the same class. Rational interest has shifted, however, from the making of fortunes to their use; from accumulation to distribution.

In the development of the phase of modern life which has produced the great capitalist, Mr. Carnegie has been a significant figure. He was one of the first in point of time to arrive at the position of a great man of wealth by modern standards; to acquire a fortune so vast that its possession gave him historical prominence. His success was the more dramatic because it was achieved by the use of so few tools at the start; it had no visible foundations of inherited capital, organization, or opportunity; it rested solely on the character and force of the man; on his insight into the possibilities of the means, the openings, and the men about him; on his courage, steadiness, power of combination, and sustained force of intellect.

The foundations of Mr. Carnegie's success were laid in his personality, and the work was done in large measure by his ancestors. He is often spoken of as the conspicuous example of the self-made man. If by self-made is meant the making of a powerful person in will, intelligence, and practical force with slight accidental aids from circumstances, Mr. Carnegie is self-made; but if the phrase carries with it the idea of complete organization of character and mind without contribution from others, Mr. Carnegie is not self-made. To the making of every powerful man many agencies contribute: ancestry, racial tendencies, general conditions, local opportunities. No man succeeds without help from others; no man becomes great in any field of endeavor by isolated growth; all development is aided by coöperation; every success is social in its conditions if not in its origin; and, therefore, every success ought to be interpreted in terms of social service. No man secures anything for himself in isolation, and no man has a moral right to enjoy in isolation the thing he secures.

Mr. Carnegie made his fortune by virtue of qualities in his own nature and with little aid from without; so far as outside help was concerned, he is a striking example of how much a man can accomplish with no tools except those which nature puts into his hands. In the new and greater stage of his career, Mr. Carnegie is now rendering his most distinctive service to the community by his interpretation of the uses and responsibilities of wealth. When the immense sums which he has given and will give for educational purposes in one form or another are added up and the total set down in figures, the imagination of the country will be impressed and its sense of obligation quickened; but in the long run it will probably appear that the greatest service rendered by Mr. Carnegie was not his vast beneficence, but his attitude toward his success, his recognition of the social element in great enterprises, his return in kind to the community which made his rise to affluence and power possible.

The real test of a man comes when the necessity for work is past and he is able to give himself to the things for which he cares. It has often happened that a man has arrived at fortune and ease only to disclose the emptiness of his soul, the poverty of his ideals. It is the way in which Mr. Carnegie has met this test which has made him so interesting a figure of late years, and has revealed, as his years of active business life could not reveal, the variety and range of his interests, the deep springs of youth and activity in his nature. For this endowment of imagination, vivacity, spiritual energy, he owes as much to his ancestry as for his sagacity, energy, and thrift. He comes of a race of extraordinary capacity for dealing with affairs and of extraordinary capacity for living by ideas—a race which not only strikes hard and works hard, but which puts the same force into emotional and moral life; combining in the same person the keenest shrewdness, the clearest judgment, and the capacity for absolute surrender to a great passion or a great cause. Scotland has been the home of "lost causes and impossible loyalties"; and Scotland has also been, taking into account her size and her population, a country of unique spiritual and intellectual influence; the home of thinkers, scholars, poets, romancers; with universities which are

the organized opportunity of the poorest, and a poetry which is the possession of the humblest and the most unlearned.

The vast generosity of Mr. Carnegie to literature and scholarship—for the library is the storehouse of literature and the open door to scholarship—is not a matter of impulse and did not take its rise in suggestion from without. Love of poetry and learning came to him by inheritance. His youth knew the spell and the inspiration of Burns and Shakspere and those noble old ballads in which the idealism, the passion, and the tragedy of Scottish life found such moving and dramatic expression. Self-made in his independence of material help, Mr. Carnegie was singularly fortunate in the ancestral influences which penetrated and enriched his nature far below the region of his practical activity and efficiency, that deeper part of him which has found expression in these later years, and has asserted its priority of spiritual importance over the executive side of his character.

This background of early life, becoming constantly more distinct in Mr. Carnegie's later career, must be taken into account in any attempt to explain the man, but can only be lightly touched here. In a Scottish home of the kind from which Mr. Carnegie came there are to be found not only the qualities which command success in affairs, but the higher qualities which weigh and measure success in terms of spiritual values. Among those vigorous, honorable, thrifty Scottish folk, with their keen native sagacity and their equally keen appreciation of learning, of poetry, of the finer things of the spirit, several figures may be recalled: a father endowed with the gift of imagination, poetic in temperament, eloquent in speech, passionately interested in all movements for the betterment of his kind; a mother from the Highlands, with the Celtic sensibility and fire, an inexhaustible store of old ballads in her memory; an uncle who became a foster-father, and who has but recently gone to his rest, feeble with the weight of years but of an unbroken courage and that sweetness which is the flower of a lifelong rectitude and a lifelong cherishing of the traditions, the songs, the spiritual impulses of a race whose labors and hardships have never lacked the illuminating touch of the imagination. This uncle, who loved liberty because it is the heritage of brave souls, in the dark days of the American Civil War stood almost alone in his community for the cause which Lincoln represented. He loved education with the passion of an ardent nature, eager to open the doors of opportunity, and his happiest hour came when Mr. Carnegie endowed a school for manual training in the Scottish town in which he lived and attached his name to it. His working hours knew the constant solace of poetry, and he taught the boys growing up about him the songs of Burns, the Scottish ballads, and the plays of Shakspere as they learned their crafts. "I made myself a boy that they might be men," he once said, recalling the days when, as they worked together, they impersonated the actors in the great stories of Scottish history and tradition. His eyes kindled when the old songs were sung, and his youth came back to him as, with undimmed memory and unspent feeling, he recited the lines which he carried in his heart. A beautiful figure, this old uncle, venerable and yet touched with the spirit which knows not age, in deep sympathy with the upward movement of the world, and one in heart with the struggle for larger opportunities everywhere. In the light of the memory of such an ancestry it is easy to understand why Mr. Carnegie has ceased to be an organizer of industry and become an organizer of opportunity, and is now, on a scale unpractised before, transmuting fortune into knowledge, thought, freedom, and power.

BETRAYAL.

BY JOHN B. TABB.

"WHOM I shall kiss," I heard a Sunbeam say,
"Take him and lead away."
Then, with the Traitor's salutation, "Hail!"
He kissed the Dawn-Star pale.

THE SENSE OF HUMOR IN CHILDREN.

BY KATHERINE A. CHANDLER.

IN all our humorous columns and periodicals a certain percentage of the jokes are children's sayings. These generally show the child's inability to accept his environment as conceived by the adult mind, and are relished by the mature because of the unexpected and incongruous revelations. The child himself sees nothing laughable in his statements, unless he has been spoiled by adult analysis in his presence.

A teacher in the primary grades of a public school in one of our prominent cities became interested in the occasions that awakened mirth in her pupils. The mortification or discomfort or hoaxing of others caused a tide of laughter that ebbed and flowed irregularly until the mind was raised to different levels, while a witty remark passed unnoticed, unless a grown person initiated the smiles.

Hoping to learn what the children themselves would consider humorous, she consulted with teachers of all the grades from the second year of school life to the completion of the grammar course. As a result of the conference, a week after a vacation all the grades were assigned this topic for composition in a regular language exercise: "Describe the best joke you heard during vacation." By putting the topic outside the school session it was hoped that the fun associated with the school-room would not be described, and that more individual results would be obtained.

There were about seven hundred papers returned, written by children from eight to fifteen. The majority of the children were of American parentage, and they came from the comfortable homes of the middle class. They did not confine themselves to the last vacation, which was the summer recess, but, without questioning, described anything outside school sessions. The papers were segregated by years, which, on the whole, with children of the same social class, represents the average mind development. They were also divided according to sex, although this was found not to count in the younger ages.

The children of eight, without exception, described an action, and one in which they had personally participated, either as joker or as observer. The jokes recorded were always on some one else. They all embodied an idea of discomfort to somebody or something. A companion was tripped, or knocked into a water-trough, or frightened by a snake, or burned with a hot spoon, or shot with firecrackers, or pinched, or beaten for a birthday, or scared with a Jack-o'-lantern. One boy wrote: "The best joke I saw was when a grisley sat down and howled when people crowded about his cage." Tick-tack-toe and Hallowe'en tricks were the mildest forms of their fun. In fact, the replies seemed to bear out the theory that the individual passes through the culture epochs of the race; and these children of eight, as far as their sense of humor goes, were in the era of primitive savagery.

Those aged nine continued to describe actions, but with some difference. Now they were almost always the principals, and they introduced occasions on which they themselves were tricked. The jokes, too, showed more preliminary planning, as placing salt in the sugar-bowl, and sometimes they exhibited inventive genius. A little girl wrote: "My father is very fond of chicken. One day I cut out a picture of a chicken and put it among some weeds out in the chicken-yard. Then I told papa to come out, and that I had a chicken that I could pick up it was so tame. Then when he came out I went out in the chicken-yard and took it up from the weeds."

As a rule, the boys relate a joke which they played on some one else, while the girls often tell of being deluded themselves. One lassie wrote, "A girl brought a rose with a pin in it and told me to smell it and I stuck my nose."

Now appears a number of times "fooling" by means of a lie, as: "I told my mother to look out for the spider near her sholder and she jumped and screamed and there wern't no spider there."

Here, too, is a glimmer of what adults deem humor: "Once I asked my papa if he knew any jokes and he said No and I said well I will tell you one I said I know where

you got that neck tie And he said Where and I said around you neck."

While the children of nine show a little more ingenuity and more ability to appreciate their own mishaps than do those a year younger, yet over seventy per cent. of their jokes were on the same plane—that of personal discomfort.

The children of ten still cling to the jokes of action, but the occasion is more deliberately planned for. "Fooling" by mere mental exertion, or, in other words, by an unvarnished lie, reaches a higher percentage. Now more boys appreciate fun at their own expense. One little fellow reveals a whole story in his: "They put Maree unde the table and they ask me do you like Maree and ask do you like her mother and her fathe. Then when they ask me good many things Maree came form under the table."

There is displayed a stronger tendency to appreciate adults' humor. Probably this is due to the fact that children are imitative. At ten they are able to read fairly well, and cannot escape seeing at least the humorous column of the newspaper. Then they begin to reconstruct their ideas of what is funny; and, when asked for a joke, the most tactful will give what they think grown persons would like. The girl who indited the following was probably influenced by her parents' appreciation of the catch: "The best joke I had in vacation was when papa brought home a new pencil and he said it would write any color you wanted it to. Mama told him to right Blue and he rote the word Blue."

Another girl unconsciously furnishes a second source of humor in her account. As the rest of her spelling is perfect, it is probable that she is in the Mrs. Malaprop stage that so many girls pass through between ten and thirteen. "A Frenchman came to America and he could not pronounce his words well. He asked an American if he knew what a polar bear did. 'Why, yes,' said the American, 'sits on ice.' 'What else does he do?' asked the Frenchman. 'Eats fish.' 'A friend of mine died and I am to be one of the polar bears,' said the Frenchman, 'but I would n't like to do that.' He meant that he was to be one of the paul buryers."

The children of eleven differ a little from those of ten. The action is often more original, and with no element of annoyance in it, as in the girl's "The best joke that I plade on Olive I put a spool of white thread in my pocket and took a neadle and drew it throw my cloak two times and let the end hang out like basting thread and Aunt Olive pulled at the thread and keeped on and then I took out the spool and showed it to her."

Now the unexpected termination is often the part that awakens the child's risibility, as is shown by the following girl: "Once Mary and I were up on Popes big lawn, there was a sprinkler there, Mary said 'O lets have a telephone,' I said 'all right,' then we began to talk throug the sprinkler (my brother was there too) and my brother turned on the hidren and got us all wet."

A greater number of boys cite mental tricks rather than physical, some of them introducing riddles and arithmetical catches. The growing familiarity with historical heroes is in evidence in these two, both from boys. "The best joke I played was I said to a boy say do you no who died and he said no and I said George Washington died." "When Lincoln went to school he had durty hands and the teacher said if he could find a durtier hand in the room she would not punish him and he held up his other hand and did not get punished."

From twelve on an increasing percentage of the children relinquish the idea that self is necessary in the joke, and give more impersonal accounts. Girls, more frequently than boys, quote the humor of the refined adult, and in personal experiences often describe occasions of their own timidity. This is probably due to the different home training a girl receives. She is continually drilled "to be a lady," which in most cases means to drop her natural instincts and to imitate the adults of her environment. About twelve she loses the fearlessness she has hitherto shared with her brothers, and becomes good prey for their "scaring" schemes. This seems to develop the boys' teasing abilities; for, while before almost all their tricks were on their own sex, now the acme of their fun as recorded is to frighten some girl or to make her look ridiculous. A boy of twelve illustrates this tendency, and by his mixed clauses gives further material for smiles: "The best joke I saw played was putting a bunch of firecrackers by a lady that were not lit and they scared her."

Many of the scenes of action the boys describe are similar to the coarser pictures in our comic papers, as: "While I was at Capitola I went to the beach and saw some ladies in batheing. One of the ladies was short and fat. A great big wave came and knocked her down, she hollered as if she

was drowning. When she got up she could hardly walk because she was so scared."

Minstrels and humorous books are directly referred to, punning is introduced, Irish bulls become popular, and the sayings of young children are quoted. In fact, by the time children reach fifteen their sense of humor is the same as the adult's as represented by the comic department of the Sunday newspaper. To some the elements of the ridiculous and the vulgar appeal, while others appreciate only the higher, more delicate vein.

An inspection of these compositions would lead one to believe that in children younger than ten the sense of humor is not differentiated by sex, and that it is akin to that of the savage who smiles grimly at his victim's throes. From that year on the influence of our present educational system is felt. The girls are not only trained to be like adults, but there is developed in them a sensitiveness that makes them feel with the person laughed at, and so they lose both their initiative fun-loving proclivities and their appreciation of their brothers' pranks. It is an old saying, "A woman has no sense of humor"; but if her education were the same as her brother's, she would at least retain the native stock of her childhood. The girls who receive the most liberal physical training—and in this day of sports they are becoming many—are as able to appreciate humor as are their men companions.

The boys are less hampered by traditions of dignity, and they advance in humor as in other lines. As they become more civilized, they value more subtle jokes than the physical dodges of their childhood. They would rise to a still higher plane were their reading matter in this subject as well pruned as in other branches. It might be wise for the suffering teacher or parent to encourage the jocose urchins, for upon them mainly depends that source of humor which we need to irradiate our too solemn old earth.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Curiosities of Credulity.

THE article on the Cardiff Giant by the Hon. Andrew D. White and those on a modern Elijah by the Rev. Dr. Buckley and Mr. Swain in the present CENTURY are highly entertaining and valuable contributions of data for the study of human credulity. The great spread of education in the United States, and the fact that there are probably more readers in proportion to the population than in any other nation, have not yet prevented the country from being the hospitable home of the grossest humbugs and the most fatuous fads—to a degree hardly believable by any who have not given special attention to the subject.

It would only seem necessary for any impossible wonder or curiosity to be vociferously proclaimed in order to have it widely believed in; and, in the religious field, there are at the present moment schools and faiths so various and numerous as to escape possibility of exact enumeration. The new faiths are seldom novel in essence, though new in leadership and demonstration. Most of these new faiths have attached to them some theory and practice of healing. There are not only large and important organizations, but also in various communities separate prophets, and curers of human ills, whose fame and following are purely local.

So great is the vogue of some of these organizations that, in some localities, the churches are not without anxiety, and even alarm. In a population as colossal as ours any sort of success may at any time run into enormous numerical success.

Looking broadly at this vogue of healing faiths and healing individuals, one cannot help being affected by a sense of pathos. It is the old cry of humanity for an escape from physical ills; for, as Bagehot says,—and many a philosopher and poet has had occasion to say the same,—"though the costume and circumstances of life change, the human heart does not." Dr. Buckley gives certain reasons for the apparent, and possibly actual, success of some of the curers. There is another reason, however, and that is that people always recover from every attack of illness—except the last. Suppose a man has ten illnesses, and dies, as he surely will, with this last one, he has then been "cured," either by doctoring or by "faith-cure" or "mind-cure" or no "cure," just nine times. The failure is then only one in ten! As for the final, fatal illness, that always is accounted for satisfactorily to those who are the faithful of the faithful.

It is not impossible to be tolerant to what we regard as superstitious or mistaken, or partly superstitious or mistaken, if we see resulting good. On this subject there is an interesting

passage in Lecky's "History of European Morals," which we quote only in part:

> Superstitions appeal to our hopes as well as to our fears. They often meet and gratify the inmost longings of the heart. They offer certainties when reason can only afford possibilities or probabilities. . . . They sometimes even impart a new sanction to moral truths. . . . We owe more to our illusions than to our knowledge. The imagination, which is altogether constructive, probably contributes more to our happiness than the reason, which in the sphere of speculation is mainly critical and destructive. The rude charm which in the hour of danger or distress the savage clasps so confidently to his breast, the sacred picture which is believed to shed a hallowing and protecting influence over the poor man's cottage, can bestow a more real consolation in the darkest hour of human suffering than can be afforded by the grandest theories of philosophy. The first desire of the heart is to find something on which to lean.

But the man altogether brave and altogether honest will instinctively refuse happiness at the expense of truth. There are many minds so constituted that they cannot avail themselves of any offer of cure in which a faith in that which they doubt must actively assist. Although it is claimed by some that faith on the part of the sufferer is not necessary, the so-called "cures" where the subject does *not* assist at all in the operation are probably of doubtful frequency, if they exist at all.

This is certain, that those systems of cure which rule out the always advancing science of medicine; which despise, discredit, and would abolish the gains for humanity obtained through the experiments and discoveries of such men as Pasteur, Lister, and Koch, are extremely dangerous agencies and influences in our modern life.

An Incident at West Point.

WE were much interested lately in a letter to the editor from a Southern reader who objected to the use of the word "Rebellion" by a contributor to THE CENTURY in connection with the American Civil War. We are ourselves inclined to think that the Civil War is so decidedly over, and the Union so solidly and irrevocably established, that an occasional phrase like that ought not unduly to irritate, and cannot do any great harm. Besides, "The War of the Rebellion" is a part of the legal title of "The Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies." The number in the North is certainly diminishing of those who keep up the strenuous attitude that followed the war. The reasons and motives of the action of the people of the South are yearly more and more understood, just as the Northern position is more clearly understood and respected by Southerners. Furthermore, the North has repented itself of the reconstruction measures; and, still further, there was the complete fraternization of the Spanish-Cuban war. There, too, is Lee's name in the "Temple of Fame," and there is the recent incident at West Point.

This incident was the appearance, as a speaker, of General E. Porter Alexander, at the West Point Military Academy, by invitation of the associated graduates, on the 9th of June, 1902, the centennial of the institution. On that occasion General Ruger represented the Union army, and General Alexander the Confederate army. General Alexander was Longstreet's chief of artillery and directed the fire of the Confederates in the tremendous artillery duel, so called, which preceded the desperate charge on the third day at Gettysburg. General Longstreet himself was present on the platform, and was loudly cheered. Listen to the words of Alexander:

> Whose vision is now so dull that he does not recognize the blessing it is to himself and to his children to live in an undivided country? Who would to-day relegate his own State to the position it would hold in the world were it declared a sovereign, as are the States of Central and South America? To ask these questions is to answer them. And the answer is the acknowledgment that it was best for the South that the cause was "lost." The right to secede, the stake for which we fought so desperately, were it now offered us as a gift, we would reject as we would a proposition of suicide.

The present writer once asked a Confederate general, long after the Civil War (but now many years ago), how he really felt about the failure of himself and his associates to establish a separate government. He said: "Do you want me to tell you the truth?" The answer was, of course, "Yes." "Well," said the honest old veteran, "I am sorry we failed; I think we should have done well as a separate nation." We honored him for his frankness, and afterward told the incident to another Confederate general, who said: "Did General —— say that? Well, he always was a failure!"

We find it difficult to believe that the stubborn old Confederate, were he living to-day, would still declare that he was "sorry." But if he did do so, he would be, as the years went on, still more of an exception, still more of a psychological curiosity.

Humor, and the Female Sex.

IT may be said of humor, as Mark Twain in conversation once said of bacon, that it would improve the flavor of an angel. Those who enjoy humor certainly enjoy it very much; indeed, it would not be strange if half the world should consider the extravagant praise of humor by the other half as in very poor taste, since it is acknowledged by him who laughs, as by him who refrains, that the lack of this quality of mind (or shall we say of mind and body?) may consist with the most admirable qualities of character. There is a second count in the indictment: that praise of humor implies in the praiser the conceit of possessing it. However, as no one wanting in humor ever praised it, the latter consideration may be neglected.

The time has come when no one seriously discusses the old academic question whether women as a sex have, in the broad sense, a sense of humor. Whoever denies this argues himself devoid. It is a matter of demonstration, if need were, by a whole Modern Library of the Humor of Wo-

men from Mme. de Staël to the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Whether the sex once lacked this attribute and it has been developed by evolution, certain it is that, as they increasingly go out into the world and have a more intelligent judgment of the passing show, women are in larger numbers making literary contributions to the gaiety of nations. The number of such writers is growing in arithmetical, if not geometrical, ratio, and wholesome indeed is the greater part of the product.

What is of more interest is whether there is any determinative quality in the humor produced by women varying from that of men. Is it gentler, or more biting? of a wider, or a narrower range? This, of course, can only be discerned from a large number of data, and we await a (female) philosopher of sufficient penetration to determine the fact. It certainly seems that in much of the humor of women there is a trait closely allied to the retort courteous, as shown, for instance, in the following citations. It was a woman who, *en revanche* and with gentle satire, said: "I am sorry for Man: just at that awkward age between the ape and the angel." Another woman it was who remarked, after reading the Carlyle Letters: "Yes, it is true; Mrs. Carlyle *was* a martyr, but she was n't a good martyr, or we 'd never have heard of it." Better known is the anecdote of the learned and fastidious New England woman who, being in need of a pin, was asked by a friend, who was somewhat in awe of her, what kind of pin she wanted, and hit off the situation wittily with her indignant reply, "The common white pin of North America." In all these instances one may discern something of "the look downward." It would be interesting to know if this is characteristic of the humor of the sex.

Nothing is commoner than the setting up of one's favorite humorist, be it Lamb or De Quincey, Dickens or Thackeray, Holmes or Harte, Stockton or "Dooley," as a test whether the reader, and especially the woman reader, has a sense of humor. Out upon such tyranny! The bigotry of such narrow minds must not be allowed to interfere with the right of private judgment in the enjoyment of fun; for humor reveals itself

in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

Let us enjoy it where we find it and be tolerant of other standards than our own, thankful that the world can smile and laugh even where we cannot.

But the reader who thinks of humor as something only trivial or frivolous has quite missed the mark. Aside from the mere relief it furnishes to an existence which presses seriously upon all, —the oil to the machinery of the day's work, —humor has great uses. It is a foe of vanity and humbug, a city of refuge from misfortune, a promoter of sanity. It gives a wider and inspires a braver view of life. A writer in a recent number of the "Atlantic Monthly," speaking of an American poet, says that "he lacked that deeper appetency, that gusto, which marks the large, vigorous nature and gives rise to that high form of courage which we call humor." We have seen just this sort of courage in many women. The linking of humor with high qualities of character as distinguished from qualities of intellect has many conspicuous instances among men, and none more admirable than that of our great War President, sustained through the sorest trial of the nation by his ability to see men and things in the true perspective of a finely balanced sense of humor.

Magazine Readers.

To what class, or rather sex, are the leading magazines of our day especially addressed? To men or to women? The question was being discussed lately by a group of persons particularly and professionally interested in the subject. One of the debaters assumed as follows: "There are two audiences to whom a modern magazine must appeal with great force: one of these audiences consists of men, the other of women."

Readers of THE CENTURY will, we think, be inclined to accept this dictum, as applying at least to this magazine, if they will accept the invitation of the editors to examine with some care the partial list of announcements for the coming year published in the advertising columns. As the successive numbers appear it will be found, also, that the tastes of the young people of the family have not been forgotten, though they are especially provided for in THE CENTURY'S brilliant companion, ST. NICHOLAS, of which Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge is the editor.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Widow's Might.

THE senior member of Starkweather & Starkweather had been something of a spellbinder in his day, but had long been suppressed by his sleek, unctuous son, who was wont to say: "You 've had your day, father—a day of claptrap oratory, when sentiment ruled rather than law. That was all very well for a primitive community; but Cherryville has advanced, and we must adopt modern methods." The only rejoinder "old Starkweather" was known to make was: "I wonder how such an old fool as I am happened to have such a smart son."



"MISERLY OLD DEACON SORREL."

He resigned himself to a back seat, not because he had any faith in modern methods, but because he wanted to give his boy a chance. He frequently threatened revolt, but only once broke out into open rebellion. That was when his son refused to take the case of Widow Sharpe in her suit against the miserly old Deacon Sorrel, who held the whip-hand over her by a legal technicality.

"I 'll take the case myself," thundered the old man. "It sha'n't be said that a Starkweather refused to defend the defenseless."

"You 're crazy, father," remonstrated the son; "there 's nothing in it."

"There 's a widow in it," was the laconic reply.

"A widow!" sneered the son. "What 's a widow, when the law 's all on the other side?"

"Widows and orphans have always been my long suit," said the old man, ruminatively. "I 'll back a widow with a jury against all the law in Blackstone. I 've touched up widows—'fore modern methods was introduced in Cherry County—till there wa'n't a dry eye in the court-house and the jury was unanimously blubberin'."

"But, father," pleaded the son, "don't you see that won't do now? You 'll have to drop the case."

"I 'll drop it when I win it," the father replied, his nostrils dilated as if they scented battle.

When the day arrived for Silas Starkweather to plead the cause of the Widow Sharpe, the little court-room at Cherryville was packed. All those who had known the old lawyer in his prime were there to do him honor. Even among the jurymen there were old friends. For in Cherry County, in spite of modern methods, certain farmers seem to enjoy the privilege of "settin' on the court," as they call it, during life or good behavior. It was death that accounted for the five unfamiliar faces. To these five unconquered Mr. Starkweather addressed his plea. He began with the flowery peroration that had always found favor in other days, but, with the true orator's instinct, was quick to detect that, as far as the five were concerned, it was falling on stony ground. He saw also—and it hurt him very much more—that his son sat with his hand before his face. To see a gleam of pride in the eyes that were hidden in shame now seemed a greater victory than to conquer the five. He



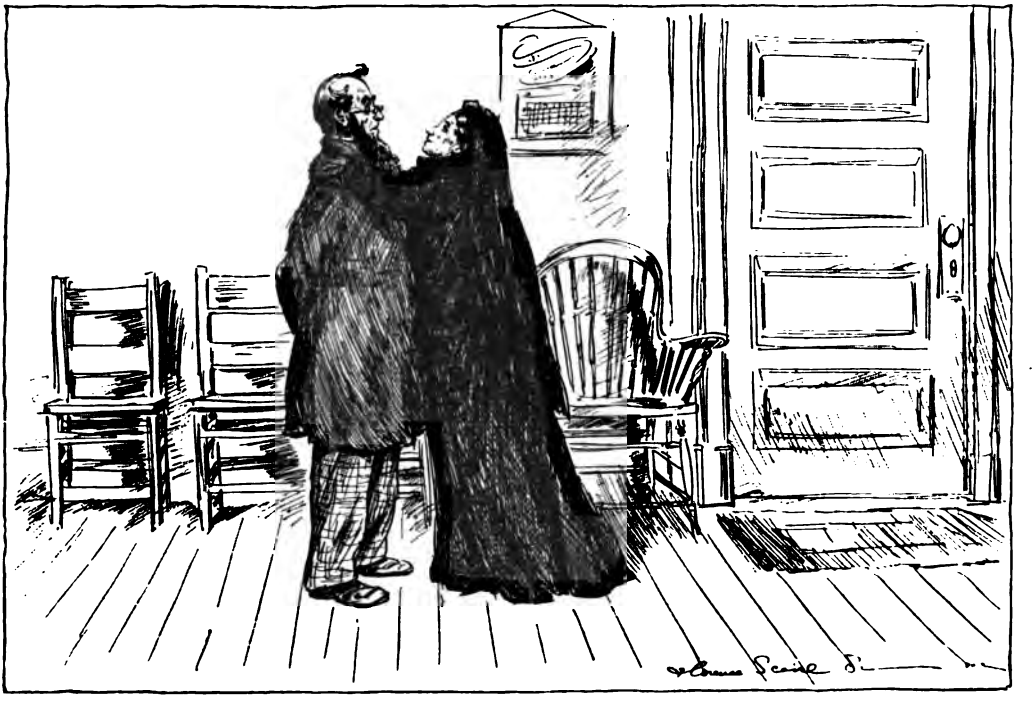
"IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO 'DISSOLVE THE JURY IN TEARS.'"

cut short the peroration, and began a simple, direct, sincere plea. An unconscious vein of poetry, a depth of sentiment, transformed his crude everyday speech into eloquence. He saw that it was impossible to "dissolve the jury in tears"; but he glorified the widow till her cause seemed the cause of justice and righteousness, until even the five were surreptitiously casting sentimental glances in her direction. Then, when he caught his boy's eye beaming proudly upon him, he rested the case.

"Very sudden, ma'am," agreed the lawyer, as he racked his brain for a loophole out of the difficulty. It had never occurred to him to consider the effect of his eulogy upon the widow herself.

"I suppose folks will be expectin' it of us," she suggested tentatively. "I suppose you will be expectin' it of me."

The old lawyer gently loosened her clinging fingers, and stood for a moment thoughtfully chewing his beard. "Far be it from me to let



"'I HAD N'T THOUGHT OF CHANGING MY STATE.'"

After the verdict was read, and while the crowd was pressing forward to congratulate him, he was besieged by the jurors, who, with sly winks and nudges, demanded to be presented to the widow. But the widow had disappeared. "Gone to take off her halo," suggested Starkweather junior. Just then a boy plucked the old lawyer by the coat-tail and whispered audibly that the widow was waiting in one of the anterooms and wanted "pertickerly" to see him alone. He no sooner entered the room and cautiously closed the door than she flung herself upon him, sobbing:

"Oh, Mr. Starkweather, I 'd no idy you felt so toward me. I knew you 'd been awful kind to me, and taken a great interest in my case, but I never dreamed you cherished such tender feelings toward me till I heard you express them to-day. It was like a public declaration, and it seems as though I ought to reciprocate—in the name of gratitude, it seems I ought to. But it 's suddenlike, and I had n't thought of changing my state."

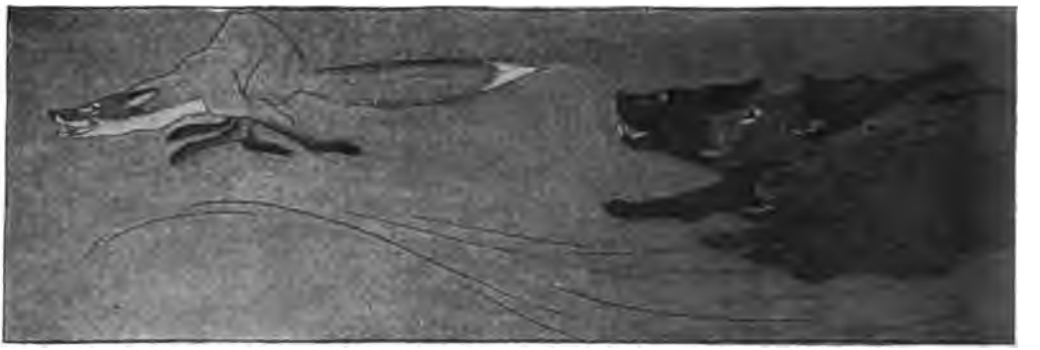
you sacrifice yourself out of gratitude," he said piously. "I—ahem!—honor the state of widowhood too much to try to change it. Besides," he added, with a roguish twinkle of his deep-set eyes, "I 'd have to fight every man on that jury if I did—leastways the widowers and bachelors. They all seem terribly interested; and Abe Stebbins—the Stebbins, you know, who owns a third of Cherry County—whispered to me, as I came out, that his vote ought n't to count, as he was prejudiced in your favor."

It was not, however, until the widow actually became Mrs. Stebbins that the old lawyer, who dearly loved a joke on himself, felt it safe to relate his narrow escape.

"Served you right, Silas Starkweather," said one of his old cronies. "She ought to have sued you for breach of promise."

"And if she had," chuckled the lawyer, "I reckon I 'd have taken the case against myself, widows and orphans bein' my long suit."

Elizabeth Overstreet Cuppy.



DRAWN BY CHARLES LIVINGSTONE BULL.

THE DANGEROUS PACE.

I 've heard if you set a very fast pace you 'll go to the dogs, you know;
But I am in such an amusing place I 'll go to the dogs if I 'm slow.
Clinton G. Fish.

Black Mammy, Creditor.

WHAT an incarnation of motherly love and sympathy was the old black mammy! How comforting it was always to have some one standing between you and danger, to know that amid the turmoils of childhood's life there was always one sure rock of refuge around and against which the waves of parental ire could beat in vain! How familiar to Southern ears the old nurse's cry as she ran out into the yard, carrying her little charge: "Put down dat slipper, Mis' Lee! Yer ain't gwine tech my chile, dat yer ain't!"

With what vivid distinctness memory brings to mind one faithful old aunty in particular! Though slavery days were past, still old Calline stoutly maintained: "Ol' Miss an' de chillun 'longs ter me jes de same, an', 'fo' de Lo'd, I 's jes as happy as I was 'fo' freedom broke out."

One fine, bright May day, little Alice, aged seven, came sniffling home from school with a bad report.

The teacher had hurt her feelings sorely by telling her that she had the worst report in school, and that if she did not study harder she would be punished severely.

Alice hunted up faithful old nurse Calline at once, sure of overflowing black motherly sympathy. She found her perched on the railing of the back gallery, combing her hair in long "cornrows."

Quickly spying the heartbroken child, Calline ran to her, and carried her up the steps on her shoulder. Then, setting her down, and untying her blue lawn sunbonnet, and wiping away the tears with her own clean white apron, she began indignantly:

"What ails ma precious baby, humph? What dat yer say? Bad erport? Don't yer neber let me cotch yer bringin' home anudder bad erport. I 'll w'ar yer out ef yer do."

"Why, Calline, I did n't know you 'd mind," sobbed poor little Alice.

"Mind!" screamed the mammy. "*Co'se* I mind! Don't neber bring 'em home! Burn 'em up! Dat 's what yer do wid 'em ebery time, honey—burn 'em up. Don't yer mind what dat good-fer-nuffin' teacher say. Miss Susie ought ter be 'shame' on herself, great, big, *tall* 'oman like her a-mekkin' ma *leetle* baby cry! She done fergot when she lib near our house: she was a perfec' limb ob Satan. Ax her ef she done fergot when *she 's* a chile, an' de time she done put de dade cat in de teacher's desk.

"Dese heah teacher ladies seems like dey-all done fergot dey eber *was* chilluns.

"Go 'long; you 're de smartest chile us eber had. I 's tuk notice, honey, dat dese chillun in Louisville what neber misses a lesson, an' stand at de head ob de class, dey is mighty hard ter lib wid, an' dey ain't *wuth killin'*, an' when dey is growed up dey cyan't make a half-way libben. Come 'long in de house; nobody 'd fink yer been cryin', an' I 'll wash yer face. I sabe some gingerbread fer yer. 'Pears like we 'll lose dis heah chile, lettin' her cyarry all dem big pile o' books—po' leetle honey-lamb, habin' ter stedy so hard! My Lo'd! I could n't stand de goin's on me does wid yer chilluns ef I had ter work ma min' all de time. Dey 'd put me in Cabe Hill, whar dem books done put many a lamb 'fo' yer bawn. Gib me dat erport dis minute, an' let me chuck it in de fiah!"

When, upon other occasions, little Alice would prove refractory, old Calline would quickly bring her to terms by calling to her fiercely: "Run back in de house! Yer is a-gittin' so vig'us, I kin see de pin-feathers 'ginnin' ter sprout all ober yer shoulder-blades—dar dey is dis heah minute. Yer know, all yer white babies is borned wid white pin-feathers all ober yer bodies, an' us niggers picks 'em all off clean,—dat 's all some niggers is borned fer,—an' I 's pick feathers off lot o' Kentucky chillun. Den when a chile gits rale ostrep'us, lak yer is dis minute, de feathers 'gins ter grow ag'in."

How one pities the children at the North who have missed the mammy joys! What a fine thing it would be to import a few old aunties to teach the children of the playgrounds how really to play and be childishly children!

The Southern child owes a large debt of grati-

tude to the old negroes for surrounding him with a wealth of love and sympathy, and giving him an inexhaustible store of witching tales of those old African days when they, anticipating Darwin, believed that men and animals were once brothers. The agriculturists and ornithologists are more deeply in debt to our old mammies than they dream of. What boy or girl does not develop into an ardent lover and protector of all animal life under the influence of these fascinating legends?
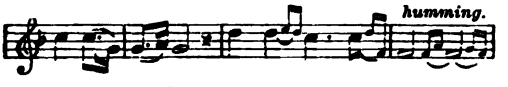
I have seen a patient old nurse dress six children for Sunday-school and never once lose her temper! She enters into the children's inner secrets, sees life from the little ones' standpoint, as we white mothers seldom can. She surrounds each little stone and stick with a story all its own. In fact, she is as fine a natural kindergartner as Froebel ever was, only her methods differ; for when *she* plays, she *plays*, and when she works, she works. Never catch her mixing the two together! In fact, you never catch her working, anyhow.

How devotedly religious is the old mammy! Many are the white children she has led to her Master's feet. Hers is the old orthodox faith: Jesus is the life of her every task; she sings the Bible through and through in her wonderful crooning spirituals, and receives from them a living inspiration in all her round of work. She believes in the divine origin of every word of the blessed Book, and though occasionally she may be turned out of church for dancing or crossing her feet, she will never be put out of the sanctuary for heresy—not she!

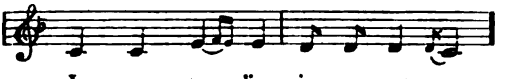
She begins the baby's religious training early, for she teaches him that it is Jesus who sends love and food and pleasures, and then she impresses him with the truth that afflictions and the scourges of life come from his hands also. What could be sweeter than the little song she sings at bedtime, and is it not a regular kindergarten creation, too, as she suits the action to the word?



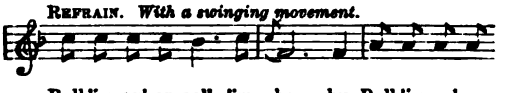
1 Who's gwine nuss de ba - by? Who's gwine



nuss de ba - by? Who's gwine nuss de babe, 'm—



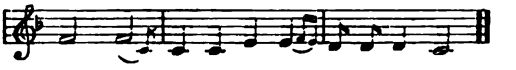
Je - sus nuss 'im in er my arms.



Roll 'im an' er roll 'im ba - by, Roll 'im an' er



roll 'im ba - by, Roll 'im an' er roll 'im



babe, 'm— Je - sus roll 'im in er my arms.

2 Who 's gwine walk de baby? Who 's gwine walk de baby?
Who 's gwine walk de babe, 'm—Jesus walk 'im in er my arms.—Ref.

And so on, the word "walk" being replaced by "tote," "rock," "dress," "feed," "lub," "kiss," "trot," and "whup" (whip), and the refrain following in each case.

I, for one, shall not be surprised if, some day, in the coming everlasting happiness, many a tired white Southern pilgrim, pointing to some old mammy, will sing aloud joyfully: "Praise the Lord! But for your devotion, and your life and faith and teaching me as a little child, I should never have reached this blessed shore." And as he looks up to her, clothed in garments of glistening white, seated on the right hand of the Father, there will come into his heart the full meaning of the verse she once taught him, but which he had never understood, that Christ meant the old mammy when he said, "Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

Jeannette Robinson Murphy.

How an Idol Broke.

"She was a phantom of delight"—
I noticed that when first I met her.
A goddess seemed a perfect fright
Beside her, she was so much better;

More charming far than Venus fair,
Queenlier than Her Highness Juno,
Wiser than Pallas,—that I swear!—
Or any blooming maid that *you* know!

In my mind's eye, Horatio,
She dwelt so far aloft from terra
Firma, I never dreamt that so
Superb a soul could yield to error.

Yet frail she was. I might have brooked
Some petty fault, some weakness merely;
But this could not be overlooked:
She fell in love with yours sincerely.

Melville H. Cane.



Overheard in a Kitchen Garden



WITH DRAWINGS BY OLIVER HERFORD.



"THIS writer fellow[1] has a way,"
The Beet was saying to the Pea,
"Of telling all the Flowers say.
He never writes of you or me.
He hears it if a Rose but sneeze,
But has no time for Beets or Peas."

"'T is true, indeed, he never walks
Around near me," the Cabbage said.
"He even shuns the Hollyhocks,
Because they 're in our garden bed.
He has no thought of how we grow,
But sends a gardener with a hoe."

"And we on whom in time he 'll dine,"
A voice that squeaked was heard to say
(It came from a Tomato-vine),
"Get not a look from him all day.
He sits and listens hours and hours
To gossip from the silly Flowers."

The Radish said: "'T is quite absurd!
The Lily calls our garden rough.
She told the Rose she overheard
The Poet say that we were tough.
I 'm thankful that we never yet
Have had such creatures in our set."

The Onion then put in a word
To help along the argument.
"Such silliness I never heard.
The Roses brag about their scent.
Such pride! when everybody knows
The Onion quite out-ranks the Rose."

"I know why Roses turn his head;
I 've often heard it whispered round,"
An Early Rose Potato said
With husky voice from underground.
"Such shameless flaunting things are they,
They let him kiss them every day."



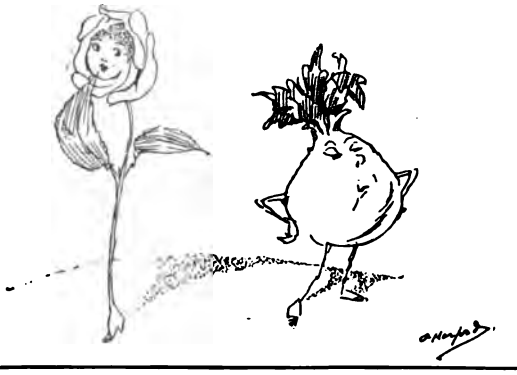
[1] Oliver Herford, "Overheard in a Garden."



The Poet here came down the walk.
"Hist, hist!" cried one, "I hear his tread.
We must not let him hear us talk.

He 'll tell the Flowers all we 've said.
I should n't like them to suppose
A Beet was jealous of a Rose."

William M. Elliott.



A Fatal Success.

THERE was once a very nice young woman. She was no vainer than any other girl during beautime, and she tried to fulfil a reasonable destiny by helping her mother with the younger children and going to cooking-school.

She had kept her ears and eyes open, and could occasionally speak what seemed to be her mind pretty clearly.

On one of these occasions somebody—a good, easy friend—said:

"Why don't you write? Lots of people do who are n't half as smart as you are."

The nice young woman pondered this, and was struck with its exact truth. She came to the conclusion that it was not at all necessary to learn how, but just to do it. So she began.

Shortly afterward, clearly type-written and duly stamped, she sent forth the attempt. It was neither so good nor so bad as to need definition.

But the editor, to whom it arrived in a lazy moment, needed a bit of filling, and accepted it and put it in.

From the hour in which the nice young woman's eye fell upon herself in print she became a changed being. The unexpected and the undeserved had happened to her, and they became the deserved and the expected.

She writes the unnecessary, and besieges with it all doors of publicity. She sends, along with the manuscripts, all kinds of appeal: the pert letter, the humble, the indignant, the pleading, the smartly witty. She lives to please none but the unknown and stony editor. She watches feverishly for each and every new publication,—the more ephemeral the better,—and when one appears she is absorbed among the dry bones of old manuscript.

Her once frank smile has become twisted, her open face sagacious. Her eye has a lurking devil of hope and suspicion. Her life is vanity, and her atmosphere vexation of spirit.

She has nothing to say, and she says it.

She has been spoiled for life by a first acceptance.

Dorothea Moore.



DRAWN BY E. WARDE BLAISDELL.

POLITE CRITICISM.

The features are decidedly like him—
The eyes, the nose, and the ear;
But the general expression, for John, I think,
Seems a little bit too severe.

E. Warde Blaisdell.

The Poor Man's Automobile.

WHEN the day's stint is finished, and master and man
May find their enjoyment wherever they can;
Ere the lamps are alit at the coming of night,
And the freshness and coolness of even invite
The heart to gain courage and concord anew
By draughts of the gloaming perfumed by the dew,
Then, skimming the pavements, the world is awheel—
And my wifie and I take our automobile.

A nod to our buttoned, blue-girded chauffeur,
And away are we flying, with none to demur—
Away through the thoroughfares, mile after mile,
And turning the corners in dexterous style,
With the voice of our watchful, imperious gong
Proclaiming our nearness, and warning the throng;
While leaning like monarchs, ensconced in our seat,
We haughtily gaze at the sights of the street.

Or, Sundays, when all of the city is out
With bicycles, carriages, gliding about,
We call for *our* auto, and entering in,
Are off on a joyous, enrapturing spin
(And who would forbid us an innocent lark!)
For rest and for pleasure, to lake or to park,
Our vehicle one which the lightnings equip,
And a touch of the lever in place of a whip.

Of course it may seem (as I do not deny)
That we 're rather extravagant, wifie and I,
For people whose income, in dollars and cents,
Is barely sufficient for needful expense.
But, bless you, although so pretentious we are,
When we 're "taking our auto" we 're boarding a *car!*
And *that* is our horseless conveyance, you see—
But I doubt if a nabob is gayer than we.

Edwin L. Sabin.

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